





Franciscan Herald

A Monthly Magazine edited and published by the Friars Minor of the Sacred Heart Province in the interests of the Third Order and of the Franciscan Missions.

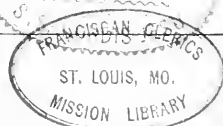
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EDITORIALS



The Message of St. Francis

PAIN, penance.—“Here are a few of the unpleasant words that ever blotted paper.” Our weak human nature recoils from pain as from an adder’s sting. Yet, to escape it altogether is utterly impossible. It is the very warp and woof of every mortal’s life. Pain endured in reparation for sin is called penance; and penance is required from all into whose life sin has entered. “Unless you do penance,” says our divine Lord, “you shall all likewise perish.”

Penance, therefore, is of general necessity. Sovereign justice has its rights, which are imprescriptible. Its very essence is to adjust—to conform the activity of free creatures to eternal order. The sinner, by seeking irregular delights, disturbs that order, and it is the part of justice to restore it by counterbalancing the pleasures of sin with the pains of punishment. “Man always in the end pays God what he owes Him,” says St. Augustine. “If he does not pay it by doing what he ought, he pays it by suffering what he ought.” This is the law of time and the law of eternity.

It is because the saints of God so vividly realized the inexorableness of divine justice that they were so severe with themselves. They sought to appease God’s anger and to avert His penalties from themselves and others by self-imposed punishments, thus anticipating, as it were, the execution of His just decrees. St. Francis of Assisi went so far in his practices of penance that at his death he is said to have asked pardon of his body for treating it so harshly. He was a living image of Christ crucified, so much so that he was deemed worthy to bear the sacred marks of His passion.

True, many of his penances must be admired rather than imitated. But the world of his day needed the example of his austere life to recall it from its excessive love of pleasure. Commercial enterprises, such as those of Venice, and military expeditions, like the Crusades, had opened to the western countries the pleasures and the treasures of the Orient. Europe in the thirteenth century had

gone literally pleasure-mad, and it required the austerities of a Francis to open its eyes to the folly and the danger of its course.

What of the world today? Much as it admires and loves the gentle Saint of Assisi, it can not understand, what it is pleased to call, his excesses. It may have a smile of indulgence for his simplicity; but it has no appreciation of his penances. The reason is obvious. There are none so blind as those that will not see. To the world the Christian doctrine of penance, of punishment undergone in expiation of sin, is wormwood and gall; and the living exemplification of this doctrine, as in the life of St. Francis of Assisi, is a stinging, if silent, rebuke to its own cowardice and self-indulgence. It is because modern society has repudiated the Christian doctrine of the necessity and merit of expiatory pain that it regards physical pain as the greatest of evils and wastes its energies in the vain endeavor to banish it from the world. It needs a St. Francis to teach it that pain and happiness are not incompatible; that, on the contrary, they are the happiest who follow most faithfully in the bloody footsteps of the suffering Savior.

To Our Readers

IT is unnecessary for us to call attention to the changed appearance of the HERALD. Our readers will see at a glance that it is difference in format and make-up from former issues. Still the change is not so great as to make the HERALD unrecognizable. We do not know how our readers will take to the new size. Personally, we should have preferred to retain the former appearance. But circumstances altogether beyond our control have forced us to make the change. Briefly, we were compelled to adopt the present form, because we were unable to secure the particular size of paper roll required for our old form. If our readers will bear in mind that we, like other publishers, are extremely fortunate to be able to get any kind or size of paper at all, they will not be too severe with us.

But why draw out this apology? Our readers have supported us so loyally through all the troublesome times from which, as we hope, we are now emerging, that it seems almost ungenerous on our part to doubt that they will be with us also in the future, in spite of alterations that may yet be called for. That there has been no diminution of contents can be seen by comparing the present issue, column for column, with former issues. To obviate any difficulty in the matter of binding the copies of the current year, we have decided to begin a new volume with this month. An index covering the first ten issues will be supplied to all who wish to receive one. May we again ask all those who write to us to return, if they have not already done so, that brown envelope which they received some time since?

Voilà l'ennemi

IN his recent *Motu Proprio*, delivered on the fiftieth anniversary of the proclamation of St. Joseph as the patron of the universal Church, Pope Benedict XV referred to Socialism as "the bitter enemy of Christian principles." To many, even among Catholics, this declaration will appear rather startling. For all such it is well to remember that the Holy Father is in a position to know whereof he speaks. Time was, indeed, when Protestantism, Rationalism, Liberalism, and Freemasonry were designated Rome's fiercest enemies. But they have all strutted their brief hour. The fight now is between the Catholic Church and its latest and greatest enemy, Socialism; and it promises to be a fight to the finish.

The Catholic Church is the only institution or organization that from the first has taken a firm stand against Socialism, and has kept up a relentless warfare against it, because the Church recognized from the beginning that Socialism is not only the deadly enemy of religion but a menace to the most sacred institutions of society. Socialism has been just as frank in its hatred of the Church, because it recognizes in her the strongest bulwark of the Christian order of society, which to subvert is the avowed purpose of Socialism. Needless to say, the Church condemns Socialism, not for the good that the system contains; because what is good in Socialism is her heritage. She has declared war on Socialism, because it is the very reverse of the very foundations of Christ.

Let us not be deceived. Socialist agitators are not in incessant, yet cautious, propaganda in the pulpit, on the platform, or in the soap box, it is the same persistent, unscrupulous propaganda. Socialism likes to pose as an angel of light,

the better to deceive the unwary. When it serves their purpose, Socialists are quite content to let sleeping dogs lie. They know when it is unsafe to push their principles too far. Those claims that might offend and deter are purposely avoided or made to appear of minor consequence. In point of fact, their repudiation of Christianity and of all supernatural religion, their theories of the family and of the education of youth, and even their favorite maxim, "property is theft," are often relegated to the background, only to make Socialism more attractive, or rather less offensive, to the masses.

Here lies the great danger for Catholics. Is the average Catholic able to recognize the enemy of good even when appearing in the form and garb of an angel? Is the average Catholic prepared to resist his flatteries, his threats, or his open acts of violence? We should like to hope so. But at the same time we think it opportune to issue a word of warning to Catholics not to give themselves up to a delusive feeling of security. For "security is mortal's chiefest enemy." Their very indifference to the danger, their ignorance and inexperience in warfare, their intellectual torpidity, yes, even such virtues as benevolence, generosity, and pity for the poor and unfortunate may be the open way to the foe; and some day they may be surprised to find him in possession of the citadel which all along they had deemed impregnable. Let Catholics remember that the quarrel is not primarily with Socialism's economic program. Centuries before Socialism was known even by name, the Church was making war on capitalism; and it will still be found on the firing line when Socialism is a mere memory. But the economic question is ultimately a religious question, and it is on religious grounds that the Church is unalterably opposed to the destructive theories of Socialism.

A Cause for Wonderment

CONGRATULATIONS or condolence, as the case may be, to the woman voters of the United States. No, we are not running for any political office. We have merely been roused from a "nameless reverie" on the changing world by the news that the state legislature of Tennessee has given the women of the country political equality with the rest of us. Not that we were in any way startled at the intelligence—for it has long been a foregone conclusion with us that sooner or later they would get the franchise—and if eventually, why not now? Still, as we said, we were roused, not to ire or envy or any other passion unworthy of a philosopher, but to wonderment. For we must confess we have not yet arrived at the *nil admirari* stage of mental culture.

Yes, ever since we saw "be the papers" that the women of this great country are to have the vote, we have been wondering, not what they will do with it; for we ourselves are as yet undecided whether to cast our ballot for Cox or Harding. In politics, as in philosophy, we are eclectics; and until we have made our choice of candidates, we care little whether women vote the Democratic or the Republican ticket. We started out to say that for some time past we have been wondering, not how woman suffrage is going to affect the home or the birth rate or education or public morals or the coal output or the Versailles treaty or the high cost of living or war and peace or the future of the human race—however much we should like to indulge in more or less idle speculation on these important questions. Let our fair readers think we are opposed to woman suffrage, we hasten to explain that we accept it as an accomplished fact. We may be stubborn, but not so stubborn as facts. But we are drifting. Let us say it at once. We are still wondering how it ever happened that twenty per cent of the women of the country and a mere handful of men have been able to force woman suffrage on the rest of the population. We pause for a reply.

A Scandal and Its Moral

THE feelings of the American people have been stirred to their deepest depths. What they had fondly regarded as the one sacrosanct institution destined to survive the kaleidoscopic changes of the hour and the multifarious vicissitudes of all future times, because it was reared on our traditional love of honest dealing and fair play, has been shaken to its very foundations. It is staggering from a cruel blow administered by that cruelest of all vices, avarice. No political event, at least within the memory of the present generation, has created so great a sensation as the baseball scandal which for a week or more received first-page prominence in all our secular dailies, in spite of wars and rumors of war abroad and of economic broils and political contests at home.

Perhaps the effect of the revelation on the American people was altogether out of proportion to the importance of the event. But the mere fact of the matter is undeniably true, the whole American people were profoundly stirred by the news of the scandal. We can sympathize with their deep indignation at the cruel deception practiced on them by the very men whom they were supporting with their hard-earned dollars and often at the loss of time and business and at the expense of energy and peace of mind. Yet the American public is long-suffering and short-memoried. Who knows, perhaps after six

months they will have recovered sufficiently from the painful shock to their feelings to shout themselves hoarse for the home team at the opening game.

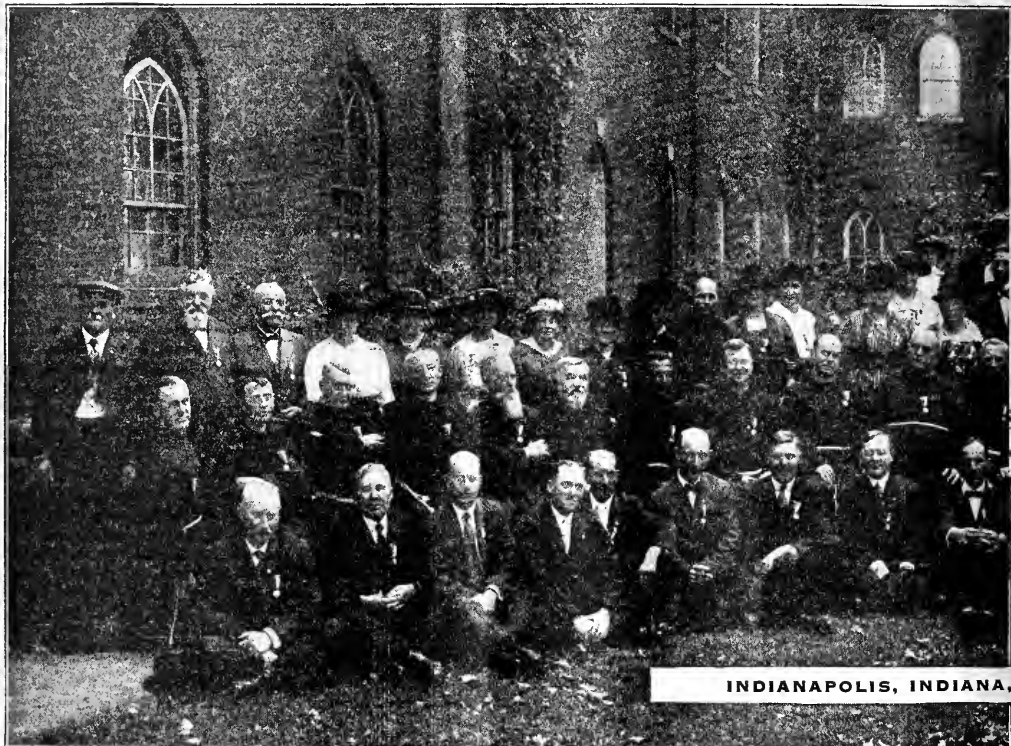
But what of the American boy? Bewildered he stands before his fallen idols and views with amazement their feet of clay. That men whom he revered and idolized, whom he was eager to cheer in victory and anxious to comfort in defeat, whom he hailed as heroes, whom he regarded as the embodiment of all that to him appeared "clean" in American life—that these men should so wantonly betray his ingenuous and implicit confidence and trifle with his most sacred feelings, that is tragic indeed. No matter from what angle we may view the sordid affair, we shall have to admit that the American boy is the heaviest loser. He has been robbed of his ideals. The seeds of skepticism have been planted in his soul. His faith in human nature has been destroyed. Let us hope that the damage done to his moral character may be repaired in the course of time. It might not have been nearly so great at all if he had not been taught to worship material success beyond all reasonable limits; if he had been sometimes told that in the galaxy of great men there are other than baseball and "movie" stars; if his thoughts and aims had been persistently directed to the noble things of life; if, in fine, his whole education had been on a higher plane. If the much lamented baseball scandal serves to open the eyes of parents and educators to the need of idealism in education, it may yet prove a national blessing.

The Need of Resources for Missionary Work

RESOURCES, and in no small amount, are needed for the preservation of Missions, especially since their needs have increased enormously owing to the war, so many schools and hospitals and hostels and free dispensaries having been removed and destroyed. We therefore call upon all good people to be liberal according to their power. For "he that hath the substance of this world, and shall see his brother in need, and shutteth up his compassion for him, how doth the charity of GOD abide in him?" (I JOHN, III, 17.) So St. John the Apostle, speaking of those who are in want of temporal goods. But how much more strictly is the law of charity to be observed in this case, where it is a matter not only of giving assistance in hunger and want and a multitude of other miseries, but also, and in the first place, of rescuing so vast a number of souls from the arrogant dominion of Satan into the liberty of the sons of GOD? Wherefore We desire that especially those Institutions which are intended to assist the sacred Missions should be helped by the generosity of Catholics.

Pope Benedict XV.

SECOND CONVENTION OF THE TERTIARY



INDIANAPOLIS, INDIANA.

THE Tertiary Province of the Sacred Heart, which comprises the Third Order fraternities under the jurisdiction of the Franciscan Fathers of the Sacred Heart Province, held its second convention in Indianapolis, Indiana, on September 22 and 23. A solemn High Mass was celebrated in the Church of the Sacred Heart at 8 A. M., at which function the Rev. Commissary of the Province, Fr. Roger, O. F. M., officiated, assisted by Rev. FF. Ulric and Giles as subdeacon and deacon, while Rev. Fr. Francis, the local Director, acted as master of ceremonies. An inspiring sermon on the love of God was preached by Rev. Fr. Leo, O.

The spacious finest of the op

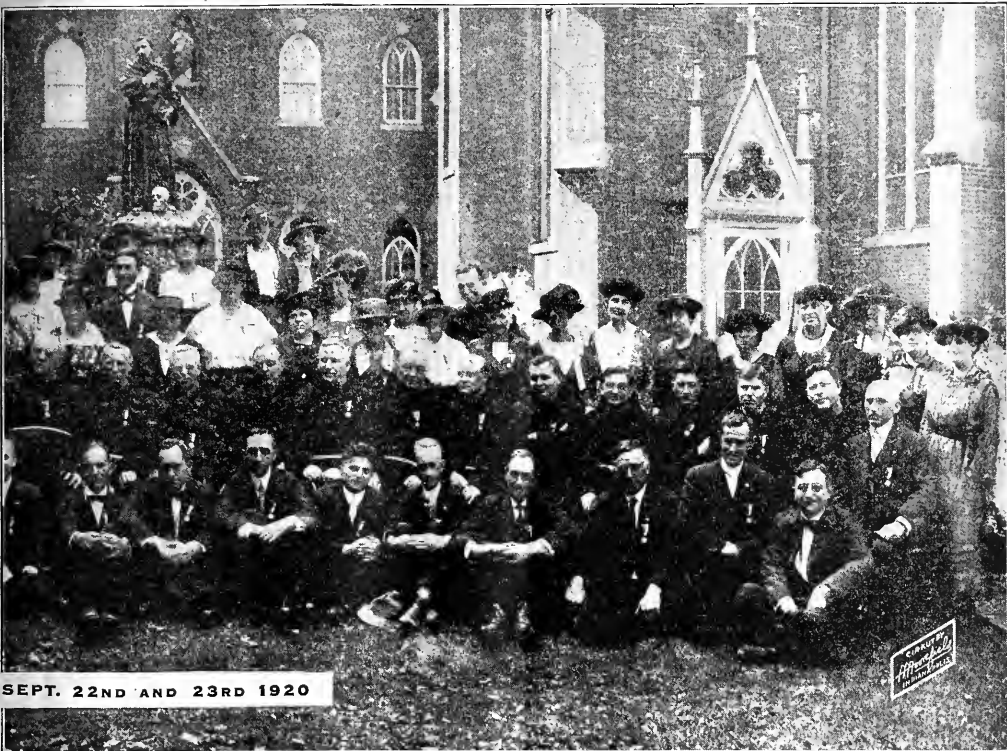
Third Order Directors of the convention the beautiful and Hall, one of the in the country. At n. called to order

by the Rev. Commissary at 10:30 o'clock, forty-eight voting Tertiary delegates, sixteen Rev. Directors, the officers of the Provincial Board, and three honorary delegates, Rev. FF. Chrysostom and John Forest, of Cincinnati, and Rev. Fr. Cyril, a Conventual Friar, of Indianapolis, were found to be present, besides a considerable number of Tertiaries from the city. Very Rev. Fr. Provincial, Samuel Macke, opened the sessions with prayer and then made a spirited address in his own inimitable manner. The Rev. Commissary thanked Father Provincial for his words of encouragement and assured him that the convention would do all in its power to follow the line of action he had so kindly pointed out. Hereupon, he gave a résumé of the work achieved at the first convention held at St. Joseph Seminary, Teutopolis, Illinois, three years ago. He showed how the Terti-

ary Province, which first saw the light of day at that conference, had striven to live up to the constitution drawn up on that occasion, and how it had within the short period of three years developed into a sturdy and vigorous organization that was already yielding its beneficial influence within and without its confines. The aim of the convention, he said, was to strengthen our union, to intensify our activities, and to extend our influence.

On the conclusion of the Rev. Commissary's address, which was warmly applauded, the delegates and the Directors were registered, whereupon the convention adjourned until the afternoon. The true fraternal spirit that animated these sons and daughters of St. Francis was nowhere more in evidence than in the dining hall of the parish, where the Tertiary women of Indianapolis served most appetizing meals at most moderate prices,

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and where all, though gathered from the various ranks of society, associated together as children of the same family.

The afternoon session, which opened at 2:30 o'clock, was devoted to the reading and the discussion of the constitution, which had been drafted in the first convention. At 4:30 P. M., all the members of the convention were entertained with an automobile ride through the city. The evening was devoted to a most interesting and exceptionally well rendered program. The tableaux of St. Francis, St. Louis, and St. Elizabeth were unique and appropriate and received hearty applause. The musical numbers, both vocal and orchestral, greatly enlivened the evening. The principal feature of the program was the addresses of Rev. Fr. Bernard, O. F. M., Director of the Third Order in Jordan, Minnesota, who spoke on "The Timeliness of the Third

Order," and of Rev. F. G. Holweck, the Tertiary pastor of St. Francis de Sales Church, St. Louis, Missouri, who took as his theme the interesting subject, "The Third Order and Men." The Hon. Anthony Matre, Knight of St. Gregory and enthusiastic member of the Third Order, was then requested to make an address, and he responded with an inspiring impromptu talk on "The Need of the Hour."

At 6 A. M., Thursday, September 23, all the delegates and most of the local Tertiaries approached the Holy Table in a body, which act of piety undoubtedly called down Heaven's and our Seraphic Father's special benediction upon the convention and its work. The morning's business session opened at 9 o'clock and proved most interesting. Rev. Fr. Hilarión, O. F. M., Director of the two fraternities at St. Augustine's Church, Chicago, read a paper on the coming National Third Order

Congress, which will convene in Chicago in October, 1921. Rev. Fr. Aurelius, O. F. M., of Quincy, Illinois, followed with a paper suggesting ways and means to the various fraternities for appropriately commemorating next year the seven hundredth anniversary of the founding of the Third Order. Hereupon, the Rev. Commissary treated the subject of our Franciscan Indian missions, arousing the enthusiasm of his hearers by a number of interesting anecdotes gleaned from a personal visit to the Arizona missions last year. Besides these papers, all of which came in for a goodly share of discussion, a number of other topics were brought before the convention, such as the matter of uniformity in regard to the large Tertiary habit, the Franciscan Press both in the English and in foreign tongues, Tertiary manuals, the month-

ly meetings, etc. The convention then adjourned for luncheon.

At 2:30 P. M., the delegates again assembled for the final business session. The first topic brought up for consideration was: "How can a greater uniformity be established among the different fraternities in regard to the annual retreats, visitations, novenas, and other Tertiary celebrations?" Rev. Fr. Leo, O. F. M., of Joliet, Illinois, read a very instructive dissertation on this subject. The final draft of the Constitution was then read by Fr. Giles, secretary of the Provincial Board and acting secretary of the convention, and unanimously adopted. On account of his pressing work in connection with the publication of FRANCISCAN HERALD, at Chicago, Fr. Giles formally resigned his office as secretary of the Board. His resignation was accepted, and Rev. Fr. Leo, O. F. M., of Joliet, was elected by the Rev. Directors to succeed him in this office. The Rev. Commissary then announced that the following Tertiaries had been recommended by the Rev. Directors in special session to fill the office of lay consultants of the Provincial Board for the ensuing three years: Mr. Anthony Matre, of Chicago, Illinois; Mr. William Gehring, of Indianapolis, Indiana; Mrs. Mary Rolfe, of Joliet, Illinois, and Miss Mary Boka, of St. Louis, Missouri. As no other candidates were nominated from the floor, the four named were unanimously elected by the assembled Directors and delegates. Fr. Giles then gave an illuminating statistical report on the various fraternities of the Province for the past year. The increase in membership of the Province for the past twelve months was 1,587, divided among forty fraternities.

Rev. Fr. Leo, as secretary of the Committee on Resolutions, read a set of ringing resolutions, of which for lack of space, we can give only a synopsis. The resolutions covered the following points: 1. Love and unswerving loyalty to the Holy Father as true children of St. Francis; 2. Reverence and obedience to the hierarchy; 3. Spread of the Third Order; 4. Sanctification of the home according to the Rule of the Third Order; 5. Repudiation of the present-day exaggerations in woman's fashions and of the inordinate pursuit of sensual pleasures; 6. Stanch support of the parochial schools; 7. The Church as the bulwark of Social and charitable work; 8. Upholding the lines laid down by the Third Order; 9. Support of foreign missions, and 10. Support of the students for the

priesthood; 10. True Christian charity uniting in the bonds of brotherly love capitalists and laborers, and the repudiation of all oppression of the weak by the strong as well as of all unlawful insubordination of the masses against the classes; 11. Moral and financial support of the proposed National Tertiary Convention for the year 1921; 12. Constant and tender devotion to the Sacred Heart of Jesus, to which the Tertiary Province is consecrated; 13. Spread of Franciscan literature in general and of FRANCISCAN HERALD, the official organ of the Province, in particular, in view of its splendid work in the interest of the Third Order during the past eight years; 14. Imitation by the modern Tertiary woman of that model of all womanhood, the Immaculate Mother of God, and of the sainted daughters of St. Francis who have worn the Third Order habit; 15. Firm and devoted adherence by all the fraternities to the Constitution of the Tertiary Province, which Constitution the Convention regards as its principal and most lasting work.

After the adoption of the resolutions as read, the Rev. Commissary asked that a vote of thanks be tendered to the Rev. Pastor of the Sacred Heart Church, Rev. Fr. Odo, O. F. M., who had so generously placed both the church and hall at the disposal of the convention; to the local Director of the Third Order, Rev. Fr. Francis de Sales, O. F. M., to whose untiring energy it was mainly owing that the

Convention proved so successful; to Rev. Fr. Benice, O. F. M., the former Director who had planned the convention, but whom the call of obedience had transferred to Quincy, Illinois. Nor were the local Tertiaries forgotten in the general act of returning thanks. The occasion had called for a practical demonstration of the true spirit of the world-famed Franciscan brotherly love, and to the credit of the Indianapolis Tertiaries be it said that on this occasion they were not found wanting. Benediction with the Most Blessed Sacrament and the exulting hymn "Holy God, We Praise Thy Name," brought the Convention to an appropriate close.

In the evening, at 8 o'clock, the Directors, delegates and their friends were again entertained in St. Cecilia's Hall, this time by an interesting and instructive program of moving pictures. The principal films exhibited were, "The American Catholics in War and Reconstruction," and "A Place in the Sun."

Rejoicing over the signal and almost visible blessings that had attended the Convention from start to finish, the Rev. Directors and Tertiary delegates left for their homes, fully determined to carry out the resolutions they had so solemnly adopted, and to use every effort to make the Third Order of St. Francis a power for good in the sphere in which Providence might place them, and thus to realize the grand object of the Third Order to make all men true children of our Father in heaven.

TIMELINESS OF THIRD ORDER

Address by Fr. Bernard, O. F. M.

WE HAVE assembled here in the interest of the Third Order of St. Francis. We have come to this city to be instructed on the means of propagating and organizing the Order and to make final plans for the great national convention to be held next year in the City of Chicago. Your arrangement committee has requested me to address you tonight on the timeliness of the Third Order.

The question is, is the Third Order of St. Francis, which was founded seven hundred years ago, still opportune? In other words, is it adapted to modern needs? Some there are who say it is not. They assert quite positively that it had its day in the Middle Ages, but that at the present time, in this century of enlightenment and progress, it is altogether out of place. Is this really so? I say it is not. On

the contrary, the Third Order of St. Francis was never more opportune, and observance of its rules never more desirable than at the present time.

Have I any authorities, my dear friends, for this statement? Most assuredly; and these authorities are the highest and the weightiest in the world. I refer to the last three Popes, Leo XIII, Pius X, and Benedict XV, now gloriously reigning the Church of God. These Popes, themselves members of the Third Order, have seldom missed an opportunity to recommend it to people. Pope Leo XIII, for instance, who, for his great admiration of the institution, may be justly styled the Pope of the Third Order, said on one occasion, "We are convinced that the Third Order is the surest antidote against the evils of our present time, and the best and most efficacious means

of bringing the world to the teachings of the Gospel." And again, "Oh, that the Christian people of the present time would return to the mode of living so zealously practiced at the time of St. Francis." Pope Pius X was wont to speak in the same strain regarding the Third Order. And the same sentiments fill the heart and soul of our present Pope. Now, do you think that these enlightened men, these divinely constituted representatives of Christ on earth, would ever have joined the Third Order and would have spoken of it in terms of the highest praise if for a moment they had doubted its timeliness? Furthermore, thousands of men and women, from all stations and walks of life, have joined the Third Order within the last decade. Would they have done so if they had thought it out of place at the present day?

Let us go a step further, my dear friends, and examine the Rule of the Third Order. This world may be compared to an immense hospital, in which there are ever so many patients, afflicted with different kinds of maladies. Of course, I speak not of the bodily ills our flesh is heir to, but of the evils and sicknesses that are ruining men's souls. In the Rule of the Third Order, we find the most powerful antidote against these evils. Only they who are unacquainted with the Rule or who are blind to the conditions of modern society can question the timeliness of the Third Order.

One of the most prevalent evils of the day is the spirit of indifference with regard to religious matters. I am not referring to those people who discard every religion, or who say that all religions are equally true and good, and it matters not what one believes. I refer to those who are still in the possession of the true faith but who do not live up to it. It is sad to say, my dear friends, there are many Catholics of that type. They still have the true faith, but their lives are not in consonance with it. They are Catholic in creed but not in deed. They believe one thing, and their actions proclaim another. There are many Catholics who without sufficient reason neglect Mass on Sundays and Holydays of obligation, who seldom receive the sacraments, who lack the spirit of piety and prayer so necessary to eternal salvation.

Now, if there is one thing which more than any other the Third Order Rule inculcates, it is the spirit of prayer; and to make it more definite, St. Francis has prescribed certain practices of piety for the members. They are asked to recite prayers every day,

to receive Holy Eucharist at least once a month, and, if possible, to assist at Mass daily. The Third Order has its monthly meetings, at which the Rule is explained and the members are exhorted to lead a practical Christian life. In this manner, the Rule offers a potent remedy against the first evil of our times—religious indifference.

Wordliness, which St. John characterizes as the concupiscence of the flesh, concupiscence of the eyes, and pride of life, is another evil afflicting society. The quest for pleasures, riches, honors was never so mad, never so intense. People seem to have forgotten altogether our Lord's injunction to seek first the kingdom of God and his justice, and that other one of St. Paul to seek the things that are above not the things below. They seem to have forgotten that the one thing necessary is the salvation of their souls. The rich are not satisfied with their possessions. They crave for more, and ever more. The poor envy them their riches. They, too, wish to possess in order to enjoy. In fact, enjoyment seems to be the one object of their existence. Look at our amusement parks, dance halls, theaters, clubs—they are all driving a profitable trade, and are drawing the people more and more from the supernatural, from the service of Almighty God.

What remedy does St. Francis oppose to these evils? The spirit of penance. The Third Order is called the Order of Penance, and its members are expected to do penance. The Rule tells them to refrain from all dangerous plays and from dances. It does not forbid them to attend innocent amusements, but only such as are dangerous or positively evil; and such are many of the amusements of the present day. Furthermore, the Rule en-

joins moderation in the matter of dress and in eating and drinking; and it tells the members to make their will betimes, thereby indicating that they should detach their hearts from worldly possessions.

Another evil of the present time, my dear friends, is the press-bad literature. You know how much of the literature of the day is irreligious and immoral. I need not enlarge on this subject. Suffice it to say that Tertiaries, by their Rule, are strictly enjoined to keep from their reading table all books and papers by which the faith or virtue of the members of their household may be injured.

Thus we find for every one of the great evils of the day a remedy in the Rule of the Third Order of St. Francis. Therefore, I say if any one asserts that this Order is out of date, he is either not acquainted with it or he is blind to the evils that surround us. But remember well, my dear Tertiaries, in order to convince a doubting world of the timeliness of this institution, it is not enough that your names have been inscribed on the roster of your fraternity; it is not sufficient that you wear the insignia of the Order; the main thing is that you live according to its Rule and spirit. Then the world will be ready to admit that this grand institution, which has been so great a blessing to the Church in the last seven hundred years, has lost none of its timeliness and power for good. You may rest assured, my dear Tertiaries, if you are faithful members of the Third Order, loyal sons and daughters of St. Francis, your membership will not only redound to the greater honor of God and the glory of your Seraphic Father, but it will bring blessings a hundred-fold on yourselves, your families and your country.

THE THIRD ORDER AND MEN

Address by Rev. F. G. Hollweck

I HAVE been asked to give you some reasons why men should join the Third Order of St. Francis. Experience shows that the proportion of men and women in the Order is one to five or six. This is rather disconcerting. Let me give you in brief the reasons why this proportion should be changed, and why men should be just as willing to join as women.

The first reason is, because the first member of the Third Order of St. Francis was a man, the Blessed Luchesius. The preaching of St. Fran-

cis as well as his example exercised so powerful an influence on the people of his day that many married men and women wished to enter the First and Second Orders. This being incompatible with their state of life, St. Francis found a middle way for them to live as religious in the world. He gave them a rule of life, consistent with their duties in the world; and tradition tells us that Blessed Luchesius, who then lived at Poggibonzi, near Florence, was the first to embrace this rule. Also, the first Tertiary in the

City of Rome was a man, a nobleman of the house of Orsini and the father of Pope Nicholas III. These men joined the Third Order when the Rule was not so easy to observe as it is today. The Popes have adapted the Rule to the weakness of the age and have made it quite easy to observe with a little good will. The original Rule imposed many mortifications, fasts and special observances, which made it a real burden, especially for men of wealth and nobility.

But the main reason why men should join the Third Order is because the Third Order supplies a real want in the spiritual life of the modern man. There are not wanting in our day many excellent parochial societies for men, such as the St. Vincent de Paul Society, the Sodality of the Blessed Virgin, the Knights of Columbus, the various Catholic Clubs and the benevolent societies. But excellent as these are, they do not quite meet the needs of the man who takes the spiritual life more seriously. Parish associations for men sometimes are nothing more than benefit societies or clubs for the promotion of good-fellowship. They serve a purpose and have a legitimate place in the parish. But the heart of a parish is a confraternity whose object is purely spiritual. Such an organization, by its purely spiritual work, will send the life-blood through the other societies, the arteries, so to speak, of the parish, and cause them to pulsate with zeal for the promotion of Catholic causes. I am doing no injustice to the other societies when I say that the Third Order quite meets the needs of the man who is in earnest quest of Christian perfection.

The Third Order makes the Catholic man a man of prayer. It urges him to attend Mass daily if possible. It exhorts him to charity and patience, to peace and good will. It leads him to sobriety and thrift by teaching him simplicity of life. It beseeches him to wage war against revelry and luxury, manifested in the enjoyments and fashions of the world. It reminds him, by the very habit he wears, of the poverty, humility and suffering of Christ. It puts a finger to his lips, lest from those lips should escape unbecoming words. It leads him to the performance of spiritual and corporal works of mercy. It enriches him with many good works and prayers. It leads him to the performance of spiritual and corporal works of mercy throughout the world that in our day the population the number of Christians per-

fection should be small. Oh, that all would pause and reflect on the almost superhuman efforts of the enemies of our holy religion and of those who toil only for worldly things! God help the Church if her children, particularly her men, in the present hour of stress and strife, do not make heroic efforts to deepen the spirituality of their lives. In the great conflict between the City of God and the City of Satan, only they fight manfully who have trained themselves to prayer and self-sacrifice. The trouble with the world today is that people do not reflect. They are superficial. The Third Order of St. Francis, now as in the thirteenth century, aims to deepen the piety and spirituality of men, old as well as young.

Now, some may think that the obligations which the Third Order imposes on men are too heavy, too difficult. Its obligations, it is true, are onerous, but not intolerable to men of good will. The Rule of the Third Order is a burden, but a burden that charity renders light. It is a yoke, but a yoke that Christ makes sweet. Let not our Catholic men refuse to assume this burden. The world today is seething with hatred and unrest, and it is steeped in voluptuousness and luxury. Small wonder that it is clamoring for a second St. Francis. What a changed world it would become if it could behold, not St. Francis, but hundreds of thousands of men claiming St. Francis as their father, and showing to the world his spirit of meekness, of obedience, of humility—the spirit of St. Francis, which is the spirit of Christ our Lord and Savior.

Let me single out one of our workmen, a representative of all toilers. You rise at five o'clock, and you work until five o'clock in the evening. In the busy season, you may work overtime; and during your working hours you must keep the pace, for you are living in an age of fierce competition. No matter; you can be a Tertiary. It may be impossible for you to assist at holy Mass daily. But the Rule does not demand impossibilities. The Rule requires each day Twelve Our Fathers and Hail Marys, the recitation of which consumes some ten or fifteen minutes. But they need not be said in a kneeling position nor in church nor even in your home nor all twelve at once. You may say them in the busy street, provided you try to recollect yourself. The scapular and the cord are to be worn day and night. But if your work is of such a nature that you can not conveniently wear them, you are then dispensed for the

time being. The Rule requires, besides, grace before and after meals, examination of conscience every evening, attendance at the monthly meetings, and reception of the sacraments at least once a month. It does not forbid decent and reasonable amusements, but it commits one to a life of Christian mortification along ordinary and rational lines.

Now, my dear friends, are these obligations really so heavy? Are they much more than God really expects from the ordinary conscientious Christian? Why not give the Third Order a trial? During the first year, you are bound to nothing; you are on trial. You have time to test your spiritual strength, and all the while the Holy Spirit will operate within you to protect your good intention. Try, in God's name, try; for the enemies are at our very gates, and the Church looks to her own stalwart sons for help. The call to join the Third Order should be heeded by hundreds of thousands of men, who, though leading good lives, are strangely diffident of their strength and worthiness. None of us who wear the holy habit of St. Francis, can be really worthy children of so holy a Father; but we have harkened to the call of God and have tried in his name. The same God invites you. St. Francis longs to number you among its own. Therefore, try.

There is yet another reason that keeps men from joining the Third Order, and that is human respect. They fear to parade their piety, as they say. But frequent Communion is gradually working a change in this respect, and it may be assumed that the men of coming generations will be less timid about appearing in public as spiritual-minded. Perhaps, too, it may be opportune, at least under particular circumstances, to admit good boys of fourteen years to the Third Order. The Rule requires members to be at least fourteen years old. Frequent and early Communion tends to accelerate the mental growth of children, and it is quite possible that even among boys of fourteen there may be some who have attained a spiritual growth sufficient to enable them to fulfill the obligations of the Third Order.

Another very important means of recruiting men is personal solicitation. Men expect to be invited to join. Men expect to be invited to do any kind of personal work. I know that from my experience as pastor. They must be asked personally to do a thing. When I took charge of St. Francis de Sales Church, in St. Louis, eighteen years ago, some officers of the benevo-

lent society came to me and asked me to invite all young married men to become members. I did so; but my invitation had no appreciable effect on the membership of the society. After some time, I told the officers to make a house to house canvass of the parish, and I gave them the parish register. They followed my advice, with the result that the benevolent society, which then had three hundred members, now numbers six hundred and seventy. It is the largest society of its kind in the United States.

When two years ago we started a fraternity of the Third Order, my friend Fr. Josphat gave a preparatory triduum in the church and invited everybody to come. When the fraternity was canonically erected, we received eighty-four members, I believe. After that, I never spoke about the Third Order in the church. But two of the Tertiaries canvassed the parish, and invited all to join who they thought would make good Tertiaries; and now after two years, we have a fraternity of two hundred and seventy members, which is certainly a good showing. Of course, I must admit that the proportion of men and women also in our fraternity is one to five; but we hope soon to remedy this.

Only let us keep the nature, the purpose, the work, the advantages, and the privileges of the Third Order constantly before the members of the parish, by the spoken and the written word, in public meetings and in private conversations, and I am sure men in

great numbers will be added to the ranks of St. Francis. But it must not appear that the Order is a mere pious society having no other object than the recitation of a few extra prayers. Each fraternity must be alive and active, and the members of each fraternity must have a specific work to do. This is absolutely necessary to attract new members, especially the men.

My dear friends, the Third Order originated at a time of unrest, similar in many respects to our own. A new order of things was preparing in the thirteenth century. The faithful felt that, to be true to God, they must rouse themselves to a special effort. St. Francis suggested ways and means. We, too, are standing on the threshold of a new period, and again the Third Order is called on to do a work similar to that which it performed so gloriously in the past. Then it did not attempt the impossible; and it was not St. Francis alone who accomplished the work of reform. It was the master together with his disciples, trained in his spirit, that brought about the great social, religious and political changes of which history tells. They did not try to stem the tide at once; but going along with the flood they stretched out their hands to save for God hundreds of thousands who otherwise would have perished. This is precisely the work of the Third Order today. Its duty is boldly to present to an un-Christian world the banner of Christ—Christ the same yesterday, today, and forever.

leaders that will go out like flames of fire to enkindle in the hearts of the people the love of this great Order, which has done so much good in the past centuries. Many great laymen have drawn inspiration for the wondrous things they performed for Church and State from the Third Order of St. Francis. The celebrated German statesman and parliamentarian Windthorst was a member of the Order and, encouraged by his membership, he led the great fight against Bismarck, the inveterate enemy of the Church. Frederic Ozanam, also a son of St. Francis and animated by his spirit, founded the Society of St. Vincent de Paul. Christopher Columbus, another Tertiary of St. Francis, discovered this country and brought here the cross of Christ. The Third Order encouraged Thomas More to defy Henry VIII, and so on down the centuries, if time would only permit to tell you of the great work done by Tertiary laymen.

As you have heard, the last four Sovereign Pontiffs have prided themselves on their membership in the Third Order of St. Francis. Surely we men ought not to be ashamed of an organization that can boast such illustrious members. Therefore, I ask the woman delegates and the women of Indianapolis here present to invite their sons and their husbands to become members. As Fr. Bernard has said, the Third Order possesses the power to eliminate all the great social evils of the day. Let us recall only a few. There is the divorce evil, sapping the very life of the nation. This country now leads the world in the number of divorces. We must hang our heads in shame. What we need is men, fired with the spirit of St. Francis, to go into our legislative halls and fight this evil. Then there is the evil of immorality, particularly in the moving picture shows. It has been pointed out that ninety per cent of these pictures portray illicit love, murder, suicide, robbery, etc. What are we to do about that? There is much work for us to discuss in our conferences. Our schools are being attacked from all sides. You know what happened recently, or what very nearly happened in Michigan. The obnoxious school law was defeated but the evil forces are still a destroy our school women of the T be ready for the to take the lead organizations that these evils. The been pointed out you should be a:

THE NEED OF THE HOUR

Address by Anthony Matre, K. S. G.

YOU have heard many and beautiful things this evening on the nature and the scope of the Third Order of St. Francis. The last speaker has urged particularly the men to join our ranks. You have heard that on an average there are five women to one man in the Third Order. I want to say to you as a layman that we have begun a campaign to increase the number of men, and it is our aim to invert that ratio if possible. Circumstances were never more favorable than now.

We are on the eve of a great national convention of the Third Order. Next year, as you know, we are going to celebrate in Chicago the seven hundredth anniversary of the founding of the Third Order by a great gathering of Tertiaries. We have begun prep-

arations on a grand scale. The Most Reverend Archbishop has graciously consented to assist in making this event memorable by granting us the use of his cathedral church. We have engaged one of Chicago's largest halls, where a mass meeting will be held, and prominent speakers from all parts of the country will discourse on the Third Order. We invite you already today to make your plans to be in Chicago during the first October days next year and to help by your presence to make this celebration in every way worthy and memorable.

You have heard it stated this evening that this Order, though in existence for seven hundred years, is still useful in our day. But in order to fulfill its mission properly, the Order must develop in its ranks leaders—

Have in your homes your Franciscan organ and other Catholic papers and keep out the others. Remember there is a united force in this country that is fighting the Church. The Masonic Age, in its May number, stated that no man or woman not educated in the public schools of the land has a right to hold any public office of trust in the United States. Read the Catholic papers of this week, and you will find that in Chicago the Federation of Protestant Societies are endeavoring to gather together all the bigots of the

country. Tom Watson, the arch-bigot, has just been nominated to the United States Senate.

All these forces are at work, and therefore we should strive to gain recruits for the Third Order of St. Francis, and at our conferences school ourselves for the fight against the enemies of the Church, that we may be able to take our places in the various societies formed or yet to be formed by the hierarchy and clergy, as leaders of Catholic thought and action. Let us not be discouraged. Although our

numbers are few, let us remember that Gideon of old went out in the name of the Lord and with only three hundred men defeated the hosts of the Midianites. The same Lord is with us in our fight; and if God is with us, who can be against us? Therefore, ladies and gentlemen, especially ladies, urge your husbands and sons to come into this Order and help us swell our ranks, that the men may be equal in numbers and strength to the women. This is a consummation devoutly to be wished.

ST. JOAN OF ARC

By CATHERINE M. HAYES

(Continued)

THE gentle Maid was not eager for battle and carnage and the crash of arms. Her tender heart recoiled from such scenes, but she must do battle, for her Lord willed it. From Chinon Joan led her army to Blois, where she spent several days, and it was from here that she sent her famous letter to the English sovereign. It read:

"King of England, and you, Duke of Bedford, who call yourself regent of the Kingdom of France; and you, William de la Pole, Count of Suffolk; John Lord Talbot, and you, Thomas Lord Scales, who call yourselves lieutenants of the said Duke of Bedford, give heed to the King of Heaven, and yield up to the king the keys of all the good cities which you have taken and violated in France. The Maid is come on the part of God to rescue the royal blood. She will make peace, if you leave France, and pay for what you have held. And you, archers, companions of war, gentle and otherwise, return to your own country on the part of God; if not, you will quickly see the consequence, to your great loss. King of England, God has sent me to drive all your forces out of France. You will never have the Kingdom of France. The King of Heaven, the Son of Mary, gives it to the true heir, King Charles, who will enter Paris in fair array. If you heed not this message of Heaven, you will suffer such things as have not been seen in France for a thousand years."

From Blois, on the morning of April 27, the army of three thousand men resumed the march, with a train of sixty wagons of provisions and four thousand head of cattle. Deeper grew her joy and enthusiasm as progress was made toward the goal. But Joan was destined to disappointment. Her plans were frustrated. It was her intention to immediately raise the siege of Orleans by fighting, while the generals suggested starving out the besiegers, a method that would require months to accomplish. Around the city the English had built bastilles or strong fortresses, which closed all the gates of the city but one. Joan would fight her way past the fortresses and lead her army into the city; but to the generals this seemed foolhardy. They had yet to learn how the shepherdess from Domremy exceeded them, masters in warfare though they deemed themselves, in sagacity, prudence, and military science generally.

On reaching the heights of Olivet overlooking the city, she realized that she had been deceived and her plans thwarted. The river Loire rolled between the army and Orleans. How eager she had been to lead her forces, full of courage and enthusiasm and purified by the sacraments, against the invading hosts. Joan voiced her indignation at the frustration of her designs when the knightly Count Dunois came across the river to welcome her to Orleans. It is said

that she wept on realizing that her army was not to be led straight against the foe. Despite the merited rebuke administered by the Maid on this occasion, Count Dunois, in command of Orleans, later proved one of her staunchest friends and most fearless soldiers, and won Joan's confidence and regard. The wind was unfavorable to the passage of the boats which were to carry provisions to the besieged city. Joan predicted that God would change the wind. Astonishment prevailed when presently her prophecy was verified. The wind veered, and the boats passed downstream in safety.

Dunois persuaded Joan, although she did not readily consent, to send the army back to Blois, that it might gather reinforcements and come up on the other side, as was the Maid's original plan. So she passed over the river with Dunois, accompanied by her squire and page. We shall allow an eye-witness to describe her entrance into Orleans, where the people were eagerly waiting to catch a glimpse of the one they felt sure would bring relief at last.

"It was eight o'clock in the evening when the Maid rode in at the Burgundy gate. She was riding a white horse, and in her hand she carried the sacred sword of Fierbois. You should have seen Orleans then," continues the chronicler. "What a picture it was! Such black seas of people, such

starry firmaments of torches, such roaring whirlwinds of welcome, such booming of bells and thundering of cannon! Everywhere in the glare of the torches one saw rank upon rank of upturned faces and the unchecked tears running down. Joan forged her slow way through the solid masses, her mailed form projecting above the pavement of heads like a silver statue. The people about her struggled along gazing up at her

knightly grace as the most experienced warrior."

But in the midst of the glad acclaim and rejoicing, the Warrior Maid was not unmindful of her Lord. She rode to the cathedral, and we are told that the multitudes thronged the place and added their devotions to hers.

At Orleans Joan was the guest of Jacques Boucher, treasurer of the Duke of Orleans, and to his house she went that night, where

from the couch on which she reclined.

"Give me my arms," she exclaimed. "French blood is flowing." Attendants hurried the Maid into her armor, wondering at her words. Rushing out she seized the horse of a page and rode off like a flash toward the Burgundian gate. Her Voices had warned her. It developed that a few hundred soldiers and citizens had made a charge, without orders from anybody, on a most formidable English fortress, St. Loup. The French were being overpowered, and the news swept through the city, drawing crowds out into the streets. Through the surging multitude Joan rode crying out, "Forward, French hearts, follow me!"

With marvelous skill and courage she directed her first attack, rallying the soldiers and inspiring them with new hope. Then came the final assault, which delivered the bastille of St. Loup into French hands. Great was the rejoicing throughout the city. As the historian expresses it, "the bells of Orleans went mad."

Victory after victory followed. The shepherdess of Domremy was acclaimed by her people the saint, the deliverer of France; but her enemies, vanquished and chagrined, regarded her with hatred and superstitious terror as one in league with Satan. Repeatedly they reiterated their intention to burn "the witch" should they succeed in taking her captive.

Joan's prophecies were always fulfilled. One day when storming a position, Joan began to climb a ladder when she received a wound, just as she had predicted. An iron bolt struck between her neck and shoulder and tore cruelly through her armor. With wonderful fortitude she pulled the arrow out herself. After the wound was dressed, she lay on the ground for hours, weak and suffering, but insisted that the... continued. Present the bugles sounded. At once her voice was heard. With assistance from her horse and one against the... presence was... before



St. Joan's Triumphant Entry into Orleans

through their tears with the rapt look of men and women who believe they are seeing one who is divine. They pressed forward to kiss her hand or touch the horse on which she rode. Suddenly a pennon of her standard streaming backward caught fire from a torch. The crowds looked on with admiring eyes as she spurred her charger forward, and turning to the banner she crushed the flame in her hand with as easy and

she was warmly welcomed by the wife and daughter of her host. All day long Joan had eaten nothing, and now, when food was offered her, she ate only a little bread dipped in wine. Her abstemiousness was noticeable all through her career.

At last dawned the day when our heroine had her first taste of battle. She was resting one day after dinner at the home of Madame Boucher when suddenly she arose

day closed, her sacred banner streamed from the famed fortress of the Tourelles, and the siege of Orleans had been raised. May 8, 1429, was the memorable day.

Then followed the campaign of the Loire, marvelous in its brevity and brilliance, for it lasted only a week. The English power broken, town after town surrendered to Joan.

We love to contemplate the Warrior Maid, the object of a grateful nation's love, unspoiled by successes and triumphs, such as were never accorded to any other since the dawn of time. Simple, gentle, and pious as when she tended her father's sheep, her distaste for laudation is revealed by the historian who tells how the shouting, jubilant army, joyous over the capture of St. Loup, sought for the General to do her homage for the victory. After a search, she was found sitting among the dead and wounded, crying with her face in her hands. "For she was a young girl and her hero-heart was a young girl's heart with the pity and tenderness natural to it."

One day during her campaign she caught sight of an English prisoner struck down and wounded by his captor. With all speed she galloped to the spot, and quickly dismounting, summoned a priest. Then she sat and supported the dying man's head, speaking comforting words, while tears of compassion streamed from her eyes.

Whenever Mass was celebrated on the field, the gentle commander received the sacraments. Under her firm, but benign discipline, was effected the transformation of a dissolute, lawless army. Profanity was always severely reprimanded, and one of her knights made the remark: "Her presence was enough to make profane speech die on my lips." Perhaps the trait that endeared her most to her comrades was her unfeeling good humor and cheerfulness—a mark of the true Franciscan.

Her campaign ended, Joan went to Tours, where the king met her with every mark of reverence and gratitude. On this occasion, he ennobled the Maid and her family, but this honor made faint impres-

sion on the high-souled Joan, to whom nobility of heart meant more than princely favors. Joan urged the king to go to his crowning; but he found it hard to summon courage to face the enemy strongholds between him and Rheims. However, he finally yielded; but all along the route his vacillating and timorous conduct disconcerted the indomitable girl. There were many councils, and the court clique plainly showed a disinclination to go on. But Joan wrote to the citizens of one of the loyal towns, "I invite you to the coronation of our noble King Charles at Rheims, where we shall arrive soon."

Joan's prophecies were again verified; for town after town along the way surrendered, and at last the towers and spires of the good city Rheims set her brave heart pulsing with joy. Such preparations as ensued for the coronation day! We are told that Rheims was hard at work all night, decorating the town, building triumphal arches, and clothing the ancient cathedral within and without in a glory of opulent splendors.

Our heroine's cup of joy was filled to overflowing when she stood beside her gentle dauphin and saw him crowned lawful king of France. In her hand she held her sacred banner. "It had shared all the toils," she said, "it was only right it should share the honor." As the crown was placed on the royal head, the great cathedral reverberated to the crashing of bells, the booming of cannon outside and the glad cries and cheers of the people. Bursting into tears, Joan knelt at the feet of her sovereign when the ceremony was ended. "Now, gentle King, is the will of God accomplished according to His command that you should come to Rheims and receive the crown that belongeth to you, and unto none other."

The Maid earnestly desired now to advance quickly on Paris; but again she met with opposition from the king and his advisers. She was heartsick at having her wishes thwarted; for she knew, if Charles were more daring and hopeful, he could speedily regain

all of France. Besides, she said, her Voices told her she would not live more than a year.

Next we hear of an attack on Paris, but owing to dissensions among the leaders and to the fear of the king, who recalled the troops, failure and retreat resulted. The army was disbanded and sadly Joan hung up her silver armor as a votive offering before the shrine of St. Denis.

Then followed eight months of inactivity and of drifting with the king and his court from place to place. The worldliness and frivolity of such an existence must have been well-nigh intolerable to one of Joan's type. St. Catherine and St. Margaret appeared to her, told her of her approaching capture and martyrdom, and counseled her to be patient and brave and place her trust in God.

Despite her knowledge of her approaching fate, the intrepid Maid resolved to go to the aid of Compègne, which was being besieged. At four o'clock in the afternoon of May 24, 1430, she moved out at the head of six hundred men on her final march. There was a fierce encounter, and Joan's men fought bravely; but the enemy's forces were superior. Joan retreated, with the English following her army under the walls of the city. Either from treachery or error the gate was shut and the drawbridge drawn, and Joan with her little band shut out.

There was a cheer and a rush; and Joan, still defiant, still laying about her with her sword, was seized by her cape and dragged from her horse. Valiantly her comrades sought to defend her, many of them giving their lives in the attempt. But to no avail their resistance. The remnant of her brave defenders saw their gentle commander borne away to the Duke of Burgundy's camp, while after their captive followed the victorious army, roaring its joy. The Voices had predicted truthfully. Joan of Arc was in the hands of her enemies.

Joan was kept in various prisons, and finally conducted to a strong fortress in Rouen. In this dreary place she was chained by

the hands, feet, and neck, and guarded by coarse soldiers, who subjected her to every cruelty and indignity.

The University of Paris, tainted with unorthodoxy and incited by the base scheming of Pierre Cauchon, Bishop of Beauvais, a traitor to his country and his sacred of-

against her. She was led to the cemetery of St. Ouen and on a high stage before a large crowd of people, she was threatened with rack and fire unless she admitted the charges. Her enemies intensified their crime by reading to the unsuspecting prisoner a different recantation from that to which she

the ungrateful king ignored the fate of the heroic girl, who to the end never ceased to defend her sovereign's fair name.

One morning the prisoner's clothing was taken away and male attire substituted, which Joan put on. At once it was proclaimed that the heretic had relapsed, and for this she was condemned to burn at the stake. Terrible was her grief and fear when the manner of her death was made known to her; but being allowed to receive the sacraments which had been denied her hungering soul through all her dreary imprisonment, peace and calm possessed her until the end. So fervent were the prayers she poured forth after receiving her Lord for the last time that all about her were moved to tears.

At nine o'clock on the morning of May 30, 1431, Joan of Arc emerged from her prison and went forth in her girlish beauty and innocence to a cruel death. She is described as being dressed in a white robe—symbolical of her purity—and when a flood of sunlight fell upon her as she appeared in the prison gate, the onlookers thought she was a celestial vision from heaven. On her head was placed a mitre-shaped paper cap on which were inscribed the words: Heretic, Relapsed, Apostate, Idolater.

In the market place of Rouen, on a stage of masonry, the funeral pyre was built. In the center was a stake, to which she was chained, and around it tarred faggots were placed. She mounted the platform, and the executioner fastened the chains about the slender form, and then descended to complete his terrible work. She had begged for a crucifix. A kindly friar, having procured one from St. Michael's church close by, gave it to her to kiss. Hearing the crackling of the flames below as the torch was applied, considerate of others to the last, Joan begged him to hasten down out of her sight to keep the sacred fire before her eyes. She wept as the flames of their gentle visitant of smoke and her



St. Joan of Arc at the Stake

fice, persuaded John of Luxemburg to sell the captive to the English for 2,400 pounds sterling, the price of a royal prisoner. Her trials were conducted without a trace of justice or legality. Friendless and alone, save for the presence of her heavenly comforters, Joan faced her unscrupulous judges, confounding them by her clear, direct, fearless answers.

Twelve charges were framed

had been compelled to subscribe, and called it her abjuration. Afterward the girl was terrified to find that she had been made to abjure her Voices and Saints; that she had confessed to idolatry, to blasphemy against God and his church, and in fine to all manner of crimes of which Joan of Arc was incapable. Branded as a heretic and sorceress, she was led back to her dungeon. And all this time

face was seen radiant and calm. Her Voices were consoling her with visions of rest and peace denied her on earth. "Jesus!" Clear and triumphant is her last cry. Then the innocent lips are stilled to break forth into canticles of praise in courts above where the heavenly King, unlike earthly sovereigns, will not prove unmindful of his handmaid's fidelity and service.

After Joan's death, an English soldier declared he had seen a white dove fly from the flames straight up to heaven and that he knew it was her pure soul taking flight. Many others who had assisted in bringing her to execution cried out, conscience-stricken, "We have burned a saint!"

So perished Joan of Arc. But has she perished? Her fame has spread with the passing years. Since the day that witnessed her holocaust, the peerless Maid has achieved a triumph in the light of which all others pale. For the Church she loved with all the fervor of her great soul, has crowned the virgin martyr's brow with the coronet of sainthood.

The canonization of Domremy's shepherdess was a peculiarly happy occasion for the Order of Saint Francis. How resplendently the virtues of the Seraph of Assisi are reflected in the blameless life and deeds of his illustrious daughter, model for Tertiaries, exemplar for all Christians of all times.

deceive ourselves; such deception can carry us on only for a time, anyway. One or another All Souls Day may find us calling from our prison house: "Have pity on me, have pity on me, at least you my friends, for the hand of the Lord hath touched me!"

What is the satisfaction of a few hours of pleasure rising from the wearing of immodest clothing, that can outweigh the consideration of offense to the Most Pure God?

The Thing Called Charm

As you know, I do not in any way advocate that we should all go about clad in sackcloth and ashes. That garb is reserved to the few who do the big, heroic things of God in our religious orders. The majority of us in the world, even Tertiaries of St. Francis, may well obey the scriptural injunction: "But thou, when thou fastest anoint thy head and wash thy face, that thou appear not to men to fast."

Indeed, is seems to me that every woman should realize in herself the fullness of her God-given powers. It is only when we take to ourselves the credit of whatever beauty or talent we may possess, or use it for evil, that it becomes a source of sin. I feel safe in saying that for a woman who lives in the world there is a twofold duty with regard to her appearance: to be modest, and, so far as is reasonable, to be pleasing to the eye. In order to be pleasing in appearance, perfection of feature is not in the least necessary, but that elusive something called charm is within the grasp of us all. Oh, it isn't easy, I'll admit, for some of us, but it is certainly worth the trying. Here is the formula:

Perfect cleanliness and neatness of person,

Bright and sunny habit of thought,

Purity and charity of soul.

Of course the last should come first; but as Agnes Modesta is an appearance expert, she should name her specialty first. Truly, if as Christian Catholic women we should cultivate that formula earnestly, our contemporaries would exclaim with the non-Christians of

APPAREL TALK

By Agnes Modesta

Dear Sisters in St. Francis:

Autumn again, with the glory of red and gold woods, the softened blue of the sky, a subtle sharpening of the summer air into the faint chill that hints of winter; and in so many home kitchens an almost imperceptible suggestion of the potential mince and pumpkin pies and turkey gobblers of Thanksgiving.

To Catholics November is replete with associations of home. There is the day with which the month is ushered in, on which we celebrate the joy of each one of our friends in heaven who look after us, our houses, and our works—the saints we know, and those we know not. Many, doubtless, of our very own loved ones are numbered among those whom we honor on that beautiful Feast of All Saints.

Then with the evening comes a slight chill to our hearts as we are directed to turn our attention to those who have gone before and who have not yet attained to the happiness of heaven. There in that middle state we know that many of our dear ones wait for the moment when the barrier of temporal punishment may be leveled, and their longing appeased by an unimpeded, ecstatic flight to the

Object of their Desire. We think of these with a natural sadness, but that sentiment is softened by the knowledge that we can aid them even in that great Waiting. For the Church of God is standing behind us, with its inexhaustible treasure of the merits of Christ, to strengthen our feeble hands outstretched to help those who are paying to the last farthing their debt to God's outraged justice.

But what has all this sermonizing to do with apparel? A great deal. We can say with truth that many of the saints in heaven are there because of their purity, their modesty. On the other hand, many who are suffering in Purgatory are, beyond the shadow of a doubt, paying the price for scandal given, sins caused by immodesty—frequently of dress. Pessimistic? Not too much so, I am sure. It is hard for us to realize how much sin is caused by lack of attention to decency of dress. We may say that we do not sin when we wear extreme fashions, that we merely do it because the standard has so changed that we act without thought. But do we stop to think that we are responsible for the scandal given to others by our immodest appearance? Let us not

the early ages of the Church: "See how these Christians love one another." And strictly between you and me, we'd be a bit more worth loving than we are now.

Beauty's Summit

I have been asked on several occasions to give some space to a few remarks on the subject of hair. Now, while hair is not wearing apparel, strictly so-called, it is none the less an integral, if not essential, part of the completed costume. Accordingly, I have decided to say a few words to you this time on that most interesting subject, the coiffure.

Have you ever thought much about the difference between the woman we like to look at and the one who repels us (supposing, of course, that all other things, such as disposition, are equal)? Many young women complain that they simply can not look like anything, as they can not afford to buy pretty, modish clothes. Let me tell you of an experience I had the other day. I dropped in upon an extremely busy young "writer woman" of my acquaintance, who, in addition to the work of her pen, does all of her own household tasks. When I went in, I involuntarily remarked upon her appearance. There was a crisp, subtle smartness about her that fascinated me at first glance.

"Goodness, Cecilia," I greeted her, "are you costumed for the first act of a brand-new drama of domestic life?"

She looked puzzled. "What are you talking about?" she queried. "Don't you like my morning dress? I wear these because they're so easy to launder. I know they're fearfully simple, but—"

"Simple!" I mocked, "You look anything but simple—unless you mean simply stunning! How on earth do you do it?"

"Well, Miss Appearance-specialist," she laughed, "a person can't get away with anything around you. I suppose I might as well 'fess up.'"

"I should say you might," I agreed, fishing in my hand bag for a notebook, "I need you as copy. Umm, let me see, now I look at you, you have a perfectly simple little

blue and white gingham frock that isn't anything more than a cover-all apron, sensible looking, though attractive, pumps and cotton stockings, and—ah, I have it, it's your hair!"

And truly her hair was worth an exclamation. Piled high on top of her head it was, in a shining waving mass, each individual hair seeming to glow with a special living light of its own, and the whole surmounted with a cluster of gleaming, burnished coils. Although it was loosely gathered up, it gave the effect of care and permanence.

"I want you to know," she told me honestly, "that I haven't always been the beauteous sight you see before you when I've been about my housework. I used to rake my hair into a tight knot until about noon. But one morning, I wanted to try a new style of hair-dressing and so I got up a little early and did it then. This was the style: you know my hair is really naturally wavy when I give it a chance, and I get this cluster curl effect by simply leaving the ends out and twisting them over my finger with a little water and pinning them closely alongside. Well, my dear, that morning I was a riot. My family, bless their hearts, long suffering from that stringy knot of mine, positively raved. I was a trifle hurt at the sensation I caused. One would think I'd been in the habit of coming to the breakfast table in rags. But I must say it set me to thinking, and since then I've managed to give myself time to arrange my hair becomingly before appearing at family board in the morning. The best of it all is that it is very seldom I have to do it again during the day, and so in the long run I save time instead of losing it."

"The result is certainly delightful," I assured her. "I wish more women would think of their effect at the breakfast table. I'm sure the American family would be sweeter and sunnier if it could hair, and a little care and thought will produce those results. My personal preference is for the use of the hair net. But this, in the hands of a novice is a dangerous

instrument. Many pull a net tightly over the hair, giving it a stiff, set appearance. A little practice with a net laid lightly over the hair and securely anchored with invisible hairpins, so that it is not noticeable, will more than pay for itself in the firmness, neatness and staying qualities of the most elaborate of hair styles.

A thorough shampoo once each fortnight, a thorough daily combing and brushing, and an occasional sunning during the week, will ordinarily keep the hair in the best of condition.

Then find a becoming mode and dress your hair for your family's delight. You will find that directly you have become expert, no further attention will be needed after the morning arrangement. I am not encouraging you to spend a great amount of time before the glass for this purpose, but I do urge you to make the time you do spend count for that neatness and attractiveness that go to make up start the day on a vision like—
you."

"And you say you aren't Irish!" she jeered. "You shameless flatterer."

The Other Side of the Question

But I'll admit that I see some conceptions of the coiffure beautiful that come well under the head of inartistic and untidy, if not actually immodest, dressing. Take, as an example, some of those huge matted cushiony protuberances known as "buns" in vogue just now. They are nothing less than esthetic crimes, in my opinion. I should say, in general, that the untidy, slovenly mode of hair-dressing is to be deplored, whether it is elaborately untidy, or merely laxly so.

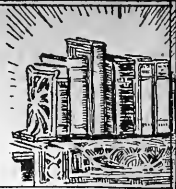
Proper Care of the Hair

My idea of true beauty in woman's hair is cleanliness, evidence of care, and becomingness. A few experiments will show which angle is the most productive of good results in the dressing of the what we are o
good looks.

The HERALD hope
that you may d and
interesting exp ate in
this quest.



Fiction



THE OUTLAWS OF RAVENHURST

By L. M. WALLACE

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Chapter I

FIRE-THE-BRAES

NIGHT was coming, placid, balmy, sweet with the breath of the heather. On the watch tower paced Rolph of Alnwick, little in tune with the evening. He looked across the turrets of Castle Russell, and frowned; down at the loungers in the court below, and scowled; then out across the purpling braes with longing in his eyes.

"Foul and fierce must be the fiends that got me this jade's job," he muttered. For Lord Russell was over the border with five hundred men-at-arms; and Rolph, forced by a half-healed wound to remain in the tower, must lose his share in the foray.

Suddenly the lad's roving eye halted. He caught his breath and leaned forward, shading his eyes with his hand. A star shone out on the gray summit of Ben Dorn. It grew and flared.

"The bale-fire!" gasped the boy; then exultantly, "Mayhap the holding of Castle Russell will not be a maid's duty!"

The alarm bell boomed in his ears. The brazier on the north tower sent up a trembling flame, flickered a moment and then, fierce signal of coming danger, it flared like a bloody banner across the night.

If joy of fiction thrilled the soul of the young esquire, he alone shared the feeling. The Lady of

Herewith we present to our readers the first instalment of a lengthy serial story, by L. M. Wallace. It is a tale of high romance and stirring adventure, of strong love and cruel hate, of villainous intrigue and unswerving loyalty, of sturdy patriotism and undaunted heroism. The narrative abounds in dramatic situations. There is not a chapter but has its thrill. Our maturer readers will find the story absorbingly interesting. The younger members of the HERALD family will pronounce it as good as the "movies."

Russell stood by the narrow, barred slit that answered for a window. White-faced and stern, she watched the village folk toiling up the hill to the castle—mothers with babes clinging to their skirts in terror, brown, hardy women who tilled their own fields, the aged, the infirm, the crippled, staggering under the weight of goods they hoped to save from the marauders. All this the Lady of Russell saw and she set her lips in a stern line. It was her duty to defend the retainers, and her lord was over the border with five hundred men-at-arms. For the defence of the castle, the Lady had as soldiers—the old, the war-broken, the wounded, the lads training, too young as yet for battle. The people might be sheltered behind the castle wall for weeks; but, unless the enemy was stopped at the ford, the village and the ripened grain must perish.

The seneschal entered, and Lady Russell turned to greet him with the terse question, "Can you hold?"

to give your orders, Madam."

"Hold the wall, if that is all you can do," she said wearily and turned to the window. In the distance between the valley and Ben Dorn, smoke rose at varying intervals. One spot, thick and wide, tinged with dull red, glared above the far-off tree tops.

"The village o' Dorn a-burnin'!" moaned a serving maid; but the Lady of Russell said no word. She looked across the cottages clustered below the castle, and over the fields of grain, waving gray-yellow in the light of the dawning moon, to the dark line of trees that bordered the river, whose deep and brawling stream had always been a rampart against the marauding bands from the Highlands. Then wearily her eyes sought the ford. There her husband had fifty times forced the invaders back; but now her Lord of Russell was over the border with five hundred men-at-arms, and his lady looked down into the castle court at the women, the children, the weak, the miserable, sheltered within her walls, and out

"We can keep the wall, Lady."

"The ford?"

"No."

"We must, or lose the harvest."

"Waste men, trying to hold the ford—then lose the castle and see the folk put to the sword!" growled the seneschal in return.

"Lose the harvest, hunger is at our doot for a twelvemonth," retorted the lady.

"May it please you

over the tossing harvest fields to the burning homesteads of Ben Dorn.

"Lady, if you listen to me?" It was the voice of a lad that spoke; and she turned, smiling a little, his gaze was so bright and eager, so pleadingly fixed on her face.

"Aye, Rolph of Alnwick, I would I had a hundred such as you! The Highlanders would get a sharp welcome at the ford."

"But, lady, if you would listen to my plan—the seneschal sent me about my business as if I were a child." The hurt pride of boyhood spoke in his tone. "Lady, where force fails, cunning prevails."

"Speak, lad," she encouraged. "At worst, nothing is lost by hearing your plan."

She smiled. Perhaps all boys were dear to her, since two of her own were over the border. The esquire poured out his plan in swift words.

"Lady, we have beaten them so often at the ford. If we but show a bold face, they will pass by. If you will give command, I shall put on my father's armor." A tear shone a moment in the lad's eye; it was not a week since they had laid his father in the tomb, dead of his wounds, far from their old Northumberland home; but the voice of the son did not falter. "Lady, so dressed I shall hide in the bushes by the river; with me a dozen swift-footed lads. When the Highlanders come to the other side of the stream, we shall make a great clanking of iron; and I shall step out—in armor they will think me a knight at least—and I shall order them to their kennels and say if they so much as burn one straw on Russell lands, 'the lord, my commander, will enter the Highlands with fire and sword!'"

"Peace, lad. The plan is good in part. Hide in the bushes. Make what noise you can. Send a flight or two of arrows, if need be; but make no cock-sparrow boasts."

The lady and the esquire turned at this interruption. They knew well the old seneschal's voice. None other would dare to be so bold before the mistress of the castle.

"And, hark ye, lad, if they set

foot in the water to cross, make speed back. See that you be in, for the drawbridge will be up before the Gordons are near the walls."

Down among the bushes by the ford, the pitiful scouting party ambushed—a dozen half terrified boys under the command of a wounded esquire. One heart alone beat with joy at the thought of the danger, and with Rolph his bravery was more than half the hope of winning his golden spurs. As they shivered there in the darkness, Rolph told his companions tales of the marauders, the wild Gordons of the Highlands and of their fierce chief, the bloody Fire-the-Braes. Folk said that he carried a long two-edged claymore, the like of which no man living ever bore; that his strength was more than human, for he had met a great antlered deer in the black forests between Ben Ender and the frith, and had killed it single-handed with his dirk. It was told that he lived in a wild, lonely tower on a rock all but surrounded by the waves of the frith. The name of the tower was Rock Haven, for there the ravens feasted on the dead that were slain by the outlawed Highland robber—bloody Gordon Fire-the-Braes.

The hours dragged and, weary of stories, the boys slept; save Rolph, who had placed himself on guard. The splashing of the shallow waters of the ford seemed but to deepen the silence of midnight. Suddenly misty figures stirred on the bank across the river.

"Who goes?" Rolph shouted in a tone that mocked a man's deep bass.

The boys, springing up about their young leader, sent a flight of arrows. There was a sharp scurrying sound as of men seeking shelter.

"They are flying!" cried the young esquire in triumph.

Rushing from behind the bushes, he stepped out on the bare bank and stood in a threatening attitude with his sword drawn. The wind caught his helmet's plume, and the moon shone full on his shield.

Suddenly from the opposing shore a man sprang into the

stream—a fierce creature with a huge, shaggy head swung on shoulders fit to carry a dray horse. As he neared the bank, he roared, "Ho, Rolph of Alnwick! Stand your ground, gin ye dare! I'll make ye food for the Raven o' the Hurst!" And around his head he whirled a two-edged sword of fearful length.

"Fly! Fly!" screamed the village boys, "it is Fire-the-Braes!"

But Rolph indignantly held his ground. "Fly, if you will," he hissed, "I'll never bring disgrace on the arms of Alnwick for any old doddering seneschal!"

The esquire heard the fleeing footsteps of his comrades and steelled his will against the fear that gripped his own heart at the mention of the dreaded name.

"Choose your ground well, Rolph of Alnwick!" roared Fire-the-Braes. "It is your death stroke you are facing!"

The esquire set his feet to meet the shock, shifted his shield, and shook his sword; while with unflinching eye he measured the swift approach of the giant Highlander. Striding out of the water the Gordon raised his claymore and howled the fierce northern war cry.

Suddenly, between Fire-the-Braes and Rolph, there stepped a man lean and gaunt with habit gray as ashes, but with an eye of fire. "Back, you coward ruffian!" rang the stranger's order.

Fire-the-Braes scowled. "It is well ye have a cowl on ye! But for the curse that goes with spillin' priest's blood, I'd split your head till I ripped your tongue in two!"

"You shall harm neither me nor the one whom I guard," said the friar, looking with calm fearlessness into the furious eyes of the Highlander.

"Gin Rolph o' Alnwick is minded to use a friar for a shield,"—

"That I am not!" called the wrathful esquire, who for the tenth time had tried to side-step the priest, only to find the gray habit still between him and his antagonist.

"Back across t on
Fire-the-Braes!" ar,
at the same time c af-
fle the furious ck,

you cowardly robber of the night, —back!"

The fury of a fiend blazed in the Gordon's eyes. "Church's curse or no!—I take that from no man!" he roared.

"Peace! how else should you dub a varlet that goads a wounded boy to combat?"

"Boy?" growled the Highlander, a puzzled look darkening his face. "Boy?—ho, Saxon!—have my eyes taken leave of my wits? Did I not see Ralph o' Alnwick on the shore?"

"You did see Ralph of Alnwick and no other!" yelled the lad, still making violent efforts to dodge the friar; but perhaps from loss of breath—the armor was heavy and he was weak—perhaps from excitement, he forgot this once to disguise his voice, and his answer piped through the visor in a thin boyish treble.

The Highlander laughed and lowered his sword. "Bid ye good even, reverend Father," he said, "An' gin I was a bit rough in word, I ask pardon. I am a blunt man, sir." Swift as a mountain storm the Gordon's anger had passed. "As for ye, Ralph o' Alnwick, when ye grow shoulders fit to carry a man's armor or have a beard back of your visor, then face me in battle, an' I'll hear how rings your sword. As to the quarrel, I had—or thought I had—blood feud against your father."

"My dead father's honor is my honor!" shouted the boy, more deeply angered by the laugh that sounded in the man's voice. "Have the goodness to step aside, Sir Friar, that I may at him!"

"Bide your time, young hot-head," replied the Gordon, with the good humor of a Newfoundland facing a rat-terrier. "No doubt your father was a good knight and true. Last Michaelmas, my sister's son was found dead in a marsh beyond Ben Dorn. It was some knave's trick,—a spear thrust from the back. Folk told me Ralph o' Alnwick did the deed; but a lion's cub was never sired by a jackal, nor a bold brass of a lad son of a coward; so, I hold the tale a calumny upon a good knight."

The esquire was at a loss for an answer; but he thought of the people trembling within the castle walls and spoke in a tone that would have shown dignity if his age had not made it seem humorous. "For the personal part of the quarrel, I am satisfied to let matters rest; but, as the representative of my Lord of Russell, I warn you—"

A roar of laughter interrupted the lad's speech. "Go to!—ye will do well to cut your wisdom tooth before ye order the war-wise! If Russell and his men-at-arms were in the castle, would he send a wounded esquire and a dozen frightened boys to hold the ford against Fire-the-Braes? Tell my Lady of Russell to rest this night in peace, and bid the villagers to go back to their homes. Never did the Gordon make war on a woman. I have burned a haystack and taken a dozen cows from her, I'll send twenty cattle across the ford and bid her good even."

"And thus you hope to make your robber conscience good?" said the friar, fixing his kindly eyes upon the Highlander. "How will you answer for the village of Dorn and the burned homesteads of the glen?"

"Ye see this land," returned the Gordon, no whit abashed by the reprimand. The Saxon drove the Celt from it. They took the fair valleys and gave us the stony hills. Do we cry for justice?—who hears? Fret yourself no further, holy Father; Fire-the-Braes is no robber, but an honest Highland body takin' home his rents."

"So," said the friar, still looking keenly at the outlaw, "were these lands taken from you by the men you slew at Dorn?"

"Na, they are but the sons of the sons of the men that did; but feuds do na die easy; and more, there's the blood of my sister's son—"

"But you do not know who killed him."

"A weel, now Father, but there is feud 'twixt us and Dorn."

"And sin must be piled on sin for that reason?"

The Gordon shook his shaggy head. "I am a man of blood as

was my father before me," he said. "The talk of priests goes ill with me, and yet I promised my father—it was as he lay on the blood-soaked clay with the din and the roar of the battle still nigh us. A friar, such an one as you, had passed and shriven him. I stooped my ear to get his dying word. Nothing he spoke of gold or booty or of the turn of battle; but he looked sadly at me and whispered, 'Masses—have Masses said—fierce are the fires that burn the blood guilt from men's hands.' Something I have done to follow out his will, and now for Dorn I will repay the folk twofold of the evil that I did them. Mayhap they did not slay my sister's son—and I might fear in my last hour; and, mark ye, I do vow as I stand here before your Reverence, that I shall build a convent between Ben Ender and the frith, that friars may live near to sing Masses for the eternal rest of Gordon souls." A smile of admiration lit his rugged face. "And I will ask the reverend Custos to make ye Father Guardian of this same convent, for man ye are as well as monk. No other would have dared to face me down."

"You will sorrow if the reverend Custos be so foolish as to grant your will," said the friar; for praise is wormwood to the saints. "You will find that Father Michael has hard penances for such as you."

The Highlander smiled. "Never did Gordon hold ill will for blows given in fair combat, be they struck sharp upon the body by a knight, or upon the soul by a priest. If ever ye pass Castle Ravenhurst, Reverend Father; I beg ye to give us the blessin' of clergy by stayin' what time ye will under our roof, for I swear ye will bide with us for good before the harvests are twice yellow." Then turning merrily upon the lad he cried, "Clasp hands with me, Sir Cock Sparrow. St. Andrew put steel in your sword arm. I bid ye both good even an' wish fair dreams to all that sleep in Castle Russell this night." And Bloody Gordon Fire-the-Braes passed back over the ford.

(To be continued)

FOUND IN THE COULEE

By ELLEN E. MCPARTLIN

TWO men sat on the wooden platform that raised the Silver Ridge post office a few feet above the mud of the Bitter Root foothills. One of them absently fingered the pages of a letter while his eyes gazed unseeingly at the dark ledges that rose in shelving elevations before him. The lean brown face, subtly scarred with life's battles, held something winningly boyish as a reminiscent smile crept into his eyes and twitched the corners of his mouth. He turned to his comrade with a sudden impulse to talk:

"It's queer about Ed and me," he tapped the letter significantly to identify "Ed." "We grew up together—boyhood chums in a country neighborhood—and all our plans seemed to hitch our lives together for good. Well, he's a Franciscan priest in a poverty-stricken mission down near the Mexican line—and I'm what you see, a rambling prospector, always out of luck. But every once in a while I get a letter from him. What puzzles me is how his letters ever get to me, roaming around the way I do and never leaving an address. He paused, then holding out the letter for inspection went on: "Now, Ed would tell you that it's these here letters that he puts on the corner there—S. A. G.—Saint Antony Guide, they mean. And the way them letters track me down I'm almost getting to believe it myself." His voice held an apologetic note as if confessing a weakness.

Sheriff Dwyer nodded understandingly.

"Well, I was brought up with them beliefs myself—and I never quite got away from them either," he contributed.

Martin Mahaffy went on, apparently encouraged by his friend's concurrence: "This letter here, now, makes out a pretty strong case for the need of money in this mission town, and wants to know if I can't send something—anything

—to help out; and me with just two dollars and forty cents to my pocket. Being it's him, I suppose I'll have to slip him the two dollars, and trust to luck to find work at the lumber camp."

Dwyer chuckled.

"Well, St. Antony being a good finder, you might go fifty-fifty with the mission on your first good find," he suggested, jokingly.

"I'll do that, all right," agreed Mahaffy absently. He drew out the two-dollar bill, smoothing it out. Dwyer leaned forward suddenly, taking it from his fingers to glance sharply at it.

"Tear it up," he ordered tersely as he handed it back.

"What d' y' mean?" demanded Martin, looking closely at it; then disgustfully he ejaculated:

"Counterfeit! Now, where did I get hold of that?"

"Counterfeit, all right," agreed Dwyer, "and, I'll tell you something: the gang that's floating that stuff isn't far from this neighborhood. There was a lot of it turned loose at the Palouse races—mostly coin there; and it's been traced to this county. Tell you what, pard, it'd be a big thing for me if I could run the gang down—aside from the reward offered." Martin knew that the sheriff was thinking of the county reelection and a formidable rival for his office.

Mahaffy and Dwyer had become acquainted a few years before, and the acquaintance had developed into a real friendship. Dwyer was a native of the neighborhood, the son of poor emigrants, and his opportunities had been few. A good home influence, however, had developed a kindly, rather serious, nature, which triumphed over defects of education, winning recognition and good will throughout the country. Mahaffy had been reared in a comfortable country home in a middle western farming community. He had never known hardship until he had drifted to the West, the land of adventure to a restless youth. Here the ram-

bling fever had seemed to get hold of him, keeping him forever roaming, always expecting to strike something good. In the whirlpool of motley associates Martin's innately wholesome nature had instinctively reached out to the big silent man who could always be depended on to take a sympathetic view of things. So when some luckless prospecting venture left him penniless he was wont to return to the logging camps in the hills, where he could mend his fortunes and enjoy companionship at the same time.

The sun had passed the meridian when Martin left the village, crossing the river on the ferry to take the grade road leading to the lumber camps in the upper hills. He leaned on the wooden railing as the cumbersome float swung out into the river. The Clearwater became a sheet of molten silver in the sun. The unpainted box-like houses gleamed white against the dark cliffs behind them. Across the river, the pine-covered hills rose in a succession of steep slopes, the upper foliage of the trees gleaming with golden lights. Shadows marked the coulee's tangled depths. On the top of one hill, a mountain team rested. The drooping heads of the horses, the dejected looking figure of the driver spoke of the loneliness and toil of those who farmed on the mountain top, bringing their hard-won gleaming down the tortuous road of the hills to the only shipping point of the countryside. Martin thought of the long grove-shaded stretches of fertile soil, pretty little villages within a half dozen miles of each other—the old home neighborhood. The letter from his boyhood friend, filled with references to old times, brought to his mind home thoughts and memories as he followed the road up the hills. He found himself picturing "the old folks" and the group of brothers and sisters.

When he had coaxed consent to his leaving, he had not felt that the parting was hard. There were so many of them, he could see his mother and his

father had seemed to be forever at his elbow. He realized now that they had craved an affectionate leave-taking and the intimate talk of council and admonition. He realized how his carelessness had rebuffed them. Many a time since he had longed to be back in the peaceful, friendly neighborhood; but shame for his failure in life kept him waiting till he could go home with something to show for his years away. Now he found himself making a sudden resolve. He would work just long enough to earn his fare home. Perhaps he would find some good employment in the village there. If not, the old farm could always use his service; and let them call him a failure if they would. A strange lightness of heart came to him with this decision. It seemed to him in some way that at last he was anchored after storm.

Engrossed with his musing, he had covered about half of his journey when a turn of the road brought him to a giant tamarack, which he recalled as the landmark from which a trail through the timbers made a short cut to the camps where he had worked the previous year. He paused to look for the opening. Not finding it, he concluded that the short cut had been abandoned and the path overgrown. With some impulse of persistency he pushed into the woods, putting aside the brush and peering about. Somewhat to his surprise there indeed was the old trail, beginning almost behind the tamarack. It seemed strange to him that there should be no opening into the road; but he was not one to ponder trifles, and was soon following the footpath. The trees grew tall and dense about him, their tops closing together and shutting out the sunlight. Dead pine needles carpeted the space between the trees. Here and there a bramble heap covered with tangled vines made a queer, mysterious mound. The trail led up to the rise of the ground, across a gully, and upward again to the crest of the next hill. There, turning abruptly, it wound downward to the coulee below. Martin paused, puzzled; for his sense of location told him

that it should run along the rise to a higher elevation, bringing him nearer to the top of the grade. Evidently he had followed a wrong trail. He thought first of turning back, and then decided to push on along the path as it would probably bring him to some hunter's or trapper's cabin. Down the slant side of the coulee he strode, and along the hollow where the timber growth had dwindled. Then quite suddenly he found himself standing before a house. The door was closed, and faded shades were pulled down the full length of the windows. There was no sign of life, and silence reigned.

"A deserted cabin," thought Martin drawing close to the door. Then in the stillness about him he heard a sudden murmur of voices within the house. Something in the tones of the voices, lowered, yet quick and eager, there in the lonely house, gave him suddenly a feeling of having come upon something secret and mysterious—perhaps dangerous. Martin put the feeling away. Some woodsmen perhaps hunting out of season, he told himself, and rapped loudly on the door. There was a scurrying sound within—then a dead silence. Martin waited a moment, then knocked again, giving a cheery woodsman's call at the same time.

The door was partly opened; and a tall, hawk-faced man looked out at him:

"Howdy, stranger—lost yer way?" The voice was affable, but the eyes were keen and stern. In the darkened room behind him, Martin could hear stealthy movements, while he explained about the trail to the camp. The man stepped outside, leaving the door slightly open, and came close to Martin talking volubly:

"Well, now, yer a long way from the right road, mister; there ain't no short cut to the camps near here that I know about, and I range the woods pretty considerable—trappin', you know."

Martin responded easily and naturally, sensing a menace in the dusk of the doorway. The man turned with him as he took his leave, and walked a few steps.

"Seen this here trail from the

road, did y'?" he remarked casually.

Martin explained how he had searched for it. After the man turned back, Martin hurried along the hollow, the feeling of watching eyes still upon him. With an instinctive desire to appear unconcerned of a strange situation, he whistled cheerily as he strode, stooping to pick up a small white stone that caught his eye. As he examined it, he perceived it to be, not a stone, but a piece of plaster—a mold with the markings of a coin on it. Suddenly he remembered Dwyer's confidence of the morning, and the whole situation became clear to him. He had stumbled on the gang of counterfeiters. The whistled tune had never wavered in its harmony, as the explanation flashed through his mind; for he had realized instantly that he was in danger. Tossing the fragment carelessly, and adroitly catching it, as if in idle amusement, he proceeded on his way, up the side of the coulee, and out on the grade road. He took the upward turn that would lead to the camps; for he felt he would be followed. He was not wrong in his surmise, though he did not see the form that skulked among the trees until he had almost come to the camps. The spy then went back to report that the stranger had been what he purported to be and the visit an accidental one.

At the camps, Martin said nothing of his discovery, but arranged for his work to begin in a few days, and secured permission to ride back to the Ridge the next morning with the supply wagon.

In the office of Sheriff Dwyer, he related his adventure to an excited listener. Dwyer examined the plaster cast and pronounced it positive evidence that the cabin was the rendezvous of the counterfeiters. A posse of reliable men was at once secured and the attack planned. Before the close of the afternoon, a dozen men were taking different routes to the hidden cabin. Martin and Dwyer, circling the base of the hills, made their way to the side of the coulee opposite.

(Continued on page 31)



Missions

THE FRANCISCANS IN NEW MEXICO

By ZEPHYRIN ENGLEHARDT, O. F. M.

CHAPTER XXIV

The Franciscans Turn to the Moquis—How They Were Received—The Savages Subdued—Courageous Preaching—The Moquis Won Over—Fr. Perea's Wise Incredulity—The Zuñis Turn Against Fr. Roque—Timely Aid—The Zuñis Repentant—Impressive Spectacle—First Christians—Apaches

THE Fathers were not satisfied with having apparently gained the good will of the Zuñis. Fr. Francisco de Porras, the Fr. Custodio relates, desired to win for Christianity the more distant Moquis. Before coming to New Mexico, in June, 1629, Fr. Porras had been held in high esteem in the Province of the Holy Gospel for his tried virtue, and he had held the most important office of master of novices for six years. Of the purity of his intention there could be no doubt. Fr. Perea accordingly granted his request to devote himself to the conversion of the tribe which thus far had manifested little friendship for the Spaniards. Fr. Porras first proceeded to visit Fr. Roque de Figueroa at Zuñi. With him went Fr. Andrés Gutiérrez and Brother Cristóbal de la Concepcion.

The three friars set out from Zuñi on a date not specified, but it must have been about the middle of August, 1629, "in apostolic fashion, their crucifixes suspended from the neck and staffs in their hands," as Fr. Perea writes. Twelve soldiers accompanied the messengers of the Gospel, "more out of pity," Fr. Perea says, "than as a protection and guard, which was very small in view of the many natives who are as dextrous with their weapons as they are stubborn in the combat." The little company arrived at Moqui on the feast of the glorious St. Bernard,¹ which

is the title the pueblo now bears."

Fr. Perea computes the distance from Santa Fe to be eighty leagues. The country is more temperate, and similar to that of Spain with regard to fruits and grain. Much cotton is raised. The houses are three stories in height and well arranged. The inhabitants are industrious, and drunkenness among them is regarded as a great reproach. They have their games and amusements, and a race which they run with great agility.

The natives, writes Fr. Perea, received the friars rather coldly, because the demon was trying by every means to prevent or impede the promulgation of the divine law. Although in their oracles he speaks to his ministers, and they see him² in his formidable aspect, he now availed himself of an apostate Indian from some Christian pueblo. This man had gone ahead and told the Moquis that some Spaniards, whom they would see directly, were coming to burn their pueblos, rob their belongings, and behead their children; that the other men with crowns³ and in robes were so many liars; and that they must not allow water to be poured on their heads, otherwise they would surely die immediately.

¹ The medicine men probably asserted that they saw the demon, but the devil "in his formidable aspect" would be too much for even an Indian wizard. There can be no doubt, however, that Indian medicine men, not only in New Mexico, but elsewhere, frequently had communication with him.

² It would seem that even on the missions the friars from Mexico shaved their heads, or cropped them very closely, leaving but a narrow crown, as may be seen on pictures of friar saints.

This news disturbed the Moquis so much, Fr. Perea continues, that they secretly called to their aid the neighboring Apaches, with whom at the time they had a truce. Our people noticed the uneasiness among the Moquis on entering the town; wherefore their watchfulness was aroused, so that they did not sleep the whole night in order to be ready for a sudden assault. The next night the soldier who stood guard as sentinel perceived murmurings among the natives. He awakened his companions, and they quickly prepared themselves to receive the approaching Indians who thought the Spaniards were asleep. When the Moquis saw the white men on guard, they asked how it was that they were not sleeping? The guards, aware of the treacherous intent of the Indians, replied that soldiers of Spain did not sleep, for they were prepared to defend themselves and would do damage to their foes. After another night of tiresome watching, the Spaniards decided that they must become aggressive. Accordingly, they came forth and plainly told the Indians that, if they dared to attempt to injure their guests, the governor would come upon them with his whole force, lay waste their lands, and burn their towns. When the Moquis saw that their evil plans had been detected, they were in utter confusion.

It was then that Christ also thought to announce the Gospel to the Indians.

³ The feast is on August 20. St. Bernard was therefore named the patron saint of the pueblo.

Armed with the weapon of prayer, Fr. Perea tells us, they set out to overcome the tricks of Lucifer. Animated with that brave impulse which Heaven communicates to evangelical messengers and setting little value on the ridicule that opposed them, they sallied forth preaching in the streets. Men and women hastened out on hearing the unwonted noise below. The inhabitants not only of the pueblo, but also of the surrounding country flocked to listen without fear. When the Fathers observed that the Moquis had overcome the fright produced by the stories of the apostate, they talked in the language which is understood the world over, and which missionaries employ with success among the Indians especially—the language of gifts. The Fathers distributed what trinkets they had brought for that purpose, especially glass beads, of which the natives are passionately fond. The missionaries reassured the natives that no one need fear anything; that they had come rather to give to them than to take from them. Then the Indians shamefacedly excused themselves for their rudeness, because they had believed the story that they must surely die if they accepted anything from the white men. By means of simple and clear instruction all doubts were removed, and many were “converted to our holy Faith by a great miracle which our Lord wrought in that pueblo through his servants. Of this at present no report is made, because it has not been authenticated.”

What the nature of the “miracle” was, we have no means of knowing, since the Fr. Custos disdained to incorporate it in his narrative. He seems to have been a man who put little faith in stories of miracles and visions, and the fact enhances the value of his own narrative, as reproduced in this and in the previous chapter. Of course, he knew that Almighty God frequently interposes in favor of the preaching of apostolic men; but whether He does so in a particular case, is a matter for the ecclesiastical authorities to decide. At all events the highest ecclesiastical judge in

the territory at the time, Fr. Perea, appears to have discovered nothing miraculous in what was reported from Moqui, and there the matter rested.

Leaving Fr. Porras with his companions at Moqui, Fr. Perea turned his attention again to Fr. Roque at Zuñi, where the Common Adversary sought to enkindle the same treachery as at Moqui. By threatening the people, doubtless through his cunning ministers, he tried to have Fr. Roque driven from the district. He succeeded in so far that the Zuñis remained away from divine services and catechetical instructions, and finally refused to supply wood and water. The night was made hideous by dances, drums, and caracoles, which with them was the signal of war. The lonesome missionary prepared himself for the death which seemed in store for him. One night while on his knees beseeching Almighty God to communicate his eternal light to the abyss of darkness in which the people were sunk, he saw two Indians, gallant and tall of stature, enter his room. They were plumed and armed as if ready for war. Fr. Roque thought his last hour had come and fell on his knees to offer his life as a willing sacrifice to God. The two Indians, perceiving his state of mind, reassured him by crossing their arms and other signs. Fr. Roque then called his interpreter, who lay asleep in another room, and through him he informed the two visitors of the object of his coming to the Indians. Thereupon they thanked him and informed him that, because they had so understood, they, as chiefs of some pueblos five leagues distant, had come to invite him to accompany them to their people, who would welcome him and treat him properly, and not to stay with a people that requited his paternal love with so much ingratitude. The two Indians remained conversing with the Father that whole night. At daybreak they took leave, saying, “Rest easy, Father, and be not anxious. Leave it to us to talk to the Zuñi chiefs and people.”

While Fr. Roque praised God for this timely interposition, the visiting chiefs sought out the principal

officials among the Zuñis and expostulated with them with complete success; for on the next day they came to Fr. Roque and asked pardon for their inhospitable conduct. They also confessed that the oracle of their god had tricked them into believing they should surely die if they allowed the water of Baptism to be poured on them. They moreover assured the Father that not only they themselves but the whole pueblo wished to be washed in holy Baptism.

The happy Fr. Roque received their assurances kindly, and at once began to teach them the rudiments of the Faith. He devoted special attention to the visiting chiefs, who remained at Zuñi with him several days. When he saw that his eager listeners had been sufficiently instructed, he prepared them to receive Baptism. In order to render the ceremony as impressive as possible, Fr. Roque had a platform erected in the open air. There he celebrated holy Mass with all solemnity on the feast of St. Augustine, August 28, 1629. After the holy Sacrifice he baptized in the same place the chief men and eight infants, the children of Christian Indians. To the principal cacique, Fr. Perea continues his narrative, Fr. Roque gave the name of Augustin, and he was ever after known as Don Augustin. Gratefully he constituted himself an apostle for his people. Turning to the multitude that had witnessed the remarkable spectacle, he exhorted all present to accept, as he had done, so good a law and so good a God. They had seen him baptized, and they now saw that he had not died, but rather that he rejoiced and judged himself more valiant than before. Thereat all cried out in a loud voice that they, too, wanted to be Christians, and that the Father should teach them the holy law. The singing of the Te Deum Laudamus closed the happy celebration. “In the culture of these primitive flowers of the Church in this new country,” Fr. Perea reports, “and in offering to God so many souls converted by means of his labor and holy zeal, Fr. Roque still continues. Happy he, since he has found life in

Christ, who had determined to lose it for love of Him."

"Even the Apaches, the fiercest and bravest tribe known in these parts," writes the Fr. Custódio in conclusion, "have come to ask for peace with the Christian Indians and with the Spaniards. They have also asked for missionaries, although two Fathers are already among them.⁴ They have given to the Fathers twelve Indians, who are to come with them, and a boy, who might learn the Castilian tongue and teach them his own. These were brought to the Villa of Santa Fe, where they were received with general applause. There they arranged to provide wagons and other requisites in order to return to the Humanos

(Jumanos) in the coming March. The country is fertile and abounds in herds and fruits, so much so that from one fanéga⁵ of wheat a hundred are harvested. It is copious in metals and exquisite stones, and in silver so much that it yields eight ounces by quicksilver (treatment) and four marks by smelting. This is what there is to report at present of what has happened in this expedition (of 1629). Laus Deo."

Such, then, was the beginning of Christianity among the Zuñis and Moquis, according to the report of the Fr. Custódio himself.

⁴ Fr. Perea doubtless means the Jumanos mentioned in the previous chapter.

⁵ A fanéga is equal to one hundredweight.

MISSION CROSSES

By FR. FRANCIS BORGIA, O. F. M.

(Continued)

IT was a strange coincidence that Don Fernando Rivera, nourishing his wounded pride with thoughts of revenge, should set out for San Diego on the very day on which the king of Spain signed an order directing the newly appointed governor of California, Don Felipe de Neve, to proceed at once to Monterey and to make that place his headquarters. Three months were to elapse, however, before this decree reached Frey Antonio Maria Bucareli, the Viceroy of Mexico. In the meantime, his Excellency learned what had happened in California. Surmising that the woful destruction of Mission San Diego and the cruel martyrdom of Fr. Luis Jaume must have cast a gloom over the existence of Fr. Serra and his fellow missionaries, the noble-minded viceroy wrote them an encouraging letter, in which he promised them full support for the advancement of the enterprise they were engaged in. Scarcely had he despatched this letter, when sadder reports reached him, concerning the comandante's unchristian and unsoldierly conduct. He was deeply vexed. Under such a com-

mander, he argued, the Spanish conquests in California would never prosper, neither in temporal nor in spiritual matters. At this juncture, while deliberating what steps to take, he received the afore-mentioned royal decree. Accordingly, on July 20, he informed Señor Neve of the king's decision, and at the same time gave orders that Señor Rivera return to Lower California and reside as lieutenant-governor at Loreto. Of these governmental measures, however, the affected parties in California had not the least inkling at the time of Don Fernando's departure for San Diego. This was unfortunate as well for the comandante as for the missionaries, because it would surely have opened the eyes of the overbearing and spiteful official and prompted him to look for means and ways of furthering the mission enterprises, instead of seeking new occasions to vent his spleen on the Fr. Presidente and his sorely tried co-laborers.

Anxiety was written on many a face at the presidio of San Diego when, on May 7, Don Fernando made his appearance. He had

formed his plans and forthwith set to executing them. On the day after his arrival, he sent orders to Sergeant Grijalva at Mission San Gabriel to proceed at once with the twelve Sonora soldiers and their families to Monterey and to deliver the accompanying letter to Lieutenant Moraga as soon as he reached the place. Grijalva and his party departed immediately and after three weeks of hard travel completed the wearisome journey. Needless to say, their unexpected arrival caused a sensation. Lieutenant Moraga had lurking suspicions, which proved only too true, when he opened Rivera's letter and read the instructions. He was to take the Sonora immigrants to the port of San Francisco and erect a presidio on the site previously chosen by Colonel Anza. As to the proposed Mission at that place, he was to inform the Fr. Presidente that its founding could not be undertaken at present. The worthy lieutenant felt that these measures were but another thrust at the heart of the zealous missionary. He was ill at ease, therefore, when on the following morning, May 29, he rode out to the Mission.

"Unpleasant news, indeed," Fr. Serra observed with a faint smile; "but not at all unlooked-for."

"Between us, your Reverence," the lieutenant replied, "I feel as you do about it. But I am under military orders and must obey."

"By all means, Don José. God forbid that I step between you and your duty. But when do you intend to depart?"

"About the middle of next month."

"And who is to care for the spiritual needs of the soldiers and immigrants?"

Moraga was shrewd enough to see in what direction the Padre was steering; and as to discouraging him or even offering opposition, his mind was too much in accord with that of the venerable missionary.

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"Let us hope that he is figuring correctly this time,"—and both laughed heartily.

"Any way," Fr. Serra continued, "would it not be good to have two Fathers accompany you?"

"A capital idea, your Reverence," the lieutenant exclaimed. "We all, I am sure, will enjoy their company and appreciate their services. In fact, I mentioned just this matter to Captain Choquet of the San Antonio, and he was even more outspoken than either of us and declared outright that missionaries must by all means go along, so as to be on hand for the founding of the Mission."

Fr. Serra's plans assumed more definite shape when a few days later the San Carlos, which was bound for the Bay of San Francisco, sailed into the harbor of Monterey. From the two missionaries who arrived with the ship, he learned that its captain, Don Fernando Quiros, had express orders from the viceroy to take aboard everything necessary not only for the presidio but also for the mission to be established at San Francisco. Moraga, too, was glad to see the mission question at last settled and sent a note to the Fr. Presidente asking that the two missionaries he had in mind to send north be ready to depart with the land expedition on the seventeenth; the San Carlos, he added, would follow by sea as soon as she could. On the appointed day, Lieutenant Moraga and his party, accompanied by Fathers Palóu and Cambón, left Monterey. The viceroy's orders were carried out to the letter. Before the end of August, the presidio was established, while the Fathers, under the protection of a military guard, visited the surrounding rancherías and began to erect permanent mission buildings at some distance from the presidio. But the formal opening of the new Mission, the site of which the Anza expedition had named in honor of Our Lady of Sorrows, did not take place till two months later.

The coming of the San Antonio in the harbor of Monterey, on May 21, and the doleful messages its captain conveyed to the Fathers

from their confrères at San Diego, had reawakened in the heart of Fr. Serra the long cherished desire of visiting the stricken mission and undertaking its restoration. At last his wish was to be fulfilled. On the Sunday after Moraga's departure, he happened to be at the presidio for divine services. How great was his joy when he learned that on the following Sunday, June 30, the San Antonio would set sail for the south. He was just leaving the sacristy after holy Mass, when Captain Choquet approached him.

"Padre Presidente," he said, bowing respectfully, "I understand you are anxious to visit San Diego."

Tears started to the missionary's eyes.

"Our worthy lieutenant must have told you so, Captain," he replied, making an effort to smile.

"He did, your Reverence. And he told me also that the comandante had twice refused to let you accompany him."

"Well, yes; but his Honor thought my age and infirmity forbade it."

"Perhaps he was right, Padre. But a sea voyage, I imagine, can only benefit you. Hence I herewith invite you to come with us. We put to sea next Sunday afternoon."

"Señor," Fr. Serra exclaimed, grasping the hand of the honest seafarer, "how shall I ever repay you for the pleasure you are affording me?"

"Padre, the pleasure is all mine," Don Diego rejoined. "Remember me at holy Mass and I am doubly repaid."

The situation of the three missionaries at San Diego had changed meanwhile from bad to worse. Time was hanging heavy on their hands, to say nothing of the bodily discomforts they had to put up with. It was an unusually warm afternoon in July. Fathers Lasuén and Amúrrio were seated on the rude bench under the oak tree that stood in front of their lowly habitation. After a while, by some peculiar combination of circumstances, their conversation chanced to turn on Fr. Serra. The

last they had heard of him was from Comandante Rivera when he returned from Monterey; and that was more than two months' now. Would their esteemed Superior permit them, as they had requested, to leave the missions and return to their College in Mexico? They had not come to California to waste their best years in idleness. And surely, their compassionate Fr. Presidente would readily concede the justice of their complaint and their request, if he were here and saw what a plight they were in and how relief would have to come very soon. He had promised to visit them. Would he ever redeem his promise? In this way, the two missionaries were discussing what they had so often discussed before, when all of a sudden a loud report from the presidio cannon rent the stillness of the summer air. Leaping to their feet, they turned in the direction of the military quarters and, to their great surprise, beheld soldiers, colonists, and Indians making for the seashore.

"A ship!" Fr. Lasuén exclaimed, pointing to the bay where a portly vessel was casting anchor.

"Why, it's the San Antonio, isn't it?" Fr. Amúrrio cried.

"There, look!" broke in his companion, "Three Fathers are in the first launch. Can one of them be—" and off they dashed, weary exiles hoping a loved one had come to brighten their dreary existence.

What emotions thrilled their bosoms when they reached the water's edge. There on the placid bay, within a stone's throw, they beheld their beloved Superior waving his hand to them in childlike glee. A few more moments and the launch bounded against the shore. With a heartfelt *Gracias a Dios*, the aged Fr. Presidente stepped out, and the next moment his hand was raised in benediction over the two missionaries kneeling in tears before him.

After greeting the soldiers and settlers and exchanging a few words of cheer with Lieutenant Ortega, Fr. Serra went over to where the Indians were gathered in little groups. Many of them must have recognized him and in-

terpreted his unexpected arrival as the beginning of new reproaches and severe reprisals for the recent destruction of the mission and the murder of one of his confrères. But his engaging smile and kindly words, the warmth with which he grasped the hand of each one, and his tender familiarity with their little ones—all this soon dispelled their fears. Their keen sense of discernment assured them that, as in the missionaries of San Diego, they had also in him a true and affectionate father, who was willing to forget an offence for which the guilty ones were sorry, and who in all his dealings had only their welfare at heart.

At last the large-hearted missionary broke away from those he loved so tenderly and joined his fellow friars. There was one of their number, however, whom he had not yet seen.

"Why, where is Fr. Fuster?" he inquired, turning to Fr. Lasuén.

"Probably in the chapel, your Reverence," the other explained. "He is in low spirits again, the last few days."

Fr. Lasuén was right; and it was only on coming out of the chapel that the missionary in question chanced to notice the commotion on the seashore.

"There he is now," Fr. Lasuén ejaculated. "He has recognized your Reverence."

"Ah, carissime!" exclaimed Fr. Serra, and hastened forward.

"Father! At last! Benedicite!" and falling on his knees the heart-stricken friar gave free scope to his tears, while his Superior, deeply touched, was straining every nerve to preserve his composure.

Cold and formal was the welcome Don Fernando Rivera bade the visitors when they called at his headquarters. Though he expressed his satisfaction at seeing the Fr. Presidente and hoped the fresh ocean air had proved beneficial to his health, it was quite plain from the tone of his voice and the troubled expression on his face that in his heart he wished the obnoxious friar had remained at his mission in the north. He had come only to stir up trouble,

anyhow; and the sooner he left again, the better it would be for all concerned.

From the Comandante's headquarters the missionaries went to the chapel. We can imagine what dark recollections flashed through the mind of the Fr. Presidente when he entered the miserable structure that had to serve for the celebration of the Sacred Mysteries; and when he was conducted by Fr. Lasuén to the spot where they had buried the mortal remains of Fr. Luis Jaume. With a deep sigh, Fr. Serra scanned the inscription on the wooden slab and then knelt down to pray for the repose of California's proto-martyr. At last, brushing aside a tear, he arose and joined the others who were waiting for him.

If Fr. Serra ever felt compassion for his suffering confrères it was now when he entered the adobe hut they called their home. Such poverty and wretchedness! Such gloom and desolation! And in these quarters, scarcely fit for dumb animal, the three Fathers had been living the past eight months! The thought cut him to the quick; and when Fr. Lasuén proposed to look for a more becoming abode for him, he strenuously objected, declaring that his divine Master, too, the first of all missionaries, found only a poor stable to welcome him when he appeared among his own.

Night, peaceful and serene, spread her starry canopy over presidio hill and the surrounding plains. Scarcely a sound disturbed the soothing stillness of the balmy summer air. Only now and then could be heard from the distant ravines and clumps of trees the screech of a night hawk or the yelp of a prowling coyote. The moon had just risen, and in the radiance she threw on the bay one could distinguish the San Antonio, resting like a phantom amid the sparkling ripples of silver. On the bench in front of their little hut, sat the two missionaries Fathers Serra and Lasuén. They were alone, their confrères having already retired for the night.

"Yes, your Reverence, I am thoroughly disgusted. Here we are

idling away our precious days, while that arrogant, self-willed comandante——"

"Forebear, Padre mio," Fr. Serra interrupted. "The less said the better. Let us not assail an absent foe. The viceroys must know all by this time, and I feel confident that he will see things as we do. As to your being disgusted—well, bear up! God knows of our sufferings and hardships, and that should suffice. May his holy will be done in all things. By the way, has the excommunication been lifted?"

"Yes, your Reverence," the other answered. "But in my opinion Fr. Fuster was too lenient with Don Fernando."

"How so? Did not his Honor comply with the legal conditions?"

"In a way, yes. A few days after his return from Monterey we received a note from him stating that the Indian Carlos would be brought back to the church, and requesting that, in view of his enclosed promise to give the culprit a fair trial, we hand the Indian over to the civil authorities in accordance with the law of the Church."

"You see," Fr. Serra replied, evidently delighted, "his Honor thereby admitted his mistake and showed that he was willing now to do the right thing."

"That is all very well," the other granted. "But, your Reverence, his act was a public scandal and demanded public satisfaction."

"But he did make public satisfaction, did he not?"

"Only inasmuch as he was present the following Sunday at holy Mass. Of a public declaration or explanation not even mention was made, and that was in order."

"Oh, well, Padre mio," the Fr. Presidente offered, "let us forget a little of what we learned of Canon Law in our young days and not insist on technicalities when the essence of the law has been observed. We may take it for granted the people here would be scandalized had been given. Don Fernando had returned. This as well as his Mass the next Sunday." (Continued)



Christian Home Women's Dept.

Conducted by Grace Strong

THE CHILD WITH TALENT

MY NEIGHBOR has a little twelve-year-old girl, with brown eyes in which already is the shadow that dreams cast. She is one of six children and, unfortunately for herself and all concerned, the eldest. She is already a perplexity and trial to her mother, while the entire family is an obstacle to her.

One day, after a burst of childish confidence on the selfishness of one of her sisters, the trouble the other children made, she said: "Sometimes I wish I had been born into another family!" As she had previously timidly shown me her attempts at drawing and making rimes, in my heart I could not but echo the wish, although it shocked me to hear it falling from her young lips. For the mother had complained to me that if Doris got her hands on a book, or if she took a notion to write or draw, the baby might cry its eyes out, the other children raise the neighborhood with their noise, and none of these calls of duty would arouse her. So Doris often gets a whipping.

The conditions of Doris's life are crude, and she suffers from them without exactly knowing why. A whipping is far worse for her than for the others. There is a degradation in it for her; because she knows that she is superior, in one way, even to the mother who administers it. Unless her good genius interferes and sets Doris free from her surroundings, I can see that the next five years are going to be years of drawn-out torture for her, as they will be painful for her parents and brothers and sisters. Yet Doris is a sweet, amiable, loving child, and her parents are devoted and would not think any sacrifice for her too great. It is simply another case

of the gifted soul being placed among the misunderstanding ones.

Why this should be is one of the mysteries God has reserved to himself. It may be that if we are dowered above our fellows we must pay the price for being thus favored. It may be that the gifted soul requires these bitter experiences, in order that it may be the better fitted for its high mission of helping humanity. How can the soul that has not suffered help the soul steeped to the lips in misery? How can the soul that has not struggled with harsh circumstances and finally conquered them, freed itself—how can that one know the message to be delivered to the others in bondage? How can the heart that has not starved understand the pangs of the famishing? That pearl you admire so much, for which you freely pay the price, owes its existence to a hurt of the oyster; and O my friend, that poem which fell on your heart like a holy prayer, was wrung from a soul that knew a sorrow more bitter than your own; those words that drove you back to the fighting ranks, were the trumpet cry of one who had conquered your own fears.

There are many Dorises growing up in families, for talent always has marked and always will mark certain of the sons and daughters of men. Prophets and seers and poets, men and women of vision, what we are to-day we owe largely to them. Their line and their duty must continue. When we read of the persecutions inflicted by their fellows, of the blindness of their generation to their gifts, we marvel and assure ourselves that, had we lived then, we should have been numbered among their few adherents. The chances are that we might have

led the hue and cry against them, seeing our treatment of the gifted ones of our own time, sometimes even of our own circle.

If you happen to be one of the mothers with a Doris in your flock, let my little neighbor, with the artist hand and the poet's eyes, serve as a looking glass. You are not asked to let the reins out to the full length—there could be nothing more disastrous. But let her (or him) feel that there is intelligent understanding of her—recognition that she is different from the other children, and for that reason enjoys a larger liberty. It is a great comfort for all their lives, when the children of talent have had sympathy and understanding from their parents. It has also its effect for righteousness.

Another Doris was walking through a city park, with the school nurse, who is an understanding person. "Yes, Nurse," she confessed, "I love to come here. I sit on the bench and dream. One day my brothers and sisters gave me their pennies to go to Tony's to buy peanuts. As I was coming back, I sat down on a bench to dream awhile. I forgot all about the peanuts and the squirrels stole every one of them out of the bag. If I told the other children what became of them, they would have laughed at me, and mamma and papa would have told everybody and they would laugh at me, too, and make fun of me. So I said I ate the peanuts myself. The children hit and pinched me, and then mamma came out and whipped us all, only she whipped me the hardest."

At first the nurse thought she saw the breaking of the young spirit; the next words reassured her: "But I had my dream!"

A few days ago, I read in the

paper that this little Doris had won a gold medal and four hundred dollars offered by a patriotic society for the best essay written by a grammar school pupil on a certain subject. But I remembered that lie Doris told to shield her dream world from the Philistines.

THEIR THANKSGIVING

TWO women were talking about Thanksgiving.

"It is the feast of feasts to me," announced one. "At Christmas you are so busy and so bothered, and the weather is likely to be disagreeable, and you have to get up so early to go to Mass—at Christmas everything is thrown out of gear. But Thanksgiving is different. You sleep late, for there is no obligation to go to church, the children are not excited and bothersome, and everything goes smoothly. Then the folk come and the dinner is good; in the afternoon you take a spin or play cards. Yes, Thanksgiving is my feast day. It always was a big day in our family; and I intend to keep up the custom in my own home. I want the children always to associate it with full and plenty, their kinfolk coming to spend the day, and everybody happy."

"That is good as far as it goes," observed her companion. "But I think God ought to have his place in your celebration. I think it a duty for Catholics to go to Mass on Thanksgiving Day."

"I suppose I should," rejoined her friend. "I have so much to be thankful for—a good husband, healthy children, home and plenty in it, and all my dear relations. I think so often of Lucy Daly, alone, having to work for her living, nothing in life now; and her home was the happiest when we all were girls together. I suppose I ought to invite her to us for Thanksgiving. She must feel bitter on that day, seeing that she has nothing to be thankful for."

"I do not think you need to invite Lucy out of sympathy," said her friend, with a smile. "I've an idea that Lucy will spend a happy day herself."

"In that miserable flat, alone!" exclaimed the other, incredulously. "I don't see how that is possible."

"This is how," explained her listener. "The alarm clock won't be set for six o'clock. Lucy will be thankful for that additional hour of sleep. She will also be thankful that she will have an hour to dress leisurely and walk to eight o'clock Mass and very thankful that she may have as much time as she wants to spend with our Lord, instead of having to hurry off as soon as Mass is over. She will be thankful that she can go back to her flat—which is not at all miserable, I assure you—and cook her own breakfast instead of having to eat at the restaurant. It will be a good meal, daintily served in a breakfast alcove which she fashioned out of that rear balcony. It looks out on the park—and I think Lucy will be very thankful for it and the beauty of the trees.

"She will dawdle around a bit, very thankful that she has the time to rearrange her pretty living room. Then I fancy she will pack a basket and slip around to some alley with it. Lucy always has a poor family to help along. After that she will surely take a ride to the country, and alone in the woods, quote poetry to her heart's content, make love to the birds, and get more joy out the blue sky than you and I out of a string of sapphires. Maybe she will stay for the sunset, for the November twilight, for the stars. But she will be back in time to preside at a supper for a few congenial spirits, and they won't talk of money or of the faults of their neighbor, but of things worth while—and Lucy will be thankful that she has been found worthy to be admitted into their company."

"There are different ways of spending Thanksgiving, of course," said the other woman, and her tones were ruffled. "However, I like mine the best."

"So, I dare say, would Lucy," rejoined the other. "Each unto his own!"

They talked on, but I began to consider Lucy. Back there, when

she began to see things slip from her, money, home, loved ones, Lucy came to her crossroads, as we all do sooner or later. Being an attractive girl, she could, of course, have replaced much that she had lost by marriage. But Lucy wanted a mate, when she married, not merely a producer of material things. She could provide those herself.

But having so elected, she might have gone dismally, bitterly; instead, she went gaily, happily, and thankfully. She was not so greatly different from other women. Their pessimism was hers as well as their optimism—only she faithfully cultivated the latter. She sought the spirit of St. Paul, who bids Christians to rejoice always; and the happy Francis of Assisi was her friend.

It was not so easy as it here appears on paper, as many a wet pillow and hour on her knees could attest. But in the end she gained her place among the high-hearted. For always does it lie with ourselves whether we shall be happy, or unhappy, whether we shall give over the kingdom of our mind to the rule of every mood, or maintain there the supremacy of the spirit; whether we shall fly in the face of God for the trials he sees fit to send us, or say trustingly, "Lead Thou me on!" knowing that so led, our way must be the way of truth and love and beauty.

M. T.

THE GIRL WITH OPEN EYES

THE interesting girl is one who goes through the world with her eyes open. She does not let her life center around herself, but rather considers the needs of others and tries as Ruskin says so well, "to please people, and to serve them in dainty ways."

The girl who has mind enough to be interesting has mind enough to go under the surface when choosing friends. No bit of knowledge escapes her. From her reading, from her daily work a store of information whi



Fireside Talks & Tales

Children's Corner

Conducted by Elizabeth Rose

ARE YOU A DUNCE?

WELL, we all know what response most people would make to this very rude question if they were obliged to answer "yes" or "no." Nobody is going to say he or she is a dunce, even if privately not quite sure about it. Yet there was a time when people were actually proud of being called "Dunses." Now, this is not bad spelling, though it may so appear; there is a story connected with one's being a "dunse" and a very creditable story at that. In the thirteenth century there lived and taught in Paris a learned and good Franciscan friar, by the name of John Duns Scotus. His reputation was so high that his scholars called themselves Duns-men or for short "Dunses" and were proud of being taught by him. His opinions were eagerly sought for by the greatest men of the day; and in his public arguments with other learned men he generally came off victor. So it was thought a great thing if one could get himself accepted as a follower of Duns Scotus. There is a pretty story told of this good friar in connection with a statue of the Blessed Virgin, in a lovely little church in Paris, built by the great French king St. Louis and still standing, though no longer used as a place of divine worship. It is said that on one occasion he was to defend the doctrine of the Immaculate Conception against a great number of learned men who denied it. In his day, the Immaculate Conception was not an article of faith, and there were different opinions about it, even among holy people. On the evening preceding the public dispute which was to take place before hundreds of learned men, Duns Sctus went to throw himself on his knees before the statue

and begged the Blessed Virgin, with all his heart, to put the right words on his lips, that the dispute might end to her honor. The

the next day, his words carried all before him, and the assembly burst out in praises of Mary. This statue is still in existence, the



Ven. John Duns Scotus, O. F. M.

statue, so says the legend, bowed its head gently toward him, as if to promise what he wished. On

head inclined toward the shoulder, as Duns Scotus is said to have seen it. But we must get back to our

"Dunses." The name for a long time was held in great esteem; after a while, however, as so often happens in the history of words, the term began to be used sarcastically for those who didn't know so much as they thought they did, but wanted you to think they knew even more. From that, it was an easy step to turn it right around and make it mean just the opposite of its original meaning. "O what a Dunse you are!" in admiration, now has come to signify "O, what a dunce you are!" in derision. If anybody ever says that to you, instead of getting hurt and angry, just say to him or her—"With an S or a C?"—and in nine cases out of ten you will find that it is not you who are the dunce.

THE "TRUCE OF GOD"

TEN or eleven centuries ago, the people of most of the countries of Europe were, although Christian in faith, still in a rude and half-civilized condition, owing to the continual wars and combats in which they were engaged, and the cruel persecution of the weaker by the stronger powers. Might made right everywhere, except in the eyes of the Church, the only protector of the feeble and oppressed. Most of the kings and nobles of the time were wicked men, fighting each other for gain and conquest, regardless of the poor subjects who suffered under them. But even these fierce warriors bowed, in spite of themselves, to a power that was greater than their own, and often the priest of God could do what a king could not. Many of those old-time knights and warriors dearly loved a fight, and when their countries did not happen to be at war, they would often make war among themselves. A hasty word as well as a deliberate insult would cause swords to fly out of their scabbards, and a chance meeting often left one or the other dead on the ground. These men were all Catholics, too; because in those days no other religion existed; so the scandal was all the worse. The bishops and priests did their best to put a stop to the evil.

Finally a decree was issued that on pain of excommunication, of being expelled from the Church altogether, no Christian man should fight another between the Angelus of Wednesday evening of one week and the following Monday morning. So it often happened that two foes would be just about to commence a fierce fight or perhaps be in the height of it, when the first stroke of the Angelus bell of Wednesday would make the sword drop from their hands, and bring each to his knees, side by side, until the prayer was finished. No matter how each felt, peace was outwardly restored. More than that, by the following Monday it generally happened that cooler feelings were in each breast, and angry enemies often became good friends. The "Truce of God," as the time between Wednesday evening and Monday morning was called, was a better protection to a knight of that time than a band of soldiers at his back, and saved him from himself at the same time that it shielded him from his foe. So it was that in the gradual course of time the whole bad system was broken up, beaten, conquered by the powerful and peaceful "Truce of God."

VALUE OF HOLY MASS

AT THE hour of death the Masses you have heard will be your greatest consolation.

Every Mass will go with you to judgment and plead for pardon.

Assisting devoutly at Mass you render to the sacred Humanity of our Lord the greatest homage.

He supplies for many of your negligences and omissions.

The power of Satan over you is diminished.

You afford the souls in Purgatory the greatest possible relief.

One Mass heard during your life will be of more benefit to you than many heard for you after your death.

You are preserved from many dangers and misfortunes which would otherwise have befallen you.

You shorten your Purgatory by every Mass.

ODD CLOCKS

WHAT a runner is Old Father Time! He has been racing away from us for ever so long, yet we have never been able to catch or stop him, although we have kept account of his footsteps by more than one device. Some day he will lead us right into eternity, and then we need bother about him no longer. Nobody knows now who was the first to make a note of his flight. The original experiment, as far as we know, was a sun dial, where the shadows cast upon certain points on its face by the moving sun told the story of Time's passage. This "clock" had one great drawback—it was not a particle of use when the sun wasn't shining, and there were no shadows by which to reckon the hours. By the way, here is something for our Young Folk to remember and treasure up—that just as every shadow means hidden light, so every grief means hidden joy, and sun and joy are bound to shine out again some time. On the face of a celebrated old dial runs the pretty line:

"I only mark the hours that shine!"

Don't forget that—it is a splendid motto for everyday life.

Well, to come back to our clocks, especially to some that are so odd they might almost tempt Time to stop a second for a look. Dials were good in their way when there was nothing to be had in their place. All you boys and girls who study Sacred History will remember the miraculous dial of Achaz. But ordinary, everyday dials were not so useful or of such importance. So after a while people began to try what water would do with time, as light didn't seem to be just the right thing. Clock No. 2 was the clepsydra, or water-clock, in which drops of water, falling one by one, marked off a certain period of time. I suppose you have all seen the hourglass, in which sand is used in the same way. Neither the water-clock gave p
- they never would
- road time—so the
along as well as it

at the time of day until the Middle Ages, those centuries which Protestants are so fond of calling the Dark Ages—I don't know why, unless it is because so many of our most valued inventions dating from those times sprang from the fertile brains of monks—a class of people for whom Protestants have no use, because they know so little about them.

Now it is generally believed that the first real clock was the work of one of these despised monks, whose hands were never idle, but always working for the glory of God or the good of their neighbor. Employed at first in monasteries to mark the hours for different duties, their use soon became common. It was not long before their makers added ornament to usefulness.

The next step was to see how different one could be made from another, and this resulted in some curious specimens. A Bohemian, Joseph Bayer, by name, made a clock entirely of glass except the spring. Sirio Fabriano, an Italian, made another out of wickerwork and twigs of the poplar tree. A German shoemaker, not to be outdone, constructed one six feet high out of straw. Everything about it was of straw except, of course, its spring. It was said to keep perfect time. A Frenchman, Alphonse Duhamel, improved on this with a twelve-foot clock constructed of different parts of bicycles. The dial was a bicycle wheel, the numbers were made of crank bars, the hands of steel taken from a bicycle, and on its top was an ornament of which twelve handle bars were the material. This clock, too, was said to be a fine time-keeper. I wonder? It surely must have had "wheels" in its head, it seems to me.

Scientists have run clocks by the action of electricity, alcohol—not at present, however—mercury and radium. Clocks really seem to be the most obliging things in the world, ready to run for the asking. You all have seen mechanical clocks, no doubt. There is a funny story told of one once made by a

Swiss workman named Droz, who lived in Spain. On the top of his clock he placed three figures, a shepherd playing on his flute, a negro, and a dog. Every time the hour struck, the shepherd played a little tune, while the dog jumped upon him and showed his pleasure at the sounds. The king himself came to see this wonderful clock. He was delighted, and everything went well until he laid his hand upon an apple which lay in a small basket on the shepherd's arm. In an instant, the dog turned and flew at him, showing his teeth and barking. The king's dog, a real one, was highly incensed and wanted to fight. The king was rather startled at first, of course, but laughed heartily when turning to speak to one of the gentlemen of his suite he discovered most of those present making for the door.

"Will your Majesty ask my negro the time?" requested Droz.

The king did so in his own tongue, Spanish. The negro made no reply.

"Will your Majesty ask him again in French?" said Droz.

The king put the question again, this time in French. The negro immediately told the time.

You may be sure Droz got great praise for this marvelous mechanical toy clock of his, which was besides a good timepiece.

The Chinese used to keep time by joss sticks, certain lengths of which would burn a certain time. Alfred the Great, one of England's wisest early sovereigns, made a candle clock with six candles, each of which would burn four hours at a time. They must have been pretty fat and solid candles, Paschal candles, don't you think? The poet Longfellow tells us of a clock he saw in Coblenz, Germany, which was a big head with a huge brass helmet on it. Whenever the hour sounded, the mouth of this ugly fellow would open and he would grind his teeth at you—I wonder what the Spanish king's dog-champion would have said to him if he had got near.

All this shows that clocks have as many different faces as people, so to speak, and styles of their

own. But if it comes to liking one better than another, I rather think the nicest of all is that cheerful little timekeeper that says:

"I only mark the hours that shine."

PEANUTS

FRESH, salted, roasted, raw—any way, so they're peanuts! So says Everybody, and if Everybody doesn't say so, why there must be something wrong with his digestion. Peanut, groundnut, earthnut, by whatever name it goes, it is popular with all kinds and classes of people. Yet it has some very independent little ways of its own, just as much as to say: "Now you good humans who are so fond of me, I am perfectly willing to do my best for you and give you my very nicest; but you must let me do it my own way. Don't try to raise me like a blackberry or a chestnut, or a cabbage!" Friend Peanut will not consent to grow above the ground like other nuts. You must make a little mound for him into which the stalk that bears him right at its very end may drop him down in his pod when the proper time arrives. Then, snug and warm in his dark earth cradle, he begins to grow healthy and strong and so good. When the nuts are ripe, they must be dug up just like potatoes—I suppose this is how they get their name of groundnuts or earthnuts, besides the more popular one.

THE ETERNAL YEARS

HOW shalt thou bear the cross, that now

So dread a weight appears?
Keep quietly to God, and think
Upon the eternal years.

Thy cross is quite enough for thee,
Though little it appears,
For there is hid in it the weight
Of the eternal years.

He practices all virtue well
Who his own cross reveres,
And lives in the familiar though
Of those eternal years.

—Father Faber.

FOUND IN THE CONFÈRE

(Continued from page 25)

sufficient proof for them that he had submitted. And thus, I am inclined to judge, the scandal was sufficiently atoned for. But to change the subject. Where is the Indian now?"

"In the guardhouse with the other Indians whose share in the revolt has been proved. I understand the comandante intends to banish them to San Blas."

"Are they repentant?"

"All except one. You ought to visit them some time, I think. It will confirm them in their good resolutions; and perhaps an exhortation from you will soften the heart of the obstinate one. We can do nothing with him."

"Of course, I shall visit them. And the other Indians in the neighboring rancherias, are they quiet?"

"Not the least whisper of a revolt has been heard for the last four months. It is just this that disgusts me so. There is absolutely no reason why the restoration of the mission should be further delayed. The whole difficulty rests with that self-willed and capricious—but no, I forgot," and, rubbing his hands, the guileless friar remarked good-naturedly what a beautiful night it was and how merrily the stars were looking down from their lofty home.

At this a feeling of peace and joy entered the soul of Fr. Serra.

"I see, Padre mio," he said, grasping his confrère by the hand; "you will soon be all right again."

"How could it be otherwise," the other rejoined, "with your, Reverence near, giving courage and consolation."

"Tut, tut, querido mio; rather say it is God's grace uplifting your soul through the agency of the least of his servants. Anyway, we will take heart once more and continue the spiritual conquest of souls. Our example will in turn embolden the others; and then all will be well again. As to the restoration of this, the mother mission, it shall be delayed no longer. With the help of God's blessing and through the intercession of

our proto-martyr, sleeping yonder the sleep of the just, I am sure the work will proceed rapidly, so that before the anniversary of last November's sad occurrence new mission buildings will be standing on the site of the destroyed.

"Ah, my dear Padre Presidente," Fr. Lasuén stammered, choked with emotion, "may those prophetic words of yours come true." Then, drawing a deep breath, he arose and followed his beloved confrère into the hovel they called their home.

(To Be Concluded)

MISSION CROSSES

(Continued from page 20)

site the grade road. Martin had noted that the house was built against the slope of the ground, and Dwyer at once surmised that a secret exit would be found on that side. His surmise proved correct. When the posse surrounded the three sides of the house, a section of the roof against the side of the hill slid back, and two men slipped noiselessly into the jutting foliage—to be met by the leveled revolvers of Martin and Dwyer.

The capture and the subsequent conviction gave Sheriff Dwyer a prominence that placed his reelection beyond doubt.

To Martin was given the government reward. When the ten thousand dollars was placed in his hands, he stood for a moment with a look of dazed incredulity on his face.

"And they're not counterfeit either," Dwyer assured him, laughing as both recalled the two-dollar bill of just a few mornings before.

"Ten thousand dollars," speculated Martin, "half of that will buy an eighty-acre farm in the old home neighborhood."

Dwyer nodded approvingly, recalling their former conversation, and guessing his purpose.

"And the other half—" he suggested.

"Ought to put that mission on its feet, all right," said Martin.

THE PUZZLE CORNER

What Is My Name?

My first is in laugh, but not in scowl;
My second's in scowl, but not in proud;
My third's in proud, but not in dance;
My fourth's in dance, but not in dawn;
My fifth's in dawn and, too, in green;
My whole's a small-leaved tree of green.—Mary Cassidy, Govans, Md.

Names of Jams

1. Yearbrtws; 2. Pelpa; 3. Angore; 4. Sobogeyrr; 5. Toncir; 6. Raptfigure; 7. Baseryrr; 8. Mulp; 9. Yerher; 10. Barveribc.—Mary K. Dailey, Philadelphia, Pa.

Reeth si on roloc ni eth dorlv,
on lyvelo nitt no lhl ro lainp;
Eht rummess doleng laiss res lurfed,
End lysad saliff het mutaun almr.
—Katherine Murphy, Baltimore, Md.

Dropped Vowel Puzzle

(The same vowel must be inserted between the consonants to read the couplet.)

L t g n t l s p c h l t g n t l d
B v r f i t b h l d m n s c r d

Hidden Animals

I wish you would go at your work with more energy.
The Arab earnestly begged for a few pennies.
We watched the fowl amble across the road.
Catch the ostrich or send for its keeper.
Claude erected a fine tower with his brother's blocks.
The children came later with their mother.

Enigma

I am composed of 12 letters.
My 5 9 4 is a goal.
My 12 3 10 7 is part of the face.
My 6 3 8 is a piece of ground.
My 8 5 1 7 is a fruit.
My 10 3 12 is a near relative.
My 7 8 9 12 is a girl's name.
My 2 11 4 7 is the dearest spot on earth.
My 10 5 8 is sorrowful.
My whole is the name of a great American scientist.

Answers to October Puzzles

Fireworks Puzzle

1. Torpedo; 2. Roman candle; 3. Cap; 4. Firecrackers; 5. Rocket (rock it); 6. Bomb; 7. Cannon; 8. Pistol (pistol); 9. Cart-ridge; 10. Snake-in-the-grass.

Diamond

1. g; 2. era; 3. grape; 4. ape; 5. e.

Buttonhole Bouquets

1. Freesia; 2. Car-nation; 3. Ver' 4. Violet-; 5. Four o' clock; 6. Li' Lady's slipper; 8. Pop-py; 9. Flag; 10. Iris; 11. Heliotrope.

Correct

John Donovan, 1
Louisa Knapstein, 2
Belle Baker, Casey,
Omaha, Neb.; Eliza
O.; Jane Shaw, Pro
Schmidt, Cleveland,
Louis, Mo.

IS.
sa-
er,
en,
try
St.



Franciscan News

Italy.—Recently, in the course of an address before the Italian Chamber of Deputies, the professor of Law at the University of Rome, Luis Luzzato, who is considered the most competent economist in Italy and who at one time held one of the highest public offices of the Italian Government, made the following significant statement: "The whole reform of finance, as regards trade and other questions, will prove futile without the basis of those permanent virtues which, if put into practice, will elevate the souls and advance the physical health of our young generation, now menaced by the spreading immorality that the war has fomented. Do not think that, when I speak thus, I am assuming the rôle of a preacher. The actual situation is such that, even from the standpoint of economy, a St. Francis of Assisi would be worth a good deal more than a professor of the science of economy or a member of the League of Nations Council. Unfortunately, it is more difficult to find the Saint than either of the other two."

New steps have been taken toward the beatification of the famous Franciscan and venerable servant of God, John Duns Scotus, who from time immemorial enjoys the title of Blessed. He is known among schoolmen as the Subtle Doctor, on account of the depth of learning that signalized his career as professor at the universities of Oxford, Paris, and Cologne, toward the end of the thirteenth and during the first decade of the fourteenth centuries. He is styled also the Doctor of Mary for his glorious defense of our Lady's Immaculate Conception against a world of opposition. What Duns Scotus taught and defended then, was pronounced a dogma of the Catholic faith more than five centuries later, in 1854, by Pope Pius IX. At a recent meeting of the Sacred Congregation, his writings were presented for examination.

The secular priests in Milan, who are Tertiaries of St. Francis, have organized what is to be known as the Franciscan Priests Union. The object of the Union is to foster the spirit of the Third Order—the spirit of piety, sacrifice, and apostolic fervor, and at the same time to train zealous promoters and able directors of this Order. At present, the Union comprises all Tertiary priests in the Province of Lombardy.

The late statistics of the Order of Friars Minor, Capuchin bring the following figures: 805; Friars, 9,759; Secular, 58, with 2,052

students. The Third Order fraternities under the jurisdiction of the Capuchins number 5,951, with a total membership of 824,581 Tertiaries. The Order conducts 47 missions in foreign lands.

The Congregation of Sacred Rites has given permission to begin the process of Beatification of the Venerable Conrad of Parzham, O. M. C., a professed lay-Brother. Cardinal Fröh-wirth has been appointed Promoter of the cause.

Germany.—At the German Catholic Congress held at Recklinghausen, Herr Stegerwald is quoted as saying: "Till now we have based democracy upon the new national constitution. By this formal democracy we have gained little. It is the democracy of the Franciscan ideal which German Catholicism must transmit to the new German nation. Only if the formal democracy, now established, is thoroughly impregnated by the Franciscan ideal, can we hope at all to continue as a race and a nation."

Holland.—In the last months the Catholics of Holland have been awakened to renewed interest in the Catholic Foreign Missions. The Franciscan Fathers and their loyal Tertiaries are everywhere the leaders in this movement. The monthly magazine Sint Antonius has been dedicated solely to this purpose. Mission leaflets are distributed at all such gatherings. At Maastricht a very successful "Mission-day" was held, followed by a four-day exhibition of Chinese and Brazilian mission goods. At Blyerheide a similar day was celebrated. Subscriptions to the monthly magazine were received—boys and girls were organized to gather articles that could be sold for the benefit of the missions. At Nijmegen the services lasted a whole week. The same must be said of Haarlem and Rotterdam. May our Tertiaries here in the United States go and do likewise.

France.—The new Bishop of Strassbourg is an enthusiastic Tertiary and a zealous promoter of the Third Order. Recently he said to a Capuchin Father: "Tell the Tertiaries it is my earnest wish that the Third Order be propagated. I myself, dear Father, am a Tertiary and hence your confrère. My last work in Nancy was the founding of a Tertiary priests' fraternity, and it is my intention to start a similar organization among the clergy of this diocese."

England.—In Glasgow a Presbyterian minister, the Rev. M. Muir, some

months since resigned his pulpit in order to follow the Franciscan ideal. He declared it to be his intention to introduce into the Presbyterian church the Franciscan mode of life. The experience of the last years had convinced him, he said, that St. Francis was the most Christ-like man that ever lived. Mr. Muir plans to give to the Presbyterian church a body of men leading a life of poverty and celibacy and devoting themselves to missionary work.

Dorchester, Mass.—Several women Tertiaries of this place have bought a home for themselves and others, to which they have given the name of Seraphic Institute, Inc. Their intention is to help others and to bring out the best there is in themselves. To this end, they will visit and nurse the sick, help feed and clothe the poor, comfort the old, and instruct the young. They will go wherever called to assist those who have neither friends nor funds. They will receive no recompense for their services, but will work solely to promote the glory of God and the honor of St. Francis. Though they are ready to go wherever need or sickness or sorrow calls them, they will of course give preference to any call from the Rev. Pastor in whose parish they are happily situated. FRANCISCAN HERALD takes great pleasure in commending these worthy daughters of the Seraphic Father for the noble work they have undertaken to perform, and hopes that he will bless them and their home. Our readers no doubt will be glad to be informed from time to time of the progress of this truly Franciscan undertaking.

San Luis Rey, Cal.—The Franciscan Fathers of California have again acquired title to San Luis Rey Mission through an order of the courts. The mission buildings and several acres of surrounding land, which have been occupied by other persons, revert to the Fathers. President Lincoln signed the patent for this land March 13, 1865, designating that it be held in trust for religious purposes by the Catholic bishop.

Washington, D. C.—The Annual CRUSADER'S ALMANAC for 1921 has made its appearance recently. As usual, it is replete with valuable information concerning the commissariat of the Holy Land at Washington, D. C., its methods and purpose. Much of the news in the richly illustrated year book covers present conditions in the Holy Land. FRANCISCAN HERALD extends a glad welcome to the Almanac and wishes it continued success.

Franciscan Herald

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AN APPEAL

Chicago, Ill., Nov. 15, 1920.

Dear Friend:

Knowing your interest in all things pertaining to the spread of religion and education, I take the liberty to address you in a matter intimately related to both.

As you are aware, the Franciscan Order has been identified with the Christianization of this country from the beginning. Even at the present day there are some six hundred Franciscan priests active in all parts of the United States. True to their traditions, they are laboring also for the spiritual and material uplift of the remnants of the numerous Indian tribes that once roamed the woods and prairies and waters of this great land. This applies in particular to the Franciscans of the Middle West, who form what is known as the Province of the Sacred Heart. Besides ministering to the needs of the scattered Indians in Wisconsin and Michigan, they have, at the instance of the highest ecclesiastical authorities in the country, assumed charge of two entire Indian tribes in Arizona, the Pimas and the Papagos. To maintain the missions already established requires an annual outlay of at least \$100,000. You may be interested to know that the Fathers have under advisement a plan for making the missions self-supporting. This plan involves the buying of a section of land in Arizona, which will be put under cultivation.

May I not take the liberty to mention other educational needs nearer home? St. Joseph Seminary, where the Franciscans of the Sacred Heart Province are educated before joining the Order, has long been inadequate to meet the needs and requirements of a modern boarding school. The buildings, besides being beyond repair, are too small to accommodate more than a limited number of young men whom the Order is educating, for the most part gratuitously, for the Franciscan priesthood. A new seminary has become a necessity. Another need that I might mention in passing is a house of studies for the more advanced students or clerics of the Order.

I call attention to all these needs merely by way of introduction to a petition which I ask you kindly to give a moment's consideration. From what I have said, you will know that we are greatly in need of funds. To launch the mission project, some hundred thousand dollars are needed at once; and to build a preparatory and a theological seminary, even of modest proportions, would require, in these days of high prices, between six and eight hundred thousand dollars.

Recognizing that the Indian missions are a national heritage, and that the Franciscans have deserved well of the Catholic Church in these parts, the Bishops of the various dioceses in which the Franciscans of the Sacred Heart Province are laboring, notably the Most Rev. Archbishop Mundelein, of Chicago; the Most Rev. Archbishop Harty, of Omaha; the Right Rev. Bishop Ryan, of Alton; the Right Rev. Bishop Althoff, of Belleville; the Right Rev. Bishop Chartrand, of Indianapolis—all these Bishops and Archbishops have graciously approved and blessed our plan to solicit the aid of our friends in a cause that will redound to the honor of the Church and the welfare of thousands and thousands of souls.

Will you not be so good as to assist us to continue the work which has been so visibly blessed by God? Thanking you for any aid you may wish to render us, I invoke on you the blessing of St. Francis: May the Lord bless thee and keep thee. May He show His face to thee and have mercy on thee. May He turn His countenance to thee and give thee peace."

Faithfully yours in St. Francis,

SAMUEL MACKE, O. F. M.,
Provincial.



Editorials



The Message of St. Francis

THE blessed Francis used to say that those who did not apply themselves with willing humility to some work should soon be spewed out of the mouth of the Lord. No one could appear before him idle without being at once checked by a sharp reproof. For he, the pattern of all perfection, used humbly to work with his hands, and did not allow any part of that best of gifts, time, to run to waste. For he used to say: "I wish my brethren to labor and humbly train themselves in good works, that we may be the less burdensome to men, and that neither our heart nor our tongue may go astray in idleness. But let those who know nothing learn to work."

In this paragraph from the "Mirror of Perfection" is contained Saint Francis's gospel of labor to his brethren and to his contemporaries. The social conditions of his time were not unlike our own. Then, as now, protracted wars had engendered in the people an aversion for work. As a result, abject poverty on the one hand and reckless extravagance on the other brought about a state of mind in the masses that boded little good for the existing social institutions. St. Francis was called to effect a change in the mental attitude of his contemporaries. He belonged to that high class of reformers that correct abuses by holding up an ideal. He began his reform by reforming himself. As Chaucer puts it:

"Christ, His Law and His Apostles twete

He taught, but first he followed them himself."

After that he became a reformer of his fellow men, who, in truth, sadly needed a reformation. To instill in them a love for work, he wished his brethren to set the example by engaging in useful occupations. He taught them to reverence work, to regard it as an honor not less than as a duty. This is the Christian conception of labor—a conception which the friars again brought home to the minds of the common people. By fostering the guilds, they taught the workman that pride in his work, that noble independence of character which makes him feel that "a man's a man for a' that."

Since the beginning of the great war, labor has acquired a power which it had never known before. In Russia, Italy, Germany, and England labor is in control of economic and political affairs. Unless all signs fail, capitalism, that hideous ogre that has so long held the masses in awe and submission, will soon be a thing of the past. We hope, however, for the sake of society and of the workmen themselves, that they will not follow in the footsteps of their oppressors by abusing their newly acquired power

for purposes of exploitation. The cry for short hours and higher wages is becoming more and more insistent; while "loafing on the job" is said to be not at all uncommon. Shrewd observers say that the present wave of unemployment that it is sweeping the country, is owing in large measure to the desire of capitalists to stimulate production and to teach labor its place. Whatever the cause may be, the world, with its present shortage in all commodities, can ill afford the luxury of an industrial war. Whether or not the laborer is entitled to anything over and above his wages, is a question that does not concern us at present. So long as the wage system lasts, Catholic laborers will know that they are in conscience bound to give a fair day's work in return for a fair day's salary. Nor will they find it hard to do so if they remember that labor is a universal law; that the individual can find the perfection of his being, his true dignity and happiness only in diligent, exerting, conscientious labor, either on the hand or of the mind.

"Dulce et Decorum"

OCTOBER 25 will remain a day forever memorable in the annals of the Irish race. On that day there died in Brixton prison, London, the seventy-fourth day of his self-imposed fast, Terence MacSwiney, Lord Mayor of Cork. Murderer, called his death; suicide others. As a traitor and madman he is stigmatized by his enemies; as a patriot and hero he is revered wherever there beats a Irish heart, and wherever there exists any sense of honor, any feeling of humanity, any sympathy for the oppressed, any devotion to ideals, any love of liberty, any hatred of tyranny.

Whatever one may think of the morality of his self-imposed fast, one can not but admire the heroic fortitude, the superhuman endurance, the Christian resignation with which he suffered tortures worse than death. Conscious of the rectitude of his course, he gave his young life for his country with the same joyous alacrity that patriots in every age have displayed, whether on the gibbet or on the block, whether before a firing squad or on the field of battle. His was a rare personality, a singularly blameless life. There is no blood guilt on his soul, no blot of any kind on his escutcheon. The worst that even his enemies can say of him is that he took too literally the solemn and unequivocal promises of those in the seats of the mighty who loudly proclaimed to all the world the principle of self-determination of the nations. How could he know—sim-

ple and ingenuous soul that he was—that this was never meant to be more than an empty phrase to beguile those into pouring their blood like water who fondly hoped that by so doing they would make the world safe for democracy.

From his prison cell in Frongoch he wrote in July, 1916: "In all truth I feel that when my body is laid to rest at night my spirit for the time, not charged with its keeping, must often take a flight over the fair hills of holy Ireland." When he penned these lines, did he perhaps have some intimation of the immortality that was to be his? For that he will enjoy undying fame far beyond "the fair hills of holy Ireland"; that he will be immortalized in song and story; that his name will be an inspiration to generations of his countrymen yet unborn: no one can doubt who believes in the sound judgment of mankind.

Whether MacSwiney's death will have the immediate effect that he looked for—the speedy deliverance of his country from foreign oppression—is a matter of conjecture. Certain it is, however, that, so long as Ireland can boast of men of so indomitable spirit as Terence MacSwiney, she need not despair of one day taking her place among the free and independent and happy nations of the world—a consummation devoutly to be wished and prayed for.

"Whom the Gods Would Destroy," Etc.

IF BY its callous indifference to the pleas for pardon in behalf of Terence MacSwiney, with which the British Government was bombarded from all sides, it has forfeited the last shred of its fading reputation for humane dealing; by its stupid policies of reprisals on innocent and peaceable inhabitants of Irish country towns, it is in a fair way to lose what little credit it still enjoys abroad for common sense. On the very day that MacSwiney was laid to rest and all Ireland was softened by grief for the tragic end of its national hero, British mercenaries known as the "Black and Tans," were busy with torch and gun.

That anybody in authority should be found in England to condone arson and murder, is shocking in the extreme; but that men in responsible positions should encourage them, passes comprehension. Yet, how are we to interpret Mr. Lloyd George's statement that "these gallant men" (the police) were merely "doing their duty in Ireland," and that Sinn Fein is a "murder gang"? If some of the Sinn Feiners, goaded to desperation by blundering British officials, have committed excesses for which there can be no excuse, is that a reason why his Majesty's minions should be encouraged to perpetrate similar crimes in retaliation? Murder is murder, whether committed by British mercenaries or by Irish patriots. Two wrongs can never make a right. We are not concerned with the political aspect of the case; for, after all, we believe that the Irish question is a domestic question, which must be settled—if it is to

be settled at all—by the parties to the dispute. But on the moral issue involved we think we may with propriety express our opinion. We are glad to note that leading British journals, secular as well as Catholic, are at one in denouncing the Irish atrocities. Says the London "Nation" in its issue of October 2:

Is the British Government to lose its place among the civilized governments of the world, and to sink under their odium and contempt? That and nothing less is the question on which the British people have to make up their minds. . . . For every hour this barbarian force remains in existence, the British government remains outside the civilized order. It can say nothing about Lenin's Chinese executioners. It can call in the famous report on the Belgian atrocities, and ask Lord Bryce to make a public apology to Germany for the rude things he said about her soldiers. For it has come to this, that we have raised a mercenary force in England—it being no longer possible to recruit for the R. I. C. in Ireland—among demobilized officers out of a job, that we give these men a sovereign a day with their keep, and let them understand, by one kind of "sous-entendu" or another, that as soon as they find themselves on the other side of the Irish sea they may kill, wound, burn, and loot as they please. . . . This is nothing less than the deliberate overthrow of the civilized order and the proclamation of Anarchy as God and Law. It is a return to primitive times and primitive habits. It looks as if we were bent on bringing on ourselves a worse reproach than Germany earned in 1914 when she went into a great crime almost without a protest. The German politicians had at least the excuse that their country was at war. That is a bad excuse, but it is better than any that Englishmen will find for their silence today.

"The Universe" (Catholic) is not less explicit in denouncing the reprisals. The issue of October 15 contains the following editorial paragraph:

In his (the Prime Minister's) denunciations of the assassinations of policemen, he was but declaring the same moral principles which the Irish Hierarchy have repeatedly and solemnly declared, and to which all Catholics adhere. In his treatment of the equally grave matter of the "reprisals," it is difficult to feel that he rose to the needs of the occasion. Father Bernard Vaughan is generally considered to be, in his capacity of citizen, a sufficiently representative "John Bull," and we believe that in his recent allusion to this shocking subject, he more adequately represented the national feeling. "How could England pretend to rule other forces when she could not govern her own? The action of reprisals made every Christian hang down his head shocked, pained and humiliated. There might be conflicting opinions about the morality of hunger-striking, but there could be one verdict only about the hideous reprisals. It was the gospel of pagan despair, and was enough to draw from a patriot the cry, "Nunc dimittis."

It is unjust to indict a whole nation for the sins of its rulers; but if the views expressed by these London papers are in any way representative of the sentiments of the British people, we can not see why such men as Mr. Lloyd George and General Macready have not long since been swept out of office by a storm of popular indignation.

"A Peace of Arms"

IN AN address to the first German pilgrims to come to Rome since the outbreak of the war, the Holy Father is reported by the Roman correspondent of the N. C. W. C. to have said that his paternal heart would not be satisfied until the peace of arms shall have been followed by the pacification of minds. To obtain such a boon, his Holiness continued, he would continue to address prayers to Him who holds in His hands men's hearts, and ardent exhortations to all those who appear able to use their good influence to that end.

As soon as the peace terms were given to the world, we did not hesitate to denounce them as needlessly harsh and altogether impossible of fulfilment. If our memory serves us, we called the peace one of the "vae victis" brand—a peace of hate and vengeance and imperialism. If it was madness to make such a peace, it is nothing short of a crime to try to enforce it. "A peace of arms"—it is that, nothing more or less. It was conceived in materialism and born of militarism. European swashbucklers parading as statesmen and generals were its progenitors. (Our own President seems to have been satisfied with the modest rôle of wet nurse.) Its terms are the dragon's teeth of a hundred wars. What is needed is a Christian peace, which is a peace of justice, indeed, but of charity, no less.

With the bruit of the "great and solemn referendum" on the league of nations (and, by implication, on the treaty itself) still ringing in their ears, the legislators of the country, when they meet in solemn session on December 8, should lose no time debating on the revision of this or that article, but should reject "in toto" the monstrosity, which is the treaty of Versailles. In no other way can they hope to save the national honor and to satisfy the national conscience than by repudiating the secret covenant secretly arrived at.

A Novel Suggestion

NONE the less good for being novel is the suggestion of Father O'Hara, of Eugene, Oregon, in the "Catholic Sentinel" (Portland), to offer the Catholics of Oregon, especially those living in rural districts, correspondence courses in the Catholic religion. The plan, as outlined in the "Sentinel," has met with instant favor, so that a correspondence school has already been founded, which will develop courses in history, liturgy, organization, missionary activity, and other phases of the Church's life. Two of the courses will be ready by the first Sunday of Advent, and it is planned to issue one lesson weekly and to extend the course over six months. It is believed that the courses to be offered will appeal, not only to the growing children, but to the adult members of the family circle. The long winter evenings will give the whole family ample time to work out the answers to the questions and to do the neces-

sary reading in common. "One of the aims of the courses," says the announcement, "will be to develop a taste for Catholic reading and an acquaintance with wholesome literature generally."

We think this plan should be given the widest possible publicity, since it carries within it unlimited possibilities for good. Indeed, we hope and pray that the movement may assume nationwide proportions; and that in due time it will be brought to the attention of the National Catholic Welfare Council. To the brethren in the "Dispersion" such schools should prove a veritable Godsend.

For further information our readers may apply to The Catholic Correspondence School, 502 Panama Building, Portland, Oregon.

The Holy Father and the Indian Missions

WE HAVE been asked by his Eminence Cardinal Gibbons to give space in our columns to the following letter from the Cardinal Secretary of State of his Holiness. We do so all the more gladly, since the two societies mentioned in the letter are working for the same aims that we have made our own.

THE SECRETARIATE OF STATE OF HIS HOLINESS.

The Vatican,
July 4, 1920.

Right Reverend Father:

As it is assuredly the chief function and aim of the Holy Church to propagate the Christian Name, The Society for the Preservation of the Faith among Indian Children and the Marquette League, which under your direction constantly enjoy such gratifying growth, are heartily approved by the Holy Father.

For while, unhappily, in divers places in these unwholesome times, the faith of many grows cold, the Father of All rejoices exceedingly that new subjects should be added to the Catholic Religion thru these holy missionary agencies.

For this reason he urges none more earnestly than that all good people generously support these societies, and that as many apostolic men as possible assist them zealously by their labors. And to the end that this may be realized, fortifying you with well merited approval, as a mark of heavenly favor and a pledge of his fatherly good will, he graciously imparts to you personally, and to everyone who in any way may further these good works, the Apostolic Blessing.

For my part, in communicating this to you, I express the sentiments of great esteem which I entertain for you and which I shall be happy ever to cherish.

Yours very devotedly,
P. CARDINAL GASPARRI.

Right Reverend William H. Ketcham,
Director of the Bureau of Catholic Indian Missions,
Washington, D. C.

Most earnestly do we urge our readers, even such as belong to the St. Francis Solano Mission Association, to affiliate with one or the other or, better still, with both of these societies.



Third Order of St. Francis

THE DRESS CRUSADE IN IRELAND

BY AN IRISH FRANCISCAN

MANY of the HERALD'S readers may have seen, and some perhaps, may have worn the ancient Irish cloak, an outer garment worn by women folk in parts of Ireland even today. Few, however, know of the extraordinary part it played in the life-story of Margery Barnewall. This incident is undoubtedly true, since it is recorded by such writers of unimpeachable veracity as Holing and Rothe.

This young woman lived in Ireland during the reign of the "good Queen Bess." Both nature and grace combined to make her singularly amiable and attractive. Being a fervent Papist, however, made her an object of hatred to the minions of the queen; and, in 1580, Margery was arrested and arraigned before the heretical Archbishop of Dublin. When this timeserving prelate sought to wear her from the true faith at first by threats, and then by flattering promises, she fearlessly declared, "I believe in and faithfully profess that religion and Catholic faith, which our Holy Mother, the Roman Catholic Church teaches, and in that faith I hope to die." This outspoken confession enraged the judge, who forthwith sent her to prison. Shortly afterward her friends effected her release, and arranged for her to go to St. Malo, in France, where she could receive an education and practice her religion in peace.

Accordingly, Margery accompanied by a solitary lady companion left Dublin for France. After a stormy passage, the ship arrived off the harbor of St. Malo at night time. The captain went ashore; but, being a humane man, he decided that the maidens and some of the ship's crew should postpone their landing until the following morning, when the harbor would be calm. During the night, those of the crew who remained on board, made evil suggestions to Margery and her companion, which were promptly rejected. In order to safeguard that virtue which they prized more than all earthly goods, the pair felt them-

selves urged to an extraordinary course of action. They determined to commit themselves to the mercy of the waves, trusting to God and to their Immaculate Mother to bring them safe to land. Having donned her large long-flowing Irish cloak, Margery leaped into the raging sea. No sooner had they touched the waves, than Margery's cloak immediately spread itself out, and carried them safe to the shore.

When the inhabitants of St. Malo heard of the occurrence, they deemed it an evident miracle. The bishop ordered an official investigation, at which the cowardly assailants of the maidens, now sincerely penitent, gave testimony. Behold how God uses a modest garment to work a miracle!

Three centuries have flown by since Margery Barnewall lived, and now one may be inclined to ask: "How do her fellow country women of today fare in comparison with her? Do they copy in their own lives the principles that guided her?" Well, we admit (with pardonable pride), that on the whole Erin's women folk have not deflected from the path which Margery trod. Still, we must confess that they have, in some slight degree, been infected with the ruinous plague of immodest fashions now so prevalent in other countries. The spiritual guides of Ireland have not been slow to detect the presence of the infection and to warn their flocks against it. Some months ago they appealed to the daughters of Erin to show themselves worthy of their glorious patroness St. Brigid, whose virginal modesty God commended by miracles, and whose shining example of purity shed its luster on Irish womanhood down the centuries. From pulpit, platform, and press throughout the entire country the tocsin of alarm was sounded, and with redoubled vigor after the Sovereign Pontiff had spoken on the matter last year. Still, individual effort, however earnest, lacks efficiency unless seconded and spurred on by a well drilled organization. This element is

necessary for the success of any popular movement. Thoughtful people anxiously looked for such a scheme to help in the crusade against immodest fashions. Their yearnings were fulfilled. To Mrs. Mary Maher, a well known Catholic writer, belongs the honor of inaugurating Erin's first public movement against this social evil. At a meeting of the Catholic Truth Society held in October, 1919, Mrs. Maher read a paper entitled, "St. Brigid and her teachings to the women of Erin!" This address, deeply interesting and at the same time highly instructive, is here reproduced in part.

The subject which I have the privilege of bringing before you in this paper is St. Brigid, our Mary of the Gael, and her teachings to the women of Erin.

Many people who have not studied the old authentic lives of St. Brigid, and have read only short, modern lives, are wont to think of her as only the foundress of many convents, the saintly Patroness of Nuns. Her mission was not confined to that: she had an Apostolic spirit second only to Saint Patrick. Dr. Healy wrote of St. Brigid, in his *Life of the Apostle*, as "being to the women of Erin what St. Patrick was to the men of Erin."

We find St. Brigid, according to old documents and traditions, four times in the society of St. Patrick—at Armagh, at Monaghan, at Tyrone, and at Usna. From him she must have received her wondrous spirit of missionary zeal. St. Patrick called her "his daughter in Christ." The Bishops appointed by St. Patrick invited St. Brigid to their various dioceses to instruct the women, and from all parts of Erin they came to the convents where she stayed to seek her advice and guidance.

And what was it that St. Brigid taught the women of Erin? She taught the mothers to impress the minds of their children with the greatness of the gift of Faith recently received by them—a gift which they should give their lives to defend and

to preserve; that a renege to Faith, by ingratitude to the Creator, would be the blackest of mortals—hence the women of Erin practiced fidelity all through the centuries of joy and sorrow since the days of St. Patrick. Perhaps no more glorious example was ever given of that fidelity to Faith than in the last century when grim famine visited the land, and when starving Irishwomen died by the roadside, with their infants clasped in their arms, refusing food and raiment, because offered as a bribe for giving up their Faith.

St. Brigid taught the women of Erin the glory of Hope in a Life eternal, and so strong was that virtue kept in their heart's desires that the poet and writer, Davis, speaks of them as having hours, even in the midst of deep sorrow, when they could look calmly down on the ills of life as "the moon on a troubled sky." And charity, St. Brigid taught by both word and example—her whole life of over 80 years being a glorious work of charity in word and deed.

In fact, St. Brigid taught the mothers of Erin to make their homes the rearing ground of virtue. They were to insist on the obedience of children to parents, for home discipline trains the hearts of the young to self discipline, without which they could not have moral strength to face the difficulties of life. But above all things, St. Brigid taught the mothers of Erin what purity of life should be, and how the practice of Christian modesty was essential to its preservation. Of that virtue of purity our Irish poet, Gerald Griffin, wrote thus:—

"Without thee life were all a waste,
Without thee vile were rank and power,

Without thee science sinks debased
And Beauty lies a soiled flower."

From the teaching of St. Brigid, Irishwomen, for many long centuries, were noted amongst the women of the world for their refinement of taste, their gentle manners, and above all, for their modesty of demeanor. A modern MS. quotation will not be out of



Irish Peasant Girl

place on this subject: "Christian modesty is the casket in which the pearl of purity is preserved. Break the casket and the gem will easily be lost, and perhaps lost forever."

Let us ask ourselves the question: Are the women of Erin of this 20th century living up to that high standard of St. Brigid's teaching? A great many, thank God, are doing so, and many of these are edifying members of our Sodalties, working in every way in the interests of holy faith. Sodalties, if well worked, are a great blessing in any parish, but they could do much better work if the spirit of mutual charity, kindness, and sympathy was more in practice. When sorrow or sickness comes to members, how helpful kind sympathy would be. When temptations arise to draw the younger members into, or back to, lives of frivolity and danger, what a grand work could be done by kindly words of warning from those old enough to understand the dangers of

this material and Socialistic age. People are too much given to criticise and condemn; few, few to help. A woman's solidarity should be a sisterhood of sympathy and kindness.

Yes, thank God, for those who are true and helpful; but, alas, alas! for the times we are in when the slavery of fashion casts its evil spell about so many of our Irishwomen; when the teaching of our mother saint is set aside, and "Dame Fashion" rules her slaves with an iron rod. Her ever changing whims are followed with the most slavish obedience, and when those whims offend against Christian laws those poor slaves are too cowardly to rise against them, but try to deaden the inner voice of conscience with the flip-pant remark so often heard, "You might as well be out of the world as out of the fashion." We are told that we injure trade if we write or speak a word against fashion. I deny that charge. The constant whirl of change so blindly followed by fashion's votaries is the greatest enemy of true legitimate trade, leaving

as its results, unsold goods in quantities on traders' hands and too often unpaid bills, for the blind votaries of fashion would rather risk debt than risk the danger of being pronounced "Not up to date."

Let us ask ourselves what is fashion, in what lies its power, and where lies danger to its votaries?

All countries of Europe had distinctive fashions for many centuries, but France, in order to increase her exports—her beautiful velvets, silks, brocades, lace, and other fabrics—conceived the idea of employing designers of great artistic and refined taste to design Court fashions. The kings and queens of France took them up, and were soon following by the Courts and courtiers of other lands. When Christian kings and queens ruled France, no designs were allowed to offend against Christian refinement.

For the last half century France has been ruled by infidels who wanted to drive all Christianity from their coun-

try. They boasted, to use their own words, that they would "drive Jesus Christ out of France," and "put out the lights of Heaven." Could those evil-hearted men have more able abettors in their impious work than designers whose aim would be to induce women to cast aside all respect for Christian modesty, and adopt fashions both vulgar and immodest? Hence we have Europe flooded of late years with such evil fashions, and alas! in our own land many Irishwomen under their baneful slavery.

Why should Irishwomen not help in every way to improve the trade of their native land? Why should they not have fashions of their own? Why should they not go back a century in the matter, and be pronounced as they were then, leaders of Christian refinement in both dress and manners? Why should not the exports from Ireland of tabinet, silk, tweed, linen, and lace exceed in every way the imports of English shoddy materials on which Irish thousands have been spent each year? Irishwomen should help in this matter, and Irish mothers should give no place in their homes to the fashion magazines, replete with immodest advertisements and with silly, frivolous advice.

France has taught us a lesson. Let us take it to heart.

May St. Brigid, the Mary of the Gael, intercede for us, women of Erin, that we may again carry the banner of Christian modesty on high and in every sense of the word "be as we once were."

A unanimous outburst of spontaneous applause greeted Mrs. Maher's forceful words. It was evident that she had but voiced the sentiments of every one of the delegates who had just listened to her address. Some days afterward, Mrs. Maher determined to start her organization, feeling that the time was singularly opportune. She first sought the blessing and approval of the Church on her work, which, needless to say, was



Irish Colleen in Kerry Cloak

readily granted. In November of the last year, she issued her appeal, calling on all true Irish women to join the crusade for decency in dress in the national organization placed under the patronage of St. Brigid. Membership in this "League of St. Brigid" was to be acquired by taking of the following pledge: "For the glory of God and the honor of Erin I promise to avoid in my own person all impropriety in the matter of dress and to maintain and hand down the traditional and proverbial purity and modesty of Irish womanhood!" After taking this pledge, the members were to enroll their names on the National Register.

The worthy object of the League immediately appealed to all true Irish women, and they hastened to join it in their thousands. Within a few months after its inception, over 22,000 had joined. Week by week the number is being considerably increased. Of course, to American eyes

the above statistics may seem meager. Yet, considering that the Catholic population of Ireland is only a little over three millions, it will be conceded that the movement, still so young, is a successful one. Readers of FRANCISCAN HERALD will be interested to know what part the Irish daughters of St. Francis are taking in this good work. It may be said without any fear of contradiction, that, in this matter, they have not belied their vocation. All over the country, the sisters of the Third Order have lent their powerful influence in forwarding the movement. The sisters of the fraternity of Athlone, for instance, have come forward publicly in their hundreds and taken the pledge. God grant that the noble work may proceed and prosper not only in Ireland but the world over.

The universal ultimate success of this crusade depends greatly on the children of St. Francis, especially on the sisters of the Third Order. This statement may seem rather presumptuous, but considering the universality of

our Institute, the spirit of its members, and the moral efficacy of its holy Rule, it would seem to be true.

You, dear readers, who are Tertiaries are doing your part nobly in this glorious crusade in the great Republic of the West. Your sisters of the Emerald Isle appreciate your work.

My farewell words to you, dear sisters, are: "May God and Mary bless you and strengthen you to continue your glorious work." I, in turn, ask you to pray that poor, persecuted, down-trodden, but ever-faithful Erin may do her part (small though it be) to preserve Christian modesty of dress. Thus she will prove true to that lofty mission (presumptuously perhaps, but artistically) defined by the poet:

"Oh! Ireland, be it thy high duty
To teach the world the might of moral beauty,
And stamp God's image truly on the struggling soul."

APPAREL TALK

By AGNES MODESTA

My dear Sisters in St. Francis:

WOULD you believe that it is nearly Christmas again? By the time you read these lines, the tranquil season of Waiting will be well on its way. Nearer and nearer approaches the day that has come down nearly twenty centuries to us as one of supreme joy; because it marks the yearly commemoration of that day on which was born to us a Savior, who is Christ, the Lord. In view of that fact, it is impossible to begin a December talk on any subject, without first wishing you all the joys of the Christmas season.

A merry, merry Christmas to all the readers of these columns, and an especial greeting to those who are of the household of that ardent lover of the divine Babe, the Poor Man of Assisi!

So many things have happened since we last awaited the coming of Christmas that even in looking back it is hard to realize the changes. There is, for instance, Margaret Randolph Farrel, who, this time last year, did not dream that she would have John Farrel's name added to hers. She and her brand-new Franciscan Tertiary of a husband are settled cozily in the wee home just down the street from me. They are now facing the happiness of their first Christmas together; and a wonderful Christmas it will be, from the daybreak Mass, when they will receive their Infant Lord together, until the monstrous dinner which Agnes Modesta along with Margaret's parents will share in the evening.

Margaret has fulfilled every expectation of those who know and love her. Since the day on which she set out to make herself a model of decorous costuming, she has steadily forged ahead in the fascinating game of becoming an ideal Tertiary. Having made an impression on her little world by proving that modest attire can have more real charm than the other kind, she has continued on her quiet way perfecting herself as a daughter, then as a sweetheart; and now as a lovely Christian matron she is an example to all who come within her orbit. This very day, I had an opportunity of observing just how earnest her efforts have been.

ENTER AN OLD ACQUAINTANCE

I was hurrying along to keep an appointment, and, being intent on my own most important thoughts, I collided sharply with a young woman who was going in the opposite direction.

As I murmured an abstracted apology, I glanced at her, and a certain familiarity of outline awakened a vague recognition in my brain. Observing my ill-concealed rummaging in my memory storehouse, no doubt, the young woman laughed gaily; whereupon my face must have shown my astonishment.

"I let you run into me on purpose, Miss Modesta," she said. "You were sailing along under full steam, and I knew a bow or a word would never bring you down from the clouds."

"Figure badly mixed, unless she means an airship," I murmured half under my breath; and then the criticism went off in thin air as I realized the identity of my interceptor. "Why, Belle Marie Smythe, why didn't I know you at once? I must have been up in the sky."

She laughed again. "Oh, I don't know; quite a few of my friends have a minute's trouble before they fit me into the picture."

And as I looked at her, I was conscious that there was something different about this girl—something that was strangely like, yet unlike, the fluffy young thing who had appeared at Margaret Randolph's New Year's party, clad in so inadequate a costume. Just what the difference was, I could not for the life of me fathom, until my eyes traveled from her face, down her demure little street costume, on to the sensible-looking, low-heeled oxfords. I looked her over once more, slowly, appreciatively. Belle Marie Smythe was garbed, from her head to her heels, in an unobtrusive, modest, even though perfectly fashionable-appearing outfit. As my eyes came back to their starting point, I suddenly knew why I hadn't at first recognized her. The bright clear color which deepened in the chilly air—or it may have been under my surprised scrutiny—had been put in Belle Marie's cheeks by the hand of God, and not, as formerly, by the hand of Belle Marie out of a tiny round box. Her whole appearance had undergone a radical change. The old artificiality was gone, and in its place was a sweet naturalness of manner as well as of appearance that I should never have believed possible of Belle Marie Smythe.

"I've been wanting to see you for ever so long, Miss Agnes," she said, dimpling at my frank look of astonishment, "but I wanted to wait till I was sure the metamorphosis was com-

plete. That dreadful Margaret Farrel says I have to make friends with you—especially as I'm going to join the Third Order."

I gasped. "You're—going—to join—the Third Order?" I echoed stupidly. My voice must have betokened scepticism, for Belle Marie giggled delightedly.

"Oh, I don't blame you for not believing me. Margaret said I oughtn't to spring it on you without leading up to it gradually."

"Why," I said, my poise returning gradually, "I'm delighted, Belle Marie, but what ever—"

"Well—you see," she hurried on a little breathlessly, "I've met some perfectly lovely people—at Margaret's, and h—they belonged to the Third Order—and I began to get interested. Of course you know Margaret is always on a still hunt for possible Tertiaries."

"Belle Marie Smythe," I demanded in my best elderly-spinster manner, "joining the Third Order isn't usually a signal for such blushes as you are exhibiting. What are the names of the Tertiaries who've been inspiring you? I like to get track of such zealous souls."

She was preparing to start on her way. "I just wanted to let you know, so you wouldn't fall dead from astonishment when you saw me going up to the rail. I'm sorry I've got to rush on."

"But who were those Tertiaries you were talking about?" I insisted relentlessly. "You haven't told me their names yet."

"Oh—their names—their names—" she murmured in a muffled little tone as she started on her way, "are—is Larry."

The rest of it was lost to my ears as I leaned against the nearest gatepost in an effort to steady my thoughts.

"Heavens!" I breathed to myself, "those Apparel Talk readers will get the idea that I'm conducting a matrimonial bureau when I tell them that."

HAS IT BEEN WORTH WHILE?

I have asked myself a number of times, even while I had the example of Margaret Farrel before me, whether the work of the dress reform crusade, as sponsored by the HERALD and rolled along by this department, had really had the effect that was aimed for at the outset. But with a result like that of the transformation of Belle Marie Smythe, how can I question the good accomplished? I am bound to turn over all the credit of Belle Marie's reformation to Margaret. The girl

(Continued on page 57)

THE NATIONAL THIRD ORDER CONVENTION

THE year nineteen hundred and twenty-one marks the seven hundredth anniversary of the founding of the Third Order of St. Francis. This jubilee year should not be allowed to pass without some great demonstration on the part of the children of St. Francis. With the consent of the ecclesiastical authorities in the country, this demonstration, for the United States, will assume the form of a National Tertiary Convention, to be held in Chicago, on October 2, 3, 4, 1921. Every admirer of St. Francis will rejoice at this announcement, and at once resolve to cooperate in making the proposed Convention both a worthy commemoration of the glorious past of the Third Order and the beginning of a new era in its development in our country.

During the past seven centuries, the Third Order of St. Francis was noted for its unswerving loyalty to holy Church, its high ideals of personal sanctification, and its unparalleled works of charity. For this reason, the Third Order has enjoyed the continued favor of the Apostolic See during the seven centuries of its existence, from the time of Pope Honorius III down to the glorious pontificate of the present illustrious Tertiary Pope Benedict XV. Pope Leo XIII, with his keen insight into modern social needs, even sought to leaven the mass of the Catholic laity with a new Christian spirit by enlisting men and women in this greatest of Catholic lay organizations.

May we not hope that the Rev. Directors of the Third Order, the friends of the Franciscan Order, and above all the faithful Tertiaries will cooperate to make the coming convention a success? During the great jubilee year, each Third Order fraternity should try to double its membership and to send as many delegates as possible to Chicago. May every Tertiary take a personal interest in the preparations for, and the proceedings of, the Convention, and give it generous financial support. Even the poorest members will, we feel sure, contribute at least fifty cents; while those blessed with earthly goods will without doubt make more generous offerings for this noble cause. Contributions will be accepted by the Reverend Third Order Directors, who will forward them to the members of the Committee on Finance or to the Financial Secretary of the National Tertiary Convention, Very

Rev. Aloysius Fish, O.M. Conv., Carey, Ohio. Isolated Tertiaries would do well to communicate directly with the Financial Secretary. Further information can be obtained by applying to the Rev. Secretary of the National Tertiary Convention, 5045 Laffin Street, Chicago, Illinois.

A National Third Order Convention in the United States has been for years the desire of all children of St. Francis. Concerted action and united prayer will make this wish a reality fraught with numberless blessings. The General Directive Board of the National Tertiary Convention extends its heartiest invitation to all Tertiaries and friends of the Franciscan Order to participate in the work of the Convention.

ROGER MIDDENDORF, O.F.M.,
Secretary.

LETTERS OF APPROVAL

The Reverend Secretary has asked and obtained the permission to proceed with the preliminary arrangements for the Convention from the heads of the three families of the Franciscan Order, the Apostolic Delegate at Washington, and the Most Rev. Archbishop Mundelein, of Chicago. Following is the text of their letters of approval:

Reverende Pater:
Rite accipi tuas litteras diei 4 superioris mensis, quibus certiorum me facis de communiter capto consilio anno 1921, recurrente septimo centenario fundationis Tertii Ordinis S.P.N.F., Nationale Congressum Tertiiorum Chicagie celebrandi. Non est necesse ut Tibi dicam, quantopere istud consilium mihi probetur, quandoquidem sollemnis ejusmodi Congressus apertissimum est medium Tertii Ordinis cognitionem existimationemque apud clerum et populum fidelem adaugendi, rationesque excogitandi atque statuendi quibus efficacius possit latiusque Tertius Ordo propagari. Deum propterea obsecro, ut laboribus vestris preparatoriis amplissime, Seraphico Patre intercedente, benedicat, ut tempore suo optato exitu coroneur.

Plurimum Tibi salutem et Seraphicam Benedictionem ex animo imperpetuum, permaneo.

Tibi addimus in Duo,

F. SERAPHINUS CIMINO,
Min. Gen.
(Translation.)

Reverend Father:

I received in due time your letter of the fourth of last month, in which you

inform me of the plan you together with others have formed to hold in Chicago, in 1921—the seven hundredth anniversary of the founding of the Third Order of our holy Father St. Francis—a national convention of Tertiaries. I need not tell you how heartily I approve this plan, since such a solemn gathering is the best means of increasing the knowledge and prestige of the Third Order with the clergy and the laity and of devising and determining means for spreading the Third Order more effectively and widely. I pray God, therefore, that, at the intercession of our Seraphic Father, He may bless most bountifully your preliminary labors, that, in due time, they may be crowned with the hoped for success.

From my heart I bestow on you the Seraphic Blessing, and remain, with kindest regards,

Most devotedly yours in the Lord, etc.

Very Rev. Father:

Your request asking me to bless the coming convention of the III Order in the United States reached me when I was at Assisi, and from the Tomb of our Holy Founder I bless this most praiseworthy undertaking. I prayed to the Seraphic Father to obtain from our Savior, whose life he imitated so closely as to be universally acclaimed an *alter Christus*, most abundant and powerful graces so that enlightened counsel and good will guide all the deliberations of said convention. May the spirit of the Poor Man of Assisi, the Poverello as he is affectionately called, inspire every step, so that the convention imbued and actuated by the Franciscan spirit of charity become a leaven, such as the III Order was in its origin, for the regeneration of society. Never was the Franciscan spirit, which is the gentle spirit of the Gospel, more necessary than at the present when the whole world is torn by discord and rent by dissatisfaction of the classes; hence at no time was the charity inculcated in the Gospel more needed than now: may then our glorious III Order contribute generously its share to the rechristianization of society and unite all in the sweet bonds of Christlike love and Franciscan fraternity. May the great Saint of Assisi obtain the graces that will make fruitful of blessed results your noble efforts to promote the membership and activity of the III Order which achieved such glory in the past, and may it regain its old splendor and effect its lofty purpose to renew the face of the earth in the spirit of the Gospel.

With humble prayers to the most High and His great Saint, St. Francis, I send from the Tomb of our Seraphic Founder my blessing upon all who are gathered in convention to foster and promote the III Order and its work.

FATHER DOMINIC TAVANI,
Minister Generalis Ord. Min. Conv.

Dear Father Middendorf:

With all my heart I approve and bless the proposal of your Committee to hold in the United States a National Tertiary Congress for the purpose of celebrating the seventh Centenary of the Foundation of the Third Order, and I am pleased to learn that all branches of the great Franciscan Family are fraternally united in working for its success.

It is my earnest hope and fervent prayer that the Congress may produce abundant and permanent fruit and may give a powerful impetus to the Franciscan movement resulting in a marked strengthening and development of the Third Order.

With renewed good wishes, I re-

main very sincerely yours in our
Father S. Francis,
F. VENANTIUS of LISLE-EN-RIGAUT,
Minister General of the Capuchin
Friars Minor.

Rev. dear Father:

I am pleased to learn from your letter of March 24 that the seventh centenary of the Third Order of St. Francis will be celebrated by a National Tertiary Congress to be held in Chicago on October 2, 3, and 4, 1921. This will, undoubtedly, help to make the Order better known, and thus aid in extending its influence for doing good.

You may be assured that you have my cordial approval for the holding of that Congress, and my blessing to the end that it may be successful in every way.

With kindest regards, and a special blessing on your own particular work in connection with the Congress, I am,

Sincerely yours in Xt.,

✠ JOHN BONZANO,
Archbishop of Melitene,
Apostolic Delegate.

Rev. dear Father:

I have your letter of the 3rd inst., in which you tell me of the proposed commemoration of the 7th centenary of the founding of the Third Order of St. Francis.

Will you kindly say to the representatives of the various Franciscan Provinces that I gladly consent to the proposal to hold a National Tertiary Congress on that occasion in Chicago as a fitting manner in which to commemorate seven centuries of prayer and good works on the part of the sons and daughters of St. Francis and as members of the Third Order.

I shall be glad to aid your pious endeavors by my prayers, my good wishes and my blessing, and, if I can so arrange it, likewise by my presence, if even but for a few moments.

I beg to remain, sincerely yours in Christ,

✠ GEORGE W. MUNDELEIN,
Archbishop of Chicago.

FAMINE

OUR Land is fair with reddening fruit
and shining harvest field;
From meadow, lake, and orchard slope
is Earth's abundant yield,
And round-limbed children play and
run in health and strength so free;
For much have we to thank our God
and bend adoring knee!

Our Lady looks on dreadful sights
where starvelings huddled lie;
What anguish wrings a mother-heart
when children vainly cry:
When baby faces, old with pain, and
wasted past belief,
Look up in death and mutely ask why
God sends no relief.

I see them in the Autumn glow, al-
though the earth be fair,
Their plaintive voices break my dreams,
their call is on the air;
Amid the stream of selfish thoughts, a
weakened baby face
Flits ghostly by with message, mute:
"I died to give you grace."

Oh these are called to glories great
when pain and want are o'er,
Each hunger pang, each plaintive sigh,
shall grace to earth restore;
Beyond the veil of wasted flesh and eyes
aghast with wrong,
Our Lady and her angels lead a blessed
martyr throng.

Our Lady looks on Death's grim track,
yet sees a sadder sight,—
Our souls that, heedless, turn away
from dear-bought grace and light
Whose ears are deaf to hunger's need—
to Love's faint, dying call;—
Oh from such Famine in the soul, sweet
Mother, save us all!

—Catharine McPartlin.



Fiction



THE OUTLAWS OF RAVENHURST

By L. M. WALLACE

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CHAPTER II

LANG-SWORD

IT WAS in that old time when monarchs whetted their own swords and bore the scars of their own battle wounds, James Stuart, King of Scotland, stood on a jutting rock above the frith. The sea is no respecter of persons; the veering wind that whipped the surf, sent its mist to sting the royal face. But a storm of another nature thundered in the voice of James as he eyed a seaman groveling at his feet.

"Is this the varlet that refused to obey our order?"

"Sire," wailed the wretch, "I cannot put my boat across the frith. The storm wrack's comin' fast. The sail is torn. The hull's aleak."

"And your craven heart would sink a galley. My Lord of Arran, bid some churl to run his spear through this scoundrel who calls himself a Scottish seaman."

Force a jackal against a wall and he will fight a lion. Goaded by despair, the man retorted:

"Gin ye git the best o' an enemy, what matters it if starvin' wife and child weep o'er a dead father?"

Ignidgenae seized the surrounding knights. A hundred swords were drawn; but James V was a man of moods as changeable as the powers that rule the sea. Instead of added wrath, pity pierced the fury of his eyes.

"So," he said, "and is it love of wife and child that makes a coward of a man?" He paused, and grief softened that lean, strong-passioned Stuart face. The royal home was yet in mourning for two bonny princesses—sons, long hoped, long waited for, that died as fast as wee lips learned to lisp their father's name. It was the man in James and not the king that spoke:

THE STORY SO FAR

In the absence of Lord Russell, one of his esquires, Rolph of Alnwick, volunteers to defend Castle Russell and its inmates against a band of marauding Highlanders, led by bloody Gordon Fire-the-Braes. The boy, disguised in his father's armor, is about to engage in single combat with the doughty Highland chieftain, when a Franciscan friar suddenly appears on the scene and prevails on the outlaw to desist from attack on Castle Russell and its youthful defender.

"And have you, then, a son?"

"Aye, Sire." Hope was born of the kind note in the monarch's voice.

"Three sons, and one runs half-way doon the hill to meet me as I come bearin' my nets at night, and one clings to the skirts of my gude wife, and one is wee bit yet and sleeps upon her breast."

King James turned short about and looked over the sea. A moment so he stood and then he said:

"Go to your home, good man. Tell them their mute cry has saved you from a coward's grave, and—" the royal voice sank low, "bid the wee ones pray that God may send the king a son."

Again the face of James grew stern. He gazed across the waters to the shore beyond. The frith was narrow at this point; for, from the opposing shore the crags and cliffs of Ben Ender thrust themselves a good mile into the sea. Narrow the strait might be, but calm it seldom was; and now the wind puffed sharply, veering from north to east, and the scudding cloud-wrack covered half the sky. On the shore across the frith a group of men waved torches. It was Argyll signaling for orders, and there was none that dared to put the leaking boat across the strait. A clank of armor broke the suspense, and a young knight dropped on his knees before the king.

"May it please you, Sire," said a noble at the king's right hand, "Sir Malcolm Gordon craves audience. He is dubbed Lang-Sword, and is the laird of yon little tower that perches there across the way like a raven upon a rock."

James looked at the young man and smiled. "And what would the Gordon ask of us?"

"Sire," the face of Lang-Sword glowed with loyalty and daring, "the

word 'I can not' is not said in the house of Gordon. Let the honor of bearing the message be mine."

"By what means?—the boat?"

"I shall swim the frith, my Liege."

"Swim!" cried the king, doubting his ears. "Swim!—where a boat does not dare!"

"Sire, I did it a year ago for pure sport."

"But not in the face of a coming storm!"

"Nor did I swim beneath a king's eye, nor at his word. Such glory would put strength in the limbs of a dastard."

"But, hark, noble Gordon, even now the surf booms along the rocks of Ben Ender!"

"Sire, I know where the sandy shallows lie; and, at worst, I can die but once for you, my Liege, and for Scotland!"

No kings ever played dice with the hearts and brains and souls of men as did the Stuart line; and now James smiled. Well was his pride pleased by this youth's devotion—almost adoration; and, when he spoke, scarcely could praise have been couched more cunningly.

"My lord of Gordon, your loyalty deserves our confidence. You shall know what message it is that you bear and why." The King paused, and those who stood about the sovereign stepped

off perhaps a dozen paces. Then James resumed: "Russell has proved himself a thrice compounded villain and traitor. These five years he has been pensioned tale-bearer 'twixt Macleod, and the Lord of the Isles, and my cursed stepfather.* His castle is a very nest for the hatching of border plots, raids, and burnings. Bid Argyll march on Russell. Raise your own clan and assist. Success attend your valor, noble Gordon; for, if you win the day, we pledge that you shall be belted earl."

Lang-Sword kissed the royal hand, and rising strode swiftly down to the beach. Unbuckling his heavy armor, he cast it on the sand. Then, ready for the plunge, he stepped out on a rock. There he paused and dropped on his knee; and with him those beside the waves and James of Scotland with his lords on the cliff. For it was still the age of faith, when no man put his life in jeopardy without calling God to aid.

The Lang-Sword's prayer was brief, "St. Mary, grant me long wind and strong blood. If I set foot on yonder shore, I vow a silver shrine to deck thy chapel in the wood."

King James answered, "Amen!"

Then Lang-Sword stood, hands pointed for the dive, watching for the outgoing of a wave—the tallest knight in the Highlands, lean, with knotty muscles which rose and fell like those that move under a tiger's hide.

A sea-gull flew across the face of the racing wrack and screamed the wild defiance of the storm.

"God speed!" called the voices from the shore.

"St. Mary for King James!" the Lang-Sword cried and plunged into the sea.

Like a shaft of white light the body cleft air and water, and was gone. A wave came tumbling in, growling, shaking a fleecy mane. The head of the swimmer rose. A crest reared above him—broke, crashing over him, carrying him back a spear's length. He sank. Those on the cliff and those on the shore leaned gasping. He rose. The long white line of foam was between the swimmer and the shore.

"Ho, Scot! well swam!" called James. "By Mary's virgin soul. I swear to deck that shrine with blood-red rubies!"

The thunder muttered along Ben Ender. A dozen lightnings played on the cloud like lancers tilting before a

battle. The swimmer had gained three bow shots space against the sea. His head was a dodging speck and the king dared not rest his eyes, lest he lose sight of it. The storm broke, rain swirling to the mad onslaught of the wind. The frith rose and sank in white roaring heights and bellowing caverns. The lightning shot its jagged bolts from sky to ocean;—and the swimmer?—the tempest had swallowed him.

James Stuart strode the cliff. Sometimes he prayed aloud, and sometimes cursed himself or any that dared venture within earshot of the royal wrath. An hour passed. The storm drew back among the hills, ravage-glutted, exhausted, muttering.

"This day was lost the noblest knight that ever risked life for Scotland's king," so said James Stuart, his face gloomily as the sullen frith below.

But Arran, peering through the mist, gave a sudden pluck at the royal sleeve. "Ho, my Liege, a light on Ben Ender! The Argyll signals!—two to right, three to left. They have the message! Holy God!—then Lang-Sword has crossed the frith!"

The plunge of Lang-Sword into the frith was a leap into the high seas of the royal favor. With the fall of Russell, the Gordon succeeded to his lands and titles. The chieftain's stronghold on Rock Haven became the fortress, Castle Ravenhurst. The lean young knight was now a belted earl, the trusted counselor of his king, his wise and courteous ambassador in foreign courts.

In the great room of the seaward tower in Castle Ravenhurst, a lady stood beside the narrow carved slit that was in that day named a window. Her arm encircled a fair, strong-limbed boy; and now he spoke, pointing one wee finger through the bars, "My father, the great Lang-Sword, comes today. Welcome, most noble lord, your heir salutes you!" His voice was slow, essaying each phrase with energy, and lisping his way through with difficulty. She laughed and kissed his rosy lips and cuddled him. With waggish grace he made his mighty speech again and won his payment also—well he knew he would. They had stood in that place a thousand times, looking across the narrow tossing bay to the bold headland of Ben Ender, around which the pathway ran that led to the war-racked world beyond the rampart of the mountain. All his little lifetime they had waited there. For Lang-Sword had been in France on the king's business; and the child had never seen his father's face. So long had Lady

Gordon hoped and watched and prayed, standing beside the window with her child.

On the shoulder of Ben Ender where the faint line of the path came int', sight, rose horsemen outlined sheer against the sky. A flash of light sprang toward the watchers, touching the window, dazzling their eyes. Lady Gordon drew the boy close. "It is my lord," she cried. "He has caught the sunlight on his sword to signal us. Who else would know to touch this window with the light? Wave, darling, wave! Thy father comes!" and two white kerchiefs fluttered from the window.

The heavy masonry around her trembled as the cannon on the seaward tower saluted the returning commander. Above the noisy joy of the garrison boomed the castle bell. The folk were hastening from the village; plows paused mid-furrow in the fields.

Now Lang-Sword and his retinue were returning through the town—knights in mail on armored horses—pennants of red and gold and azure—glint of sun on spears and helmets—all the gay riot of sound and color that marked the height of chivalry. To right and left the earl flung largess. The cheers of the crowd echoed among the turrets even to the seaward tower where Lady Gordon waited with her child.

Then a look came over the face of the woman, an expression of cold and stately grace, as if she had hidden her deep emotion under a courtly mask; for, in the hall below, she must be Anne, Countess of Ravenhurst, receiving with gracious welcome her lord, the Earl.

An hour passed. The formal welcome was over, and the three sat alone in the great room in the seaward tower. Ever since the Holy Three made blessed the home in Nazareth, God's benediction has been upon the love of father, mother, and child; and human hearts are human hearts whether castle or hovel shelters them. They sat on the couch by the window, Lang-Sword and Anne and the child. The baby finding a thousand shining playthings upon his father's armor and laughing in high glee at the strange distortions of his dimpled face wrought by every polished curve. The mother spoke, telling the many things that the little son had said, or done, or seemed. The father feasted his eyes on the two that were his heaven on this earth.

A question gleamed in the eyes of Anne. A hundred times it had almost crossed her lips, but she feared to ask it. As often he had seen the look and

*Angus Douglas—notorious traitor paid by Henry VIII to foment rebellion in Scotland and to stir up enmity along the border. He was the second husband of Margaret Tudor, sister of Henry VIII, and mother of James V.

tried to turn her thoughts away as if he feared to answer. Lang-Sword was still in full armor. In the court below, the troop sat in their saddles; but surely he had come to stay, at least a few short weeks—he had been gone so long. Trembling, she whispered:

"Were it not better that you lay your armor by?" She paused, for he had suddenly raised the child before his face, tossing it till it screamed for the very pleasure of the thrills; but Anne could not see her husband's eyes, and when he spoke his voice was steady.

"The friars will sing *Te Deum* for my safe return. We shall go there presently," he said.

Then came the ride under the ancient oaks. Crimson and brown of autumn arched the bridle path. The woodland's cloth of gold was spread beneath their feet. The lady rode at her lord's right hand. A groom at his left bore the child. They were alone—almost—the troop kept a respectful pace apart; and yet, each knight was alert in his saddle, and the question bit at her heart.

Like some saint's relic set in a jeweled shrine, lay the gray old convent cloisters locked in October's gold. Lengthening years had watched its growth since the day when Fire-the-Braes made the beginning—wild marauder that he was, lover of the moonlit uproar and the daring raid; and yet, after his conversion, prompt to deeds of good as he had been prompt to deeds of ill. Now a full two hundred years he had slept in the shadow of this sanctuary clad as a humble Tertiary of St. Francis, and yet at every daybreak a Mass was said for the repose of the wild Gordon's soul. Chief after chief had added to the foundation as his means or piety suggested. Lang-Sword's eye rested on the quaint minster chapel. This was his gift, and he said to his lady:

"Here God is praised, and the poor of Christ are fed."

"And ever shall be," she responded. But Lang-Sword drew his Toledo blade from its scabbard and scanned its blue-gray edge.

"And ever shall be—if Highland steel rings true," he answered. He looked away from her as he spoke; and Anne drew a swift breath that held a hidden sob.

The gentle old Father Custos stood by the gate to welcome the lord. Behind him row on row reaching back to the door of the convent, were the souls beneath his care—files of scholars men with saintly faces; lay brethren, rude and simple toilers, but stu-

dents of the lore St. Francis learned from Sister Earth and Brothers Storm and Sunshine; and beyond were the orphan boys and the sick from the lazaretto.

All the eyes of this holy hive were turned on Lang-Sword with simple, gentle confidence. In the wild outer world, convents might be destroyed and the work of centuries obliterated; but here, beneath the strong kindly rule of their earl, all must continue to be well. Such was the thought behind the gaze.

In the deep currents of his soul Lang-Sword felt the keen joy of their trust in him; and it was with reverence that he dismounted and came forward to receive the welcome of the Father Custos.

"It is with great gladness that we hail your return, my Lord," said the old friar. "We have prayed long that God may make you wise in council. Only this very fortnight, it has been brought home to us that we should give great thanks to God that we are living on Ravenhurst lands and under our good King James; for Father William Alnwick and eight of our brethren have fled to us from the ruined convent in Northumberland. A horrid tale they tell of theft, and murder, and sacrilege; and they say—but may the dear Christ prevent it—that King Henry's men are marching toward our borders and intend war upon Scotland."

"And King James will meet them on the border!" The Earl's voice had in it the clank of steel. "It is for this reason that I come to ask your Reverence that you will bless our banners this morning after holy Mass. Also, I bring presents to you from our lord, King James,—a most beautiful window of fine Flanders glass—and bid you in his name to have the orphans say daily an *Ave* for our success in battle and for the birth of a royal prince; and, for myself, if I should fall, I ask some small remembrance in your prayers."

So Anne learned the answer to her question; and, beneath the mask expression on her face, her lips grew deadly white.

With reverent pomp the ceremonial pageant passed; for these were days when friars went barefoot and toiled long hours, were coarsely clad and slept on straw; but nothing was too rare, too costly, too magnificent if it were meant to adorn the temple of Almighty God, or bring before men's mind the daily renewal of Christ's Sacrifice on Calvary.

To Lady Gordon, crushed in the wine-press of her pain, the music of

chant and beauty of symbol spoke of Mary standing by the cross. Silence filled the minster. Then sounded the clink of steel as armored knights bent low before the King of kings. Eternal strength stole through the soul of Anne. She made her sacrifice—offered her husband for the cause of Scotland and of God.

November's winds made desolation of October's beauty. The Lady Gordon took again her never ending watch, standing beside the window with her child. Below them the frith tumbled along the gloomy shore, angry, menacing, a sullen white tip on every groveling breaker. Above, the skys dripped with fog through which the dim bulk of Ben Ender glowered. Many days they had been the sentries of endless waiting. Suddenly she clutched the child. On the shoulder of Ben Ender where the path should be, a misty something moved through the fog, a long and winding something; and from it, faint, far-sounding on the wet air came the notes of the pibroch wailing.

"The Gordon's awa!"

The Gordon's no more!

Alack an' a woe for the Highlands!"

The cannon above her boomed. The castle bell clanged with backward stroke, clanged and paused, and clanged again. Anne grasped her child with the fierceness of her agony. She watched. The winding, wailing something had reached the village. Through the mist she saw a file—a broken rank of staggering men with spears reversed and ensigns trailing; and in their midst a black draped thing, and they that bore it stumbled as they came. The voices of the village rose to her,—tumultuous agony, high sounding, wild—Clan Gordon in despair.

The countess turned from the window. There was a fearful quiet in her face, an awful silence surrounding her. A footman advanced, bowed, and lifted the child. Softly he followed the lady out of the room and down the stairs till she stood at the head of the great hall. Around the outer edge of the room the garrison and the inmates of the castle ranged themselves, softly, as if they dared not intrude themselves on her sorrow. The harsh jangling of the drawbridge chains grated on her ears; then the rattle of bolts on the outer doors, the heavy tramp of buskined feet; and through the arch at the lower end of the hall came that woful company.

The pibroch was hushed. In silence the bearers marched up to the feet of the lady. There they laid down their burden and drew back the bier-cloth. Lang-Sword lay under the eyes of

Anne—a bruised and sallow face beneath a broken vizor. A groan passed over the assembled clan like a winter wind through the oaks of Ben Ender, but the lady made no sound.

Then Tam, the Armorer, addressed the courtneess:

"Flodden was lost and every orphaned bairn was proud to say, 'My father fell on Flodden Field!' Solway Moss is lost and every Scot shall hang his head forever more!—for Scottish lairds were aye traitors!—may the word burn my lips that I say it!—Scottish lairds wi' honor bought an' paid for wi' English shillin's—chiefs o' Highlands an' Lowlands soft steppin' it hame at the first charge o' the Southernns. The yeomen?—a weel for the yeomen that didna flee—but where were the leaders? Back steppet the lads to get fightin' room and bogged doon i' the morass—helpless! The Southernns butchered them like pork at a fairin. Esk water was a-choket wi' blood an' wi' bodies! The English came swarmin' o'er the milldam. Clan Gordon had na faltered yet, though a' around us roared the tumult o' yon dastard flight.

"Then rose the cry, 'Lang-Sword's doon!' But the laird—I saw him my ain sel'—he wrenches him free from his dyn' horse—plucket oot the arrow from his ain wound—catches the bridle o' a riderless beast an' drags himself to the saddle yellin', 'Who said that Lang-Sword is down? I'll split the varlet with my claymore! Rally! God for King James! Forward! A Gordon! A Gordon!'

"Then, lady, the laird went doon, six English bills piercin' his body. I leaned o'er him as he writhed on the blood-sodden clay an' heard the gasp o' his death word—'Tell her,' the laird said, 'Bid my son, Angus, be a man. God's mercy on my soul!'

"An' worse yet man I tell ye, lady. Scotland is doon! The Church o' God is doon!—for James, bonny King James, laid him oot an' died after the battle.

"An' worse an' more man I tell ye. The heir o' the throne is born—the curse o' God, it be upon us—the royal bairn is a maid-child, namet Mary!"

The Armorer ceased and a groan passed over the clansmen. Well did they know the woes of civil war that would be during the long minority of a queen.

Then Anne of Gordon spoke. Somewhere in her deep soul she had hidden her widowed heart. Her voice rang like a bugle call.

"No cause is lost while true hearts

live! We have a queen! Long live Mary, Queen of all true Scots! Ye have a chief. Step forward, Angus, Lang-Sword's son!"

The child, dimly conscious that great things were being done, stood out before them. His grave baby eyes traversed each rugged face, then fixed themselves upon his mother.

"Angus Gordon, lay your hand on the heart of your dead father."

The child obeyed. Slowly, word by word, as they fell from his mother's lips he repeated:

"I, Angus, Lord Gordon, Earl of Ravenhurst, do vow allegiance to Mary, Queen of Scotland. I swear to

defend my lawful liege lady and God's holy Church from all their enemies, even at the cost of my life."

The lisping words died out over the silence of that hall. Then sounded the command of Anne of Gordon:

"Let each man do obeisance to the earl."

One by one, the war-scarred clansmen knelt before their chief, and his baby hand was wet with warrior's tears.

Short rang the lady's order:

"Each man to his post. We have a queen. We have an earl. Castle Ravenhurst shall never surrender!"

(To be continued)

AN OLD SPANISH SCOURGE

By Blanche Weithbrece

TWENTY-FOUR hours more of bachelor freedom!

Marlowe Darley lay at ease on a couch, among many cushions, considering this interesting fact. His eyes fastened admiringly on the elegant and well-clad feet that happened to belong to him. It was, he reflected, a good bargain all round. If Elise Vane had money, so had he. If Elise had family, he was not without certain connections himself. If Elise was beautiful, he—well—. He had studied the problem from all possible angles, setting aside emotion in order to form an impartial judgment; for he loved Elise. Larry Sanders, his one intimate friend, had raked him over the coals only yesterday and openly accused him of trifling with the *grande passion*; but Larry was a queer card—a sort of half-coked volcano, spitting fire continuously. Also, being a Roman Catholic, he had ideas on what he called mixed marriages; and he would be opposed on principle to the Darley-Vane alliance. Marlowe had sometimes fancied that there might be some other reason for Larry's opposition in this particular instance; but if there were, it had not come to light. Larry had been rather unpleasantly definite once or twice regarding his opinion of certain brief, but hectic, chapters in Marlowe's past; and Marlowe had, very reluctantly and fearfully, laid them open before Elise, who, after a little meditation, had agreed to call the account square.

This, Marlowe thought, should have tied off all possible loose ends, and yet—there was still that Something! Perhaps Larry had loved the girl himself. Perhaps it was the subconscious fret of stamped-out passion that Mar-

lowe felt. Larry would give his big body inch by inch for honor—good old scout! He and the girl had been pals for years; but when Marlowe had come into the game—well, he was Elise's type. Elise, pretty Elise, who loved laughter; who pursued life almost, one felt, as if to forget life. No—Larry was no mate for Elise—Larry, with his odd streak of asceticism that was always cropping out when you least expected it and making you uncomfortable. If Larry had lived a few hundred years earlier, he'd have been a monk or a hermit or something of the sort—one of those rummy chaps he liked to talk of sometimes. Queer old card!

Marlowe glanced across the room, where the young man in question now sat, enveloped in a thick haze of smoke, before a tall curio-cabinet, examining the contents thereof to the accompaniment of occasional grunts and chuckles, and looking, Marlowe thought, more like a heavy-weight prize-fighter than usual.

"Not bad, for a couple of years' work, is it?" remarked Marlowe, as Larry critically balanced a jeweled Chinese dirk and gave vent to a grunt obviously appreciative.

"What d'you expect to do with it?" Larry hitched his chair sideways a little, to squint at Marlowe through the smoke haze.

"Oh—cart it along," yawned Marlowe. "I've got the habit. Why should I drop it?"

"Useless junk," grunted Larry. "Attractive, I grant you; but—Broke your vows again, too—Lots of this is new since last week."

"Sure! What's the fun of a vow if you don't break it?" He grinned

provokingly. "If I were Larry Sanders, for example, I'd eat meat every Friday. I'd eat it especially on Fridays."

"I'll bet you would. But you're slightly mixed, you know, because the Friday abstinence isn't a——"

"What's the odds? It's something you think you oughtn't to do, and that would be reason enough for——"

"For you to do it," supplemented Larry, as Marlowe trailed off into another yawn. "You loafer! I ought to break your neck, and save Elise from—but she says you have an immortal soul, and maybe she's right. You needn't grin.—Elise believes in souls, as much as I do. Don't get the notion that because she—well, never mind. For the sake of your possible soul, I'll stay my hand. But don't talk back to me or I'll pull your lovely curls off. What's this?"

He was holding up a triangle of metal, to the base of which was attached a curious metal fringe four or five inches in length.

Marlowe turned on his side, stretching. "That?—Pendant from some barbaric jewelry, I guess. Rummy thing, eh?"

"Where'd you get it?"

"Some sort of a dago shop down on Marcella Street. Rummy thing."

"Very. Looks ancient enough."

"The dago claimed it was twelfth century Spanish."

"H'm—wedding present for the girl, I suppose. Jewelry! That's good."

"What's the joke?" demanded Marlowe, rising to a sitting posture, for Larry's big shoulders were shaking in a fit of silent laughter.

"Did you buy it for jewelry?" Larry jingled the pendant, his dark eyes snapping with merriment under his heavy brows. "Oh, you curio-collector!"

"I didn't buy it for anything. It's obviously a bit of medieval barbarism."

"Well, it might be termed that. Jewelry!"

He left his chair, crossing the room in two comprehensive strides, and stood over Marlowe. "Here," he said, "take it in your hand. Feel it. No—hold it tight. Now! What is it?"

Marlowe closed his fingers over the thing obediently. "Yes," he nodded. "I know. It's full of stickers. What of it?"

Larry took him by the shoulder. "Pull up your sleeve," he commanded, taking possession of the pendant.

"What th—?" Marlowe raised inquiring brows. The other shook him.

"Pull up your sleeve," he repeated. "I'm about to initiate you into a barbaric ceremony that you will find exceedingly interesting."

Marlowe regarded him doubtfully. "I don't trust you," he said. "You have a suspicious appearance."

He pulled up his sleeve. Larry gripped him by the wrist and struck him suddenly and violently across his bared arm with the metal fringes. He shrank back with a gasp of astonishment, and, as the other released him, saw the arm oozing blood at a score of tiny points. He looked up blankly; then his surprise fused into anger. He opened his mouth to swear, but something in the dark eyes stopped him.

"Are you enlightened?" inquired Larry.

"You ass!" growled Marlowe, dabbing the points of blood with his handkerchief. "That's your idea of humor, is it?"

"An object lesson is always impressive," observed Larry. "Jewelry——?"

"Oh, shut up! How was I to tell?" Marlowe laughed in spite of himself. "I don't know a scourge from a soda-cracker. Let's see the thing."

Larry sat down beside him on the couch. "Look," he said. "There should be a chain attached here at the apex of the triangle—a chain or a cord or something to hold it by. What a beauty! If you really want to understand its uses, we can easily——"

"I'm quite convinced," said Marlowe, hastily. "You big brute, I believe you would enjoy beating me up!"

"Only for your own good. If Elise were the rolling-pin and broomstick variety—but no such luck." He sighed. "The fact is, you know, you need smashing. It passes me why she ever accepted you. That is—and the dispensation, too. How she managed that——"

"I'm a Christian," protested Marlowe with dignity; and, as Larry burst into a yell of laughter, he added plaintively, "I've been baptized."

"Well, it didn't take. You'd better have it done again. You'd never know yourself, old man, if you were properly scrubbed up."

"Thanks. Gimme the jewelry. I say, have a look at the infernal thing. Nasty little stingers get you going and coming, don't they? Clever, I call it. An eye to art there, too; anyone might take it for jewelry." He drew the spiked fringes thoughtfully through his fingers. "Rummy idea," he mused. "Scourging and fasting and all that. But 'the world do move'—eh?"

Larry looked at him gravely a mo-

ment; then his big shoulders shook in another of his silent laughs. "Yes," he said, "the world moves—in a circle. Well, I must be off. Put some alcohol on the arm. There may be germs in the jewelry, and very likely you'll be a cold corpse by tomorrow morning!"

"Happy thought—Elise relieved of her insupportable burden! Better come round to breakfast and see."

"Right-o!—*Au revoir*, child of wrath. Pleasant dreams."

"Dreams," echoed Marlowe. "Yes—'Dreams on a wedding eve'—What's the rest of it? That stuff Elise read us—remember? What shall I dream on?"

"'Dreams on a wedding eve

Whether of joy or grief

Truth's face must wear——'

I don't remember it. Dream on the jewelry!"

"But it's got to be 'a thing 'thy love loves,'" objected Marlowe.

"Oh!—Well, I can't help you out on that. But I'll bet on the jewelry; I'll bet it's full of visions—wedding eve or no!"

"Rummy thing!" Marlowe tossed the venerable article into the air frivolously several times. "I say, d'you dare me?"

"Why not?"

"Bit gruesome. Under present circumstances——"

"H'm, you're improving. You'll grow an imagination yet."

"Joke, you gloomy Papist, joke! If it were your wedding——"

"If it were my wedding," Larry cut in, rather sternly, "I'd be on my knees, I hope, preparing my soul for——"

"And putting the jewelry through its proper paces, perhaps? Well, I might dream on it; but there I draw the line."

"It needs no ghost come from the grave to tell me that," shrugged Larry. "You cheerful Protestant pup!"

"Account squared," grinned Marlowe. "Now—as to the jewelry. What's the ritual?"

"Oh—you put it under your pillow, and 'every dream of good or ill that walks across the dark' means something. If you don't dream——"

"But there ought to be a spell or a prayer or some sort of magic by which to——"

"Oh—of course! You must cut off a lock of your hair and burn it in a candle flame. Then you crawl three times around your bed on all fours, saying 'Abracadabra' as fast as possible. If you can negotiate this you're sober. Then, face the east, waggle your ears, and make a wish. If you could visit a crossroads and wish on the mortal remains of—er—a suicide,

it would be better, but it's not absolutely necessary."

"You ghoulish person! On my wedding eve, too! Get out!"

"Well, I was trying to give you some good water-tight magic. Since you haven't a thing your love loves. Now if you had the dead sure charm: the sad thing or the mad thing thy love wears in—"

"Don't!" Marlowe squirmed.

Larry's eyes narrowed. "Why?" he demanded. "It's only poetry."

"Oh, curse poetry!"

"You impolite person! Goodnight."

"Goodnight.—I say, Larry."

"Well?"

"Er—Elise loves me, doesn't she?"

"Elise?—How do I know?—I mean—of course she does, or she wouldn't marry you."

"But—but Larry. You were always such a pal of the girls'. You—oh! women are so queer!" He rubbed his neatly brushed curls distressfully. "Why do you look like that?" he added, sharply.

"Like what?" Larry moved back a step out of the circle of the lamp-light.

"Nothing. I—I'm imagining things. Curse poetry!"

He repeated the malediction half an hour later as he sat on his bed to undress the elegant feet. "Can't get the beastly thing out of my head," he muttered; and as he stared up at the wall, the closing lines of the "beastly thing" in question seemed to parade there in letters of fire.

"For true indeed, O bridegroom, thy dreams this night might be,
And true indeed the message thy love might send to thee,

Couldst thou but find to dream on,
before the day depart,

The sad thing or the mad thing thy love wears in her heart."

He did actually take the "jewelry" to bed with him. For some reason he had begun to feel an unaccountable aversion to it; therefore he heroically placed it beneath his pillow. He was unaccustomed to self-discipline, and the over-indulged will sat up and whined.

"Lie down," he said to it, severely. "Let the dreams come. I dare 'em!"

He pulled the covers over him, switched off the light, and fell asleep after an hour or so of restlessness, with a more than half real fear of what he would meet on the other side of consciousness.

It must have been toward morning that he found himself at his wedding, with Elise in a white veil at his side. They were in church, too, which was, he reflected, "rummy" for the unregen-

erate bridegroom. But it was certainly a church.—There was the altar, and the candles; and Elise and he were walking arm in arm. He could not understand why they were walking toward the altar. If the ceremony were over, and Elise beside him, they should be leaving the altar. It was out of all form to walk up to the altar arm in arm with the bride. But perhaps the thing was done differently in Elise's church—Elise was a Catholic. Yes; that was, of course, the reason she wore a long gray robe.—Good heavens, though—Elise wasn't a nun! How had she got that on? He had seen her just now in a bride's dress;—and here she was, walking beside him in a long shrouding costume of black and gray, clinging to his arm, her beautiful face raised to his.

It was very annoying, Marlowe thought, that Elise should have made such an odd mistake: he would speak to her about it later. Perhaps, though, he had better not: she was looking so frightened. What had happened to frighten Elise? What had he done?—Then a sudden terror came upon him, too; he tore his arm away from the little clinging hand. Sacrilege—it was sacrilege! She was not his—she could not be!—Ah—what utter nonsense. Elise—did Elise think to fool him, tricked out like that? He would have no absurdities of this sort. What did she mean? Coming to her wedding in a nun's veil, and looking at him like that—like a little scared gray pigeon! Larry had put her up to it, probably. That was the secret between them. It was Larry's idea of humor—the brute! Never fear: he would soon have an explanation of all this. The first thing was to get Elise out of church, and safely away. Ugh! How pale she was! She looked like a corpse. She might have used a bit of rouge or something. People would stare, and talk. . . .

Then he began to scream. "Elise! Elise!" he cried. "Elise! Oh, God! Elise!"—For there came between them as they stood a monstrous shadow—a thing that dropped, it seemed, from the vaulted roof: a horrible thing like a clutching hand, that folded down on the figure with the dead face.

"Elise!" screamed Marlowe in his dream, "Elise!" But he could not see her now, because of the shadow. He stumbled forward, running desperately to help her, and fell, sobbing and struggling; for Larry had caught him from behind and was holding him. Marlowe woke, sitting up in a tangle of sheets and blankets, on the floor. He looked about vacantly, rubbing his head, which had come in contact

with some decidedly hard object—probably the bedpost.

"Glory!" he muttered. "What a bird of a nightmare!" He dug his knuckles into his eyes, yawned, and kicked himself free of the confining bedclothes. In the early light, he could just read the little clock on his dresser; it pointed to five-thirty. As he scrambled to his feet, he gave vent to a yelp, for he had stepped on a tack—or rather a nest of tacks. He stooped to investigate and found the old Spanish scourge, which had also descended to the floor in the mêlée. With a remark entirely impossible of repetition, he took the precious curio and flung it the length of the room. It hit the wall squarely and fell to the floor with a derisive jingle.

Marlowe climbed into bed, pulled the dishevelled blankets over him, and dropped into a dreamless sleep, from which he was roused by the sunlight streaming in across his bed, and Carter, his faithful factotum, arriving with a cup of coffee. He slipped into a dressing-gown, when he had had his bath; he thought Larry would not mind the informality. His head ached. He felt altogether unlike a happy bridegroom. It might have been, for all he seemed concerned, another young man who was to be married at seven o'clock that evening. He trailed across the room, and as he opened the door, he noticed a little heap of metal in the corner near it. He bent down and took it up.

"Doggone the thing!" said Marlowe. Larry was late. It was after nine when Carter let him into the hallway. Marlowe heard their voices in a murmur of rapid conversation; then Larry came in.

"Hello," greeted Marlowe, gathering himself up from the window seat. "You're confoundedly late, but I'll excuse you if you've had half as bad a night as I've had!"

He saw a queer little look pass over his friend's face. "What now?" he snapped. Then he noticed that Larry was very white, and that his black eyes had black circles under them.

"What's wrong with you?" countered Larry. His voice had no ring in it—no spring; it was colorless, like his face.

"Me?—Oh, nothing. Only that blasted jewelry gave me a pipkin of a nightmare. I fell out of bed and bumped my noodle. Feel like the morning after the night before. What've you been up to? You look like a hangerover yourself."

"Nightmare?" repeated Larry, quickly. "Did you dream?"

"Did I dream!—Say, take this blink-

ing thing and feed it to the deep-sea crabs. 'T'rays they can digest it!" He related his nocturnal adventures, with a trifle of embroidery, while Larry sat, bowed forward, his hands hanging between his knees limply, dangling the scourge, which Marlowe had dramatically forced on him.

"And then," concluded Marlowe, "I woke up on the floor, tied up in the bed clothes like an Indian papoose, banged my head on the ped-post and raised a lump like a walnut—feel?—Come on to breakfast. I'm starved!"

Larry, without lifting his head, detained him by a hand laid gently on his arm. "Wait," he said, in that curious, lifeless voice.

Marlowe stood frowning down at him. All at once it seemed as if the universe stood still, waiting for something—watching—listening. A chill slid down Marlowe's back; his hands grew clammy, his mouth dry.

"Elise," he said, and his voice sounded shockingly loud in the tense stillness of that poised universe. "Elise—is it Elise? What—what is wrong with Elise?"

Larry's hand fell from his arm and dangled at his side as he sat there limply. "Nothing is wrong with Elise," said Larry. "Everything is right. Oh—everything is quite right!" And he gave a great sob, so that Marlowe's heart sank like a leaden weight.

"Elise is dead!" said Larry.

The waiting, listening universe, hearing the message, spun on its course again in mad confusion, and Marlowe, trying dizzily to stand amid the rush and crash of shattered worlds, cried out above the clamor.

"Dead! Dead! She can't be dead! This is my wedding day!"

When the world of sense reassumed its normal proportions and conditions, Marlowe was resting quietly in his bed, with Larry at his side, and a shaded light near by, which cast a silvery gleam upon a string of beads twisted in Larry's fingers. Yes,—of course, Larry would be praying. Elise was dead, and Larry would pray for her—of course he would! That was good of Larry, to pray like that.

It was rather soothing, presently, when Larry began to talk. He did not understand what it was all about; the successive sentences beat on his brain as mere sound vibrations. Finally a phrase held him.

"—a vocation to that life."

"What?" demanded Marlowe.

"I said, Elise had, undoubtedly, a religious vocation. I've thought so ever since she was a child; but—"

"What d'you mean?" Marlowe could hear the fretfulness in his voice,

but he couldn't help it! Why didn't Larry talk sense?

"I mean," said Larry, "that she was called plainly enough. It was her vocation; and down in her heart she knew it all the time. When she engaged herself to you—"

Marlowe sat up in bed. "See here, do you mean—do you mean to tell me—do—?" He broke off, licking his lips. "Do you mean to tell me that Elise—"

Larry pushed him back on his pillows. "Elise knew," he repeated. "When her message came last night, and I went and found her dying, she told me. Told me everything. Said she knew I'd understand—that she thought, perhaps, I had always understood. She was glad, she said. Glad! Glad to go! She had been a coward; she had shirked the work God gave her.—Ah, poor little girl! She was glad. She said it was God's mercy that took her away from a life that she had spoiled and wasted. Oh—she understood! Of course, it was partly the family—any mother, I suppose, would rather see her daughter married than cloistered—"

"Cloistered—?" Marlowe's brows contracted.

"It was the Poor Clares she had in mind," explained Larry.

Marlowe started. "Good God! Why—yes—I saw her, in my dream, like a nun, you know—a little gray nun—"

"Gray? The Poor Clares—but that's what they wear—gray."

"Poor Clares!—Larry, are they very dreadful? They sound dreadful." He stopped. Poor Clares! It was like a stone wall, that name.

"Larry," he begged, "are they—"

"Hush, old chap, never mind." Larry's hand still rested on his shoulder,

and Larry was patting him soothingly, as one does with a sick child.

"No—but tell me." Marlowe heard his own voice in a piteous entreaty, and Larry's voice, after a little silence, coming reluctantly. "They are—a penitential Order, vowed to extreme poverty. They offer themselves as victims—for the sins of others. They—you don't know anything about mystical substitution—but the fact is, they—well, they try to expiate—to balance things, don't you see, in a sort of way—"

"Expiate—Larry! Why, good—why—but—why, I dreamed on—on that devilish scourge; I dreamed on it!" He was shuddering. "Oh! Larry! Don't you see?—The sad thing or the mad thing—." He broke off, burying his face in the pillows. "Go on," he cried, "go on! I must hear. Why wasn't I there? I should have been there—"

"She wouldn't let us send for you. She said, 'Poor Marlowe! Larry must tell him. Don't let him come—he won't understand.' She was very fond of you; she was thinking of you all the time. 'It will hurt Marlowe,' she said. 'People are ugly when they die!' She was very fond of you."

Marlowe groaned. "Fond! Elise—oh, Elise!"

"She died quite easily," Larry continued. "Became unconscious a little after five o'clock, and went off without speaking again."

"And—and the end—?" Marlowe's voice was smothered by the pillows. He lay, face downward, knowing the answer, dreading it, yet longing for it, too. It was—it was—good God, why wouldn't Larry say it?

"It was about fifty-three," said Larry.

IRELAND

All anguish of the world, all woes are thine,
Given to thee to pierce thine inmost heart;
While frenzied hate, skilled in what subtle art,
Strives, day on day, to level low thy Shrine,
Builded of God, where Hope and Faith still shine,
Hallowed by martyrs' blood and widows' tears,
Towering aloft supreme o'er red sad years,
And shattering gloom with brightness all divine.

Ah, Ireland, Ireland, thine the wounds, the cross,
All sorrowing hearts are turned to pray for thee;
And surely One will hear thy cause, thy plea,
Who knew the depths of failure and all loss;
His love shall yet wash all thy woes away,
His Easter Dawn light up Good Friday's Day!

Charles J. Quirk, S. J.



Missions

THE FRANCISCANS IN NEW MEXICO

By FR. ZEPHYRIN ENGELHARDT, O. F. M.

CHAPTER XXV

The Jumanas Indians—Their Remarkable Conversion—Account of Vetancurt—Missionaries Visit Them—What They Heard, Saw and Did—Account of Benavides—Apparitions of the Nun—Sorcerers Interfere—Pagan Indians with Crosses—They Solicit Baptism—Miraculous Cures

THE Jumanas or Xumanas Indians have received varied treatment at the hands of writers of history, on account of the remarkable manner in which they obtained their knowledge of Christianity. We find it advisable first to reproduce the narrative on this subject of Fr. Vetancurt, the author of the *Crónica* of the Province of the Holy Gospel, Mexico. For writers generally appear to have overlooked the fact that the account of the singular conversion of the Jumanas was published in Mexico before it came to light in Spain. They merely took up the story as related by Fr. Benavides to the Spanish king, and then passed judgment in keeping with their own crude notions. Let us hear what Vetancurt knew about the matter from the reports collected in the Provincial Archives. We quote his account from the first edition of the *Crónica* published in 1697. He writes:

"The Conversion of the Xumanas

"On July 22, 1629, about fifty Xumanas arrived at the convent of San Antonio de Isleta, where the Custodio¹ then was, in order to ask for religious who might teach them the Law of the Gospel. When asked what moved them to petition for them, they said that a woman in a (religious) habit had come to them; and when Mother Luisa de Carrion's likeness was shown them, which Brother García de San Francisco² had, they were glad; and speaking to one another they said that it resembled her, except that she who had

sent them was younger and prettier. Fr. Juan de Salas and Fr. Diego López offered to go with some soldiers whom the governor gave them. After they had journeyed more than one hundred leagues toward the north, they found more than two thousand persons, who were making merry according to their custom, and who came out to receive them with demonstrations of joy. On the second day, many more joined them; and when they were instructed, they loudly asked for Baptism. When they were told that, as a sign of their desire, they should raise their finger, all, young and old, raised their finger. They brought about two hundred sick; by making the sign of the cross over them and telling them the words of the Gospel, they arose cured. This sufficed for the cross to be regarded with such devotion that they would kneel before it to venerate it; and they placed crosses over the doors of their houses. Because of the invasions and continual wars with their enemies, the Apaches, the conversion in that region could not continue; wherefore the Fathers went with the Christians to the vicinity of Quarac (Cuaraac) where they ministered to them. From there also they brought information about other nations of the Ayjas, Escanjaques (Kansas), Vracas, Lupies, Chillescás, Jambuxos, Tulas, and Quiviras, which account was printed in Mexico, in the year 1630, in the printery of Bernardo Calderon, by order of Archbishop Francisco Manso, to whom Fr. Estévan de Perea forwarded it."

So much then was known in 1630, from Fr. Estévan de Perea. The claim of the Indians, however, that a white woman had taught them the rudiments of Christianity and had directed them to go in search of the ministers of re-

ligion and to have themselves baptized, all this was corroborated from an unexpected quarter, which took the remarkable story from the realm of imagination and placed in that of reality.

Early in 1630, Fr. Custos Alonso Benavides went to Spain and in person reported to King Philip IV. Regarding the Jumanas he related the following:

"Setting out from the Villa de Santa Fe, in the center of New Mexico, which is in thirty-seven degrees, and traversing the nation of the Vaquero Apaches for more than 112 leagues to the east, one comes to the Xumana nation and, since its conversion was so miraculous, it is only proper to state how it came about.

"Years back, while a religious by the name of Fr. Juan de Salas went about occupied in the conversion of the Tompiros and Salineros Indians, where are the greatest salt mines in the world, bordering on that side upon the Xumanas, there was war among them. When Fr. Juan de Salas returned to the Salineros, the Xumanas said that people who would go back for the sake of the poor must be good people, and so they became attached to the Father and begged him to come and live among them (the Xumanas), and every year they would come and look for him. But since he for whom they asked was constantly occupied with the Christian Indians, knowing their language and being a very good missionary, I for lack of sufficient missionaries put the Xumanas off until God should send more laborers, whom He did send in the past year, 1629, by inspiring your Majesty to order the viceroy of New Spain to send us thirty religious. They were brought up by Fr. Estévan de Perea who was their

¹This was Fr. Benavides, for the new Custodio, Fr. Perea, had probably not yet returned from Zuñi.

²Vetancurt styles him Father; but Perea, in his *Relacion*, calls him *lego*; that is, lay brother.

custodio. So we immediately despatched Father (Salas) with another companion, Fr. Diego López, whom the very same Indians accompanied as guides. Before they went, the Indians were asked to tell us the reason why they with such ardor begged us for Baptism and for religious, who might come and teach them. They replied that a woman, like the one of whom we had a painting there (which was a picture of Mother Luisa de Carrion), preached to each one of them in his language, and that she had told them to call the Fathers in order that they might instruct and baptize them, and not to be slow about it; that the woman who preached to them was exactly like the one that was painted there, but that her face was different; that she was young and beautiful. Furthermore, whenever other Indians would come from those nations, after viewing the picture and conferring with one another, they would say that the dress was the same, but not the face, because that of the woman who preached to them was youthful and handsome.

"The demon, the enemy of souls," Fr. Benavides continues, "seeing" that those religious came to rescue from his clutches the souls whom he there possessed, determined to defend himself and used one of the tricks he is accustomed to use. It was this, that he dried up the lagoons from which they obtained water. On this account fled the numerous buffaloes which were there and by means of which all these tribes maintained themselves. Immediately, through the Indian sorcerers, he spread the order that they should depart from there and search for something to eat; that the religious, for whom they had sent messengers, would not come now, since they had been waiting for them six years and they had not come; and that this time they were delaying so long that it was useless to wait for them. Hence the chiefs commanded the Indians to strike their tents in order to leave at dawn of the next day.

"At the break of day, however, the holy woman spoke to each one of them in particular and told them not to leave; that the religious for whom they had sent were drawing near. Then all consulting together, they sent the most reliable twelve chiefs to see whether it was true. On the third day, these came upon the religious, whom

they begged to show them the picture of the woman who was wont to preach to them. The Father showed them one of Mother Luisa de Carrion. They said that the dress was like hers, but that she was handsomer and younger. At once they went to bring the news of the arrival of the Fathers to their people. With two crosses preceding, they came out to receive them, as if they had been instructed by Heaven. After the Fathers and the three soldiers, who went with them, had venerated the crosses, the former seized their own two crosses, which they wore hanging from the neck; whereupon all the Indians, as if they had been Christians a long time, approached to kiss and venerate them. The same they did to a very pretty Infant Jesus which the Fathers had brought along, by touching its feet with their lips and eyes. At this we all marveled very much.

"Now, as more than ten thousand souls had come together there to hear the Word of God, Fr. Salas asked them whether from their whole heart they begged for Baptism. To this all the chiefs responded that only for that reason had they been sent to summon them and for that they had assembled. The Father then said to them that, although the chiefs usually spoke for all, he should like to hear it from the mouth of each one; but, since that could not be, the people being so many, that the word should be passed around, and that he who wanted to be a Christian should in the place where he was standing raise his arm, from which the Father would recognize who wanted to be baptized. Wonderful to relate, with one loud cry all raised their arms, rose to their feet, and asked for holy Baptism. What moved us most was that the mothers, holding up their babies in their arms and seeing them incapable of performing this action, seized their little arms and held them upwards, begging holy Baptism for them in a loud voice. It is the power of the divine word which operates with such efficacy.

"These religious remained there some few days, preaching the divine word and instructing them how to pray. To their discourses the Indians flocked with such punctuality that they failed neither morning nor evening. During these days, came messengers from the neighboring nations to call the Fathers to come and instruct them also; because there, too, the holy woman was wont to go about preaching; and as it seemed to the Fathers

that the harvest was great and the laborers few, and the people disposed to settle down and erect churches, they returned to where we were, in order to bring thither more missionaries. Before starting out from there, however, they assembled all the Indians to bid them farewell. Seizing the opportunity, Fr. Salas, as commissary of the expedition, told them that during his absence they should assemble every day as they were accustomed to do, in order to pray before the cross which they had erected there on a rock; and that in all necessities that might befall them, they should confidently flock to that holy cross and that it would bring them relief. To this the head chief replied with these words: 'Father, as yet we can do nothing with God, we who are like the deer and animals of the field; but thou canst prevail with God and with his holy cross. We have many sick; cure them before thou departest.' God seems to have permitted that on that occasion there should be so many sick on whom He might well manifest His divine mercy. For although it was three o'clock on the afternoon when the Father commenced, they had to work all that afternoon, the whole night, and the next day till ten o'clock, one religious on one side, the other on the other side, only making the sign of the cross, and reading the Gospel of St. Luke, *Loquente Jesu*; the prayer to our Lady, *Concede nos*; and the prayer to our Father St. Francis, *Deus qui Ecclesiam tuam*. Instantly all, the blind, the lame, the dropsical, arose freed from their infirmities, and from all their ills. O Infinite Goodness! May the angels sing praises, that thus Thou didst vouchsafe to honor this sacred Order and its sons, confirming by their hand through so many miracles Thy divine word which these religious preached. The soldiers who witnessed this were stupefied on seeing the wonderful works wrought by their hands. As to the Indians, they were so well confirmed in their faith in the holy cross that immediately each one placed it in front of his habitation; and later, every time they made a journey, they would take it as guide. So many were miraculously cured that their number could not be given. God wrought them in such abundance that the very soldiers, who accompanied the religious, worked them. For all be God infinitely praised."

Such is the detailed account which Fr. Benavides in person gave to King Philip IV, and which was printed in Spain, in 1630. It remains to be seen whether the story of the Indians received any corroboration.

* Critics will smile at this part of the narrative. The disappearance of the water may have been quite natural; but sorcerers as is their wont, also in this case utilized it to frustrate the advent of Christianity by giving it an explanation to suit their purpose.

* When it comes to figures, Benavides always says "treble." Perea says "more than two thousand."

MISSION CROSSES

By FR. FRANCIS BORGIA, O. F. M.

(Concluded)

THE Fr. Presidente may have doubted the expedience of his plan. But Satan's work had to be undone, and to this end the friar was willing to risk everything, even the danger of once more incurring the comandante's displeasure. On the Sunday afternoon following the arrival of the San Antonio, Captain Choquet called at the Father's apartments and asked for the Fr. Presidente.

"This belongs to your Reverence, I presume," he said, handing Fr. Serra a parcel. "One of the sailors found it yesterday on the ship."

"Thank you, Captain," the missionary answered. "Your Guardian Angel must have prompted you to bring it personally."

"Then its contents are of great value," the officer ventured. The other missionaries laughed; they knew of their superior's plan.

"Oh! that isn't it," Fr. Serra explained. "I meant to say that your coming is very opportune. Captain, may I have a word with you privately?"

"Why, certainly, your Reverence," and he followed the friar into an adjoining room.

A few moments later the captain seized his hand and declared with a touch of emotion:

"Your Reverence, I appreciate this mark of confidence. Yes, the mission shall be restored. A word from me will enlist the aid of my sailors. I myself will oversee the work; and you will find that, if need be, these brawny arms can wield the shovel as well as the saber."

"But his Honor, the comandante?" Fr. Serra asked timidly.

"He can not object. And if he does, well— Just inform him of our plans. Under circumstances such as these, he must grant the necessary guard."

Needless to say, the success their beloved superior had in seeking the co-operation of Captain Choquet gladdened the hearts of the missionaries, so long a prey to worry and despondency. Wholly disconcerted, on the other hand, was Don Fernando Rivera when he received the following note:

"Esteemed Señor: Allow me to inform your Honor that after consulting the Fathers here and finding all conditions favorable, I have decided to undertake the restoration of Mission San Diego. To this end, I requested Don

Diego Choquet, Captain of the San Antonio, to permit his sailors to aid in the work, since his ship will not weigh anchor till the end of September. The Captain gladly consented; wherefore we have planned to begin the work on Thursday, August 22. By that time the necessary reparations on the San Antonio will be finished. Accordingly, I beg your Honor to grant the regular military guard for the protection of the laborers against possible interference on the part of the pagan Indians. I am confident that our plans will meet your approval and cooperation. May God preserve your Honor many years.

"Fr. Junipero Serra."

"How ingenious!" the comandante mused, knitting his brow. "Captain Choquet—I see—scarcely here and meddling already.—He 'gladly consented'—gladly—no doubt, after that cunning friar dazzled his mental vision with future recommendations, promotions, and so forth. He might have consulted me first. Well, we shall see," and muttering an oath, he thrust the note into his pocket and began pacing the room, wrapped in thought. Suddenly he stopped. "Precisely! As clever a plan as that honey-mouthed friar's," and with a smile of contempt, the capricious officer once more scanned the note.

If Fr. Serra's presence diffused warmth and sunshine over the dull existence of the Fathers at San Diego, the fair prospect of soon having a well regulated mission again was like the merry chirrup of the first redbreast, announcing that winter was past and that spring had come to stay. Gracias a Dios! The comandante was yielding at last; he had promised to furnish the necessary guard. Even Fr. Fuster rallied under the spell and with cheerful willingness he assisted the Fr. Presidente in reconstructing the various mission registers which had perished in the fire, nine months before. To insure success, the other Fathers set about renewing intimate relations with the natives at the presidio. Day after day, Fr. Serra went to the prison to instruct and console the pagan Indians still confined there. To his great joy, he found them repentant and eager to receive Baptism. One of their number alone, the main conspirator, turned a deaf ear to his fatherly pleadings, assurances, and warnings.

"The devil has too strong a hold on him," the missionary once sighed, after another fruitless attempt to win him over.

"Your Reverence," Fr. Fuster offered, "I think he is a medicine man; and if so, your chances are slim."

Horror filled the heart of everyone at the presidio when, on the morning of the Feast of the Assumption, it was whispered that the obstinate Indian had committed suicide; that one of the soldiers had found the corpse dangling from a rope.

"May God have mercy on his soul," Fr. Serra sighed, when his confrères brought him the sad news. "How strange," he continued, half-dazed, "on this very day, seven years ago, that same Indian attempted my life right here where now the presidio stands. Now you know, too," trembling with emotion, "why I was all this while so anxious to save his soul."

At length the long looked-for day arrived. Accompanied by twenty-two sailors, fifty Indians, and six soldiers, the Fr. Presidente, Captain Choquet, and two of the missionaries left the presidio. With mingled feelings of joy and sorrow, the Fathers went over the ruined mission site, while the captain detailed and instructed the various crews of laborers. Work began at once. Some gathered stones and tules; others cleared away the wreckage and began excavating for the new structures; the majority, however, were engaged in making adobe bricks for the walls of the large quadrangle within which the various buildings were to come. Naturally, the presence of the Fathers and their words of approval cheered the laborers on, while the noble example of Captain Choquet, who was directing the work and toiling like the least of them, convinced his sailors as well as the Indians that it was to a noble enterprise they were lending themselves. In this way, after two weeks of persistent and concerted efforts, a great mass of building material had been brought together and seven thousand adobes lay ready for use.

The missionaries were almost beside themselves with joy, especially Fr. Serra, who one day at noon hour could not help giving vent to his feelings.

"Don Diego," he exclaimed, his eyes beaming with delight, "how happy I am! May God reward you, my dear Captain, and the men you command. What steady and docile workers they are! Such zeal! And such discipline! Captain, if we continue at this rate, the work will be entirely finished before you put to sea."

Once more, however, these fair hopes were to be dashed. On Sunday, September 8, the Feast of the Nativity of Our Lady, the Fr. Presidente was at the presidio for divine services. Here, to his utter dismay, Fr. Fuster told him an Indian neophyte had informed the comandante that the pagans of the surrounding rancherias were getting ready for another attack on the Spaniards.

"What," cried Fr. Serra, "more trouble ahead!"

Pale and heavy-hearted, he saw, shortly after holy Mass, how Don Fernando Rivera and a squad of soldiers were taking the road to the mission site. There was no time to lose; and when the afternoon services were over, the Fr. Presidente called on Lieutenant Ortega.

"Yes, your Reverence," Don Francisco replied, "so the neophyte reported about a week ago. We have strict orders to be on the lookout."

"But what is your opinion, Lieutenant, if I may ask?"

"I am not entitled to an opinion, with Don Fernando in command," the other returned bitterly. "But, were he to ask me, I'd tell him it's all a hoax, his fears are—well, groundless."

"Then you discredit the report?"

"Absolutely, your Reverence. The sergeant went to investigate, but he could discover not the least sign of a contemplated assault."

"And that did not quiet the comandante?"

"Quite the contrary! Unless I am stark-blind, it annoyed him."

"What, Señor?"

"Why, the sergeant's unfavorable report?"

"Unfavorable report!" Fr. Serra was bewildered.

"Yes, unfavorable to the mind of his Honor. A confirmation of the rumor would have been so welcome just now," and, his eyes flashing anger, the Lieutenant pointed toward the northeast.

Now the missionary understood all.

"Let me tell you, Father," Ortega continued, "ever since my promotion to the rank of lieutenant, his Honor has used every occasion to let me feel the weight of my new dignity. I knew all along what the poor Fathers were suffering since last November's disaster; but I doubt whether they knew what I was meanwhile undergoing," and the sturdy officer turned aside to hide the emotions his countenance betrayed.

"Well, my dear Don Diego," Fr. Serra replied affectionately, "let us not despond! Let us bear our cross. God is on our side, and justice will prevail."

Meanwhile, Don Fernando Rivera arrived at the mission site and forthwith sought out Captain Choquet. He had not yet finished speaking, when the quick-witted navigator knew which way the wind was blowing.

"So you want me to withdraw my men?" he asked.

"Yes, before it is too late. Mine shall be called back."

"But, Señor, have you any definite facts in the matter beyond that neophyte's statement?"

"The sergeant discovered none, 'tis true," the comandante admitted. "But the Indians are repeating the story."

"And you take it to be true?"

"Should I ignore it?"

"And are you going to deprive us of the guard?"

"Rather than needlessly expose them to danger."

"Danger?" Choquet exclaimed. "Don Fernando, you speak of danger?"

"An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure."

"Not with a Spanish soldier."

"Señor," Rivera insisted haughtily, "I have had more experience than you."

"Then profit by it," the captain hurled back. "You know well enough, Señor, that time and again within the past nine months, reports of this kind have sprung up, and that when you investigated they were found every time to be nothing but idle rumors. Moreover, from that vaunted experience of yours, you must know what value to set on the word of an Indian. Anyway, first ascertain the truth and then act."

"But I choose to act on what I know, and who is there to prevent me?"

"Your own honor and that of the Spanish arms. Instead of recalling the guard, increase it. Facing danger is a soldier's boast and a Spaniard's glory."

"And prudence is his credit."

"Prudence, yes, but not cowardice."

The indignant captain had said too much. Don Fernando was furious and barely succeeded in checking himself.

"I have done, Señor," he said hoarsely. "You may notify the Fathers. I can not, knowing what pain it will give them. A Dios!" and leaping on his horse, he joined his escort and hastened back to the presidio.

On the following morning all returned to the presidio. The missionaries were heartbroken.

"Padre mío," Fr. Serra remarked sadly to Fr. Lasuén, "barring direct intervention from above, only one more hope remains—the viceroy."

In his room, unseen by human eyes, Comandante Rivera stood watching the procession pick its way slowly and mournfully through the dry river bed.

"Ah, Padre Presidente," he giggled, "so your plan has ended in smoke after all, has it? This is my victory," and a malicious smile played on his lips.

His victory, indeed, but a short-lived one. It was the third week since his cruel interference. As the days dragged on, the missionaries finally lost all hope of ever seeing their mission restored. Disgusted with Rivera's conduct, Captain Choquet set sail for San Blas about the middle of September. Sorrowfully the Fathers bade him farewell, especially Fathers Lasuén and Fuster, who again were speaking of retiring to the College in Mexico. Gloom and desolation once more held sway, without the least sign of relief.

But the darkest hour, they say, is the hour before the dawn. One afternoon, late in the month, a Lower California Indian arrived at the presidio and announced that twenty-five soldiers were on their way to San Diego. A few days later, on September 29, the troops drew up and presented to Rivera despatches from the viceroy. These stated, among other things, that the soldiers were intended as guards for Missions of San Diego and San Juan Capistrano.

The Fr. Presidente and his confrères were in ecstasy. What crowned their happiness, however, was the following letter from his Excellency, written in reply to Fr. Serra's communication regarding the destruction of the mission:

"Under date of March 26, last, I disclosed to your Reverence (before receiving your letter of the fifteenth day of last December, which the Rev. Fr. Guardian of the local Apostolic College delivered to me) how the unfortunate lot of Mission San Diego affected me; also what provisions I immediately made toward possibly remedying the evils that might result from not reinforcing the presidio and the missions with troops. Now, in view of the prudent Christian sentiments to which your Reverence gives utterance, and inasmuch as you are inclined to think that it would be more expedient to try to attract the rebel neophytes rather than to chastise them, I reply to your Reverence that I have so directed. Under this same date, I am giving orders to Comandante Don Fernando de Rivera y Moncada to act accordingly and to bear in mind that this is the most suitable means of pacifying and tranquilizing the minds of the people. Moreover, it may perhaps win over the neighboring pagans when they find that they receive kindness and good treatment, whereas for their excesses they will doubtless expect to see themselves punished and their rancherias demolished."

"I am instructing the officer also that the principal business of the day is the reestablishment of Mission San Diego and the re-founding of that of San Juan Capistrano, the former on the site it occupied before, and the latter on the spot which had been designated previous to said occurrence. In keeping with these instructions, the twenty-five men, that were ordered to be recruited in Old California the better to guard your establishments, shall serve to strengthen the presidio; and for that reason the comandante shall place, as he finds the actual conditions to demand, a sufficient guard at the aforesaid Missions of San Diego and San Juan Capistrano. In the meantime, Lieutenant-Colonel Don Juan Bautista Anza will return and bring me news; whereupon final appropriate provisions will be made. All this I am communicating to your Reverence for your satisfaction and consolation. I hope that, impelled by the apostolic zeal which animates you for the good of those missions, your Reverence will help to make my orders effective, assured that I am disposed on my part to provide whatever assistance I can. May God preserve your Reverence many years.—Mexico, April 3, 1776.

"To the Rev. Fr. Junipero Serra.

"Frey Don A. M. Bucareli y Ursua."

"Gracias a Dios!" Fr. Amúrrio exclaimed, clapping his hands. "Now, Don Fernando, now—" but a glance at his Superior, and Fr. Lasuén smothered what he had a mind to say. The Fr. Presidente was like one transported with joy. Rushing to the chapel, he rang the bells and exultingly broke the glad tidings to the amazed neophytes. The next morning he celebrated High Mass in thanksgiving; whereupon, armed with the viceroy's letter, he proceeded to Rivera's headquarters to make arrangements for immediately resuming the work of restoration.

The comandante must have surmised that this sudden turn of affairs was but the beginning of his total defeat. Perhaps eager to smooth over his past offenses, he received the Fr. Presidente with some show of courtesy and, of

course, readily consented to follow the viceroy's directions.

Without delay, the missionaries and their neophytes, escorted by the soldiers, set out for the mission site. Like before, all worked with a will; and after three weeks the little church and the main buildings were completed. We can imagine with what fervor the Fr. Presidente sang the High Mass on the day of dedication, in the lowly structure that the Fathers were henceforth to call their church. And Don Fernando Rivera? Not wishing to be present at these ceremonies, he stole away on October 11, and marched to the north, in order to execute Bucareli's instructions as to the proposed Missions of San Francisco and Santa Clara. How he must have winced when on arriving he found Mission San Francisco already founded and dedicated to Our Lady of Sorrows. It is needless to add that he hastened to begin the founding of the second establishment, at Santa Clara.

Fr. Serra did not tarry at the newly erected Mission of San Diego. He wished to improve the occasion. Leaving Fathers Lasuén and Fuster to complete the remaining buildings, he made preparations for the founding of Mission San Juan Capistrano, which had been begun just a year before but had been interrupted by the San Diego revolt.

Many a cheery word passed between the missionaries on the morning of October 20, while Fr. Serra with Fathers Amúrrio and Mugartegui were getting ready to leave.

"I hope we find those bells that you buried up there last year," Fr. Amúrrio remarked, laughing.

"And the wooden cross, too," Fr. Fuster suggested.

"Oh, yes, the cross," Fr. Lasuén put in. "By the way, your Reverence," he added with a merry twinkle, "shouldn't you be able to find it, send word to Don Fernando; he'll gladly come to your aid now; and he's such a genius in providing Mission Crosses."

(THE END.)

the Fathers, Brothers and Sisters who are laboring in that extensive portion of God's vineyard—styled the Kingdom of St. Francis, since it was discovered and christianized by sons of St. Francis. The results of the missionaries' efforts are visible on all sides in the large number of beautiful little chapels and schools that dot the desert waste, like veritable spiritual oases—all of them made possible by the alms of generous benefactors, most of whom will never see the houses of God their charity has erected.

After concluding his paper, Fr. Roger read letters he had just received from two zealous young missionaries in Arizona, Rev. Fr. Augustine, in the San Solano district, and Rev. Fr. Gerard, founder of the new Franciscan mission center among the Apaches of the San Carlos Reservation near Rice, Arizona. Both letters produced a marked effect on the listeners and brought the needs of our large missions in the great Southwest forcibly home to them. Since my readers are more or less acquainted with the condition of the San Solano mission district from articles that have recently appeared in these columns, I have decided to let you read this month the letter that I received from Fr. Gerard, an old friend and former classmate of mine, relating his experiences among the descendants of the once fierce and blood-thirsty Apache Indians. I am sure you will be greatly pleased to note the progress he has made, almost single-handed, so to speak, in this promising new mission field. He writes, under date of September 22, as follows:

My dear Fr. Giles:

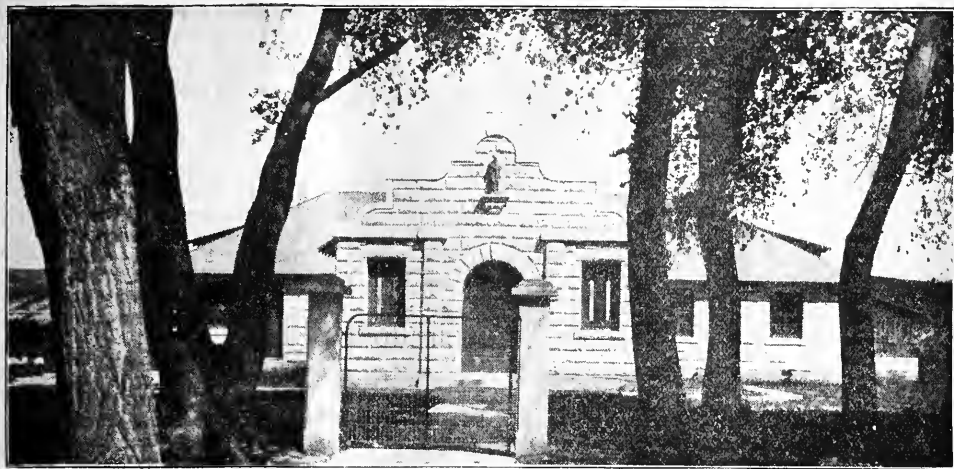
At last I can write to you and say that our beautiful new chapel of St. Charles Borromeo among the Apaches of the San Carlos Reservation stands completed—the most beautiful building on the entire reservation, as everybody tells me, and one that is built to stand the wear and tear of time—thanks to God and to our generous benefactors, whose kind charity made it possible for me to erect it. The chapel measures twenty-five by

A FAIR START

By FR. GILES, O. F. M.

AT ONE of the sessions of the recent Third Order Convention held at Indianapolis, considerable interest was aroused in our Indian missions by a paper read on the subject by the Commissary of the Tertiary Province,

Rev. Fr. Roger. He had the good fortune, some months since, to make an extended tour of our Arizona mission field, among the Pimas and Papagos, and he was greatly impressed with all he saw and heard of the untiring zeal of



San Carlos Mission, Front View

fifty-four feet, and has a seating capacity of about two hundred. The residence of the missionaries, which is connected with the chapel, also is finished and is sufficiently large to comfortably house three or four Fathers. Both buildings, with the exception of the foundations, which are of concrete, are of white tufa stone, a beautiful and very substantial material which was quarried and cut by the Indians themselves a short distance from the site. It took us—the Indians and me—just one year to finish the work, for I could not think of paying eight dollars a day to regular carpenters and twelve dollars to cement workers. Such a procedure would have made me bankrupt at once.

The Indians are good workers, and I found a number of very good mechanics among them. A close inspection of the buildings will prove this. The Right Rev. Bishop Granjon, of Tucson, on his recent visit to the mission, declared that he had never seen such perfect work in a stone building. He said, too, that the photographs do not do justice to the work by half. While listening to his words of praise, I felt a secret pride come over me, but I recollected myself and assured the tempter that all

credit for the success of the work was due, after God, who had signally blessed our endeavors, to the many friends of the mission. I was merely the instrument in the hands of Providence to carry out the work made possible by the generosity and sacrifices of others.

Well, it took time to construct the mission buildings, but I am happy to know that the work was done by Indian hands. I saw to it, moreover, that the work was all well done and I thoroughly impressed on my dusky laborers that we were building a house for God, and that we could not build too well for Him. I won many a friend among them by working as one of themselves, whether in concrete or stone, whether with pick or shovel or saw or hammer or paint brush. They saw that I, too, was human, and what surprised them most was that I did not shirk work of any kind. But I must do many things of this kind to maintain their friendship. I am the first Catholic priest to reside permanently with them and to have personal dealings with them; in fact, these poor Indians never did have a missionary. The Lutherans have been among them for over twenty-five years, but they have had few tangible results. Official records mention

only one hundred church-goers of a tribe numbering twenty-six thousand souls on this reservation. One minister had charge of the entire district and he visited his charges only on Sundays, as I have been told. Just as soon as it was noised abroad, however, that a Catholic priest was to take up his residence on the reservation and endeavor to christianize the natives, the Lutherans got nervously busy, scurrying about the place like ants about a demolished anthill. There are now from three to four ministers with their accompaniment of wives, children and other relatives, on the reservation, seemingly leaving no stone unturned to make the priest and the Catholic religion hateful in the eyes of the Indians. If they themselves believe half of what they say about us, I feel sincerely sorry for them—the deluded creatures! But I hardly think they are in good faith. But let them rave, for protesting is part of their business as Protestants. They are now telling the Apaches that soon they, too, will build a beautiful \$10,000 meeting-house within two hundred feet of our church. Jealous of our success, they are bound to raise some dust to prove that they are still in the field. That God may bless our



Group of Fr. Gerard's Hopefuls

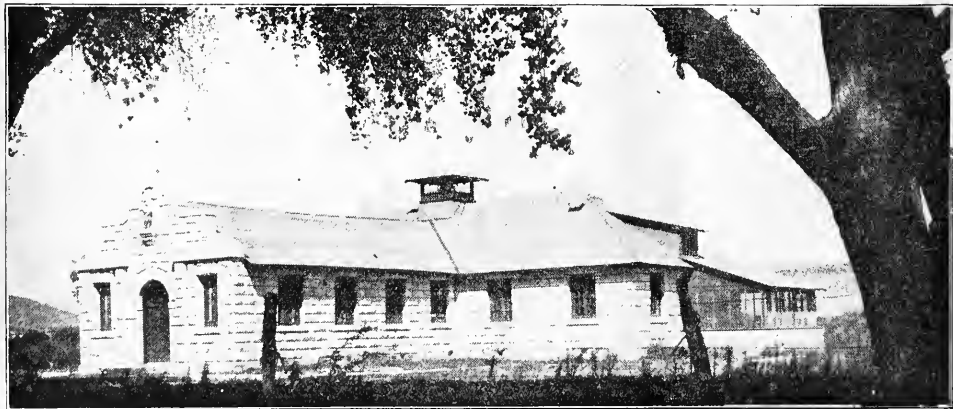
new mission and put to shame the intrigues of our enemies, I beg you, dear Father, to pray hard and to induce others to do the same. The prayers of our friends have helped in the past, and they will be certain to help in the future. Pray, too, that I may soon get an assistant in the great work of evangelizing so many heathen souls; for San Carlos mission is intended to be the headquarters for both the San Carlos and the White Mountain Reservations, which together contain about 5,200 Indians, mostly heathen. The harvest is white, but there is so far only one poor laborer to garner it.

The mission stands right in the

midst of the fine Government school buildings, which school has at present an attendance of two hundred and eighteen children. A few of them come to the mission for instruction in our holy Faith, but the great majority still frequent the Lutheran services. The reason is obvious. For over twenty years, the Lutherans were the only denomination on the reservation, and consequently all the children in the Government school attended their services as part of the regular routine. Moreover, the children have really become somewhat suspicious of the priest, owing to the malicious stories spread broadcast over the reservation by our

separated brethren. But we hope with the grace of God soon to overcome their fears of us and to prove to them that we are seeking, not ourselves, but only their own eternal welfare. As I said, I have gained the confidence of many, both children and adults, and there is a strong drift toward the Catholic Church already noticeable. The Apache policeman was just here, and in the course of his conversation he told me there is a rumor afloat that soon most of the Indians will be coming to our beautiful new chapel for divine services. The statue presented by a pious Tertiary from Chicago is making a deep impression on the Indians, especially on the children, and every now and then groups of them come running across the road from the school to visit the church and admire the beautiful work of art. Likewise the church bell, which hails from Cleveland, Ohio, is the talk of the village, and it will, no doubt, before long summon many a Christian Apache to the house of God.

Practically all my time has been occupied in putting up the mission buildings, so that I had little leisure and strength for the spiritual side of my missionary labors; still, I did not neglect them entirely. Besides the twelve Apache children, who died at the Government school during the "flu" epidemic,



San Carlos Mission—Side View



Apache Indian Maidens

and who departed this world in their baptismal innocence, I have since baptized twelve more. On last Trinity Sunday, I had nine first communicants, five of whom were Apaches. I have also had one Catholic Apache marriage, and I baptized their first child on August 15, the feast of the Assumption. Incidentally, let me relate here, that to aid the happy and proud father in selecting a name for the little youngster I mentioned all the Christian names that came to my mind at the time. After I had completed my list, I asked what name he wished to take. Like Zachary of old, the Indian answered gravely, "Adam is his name!" So I baptized the child Adam, praying the while that this first Christian babe of the tribe might prove to be a true Adam for the Apaches of the future—the father of many of the faithful.

I am now saying Mass regularly in the new chapel, though I am still in need of an altar. I have an improvised altar, made from a high table, but I am living in fond hopes that soon an altar worthy of the beautiful church and worthy of the house of God, will find its way to our reservation. I have priced a pretty, though very simple, regalico altar at DaPrato's, which is surmounted by a beautiful Crucifixion group. The entire cost of this altar and group is \$421, but where can I scrape together the money necessary to purchase it. Perhaps some good friend or

friends of the HERALD may send you the wherewith for me to do so. You can assure them that they will have no more grateful friend in the wide world than your humble confrère. The Indians have a great reverence for our Crucified Lord, and that is the reason why I am anxious to purchase the altar I just referred to. Another need of the mission is a communion rail, but this can wait until I have the altar. What I am also very anxious to have is a small organ for use at the services. I have an accomplished little organist but no instrument for her to use. Perhaps, you can find one somewhere that is still in good condition although no longer in use. Or if I should get an alms for the purpose, I could myself buy one that would be suitable for our purpose.

I trust, my dear Father, that I have not bored you with this long rambling letter and by concluding it with a litany of requests. I am simply in need of these things and knowing your never-failing kindness, I have tried to make our necessities clear to you. You have many friends to appeal to through the columns of the HERALD and you can assure them I will certainly not forget their generosity to a poor Franciscan missionary among the Arizona Apaches. In fact, I think of our benefactors daily when I stand at God's holy altar and when we say the rosary in our beautiful little church. The dear Indians, when once they have

embraced the Faith which we all hold so dear, will be no less fervent in their gratitude than I am.

Fraternally yours in St. Francis,
Fr. Gerard, O. F. M.

APPAREL TALK

(Continued from page 40)

was always tremendously impressed with the pretty Miss Randolph, and it was, after all, only natural that she should try to copy her when Margaret turned wholeheartedly in the direction of the crusade for modesty in dress. But, when one thinks of it, Margaret herself was reformed by the "Letter to a Tertiary" that appeared in July of last year in the HERALD, from the pen of a Franciscan Father; and since then she has worked hand in hand with this department, making the greater part of the success that has come to it possible. Accordingly, I think I am quite within my rights when I draw a deep breath and say contentedly that the work of the past year in this dress reform movement has most decidedly been worth while.

I really wish that every one who is doubtful about being able to look pretty and stylish and at the same time modest, could see those who have figured as "copy" for these columns during the fifteen months of the apparel department's existence. One glance at the crowd of them would convince the most unwilling sceptic. Now, how many times my own little group has been multiplied throughout the country, I am unable to state; but, judging from the good results in one little portion of the globe, it is but reasonable to suppose that in other communities the good has been heartwarming to those who have been given charge over souls. It isn't possible to imagine how joyful our beloved Father St. Francis must be over the sprouting of the good seed.

LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT OF THE APPAREL TALKER

With this letter, the Apparel Talker makes her final bow to her beloved HERALD audience. As so many good things are being planned by the Editors for 1921, you will probably find little occasion for regretting the things that have gone; but, though I do not wish you to regret the passing of this series, I do most earnestly hope that you may continue to tend the delicate green shoots that mark the beginnings of a nation-wide sentiment in favor of a return to Christian principles of modesty—especially in the matter of

(Continued on page 63)



Fireside Talks & Tales

Children's Corner

Conducted by Elizabeth Rose

THE SAME OLD STORY

A leaf fluttered down from the old oak tree

Ah me!

The tree didn't mind, but the poor leaf did.

It tried of the moist earth itself to rid,
And, sinking still deeper, forever was hid.

Ah me!

A branch broke off of the old oak tree.

Ah me!

The tree didn't care, but the branch felt sore,

Because on itself it rather set store;
And it bitterly said, "I'm not missed,
there are more!"

Ah me!

One day it toppled, the old oak tree.

Ah me!

To tell you the truth, it was no little prieved,

For no one lamented nor worried nor grieved.

Leaf, branch, old oak tree, no attention received.

Ah me!

Such is the end of all things, soon or late;

Little and lowly or big and great,
And there's no use a bit in railing at fate.

Ah me!

WHAT A HOUSE

HOW would you like to live in a part of Eskimo land where you didn't see the sun for weeks, and where your house or igloo was built of rows of snow blocks, each row smaller than the one below, till the top row required but one block—"just like putting the lid on a teapot," says some one who has seen them. And would you like to go Maying for moss and twigs instead of arbutus and lilacs, so that you could spread them over a block of ice for a mattress, then pile on thick furs, get in, draw lighter skins over you, and try to imagine you were in a pleasant bed? (Can you imagine how anybody could sleep on hard snow, no matter how well covered, and yet feel warm? I am sure I can't!) And how about diving down under the snow and getting into a tunnel at the end of

which you find your front door, that isn't a door at all, merely a cut in a bank of snow with furs drawn across it to keep out—or in—the cold? Well, we're inside. In the center of one bare, long room stands a great stone, hollowed out in the middle, and filled with whale oil, in which floats a wick of moss. That is your stove and your lamp. Could you read even the Fireside Tales by that light? Imagine the cooking—there's not much anyway, for you will get your meat almost always raw, and you will have no vegetables, and as for dessert, not to mention cake and candy and chewing-gum—! ! ! Our young Eskimo knows nothing of such delights. Still he is satisfied. He knows of nothing better, and what the eye does not see the heart does not crave, says an old proverb. I doubt whether he even minds the melting up of his "summer house" in the spring of the year, for then the whole family goes out to shelter under a tent of furs and skins, held up by tent-poles of the long bones of the walrus and the whale. Next winter a new igloo must be made. In some parts of this cold land, the bed of snow and moss and skins has been done away with, and a row of bunks put against the walls. If a visitor spends the winter with the family, or they have to give shelter to others who may be in distress for a home, new bunks are cut out in the snow walls, which makes it necessary to enlarge the house. Talk about hospitality! This odd little race can give us "points" on the subject. We civilized people often lament we can not entertain a visitor on account of want of room. The Eskimo says nothing, simply takes his knife of bone, cuts into the snow wall, makes a new bed or place for one, and there you are! Still, I think we all prefer our way of living, even at its present high cost.

THE REAL SANTA CLAUS

JUST to think, Santa Claus, our own Santa Claus, was a real person and a canonized saint into the bargain! A dear, good saint he was, too, whom everybody loved; because he

loved everybody and did something kind for somebody whenever he had the chance. And think of it, too, he has been in heaven for over 1700 years; yet people still remember and love him, and have made him the Christmas saint of every Christian country in the world. There is fame for you! But most of all do the children honor him, although they do get his name twisted a little and call him Santa Claus. When he was alive, he was noted for his cheerful and kindly disposition and his generous ways. Wherever anybody was in trouble, there was the good bishop Nicholas to help him out and make him bless God instead of rebelling against Him. He often did good to others without their ever finding out their benefactor, just as Santa steals quietly away now on Christmas Eve, leaving lots of good things behind him, but never himself! The special protector of the weak and oppressed in his lifetime was he, and above all he loved the little children. Indeed, one of the greatest miracles told of him was the raising to life of three poor little schoolboys who were murdered by the keeper of an inn, where they spent the night, for their slender stock of money. So he came to be looked on after death as the particular patron of schoolboys. His feast, December 6, is kept in France as we keep Christmas Eve—the children's feast. They go to bed the night before, their stockings hung up in the chimney, just as American children have theirs, and they find next morning that dear St. Nicholas has been just as good to them, with one small difference in his mode of treatment, however. In the bottom of each French stocking there is, instead of our apple or orange, a tiny bundle of birch twigs all tied up with pink ribbon—a gentle reminder to behave themselves and not get in St. Nicholas's black books during the coming year.

In the south of Germany, St. Nicholas walks right into your house after supper on his feast day! He rings the bell first for good manners, then steps into the parlor like any ordinary visitor. You might think you knew somebody that he looks like if you could

only see more of his face; but the huge whiskers and the long beard he wears and his amazing stoutness rather put you off the track. He gets down to business in no time, for you see he has so many places to go. Every child is called separately before him and questioned as to his or her behavior for the past year. If the answers are satisfactory, and the account of the parents agrees with that of the youngster, St. Nicholas smiles a great, broad smile, gives a pat and perhaps a cake or an apple, and says, "Look out for Christmas!" Then he departs, leaving behind him the feeling that Christmas is going to be very pleasant, indeed.

In some parts of Austria, our saint comes round to each house with two "angels"—altar-boys generally. (I am afraid the only time in the year some altar-boys lay claim to the title!) Behind them trail a pack of little "demons," blowing tin horns and making a terrible racket. But they must stay outside while Santa Claus is examining the young folks within, as he does in Germany. When he has finished and gotten every boy's and girl's record, the doors are thrown open for the "demons," who rush in and make all the noise they can, but must not lay a finger on the good children. Then off to bed—the young people too excited to sleep, but not daring to go near the windows of their rooms till the dawn of the next day; for outside on the sill stand Santa's baskets, filled with good things for his little friends.

Other countries have their own peculiar customs, but in all St. Nicholas is ever the children's friend—St. Nicholas, Santa Claus or Kris Kringle, whatever you call him, he is always the same. The body of our saint lies in a tomb of rock in a magnificent church in Bari, Italy, and from the stone of this tomb there drips continually a stream of pure, sweet water, called the "Manna of St. Nicholas." It is believed to issue from the bones of the holy bishop within, and many cures of sick people are attributed to its use.

What wonder if God allows this dear saint to keep on after death doing the good he so loved to do in his lifetime?

A CRAB THAT PLAYS THE FIDDLE

SOME time ago, we made the acquaintance of Robber Crab, Esq., and interesting gentleman that he was, I imagine none of us would very much care for his friendship. But he has a cousin who is much more attractive and splendid company. He keeps one laughing all the time; and, better still,

he doesn't in the least mind being laughed at, as do some creatures higher up in the scale of being, not saying that they are crabs. Such a funny little fellow is Robber Crab's cousin, that the scientists—those smart people who go poking around the earth looking up the histories of crabs and stones and trees and stars and flowers and germs and human beings, too—have given him a Greek name, Gelasimus, which means, given to laughter. Now, as a rule, scientists are not funny people, and don't always see the funny side of things, especially when the joke is occasionally on themselves; so when they say our friend is "gelasimus," we are safe in taking their word for it. Gelasimus has another name, more popular and easier to call him by. This is Fiddler Crab. To watch him is as good as medicine, if you happen to have the blues—and, by the way, my dear Young Folk, get the measles or mumps instead. He has one tremendous claw of bright red, and another that is almost tiny. The big red claw he waves frantically in the air at times, as if beckoning some one, while at others he uses it like a violin bow, up and down and across—you almost expect to hear a bit of crab ragtime. And all the while he is covering the ground as fast as he can run. This peculiar motion is what gives him his name of "Fiddler." When he gets tired of music, he makes for his fiddlecase or hole, about a foot deep in the mud and sand along the shore; and there he rests comfortably, sometimes poking his head out, like a regular old Paul Pry, to discover what is going on around him. If he sees anything or any one whose looks he doesn't like, his head goes in so quickly that you wonder whether you really saw him or not. One of the most laughable things about him is his method of digging his hole. First of all, he scrapes up a little pile of sand in a certain spot; then he takes this pile in three claws, leaving the fourth free for his orchestra work, and carries it off to another place. Then, all of a sudden, what appear to be two thin long legs spring up from his head, and from the top of these pop out two eyes. He turns these searchlights in every direction to see, I suppose, whether any one is watching him. Finding the coast clear, off he starts for another load of sand, and so the hole is gradually hollowed. Then he goes inside, and if we had only the ears to hear, no doubt we should get a fiddle concert, with "Home, Sweet Home" for a theme, all for nothing.

Personally, I think Fiddler Crab a great improvement on the Robber

cousin. I am sure you do, too, and I am very sure that all of us should rather hear him play on his fiddle than see his big relative climb a tree after coconuts.

THE PRAYING PALM

IN Bengal, India, there grows a date palm tree which stands alone amid its kind, and indeed among all the trees of the earth, for a singular action which it performs every morning and evening. In the morning it raises its height of sixteen feet, slender, straight, and towering to the skies above; but as the sun goes down and the Moslems hear the call to prayers from their temples, it gradually bends and bends, till finally it softly lays its waving crown of plumes almost down on the earth, as if in worship. The Mohammedan natives regard it with awe as a miraculous tree, and call it the praying palm. They believe it is worshipping Allah, the name they give to God. It really seems as if nature chose this wonderful palm as its high priest, to bend in adoration before the Maker of the universe on the part of all his creation. Crowds of pilgrims go to visit the spot, and see this "prayer" of the palm. They wait all night to see it lift its beautiful head again in the early morning light, and stand straight and erect, in praise and thanksgiving, it may be, as we do at the Te Deum. Who knows? Perhaps the rustling fronds are singing in their own tree language, uncomprehended of us.

Holy God, we praise Thy name!
Lord of all, we bow before Thee.
All on earth Thy sceptre claim—
All in heaven above adore Thee!
Infinite Thy vast domain,
Everlasting is Thy reign.

OUR PRIEST CONGRESSMAN

WHO among our Young Folk know that there was once a priest who sat in Congress at Washington and helped make laws for the United States—the only case of the kind ever known in this country? His name was Father Gabriel Richard, and he is called the Apostle of Michigan, because of the great work he did for God in that state in its early days.

Father Richard was a French priest who escaped to America in 1794 from France, where a dreadful revolution was going on. There were very few priests in this country at that time, and he was a welcome addition to their number. He was first sent to Illinois, where the Catholics were not many, and scattered, besides, at great distances. In spite of this, he managed

to draw them together, to keep the faith alive in their hearts, and to make it known among many others who had scarcely any idea at all of religion. After a wonderful work in Illinois, he went to Detroit (not the Detroit of today, by any means), where there was not a single church for a great number of French emigrants who had settled in the place. It did not take brave, energetic Father Richard long to get his congregation together and start the building of a much needed house of God. Suddenly the English, who were at war with us again (the war of 1812), and had possession of the western part of the country, with the Indians as allies, seized and sent him, a prisoner, over the boundary to Canada. They feared him, because he was heart and soul on the American side, and never hesitated to speak right out against British tyranny. But even as a prisoner of war Father Richard made his influence felt. He used every endeavor with the Indians—who, as a rule, looked on a Catholic priest with great respect—to prevent the bad treatment and even torture to which American prisoners were subjected, and never lost a chance of making good Christians of all about him, white or red. Even his captors revered him. He was finally released, and he returned without delay to his beloved post of Detroit, where he found things had gone very wrong, indeed, since he had been carried away by the English. The flourishing fields and farms of the settlers had been cruelly laid waste by the enemy, and the inhabitants of the town were facing a serious famine. Father Richard, by great efforts, succeeded in procuring a large quantity of provisions, which he distributed free of charge to all who asked his help. The war ended; brighter times came; and he was once more at liberty to think of his cherished design of a church, to be raised to the honor of God under the patronage of St. Ann. This was at last accomplished in the year 1817. Now comes the remarkable part of his history. Threatened with imprisonment because he refused to pay what he considered an unjust debt, his friends, Protestant as well as Catholic, rallied to his aid. There was a vacancy for Congress just then in the district, and Father Richard was nominated and elected to the post by his good friends, who knew that as a member of the law-making body he was safe from the ordinary penalties of the law, and knew, moreover, the injustice of the charge brought against him. So Father Gabriel Richard took his seat in Congress and, respected by all his

fellow members, worked faithfully for the good of his state and his adopted country. A warm patriot and servant of that country, he finally literally laid down his life for the people confided to his charge. A terrible epidemic of cholera broke out in 1832, in which Father Richard distinguished himself by his unwearied devotion to the sufferers. He fell a victim to his charity at last, and died with these words on his lips:

"Now, O Lord, dost Thou dismiss Thy servant, according to Thy word, in peace!" His statue stands in his city of Detroit, a mark of his people's gratitude and their remembrance of "the best of priests and the best of citizens."

Is not his a glorious record, and have not all American Catholics good right to be proud of their Priest-Congressman?

MONKEYS OF GIBRALTAR

WHY a band of monkeys over in Africa got together many years ago and made up their minds to leave their native land and, like Christopher Columbus, discover a new continent, no one knows. How they ever got across the Strait of Gibraltar, is another thing no one knows, but they did it, without a Santa Maria or Pinta or Nina, and settled themselves upon the Rock of Gibraltar, rising stiff and stern out of the waters that separate Spain from their native Africa. Our adventurers were evidently well pleased at their find, for on the rock they remained, and raised their families, and no doubt felt the tribe of monkeys to be far and away above the heads of the tribe of English who laid claim to the same territory. The English soldiers in garrison at Gibraltar were not long in making the acquaintance of the newcomers, and were so friendly towards them that the monkeys allowed them the privileges of pals, and became so tame that they finally grew to be regarded as one of the features of the settlement, and were universally spoken of as "the monkeys of Gibraltar." In the course of time, however, their numbers gradually decreased. The old ones died, and the young ones followed their bad example to such an extent that few now remain. It is forbidden by law to molest them. They go and come as they please, sometimes on the higher part of the rock, sometimes the lower, according to weather conditions. One enterprising fellow always seems to take the lead when they scamper about. The soldiers call him "Major."

THE PUZZLE CORNER

Transpositions

1. Transpose above and leave to wander.
2. Transpose a measure of length and leave a fruit.
3. Transpose sensitive and leave the eggs of fish.
4. Transpose to rise in the air and leave implements for rowing.
5. Transpose a detail and leave to send forth.
6. Transpose to run, as water, and leave an animal.
7. Transpose a fruit and leave to gather in.
8. Transpose to dispatch and leave homes of wild beasts.
9. Transpose part of the face and leave a measure of length.
10. Transpose slender and leave to suggest.

Enigma

I am composed of 21 letters. My whole is a famous event which took place many years ago.

- My 20-13-9-3-11 is to conceal.
- My 14-21-5-18-12 is an elf.
- My 7-8-16-10-1 is a heavenly body.
- My 6-2-15-4-17 is shadow.
- My 19-1 is a pronoun.

Beheadings and Curtailings

1. Behead a flower and leave a fluid; curtail the flower and leave a toilet necessity.
2. Behead a resting-place and leave a boy's nickname; curtail and leave a troublesome summer insect.
3. Behead something used at meals and leave to declare; curtail and leave a mountain peak.
4. Behead a particle of fire and leave a public pleasure-ground; curtail and leave a mineral.
5. Behead an inclosure and leave a drink; curtail and leave a dear comrade.
6. Behead mud and leave a tropical fruit; curtail and leave slender.
7. Behead a period of time and leave an important organ of the body; curtail and leave an affirmative.

Double Acrostic

1. A place of pilgrimage. 2. A legal term. 3. Rages. 4. A name. 5. To rub out.

Words are of equal length. Primals and finals will spell the name of two rivers which figured in the recent war.

Answers to November Puzzles

What Is My Name?

Aspen-tree.

Names of Jams

1. Strawberry; 2. Apple; 3. Orange; 4. Gooseberry; 5. Citron; 6. Grapefruit; 7. Raspberry; 8. Plum; 9. Cherry; 10. Blackberry.

Pi

There is no color in the world,
No lovely tint on hill or plain;
The summer's golden sails are furled,
And sadly falls the autumn rain.

Dropped Vowel Puzzle

Let gentle speech, let gentle deed
Be ever felt, be held men's creed.

Hidden Animals

Goat, bear, lamb, horse, deer, camel.

Enigma

Thomas Edison.

Miscellaneous

RAPHAEL AND HIS ART

By BLANCHE WEITEREC

ONE of our modern masters, John Lafarge, has said that Raphael's influence has hovered like a benediction over the four centuries which have elapsed since his death, and that the Umbrian painter has told to millions of people "secrets which they did not understand."

There could be hardly a happier phrase—a phrase more expressive of the peculiar elusive charm that dominates the works of Raphael Santi. Some of his paintings have become household traditions the world over; scarcely a home but boasts some copy of the "Madonna of the Chair," the "Sistine Madonna," or "St. Cecilia," for the appeal of such pictures is universal, and one need not be an art critic in order to appreciate the sweetness and graciousness of the saints and Madonnas the young Italian genius has given us. Raphael has whispered his secrets, and the world has heard and loved him.

This great painter of the Renaissance was born at Urbino on Good Friday, in the year 1483; and on Good Friday only thirty-seven years later, he died at Rome in the flower of his fame, having produced a series of works before which the mind stands amazed and bewildered.

In those days, the art schools were the workshops of great painters, and young men with talent

and artistic ambitions were apprenticed in these studios, trained under the master's eye, and taught his methods. Raphael's first apprenticeship was probably in the studio of Timoteo Viti. Left an orphan at the age of eleven, he was placed under the guardianship of his maternal uncle, who put him to work in Viti's "shop." There ex-

studio, where the lad soon became a sort of foreman or head workman, supervising the making of the Madonnas for which Perugino's studio was famous. This was what we may call the commercial art of the period; but the commercial spirit did not entirely prevent the genius of young Raphael from escaping into expression. In

1504, he painted the "Marriage of the Virgin"; and from that moment on he seems to have become vivified by a new imagination and to have developed new qualities quite distinctly his own. It is in this picture that Raphael's amazing instinct for composition begins to show itself in its true proportion. He has chosen a surprising arrangement of form—surely no one but Raphael would have braved the dangers of it. The domed circular building, exactly in the center of the background, and the walks extending from it to the row of figures which occupy the foreground—how easily, under another's brush could the conventional charm of it have become stiff and stupid!



Madonna della Sedia

ists a sketch-book of pen and ink drawings done by the boy artist between his twelfth and fifteenth years, which, though childish, reveal his latent genius and his singular sentiment of beauty. In the year 1500, Pietro Vanucci, called Perugino, took Raphael into his

And now the Florentine, the second important period of the painter's life, is opening. Toward the close of the year 1504, Raphael went to Florence, and the four years he spent there were a decisive stage in his career. At that date, Florence was the heart and

center of the Renaissance. Leonardo da Vinci and the young Michelangelo were the leaders in artistic development, and Raphael found at once a fresh incentive to study in the stimulating atmosphere by which he was surrounded. At Florence, he began his education again, and learned more in the space of a few years than he had acquired since the time of his boyhood apprenticeship to Timoteo Viti. His commissions at this time appear to have been chiefly the painting of Madonnas for private oratories. His earnings were modest; he was but a young and unknown artist with the promise of a good future. Who, indeed, could have dreamed what a brilliant star waited below the horizon line — to burst presently into such dazzling radiance before the eyes of beauty-worshipping Italy?

At the beginning of his second year in Florence, Raphael came under the influence of the great Dominican painter, Fra Bartolommeo, and the effect upon the young Umbrian was very marked. From this period date several of Raphael's important works, in which the "grand style" begins to be apparent.

In the summer of 1508, Raphael returned to his native Urbino. Julius II had just ascended the papal throne, and Duke Guidobaldo recommended Raphael to his Holiness, who was planning a complete renovation, a redecoration, of the Vatican. Raphael, receiving the news of the Pope's commission with we can fancy what delight and surprise, went at once to Rome, arriving at that city toward the close of October.

The twelve years of his life in Rome are unparalleled. The painter of the little Florentine pictures, the painter of the sweet and simple Madonnas, became suddenly, almost miraculously, a mural decorator on a tremendous scale. The transformation is without precedent and without any adequate explanation. The impres-

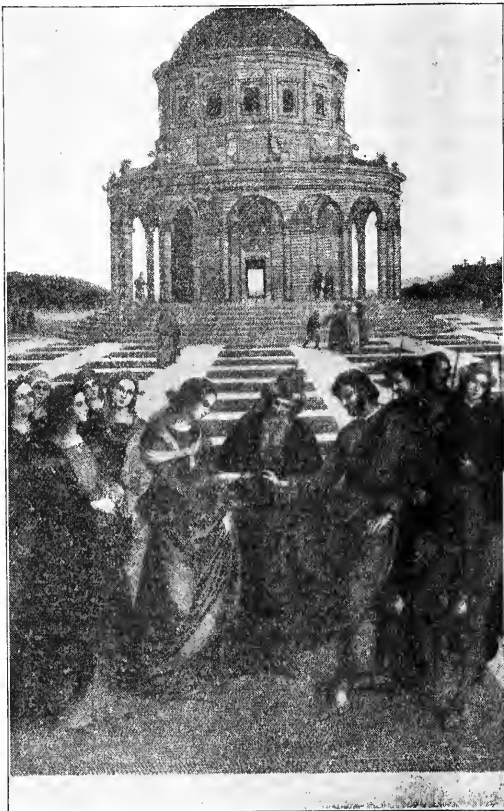
those wall spaces of the Vatican.

Julius II, himself a genius, to whom might indeed be given the title of "superman," seems to have recognized almost instinctively the heaven-bestowed ability of Raphael. He had established a colony of painters at the Vatican to carry out his schemes; but, on beholding the first attempts of Raphael, he promptly dismissed all the other artists and confided to this solitary youth the Herculean task of decorating the Chambers.

The project proposed by Raphael for the treatment of the walls of the Camera della Segnatura, to which the Pope instantly agreed, was one of the greatest ever conceived by any artist. He proposed to represent, in four vast allegorical compositions, the subjects of Religion, Science, Arts, and Law. In carrying out this immense idea, the painter was forced to break with all tradition, and to travel alone, on his own responsibility, over new roads. How well he succeeded in his task, the walls of the Camera testify.

There are fourteen important compositions in the room. Kenyon Cox has called it the most perfectly planned piece of decoration in the world; and aside from the composition, the color, and the technical interest of the execution, we are impressed by the emotional, moral, and spiritual appeal of the frescoes.

The two large pictures which occupy opposite walls are commonly known as "The Dispute of the Holy Sacrament," and "The School of Athens." The "Dispute" is a wonderful composition: not a line mars the superb power and order of the work. There are be-



Marriage of the Virgin

sion produced by Rome upon his sensitive soul may have had something to do with the change, which was like a butterfly's emergence from its chrysalis. We stand amazed in the contemplation of this youth of twenty-six, and his conquest, in a few short years, of

tween seventy and eighty figures in the picture, exclusive of the cherub forms which hover in the background at the top of the painting behind the figure of God the Father; and the management of the groups is remarkable in its grace of arrangement, while the focus of the composition is the tiny circle of the Host upon the altar. In the "School of Athens" the treatment is quite different, but equally successful: the impression of space, dignity, and tranquillity being attained by the use of vertical and horizontal lines. The ease with which the decorator met and solved problems of angles, curves, and windows in this great room, has never been surpassed.

Raphael's Roman years saw also the production of a number of splendid portraits, of which the portrait of Pope Julius II is perhaps the best known. He did not, it is true, possess the technical authority of Rembrandt or Franz Hals; he was not a great draughtsman, as was Michelangelo: but he was the greatest of decorative designers.

His position in the world of art was bitterly attacked during the last century. The Pre-Raphaelites, whose herald was John Ruskin, contended that the Renaissance, far from furthering the progress of art, fostered decadence, and their extreme views influenced all contemporary thought. Undoubtedly they destroyed various unsound ideas, but their violence led them into many phases of injustice, and, with the natural swing of the pendulum, modern criticism has replaced Raphael Santi on a pedestal, which, while perhaps not so exalted as the niche he occupied during the three centuries after his death, is nevertheless sufficiently magnificent.

Certainly there is but one Raphael. The title which has been bestowed on him, "Il Divino," is not unmerited. While Michelangelo's region is the intellectual, Raphael's is the moral: his works have been called ethical—they are the result of the operation of moral sentiment.

We must not forget our homage

to the fresh young life, clean and serene as it was, and given over so entirely to ardent pursuit of the highest beauty. Personally, Raphael was extremely charming, beloved by his associates no less for his qualities of spirit than for his generous heart and his fine mind. He was a devout churchman, and a Franciscan Tertiary; and his soundness of character had its effect on the busy circle of painters in which he moved so graciously.

"They whom the Gods love die young," said the ancients; and one feels that Raphael's brief life was favored indeed by the blessing of Heaven. Had he lived to a more mature age, it is possible that his genius might have attained to even greater heights; but he burned himself out in a few crowded years, leaving many of his works unfinished. His body lay in state before one of these, "The Transfiguration." The silver cord, stretched too tightly, had snapped.

APPAREL TALK

(Continued from page 57)

woman's attire, so that the movement may gain ground and reach the farthest ends of the earth.

I am sure that the Holy Child of Bethlehem, His Virgin Mother, the dear St. Joseph, and the glorious Saint whose love for the Infant Lord was one of the outstanding features of his life, will grant those of us who strive in ever so little a way to further this movement, a special gift of grace during the holy season so close upon us. To such of us as hope to enter into the presence of the Holy One under the banner of St. Francis of Assisi, falls the duty of co-operating with those efforts which have the seal of approval imprinted on them through the instrumentality of those in care of the three glorious orders which comprise the family of the Seraphic Saint.

The world is feeling so keenly the loss of those Christian ideals of purity for which the Babe of Bethlehem lived, loved, suffered, and died, that it is gasping and panting for their return. What, then, could be more inspiring than the chance to do, each one of us, his little part in the restoration of those ideals.

As Christians, and as followers of one of the greatest of Christians, St. Francis of Assisi, it is our duty to make every effort in our power to further that noble growth.

BOOK REVIEWS

The Brides of Christ, by Mother Mary Potter.—Though written especially for sisterhoods, this little volume will benefit and charm all readers who love the fragrance of a mind enriched by sanctity, experience, and cultivated gifts. Mother Mary Potter, as sketched in the introduction, was an invalid most of her life, from her sofa writing her many books and administering her office as founder and superior of The Little Company of Mary. This volume will prove an inspiring one for convents, religious superiors, young girls with a vocation to be fostered, and all who aspire to the highest and purest ideals of service of God. Her portrayal of the nun as the spouse of Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament, the spouse of Jesus crucified, and the spouse of Jesus glorified, in the three parts of the book, reflects for the laity a counsel of perfection as well. The virtues befitting the nun are so evidently needful for all—fidelity to grace, faith, trust in God, obedience, patience and cheerfulness in suffering, penance and mortification, and perseverance. As these glorify the sacred humanity of Christ in his nuns and priests, so attained even in less degree by the laity, these virtues form the saving grace for society, especially today. Style in this little book is not wanting, having a sweetness as of flowers of the soul; but one thinks most, in reading it, of the love of God which inspired the frail writer to such great and persevering labors for God. All that she did is summed up by her confessor as being one thing only—"She Loved God." Attractive in print, binding and size, this volume makes an ideal commencement gift, first communion gift, or birthday present not only to young girls, but to all who, loving and revering the sisterhoods, see in them a reflection of Our Blessed Mother.

Matre and Co., Chicago, \$1.25 net, \$1.35 postpaid.

St. Jeanne d'Arc, by Flavian Larbes, O. F. M.—This dramatization of the story of Joan of Arc adds another volume to the literary treasures of the year. While the glories of her canonization are fresh in the minds of all, the winsome story of the Warrior Maid will find a wider entrance to the reading public so long fed upon what is unworthy both in content and in presentation. The popularity of the "saint," Joan, is attested in public pageantry, on the stage, and in current literature. Father Flavian has rendered good service in presenting so admirably a Catholic version of her sublime drama. Simple, beautiful, tragic and glorious is this story. The present drama embodies this simplicity and beauty in the speech, the characters, and the settings of the episodes or acts. The author succeeds in giving a characterization in few words of lines, and the brevity of the whole suits it to adaptation for particular purposes and for amateur players. The author has shown what may be done by bringing the colloquial speech of the villagers somewhat up to date. In the lighter scenes, and Joan's playful words to children are a pleasing variation in contrast with the poetry of her plea to the King.

The last episode shows the May Day celebration, and Joan's visitation beside the Shrine; the second, the royal palace at Chinon; the third, victory in the field; the fourth, the crowning at Rheims; the fifth, the war council and plot against the Maid; the sixth, trial and execution of Joan.

The Frederick Pustet Co., Inc., Cincinnati and New York, \$1.50.



Franciscan News

Italy—In response to a request of the heads of the three Franciscan families, the Congregation of Sacred Rites has been pleased to reopen the process of canonization of Blessed Jane of Valois, daughter of Louis IX of France. She was a Franciscan Tertiary and foundress of the congregation of the Sisters of the Annunciation.

Palestine—The Italian Government has laid claim to the ancient Christian sanctuary, known as the Cenacle. When Robert of Anjou, King of Naples, acquired the title to this place about the year 1333, he made the Franciscan friars guardians thereof. Though the Turks in the course of the centuries usurped the sanctuary, the friars never ceased to claim their rights. The Italian Government has declared its intention to again put the friars in charge.

France—His Eminence Cardinal Dubois, the new Archbishop of Paris, is a devout Tertiary of St. Francis and a zealous propagator of the Third Order. As director of diocesan charities in former years, he made it a point to interest especially the young people in the Third Order. In the words of Pope Leo XIII, he used to say, "Join the Third Order. It will help to deepen your convictions and to fructify your labors."

Austria—It speaks well for the zeal and intrepidity of the Franciscans of North Tyrol that, in spite of want and suffering at home, they have decided to assume charge of a portion of the Vicariate of South Hunan, China, which till now has been served by Italian Franciscans. The territory taken over by the Austrian friars comprises some six million inhabitants, of whom only 2,000 are Christians. It is reported that, as soon as a sufficient number of friars arrive, the mission will be elevated to the rank of vicariate.

Germany—In Frankfurt, a Franciscan Tertiary, Miss Magdalen Andres recently celebrated the sixtieth anniversary of her reception into the Third Order. Most of her life was devoted to the education of youth as school teacher and governess. She is now bent with age and confined to her room, but cheerful and patient in suffering.

Ireland—The Rev. Paschal Larkin, an Irish Capuchin, has left Dublin for Washington, D. C., where he will matriculate at the Catholic University. Fr. Paschal won a \$2,500 scholarship in the National University, by the terms of which he must cultivate learn-

ing abroad. He is the author of a book on Socialism, which was well received in Europe.

China—Fr. Odoric Teeng, O. F. M., a Chinese priest, has written an Italian-Chinese grammar for the use of European missionaries and merchants in their dealings with his countrymen.

The Vicariate of North Shantung, in which the Fathers of the Sacred Heart Province have for many years maintained several missions, has recently lost a veteran missionary in the person of Father Remy Goette, O. F. M. Father Remy was the last of three brothers to work in this particular part of the Lord's vineyard. From the same Vicariate we learn that a new bishop has been designated to succeed Mgr. E. Giesen. The new Vicar Apostolic is Mgr. Adelbert Schmucker.

Holland—At a conference of the Third Order Directors in Woerden, it was decided to organize a pilgrimage of Franciscan Tertiaries, who are to take part in the proceedings of the International Third Order Convention to be held in Assisi next year.

Milwaukee, Wis.—At a meeting of two hundred and fifty men, either belonging to the Third Order or interested in it, Fr. Hilarion, O. F. M., of Chicago, delivered an interesting and inspiring lecture on the origin, purpose, and obligations of the Order. After the discourse, he answered questions put to him relative to his subject. To obtain the layman's point of view, it was voted to invite the Honorable Anthony Matre, K. S. G., to speak on the Third Order at some later date.—The retreats which the Reverend Director Fr. Sebastian, O. M. Cap., conducted for both the English and the German speaking branches were attended by a large number of Tertiaries and non-Tertiaries. At the close of the second retreat, twenty-seven novices made their profession. The collection taken up on the occasion will be turned over to the Most Rev. Father General of the Capuchin Order in response to his request for contributions toward a new convent of the Order in Assisi.

Boston, Mass.—In the impressive memorial procession, held in honor of the late Lord Mayor MacSwiney of Cork, the Third Order fraternity of this city marched in a body, men and women. According to newspaper reports, the body of the Lord Mayor was clothed in the large Franciscan habit, and in this humble garb it was carried through the streets of London. This would seem to indicate that Mr. Ter-

ence MacSwiney was a Franciscan Tertiary.

Chicago, Ill.—On October 17, both the St. Francis and the St. Louis Fraternity of St. Peter's Church observed the ceremony of the visitation as prescribed by the Rule. The purpose of the visitation is to inspire the members with new zeal for the observance of the Rule and to strengthen in them the spirit of the Order. Father Roger, Commissary and Visitor, was greeted by a concourse of Tertiaries that filled the spacious church of St. Peter's to the last place. The truly democratic spirit in which men and women of every station of life mingled freely impressed the Reverend Visitor and the visiting clergy. Fr. Roger delivered a forceful lecture on the Third Order and the Christian home, and made a stirring appeal to the young people to enter the Third Order. He showed in glowing words, how the practice of the Third Order Rule ensures for young married people true domestic happiness.

Hereupon, 139 new members, 37 of whom were men and young men, were received into the Order. Fathers Leo, Francis Solano, Ulric, the zealous director of both fraternities, assisted at the ceremony. Following the ceremonies of the visitation and admission into the Order, the members gave the Father Visitor an informal reception in the assembly rooms.

Belleville, Ill.—An English speaking fraternity of the Third Order of St. Francis was established on October 3, in St. Peter's Cathedral. The Rt. Reverend Henry Althoff assisted in the sanctuary. Reverend Hilarion, O. F. M., of Chicago, Ill., conducted the ceremonies and delivered an inspiring address to the charter members. Thanks to the zeal of Reverend M. Gruenewald, Director of the cathedral fraternity, the number of candidates presented was eighty-five, of which number not less than twenty-five were men.

Cleveland, O.—The members of the three Tertiary fraternities of St. Joseph's Church held a solemn novena in preparation for the feast of St. Francis. Every evening the spacious church was crowded with the pious clients of St. Francis, who eagerly listened to the instructions on the Rule of the Third Order. The result of the novena was that 92 new members were enrolled and 30 novices made their profession on the eve of the feast. On Sunday, October 3, the annual visitation took place. Cleveland never saw a larger assembly of Tertiaries than on that day.

Franciscan Herald

A Monthly Magazine edited and published by the Friars Minor of the Sacred Heart Province in the interests of the Third Order and of the Franciscan Missions.

VOLUME IX

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NUMBER 3

EDITORIALS

The Season's Blessings

A Merry, Merry Christmas and a thrice Happy New Year to all the members of the HERALD family.

Our Cover Design

THE Savior of the World" is the title commonly given to the picture which appears on the front cover of this issue. It is the creation of Franz Mueller, who was born in Duesseldorf, in 1843. Of his many mural and altar paintings "The Savior of the World" is deservedly the most popular because of its deep religious symbolism. It has been called "a theological compendium of our Savior's infancy." As God the Infant appears on the clouds of heaven. Through His lovely and intelligent eyes shines the glory of the First-born of the Father. His arms are extended as if to embrace in His divine love the whole world. For this Divine Child has assumed human form to be our Redeemer. This is indicated by the plant which occupies the lower right-hand corner—the thistle, emblem of sin, which to root out He has come into the world. The passion flower to the left denotes the manner of our Redemption. His left hand bears the sign of the Son of Man, with which He will come again to judge the living and the dead. It is the symbol of the power which this Divine Child will exercise over the children of men by the truths He will in time teach them. The chief mysteries in the divine economy of our salvation are typified in the upper half of the picture. The Nativity is shown in the form of the Infant; the Passion is symbolized in the shadowy cross to which the Child already is fitting its tender limbs; the radiant host denotes the holy Eucharist, from which, as from a central sun, all means of salvation receive their divine efficacy. Thus has the artist succeeded in embodying in a minimum of detail a maximum of meaning, and in giving to the world one of the most popular "Christmas pictures."

The Third Order Centenary

S EVEN HUNDRED years of devout prayer, and patient suffering, and heroic sacrifice, and ardent zeal for the faith, and stanch defence of the Church, and burning love of God and fellow man—that is the glorious record of the Third Order of St. Francis. Through seven centuries men and women of all nations and stations have deemed it a privilege to belong to this institution. Saints and sinners, princes and paupers, poets and peasants, statesmen and savants, lords and serfs, ladies and maids, soldiers and merchants, artists and artisans, authors and teachers, inventors and discoverers, priests and bishops, popes and potentates have donned the humble garb of St. Francis to become followers of him as he was of Christ. No other lay organization in the Church can look back on a past so rich in works of lasting and undoubted benefit to mankind as the Third Order of St. Francis. In proof of this assertion might be cited the names of not less than a hundred Tertiary men and women whom the Church has raised to her altars. Of the servants of God who died in the odor of sanctity as members of the Third Order there is a countless number. All these found inspiration in one man, the humble Francis of Assisi.

It was the year 1221. With the approval of the Church, Francis had founded two Orders, the first for men and the other for women. But so great was the number of people, married and unmarried, that flocked to these institutions that fears were entertained for the stability of Christian society. Francis, therefore, resolved to establish a third Order, in which people living in the world and bound by its ties might lead a life not unlike that of the cloister. Since it was not possible for the whole world to repair to the convents, Francis determined to transform the world into a cloister. It was a bold, a novel idea; but it appealed to the religious sense of his contemporaries. In such numbers they hastened to enroll themselves in this new organization that shortly after its foundation the chancellor of Emperor Frederick II wrote to his sovereign that it was hardly possible to find anybody whose name had not been enrolled.

The members of this society were first called Brethren of Penance, because they were to lead penitential lives in the world, just as the members of the other two Orders practiced penance in the cloister. With this aim in view, Francis together with his famous friend and counselor Cardinal Ugolino drew up for his followers in the world a rule of life, in twelve chapters, which rule was later solemnly approved by the Franciscan Pope Nicholas IV and adapted to modern needs by Pope Leo XIII. This rule of life was simple, timely, and practicable. What it emphasized above all was the duty of self-sanctification through prayer and penance. All its other precepts may be said to refer to the practice of Christian charity.

History tells how faithfully the Third Order has endeavored to carry out the program of its Founder even down to the present day. Indeed, that is one of the reasons for its remarkable vitality. For, like all other works that are of God, it has met with all sorts of violent attacks, which it could never have withstood had it not been animated with the spirit of its Founder. It is this fidelity to its original purpose, too, that has made it so useful an organ of the Church and merited for it the constant support of the Holy See. More than forty Popes have been its defenders and eulogists. Even at the present day it has lost none of its pristine usefulness. Its membership of three millions makes it by far the largest lay organization in the Church; and its activities are as varied as they are beneficial to all ranks of society.

No one who is at all familiar with the nature and history of the Third Franciscan Order will deny that its establishment was an event of tremendous importance for the Church, an event which deserves to be commemorated publicly even after seven hundred years. In spite of the difficulties of the times, therefore, the heads of the three Franciscan families have called on their subjects to celebrate with solemn functions the seven hundredth anniversary of the founding of the Third Order. To lend dignity to these celebrations, they have convoked Tertiary conventions, provincial, national, and international; and indications are that these conventions will transcend in éclat even the most brilliant Franciscan gatherings of the past.

What of a Pilgrimage to Assisi?

THE authorities of the Franciscan Order have decided to hold an international convention of the Third Order at Assisi, "the home of the Seraphic Patriarch, where the Saint was enriched with the fullness of heavenly grace and received the call to the apostolate, and where he conceived the vast design of the Third Order." Preparations for this great gathering are now under way, and the Tertiaries of the various European countries are busy organizing pilgrimages to Assisi. The Third Order in this country

has made no move as yet to participate actively in the proceedings of the international congress. If American Tertiaries desire to participate, it is high time for them to discuss ways and means of obtaining representation. That they should participate, is self-evident. If other countries, whose financial losses during and after the war have been much heavier than ours, can still afford to send entire pilgrimages to Assisi, what excuse can we have for not sending at least a delegation of Tertiaries? An American pilgrimage, however, is well within the range of possibilities; and our Tertiaries, we feel sure, will be satisfied with nothing less. We invite them to express their opinions in our columns.

An "Imperfect Instrument"

A T public function held in Highgate, England, his Eminence Cardinal Bourne, in the course of an address, called on his hearers to pray for the success of the first assembly of the League of Nations.

"It is easy to criticize the League of Nations," he continued, "to find fault with its constitution, to point out that so far it has achieved so little. But, remember, the League of Nations, whatever imperfections it may have, is carrying out the desire of the Catholic Church for peace, and the wishes and intentions of our Holy Father the Pope. Every Catholic, when he is tempted to criticize and find fault, should rather go down on his knees and beg of Almighty God to draw out of this imperfect instrument something more perfect, something which will realize better His own divine purpose. If the late war is indeed to be the last war, this can only be brought about by some such instrument as the League of Nations, and it is for us to make that League of Nations a useful instrument for the purpose for which it has been set up."

Of course, his Eminence is a British subject, and on this occasion he was addressing a British audience. We are not told what effect his words had on his hearers. An American audience, we are quite sure, would have been unmoved. So far as lay in the power of the American people, they killed the League of Nations at the last national elections. Nor do we think they will so soon repent of their "great quell," and pray that the League may breathe again and function.

While American Catholics may be ever so willing to take his Eminence's word for it that the League "is carrying out the desires of the Catholic Church for peace, and the wishes and intentions of our Holy Father the Pope," they may yet feel inclined to ask why those in control of the League are making no effort at a real peace of conciliation; why they are so jealous of the interests, or rather spoils, of the victors and so callous to the needs and sufferings of the vanquished; why they are side-stepping the question of immediate and universal disarmament, the neces-

sity of which the Holy Father has stressed again and again; why they have excluded the Holy Father from the deliberations at Geneva, though he has a better right than anyone else to take part in them both in virtue of his position as common Father of Christendom and because of his untiring efforts for peace among the nations.

The American people, as appears from the results of the last elections, deem the League a thing of so many "imperfections," that as an instrument it is wholly inadequate to produce the effects mankind so ardently desires, chief among which is the abolition of war. To us it would seem that, if war is to be outlawed, it must be done by an altogether different instrument than the Covenant formulated at Versailles. For no matter how high a value one may place on the ideals which the League advocates, one cannot shut one's eyes to the fact that the League itself was carefully framed to protect and preserve the domination of certain interests. Since these conflict with the very vital purpose of other nations, the League, instead of removing the possibilities of war, only perpetuates its causes.

No one, of course, who believes in the efficacy of prayer and the omnipotence of the divine Will, can doubt that Almighty God is able "to draw out of this imperfect instrument something more perfect, something which will realize better His own divine purpose," but miracles of the first order are of rare occurrence. The citizens of the United States will most certainly do their part to maintain the peace of the world; but who will blame them if they are opposed to uniting their country to an offensive and defensive alliance to control the world, especially if they believe with their president-elect "that an alliance of power for the maintenance of the status quo in the world would be a menace to peace rather than a guarantee of it"?

The Church Universal

WE believe it was Lord Repington who said that only after his conversion to the Catholic faith did he fully understand the meaning of the term "universal" as applied to the Church; for then he received appeals for help from all parts of the world. If there is any one among our readers who doubts the Catholicity of the Church, let him call at this office and take a glance at our foreign letter file. He will find communications from all quarters of the globe, each letter, of course, containing a request for help in this or that pressing need or laudable undertaking. It is impossible for us to publish all these appeals; yet we should be ever so happy to be able to answer every one of them. May we take the liberty to remind our readers, if ever so gently, that we are still "on the job" as almoners of the Church universal, and that we shall be always ready to send alms to any part of the world designated by them?

The countries most in need of assistance at present are China, where thousands are dying daily of starvation; Austria, where the want of all necessities of life is still very great; Ireland, where the reign of terror has brought much unemployment and hunger; Poland, where for six years contending armies have wrought devastation, and Germany, where the white plague is finishing the work begun by malnutrition.

Some Views on Spiritism

IT is interesting to note what two such eminent British authors as George Bernard Shaw and H. G. Wells think on a subject which has led two other noted countrymen of theirs, Sir Oliver Lodge and Sir Conan Doyle, so far astray. In a recent interview Shaw had this to say on the ouija board and seances and kindred subjects:

"Such rank nonsense as it (the ouija board) gives off! Any child could write more amusing stuff. If the dead are capable of such utter drivel, it is indecent to encourage them to do it.

"Have I ever attended a spiritualist seance? I never go to one, because I will not promise not to cheat. Of course, to cheat at a spiritualist seance is the only way to test its worth. If there are spirits and they have a modicum of sense they will see through the deception, and by exposing it give a triumphant demonstration both of their existence and of a higher degree of the critical faculty than most believers in mediums possess. Many people find comfort in what the spiritualists picture. To me it adds a new terror to death. What an awful idea! To think that, instead of decently resting, the poor dead must spend their time tipping little tables and ringing bells to satisfy the foolish people they have left behind them in the world."

When asked what he deduced from the fact that so many men of science agree that spirits of the dead communicate with the living through so-called mediums, H. G. Wells replied:

"Only that they are extremely gullible. The scientist, the professor, the student, deep in his specialty, have always been the easy prey of cheats. What chance has a man who has spent his days in a laboratory to detect the expert cheating of a Palladino, trained as she has been from childhood as a professional trickster? A scientist's training makes him a good judge of, say, the nature and the behavior of chemical elements; not of sleight of hand. Of that sort you or I or any other man picked at random is as good a judge as the greatest physicist on earth. And a third-rate magician, producing rabbits and flowers out of a borrowed hat, can mystify any of us with more 'miracles' than the most gifted 'medium.'

And yet there are Catholics who against the express command of their Church will find their way into the seance room and leave it fully convinced that they have got "their money's worth."



Third Order of St. Francis

THE THIRD ORDER CONVENTION

LETTERS OF APPROVAL

Chicago, Ill., December 8, 1920.

Rev. and dear Father:

The seven hundredth anniversary of the founding of the Third Order of Saint Francis is an event of such significance for the members of the Franciscan Orders and for society at large that it deserves to be commemorated in a manner fitting its magnitude. In all parts of the world, the followers of Saint Francis are preparing to celebrate the event with impressive ceremonies, and it is but meet and just that the Franciscans of these United States should be not outdone by their brethren elsewhere.

Nothing could be better suited, in my opinion, to commemorate the birth of the Third Order and to recall to our fellow citizens the countless benefits it has dispensed to Christian society during the seven centuries of its existence than a solemn gathering of men and women from the ranks of the Third Order of Saint Francis. I rejoice to think, therefore, that a national convention of Franciscan Tertiaries will take place in the City of Chicago, on October 2, 3, 4, 1921; and I take this occasion to assure the delegates and the visitors to the convention of a most hearty fraternal welcome.

I am highly gratified to know, also, that the preparations for this great meeting are well under way, and that everywhere new interest is being manifested in the Third Order. May I ask you, dear Father, to convey to the members of the National Directive Board and of the Local Board my appreciation for the very efficient manner in which they are acquitting themselves of their several tasks and to encourage them in the arduous labor they have so generously undertaken for the glory of God and the advancement of the Third Order? I, on my part, will not neglect to invoke daily

the blessing of Saint Francis on the undertaking, to the end that it may contribute to make the Third Order better known and loved and to increase its numbers as well as its usefulness.

With all good wishes, I am, my dear Father,

Fraternally yours in our Seraphic Father,

SAMUEL MACKE, O. F. M.

Minister Provincial.

Cincinnati, O., Dec. 31, 1919.

Rev. and Dear Father:

I hereby wish to give expression to my unstinted approval of the First National Tertiary Congress to be held in Chicago, Illinois, Oct. 2, 3, 4, 1920.

The first announcement of the contemplated National Tertiary Congress was glad news to me. I gave it a hearty welcome and assured the movement of my loyal support.

I see in this National Tertiary Congress the greatest move ever attempted in any country to bring the Third Order of St. Francis to the fore, and I feel confident that by it a great impetus will be given towards extending the influence of the Third Order in solving aright the great social problems of our day.

The Vicar of Christ on earth sees in the Third Order of St. Francis one of the great motors of reconstruction of present mankind and the First National Tertiary Congress of the United States will give the effective impulse to set this motor agoing with great speed towards this important and most necessary goal.

Permeate the masses with the true spirit of St. Francis and you have a most solid foundation for the reconstruction of the world. This is no ex-

perimental undertaking. History watches for its success. May God speed it and grant to the First National Tertiary Congress unlimited success. May our Seraphic Father take it under his special protection.

Yours fraternally,

FR. RUDOLPH BONNER, O.F.M.

New York City, Feb. 19, 1920.

My dear Father Roger:

The prospect of a Franciscan revival, such as the contemplated Tertiary Congress, comes to us like a bright ray of hope through the fast and thickly gathering clouds of these evil days. And while, it is true, we should indeed prove ourselves ungrateful children of our Seraphic Father were we to allow the seventh centenary of the foundation of the Third Order to pass without duly commemorating the event, we may rest assured that the Spirit of God, who abides in the Church, has His own all-wise designs regarding our forth-coming Congress, and that He will sweetly, yet mightily, elicit untold spiritual advantages from what we should regard as our common duty. Therefore we feel prompted to look upon this celebration, not as a mere fraternal reunion, but as God's work, to which we should lend our most devoted attention and coöperation. Let us make it a true revival of the spirit and the zeal of our great Founder, who in his day placed before a restless, pleasure-seeking, wealth-seeking and power-seeking world, in concrete and tangible form, the Christian ideals of peace, purity, poverty and true democracy.

May God grant you wisdom and strength, dear Father, to make this Congress mean to each one of its attendants a real revival of spirit, in order that, inwardly renewed and fortified, they may bring a consoling and

persuasive message to their homes and to their social environment. In behalf of the Fathers of the Holy Name Province, and of all the Tertiaries under our direction in the East, I pledge you our sincerest and most earnest coöperation.

Fraternally yours in St. Francis,
FR. MATHIAS FAUST, O.F.M.,

Syracuse, N. Y., Dec. 6, 1919.

Dear Rev. Father:

I hereby wish to acknowledge the receipt of the report of the meeting of the officers of the General Board of the National Tertiary Congress held at Chicago, November 11, 1919, and to thank you for the same.

I most heartily approve of the National Tertiary Congress and assure you that I will lend my every effort in assisting you and the Members of the Executive Board in making the Congress a success. Nothing, I believe, at this time could tend to the greater glory of our common Father, St. Francis, or to the promotion of filial charity among his brethren more than just such a Congress. I hail the day with joy.

Invoking the blessing of God upon your noble endeavors and reassuring you and the Executive Board of my cordial sympathy in the great movement, I ever remain,

Sincerely in our Seraphic Founder,
FR. LEO, *Prov.*

San Francisco, Cal., Oct. 4, 1920.

My dear Father Roger:

This is the glorious feast-day of our holy Father St. Francis. Naturally our eyes are turned today to his shining throne in heaven where he is surrounded by thousands of holy children to whom he has been the inspiration, the model, and the guide on the road to true perfection and happiness.

But, although his pure soul left this world nearly seven hundred years ago, his noble spirit continues to live most actively in his devoted children—the members of the Three Orders which his ardent zeal for the salvation of souls has left to the Church of God as his best inheritance.

Perhaps the most fruitful work of St. Francis for the welfare of society was the founding of the Third Order

—the best school of true and genuine piety for the good Catholics living in the world. It is chiefly through the Third Order that the salutary influence of the Seraphic Saint has become nationwide, nay, worldwide. If only all the well-meaning Catholics of our country would better know the beneficial effects which this greatest religious organization of lay people has produced upon the individual, domestic, social and religious life, doubtlessly many more would gladly join the ranks of this powerful spiritual army of Jesus Christ.

For this reason I think that the idea of having a National Convention of Tertiaries in the Jubilee Year, 1921, the seventh centenary of its foundation, is indeed a happy one. From my whole heart I wish the organization, the organizers and promoters of this First Tertiary Convention the greatest possible success. May the next feast day of St. Francis witness a Convention of Tertiaries who have come from all the parts of the United States to carry the grand ideas of the great St. Francis into thousands of Catholic homes and to make them like their

glorious Father, true social reformers and benefactors of human society.

Yours fraternally in our holy Father St. Francis.

HUGOLINUS STORFF, O. F. M.,
Min. Provinc.

New York, N. Y., Dec. 23, 1920.

Dear Father Roger:

The National Tertiary Congress to be held in Chicago in the year 1921, in commemoration of the founding of the Third Order of St. Francis has my hearty approbation and support.

It shall be my earnest endeavor to have all the Tertiary Conferences under the care of the Capuchin Fathers of the Province of St. Joseph well represented.

May the Congress serve to make the Third Order of St. Francis better known and induce many more to rally under the standard of the Poverello of Assisi.

With best wishes for success, I am,
Very sincerely yours,
FATHER BENEDICT, O. M. Cap.
Provincial.

FROM DARKEST ERIN AND DISTANT CHINA

By FR. GILES, O. F. M.

IT HAS been some time since I have addressed you, my dear Tertiaries, on matters pertaining to the Third Order of St. Francis, but I can assure you that my silence has been caused not by neglect but by pressure of work, which made it impossible for me to continue the chats. But this month I feel obliged to break my silence and to bring to your notice a matter which, if not pertaining to the Third Order as such, will be sure to interest every child of our Seraphic Father St. Francis. The matter concerns two letters I received recently from two of my brothers in St. Francis, Rev. Fr. Jerome, of Athlone, Ireland, and Right Rev. Fr. Eugene Massi, Franciscan Vicar Apostolic of Sianfu, China. My heart goes out to them in their misery and I know that your own hearts will melt with true Franciscan pity when you read their heartrending appeals. I realize full well that your charity is already taxed to the limit and I do not expect you all to respond in a financial way to their cry for aid. Those of you who can part with a spare penny will merit the sincere gratitude of the suf-

fering people of Ireland and China and Heaven's richest blessings. The rest who can aid only by their prayers will not go unrewarded. The HERALD will gladly forward your alms sent to this office.

Rev. Fr. Jerome writes as follows:
The Friary, Athlone, Ireland.

My dear Fr. Giles:

I write to acquaint you of the terrible state of our poor country and to make an urgent appeal to you for help. I regret that, for obvious reasons, I can not give you any detailed account. However, I am sure you have some faint idea of our trouble from your own press. We have formed a relief committee here among our Tertiaries, the object of which is to help those who are suffering so much and will suffer during the coming months. I wonder would it be asking too much of you to publish the enclosed circular in the next issue of the HERALD? I am sure that many a generous heart would be moved.

I feel, dear Father, that I am asking a great deal of you; but when it is question of succoring the needy, surely
(Continued on page 95)



Fiction



THE OUTLAWS OF RAVENHURST

By L. M. WALLACE

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CHAPTER III

ANGUS GORDON rode in the teeth of the March wind. Full seventy winters had whitened Lang-Sword's son; and yet, like the oaks of Ben Ender, he stood snow-crowned and strong. Seventy years of storm, civil war and chaos, famine and plague—Scotland had scarcely known a "Shrovetide peace" in all that time, and Clan Gordon had been in the thick of every fray. Sir Angus had kept the pledge his infant lips had made there in the feudal hall, among his warriors, with his hand on his dead father's heart. He had been true to Mary, Queen of Scots, through the wars that raged round her cradle, the tumult of her reign, the years of her captivity, true till she ended her peerless life on the scaffold—a martyr in fact if not in name.

Now it was her son that reigned, sixth James of the old Stuart line, a man like and yet unlike the kings that had gone before him. He had the same high and headstrong pride, the terrible and untamed passions of that race; but into his life the gentle influence of the faith had never come. He was greater and yet less great than they. His scepter swayed two kingdoms; but to gain the English crown, he had made allies of those who murdered his own mother.

Between the two nations there was peace after centuries of conflict, peace on the old border, in the debatable land, in the rebellious Highlands—such peace as the conquered know under the tyrant's steel-shod foot.

When James crushed the Highlands, he thought it hardly worth his time to drive the old Earl of Ravenhurst into exile. He had one foot in the grave as matters stood; what need to spend

powder and ball taking that strong fortress which in time must fall into the royal hands like a ripe apple. His Majesty contented himself with confiscating land after land till the old earl had but the empty title of greatness left to him—lord of massive butresses and stately halls wherein dwelt poverty, almost starvation,—chief of a clan, but clanless. This was the plan of that most gracious sovereign, James, VI of Scotland, I of England; but leaders will be followed. As the Lowlands have ever brought forth riches, so have the Highlands given the world

evening with a deer across his saddle, when he thought he heard a moan. It was very low; but he was so sure that he had heard the cry of a being in distress that he searched the bushes for some time. Finding nothing, he was about to proceed upon his way; but he could not bring himself to do so, and searched again. At last he saw a man lying in the shadow of a log and hurried to him. "Mother of mercy! Can this be you, Father Walter of Alnwick?" he cried stooping down.

"Your ears are sharp, my lord," answered the friar with a faint smile,

"and it is a kind heart that makes them so; but go, most noble sir. You know that I am outlawed!"*

"The king's men have done worse than outlaw you! It is on the rack you have been!"

"Go, my lord, you must not be seen speaking to me."

"Do you think I will leave you here? You are not the first outlaw that has found refuge at Ravenhurst. It is in my mind that you have been racked for not telling that Holy Mass is offered in my castle. It

is for sparing me that you have suffered."

"Let it pass, Sir Angus. Leave me here. You are risking your life uselessly. All will be over by sunrise, and Heaven is as near here as elsewhere. For yourself you never think, but remember the clan and the orphans are depending upon you."

"Father, to Ravenhurst you go, whether you will or no. Had I the strength of other days, I would carry you. That I can not do, now; but there are those who can." He raised his battered bugle to those kind old lips and the sweet notes rang out, "A rescue! A rescue!"

*To give aid to an outlawed priest was a crime punishable by death.

THE STORY

Sir Malcolm Gordon, surnamed the Lang-Sword, a descendant of the bloody Highland chieftain Fire-the-Braes, gains the favor of King James V. of Scotland by his daring and loyalty. He falls, together with his sovereign, on Flodden Field. Over the dead body of his father, Angus Gordon, Lang-Sword's infant son, prompted by his mother, Lady Anne of Gordon, vows allegiance, in the presence of the clan Gordon, to Mary, newborn Queen of Scots.

men. The clan had pledged itself to Angus Gordon. They, who made that vow, had long been the food of ravens; but the sons and grandsons of those men were Clan Gordon, they knew no thought but loyalty. In the wild fastnesses of Ben Ender's Glens they lived, ragged but true.

So the earl rode in the teeth of the March wind. He rode a hunting. Not that the weary old man loved the sport but the orphans that wandered in the ancient halls were many; and, tired of salt fish, they were begging for meat. The men were at work in the barren fields; so Sir Angus saddled his own war horse and went hunting on that bleak March day.

The old earl was returning toward

Some workmen in the fields came in answer to the bugle. They made a rough litter of boughs and, spreading their plaids upon it, carried the friar down to the castle. For days the good priest lay between life and death. Sir Angus would not leave his side. At last he was better. He could walk about; but the racked arms were still so sore that it went to the heart to hear him moan when the bandages were changed.

The old earl took a trusty lad—the grandson of Tam the Armorer, called John o' the Cleuth—and sent him to find a friendly sea captain that would take the friar to France. Not that the priest intended to give up the Scottish mission; he was to return when strong again. Before going, Father Walter determined to say Mass, so that the faithful might receive their Easter Communion. He could not as yet move his own arms; but he asked Sir Angus to stand behind him and move them for him.

"Ah, Father," remonstrated the old earl, "how can you bear the pain of that?"

"Do not fear for the Blessed Sacrament, Sir Angus," the priest said quietly, "I can control my fingers fairly well now, and I think I have strength enough not to faint. Then, remember we can count upon the assistance of God, since this Mass is necessary to fulfil His law. It may be a year before I can return, perhaps longer. The faithful must receive holy Communion at Easter time, and there is no other way."

Mass was said in the great room of the seaward tower. There was in this room a fireplace that served more purposes than one in those wild days. The mantel could be drawn out twice its width and lowered so as to form an altar. Two carven yeomen stood on the hearth holding the mantel on their spears; and above, two knights crossed swords above a picture. Within these figures were hidden the sacred vessels of the sacrifice. Narrow panels at each side of the painting could be slid back, uncovering a space in which were safely hung the holy vestments. Behind the picture, was a hole large enough to conceal a man. In truth, a cunning piece of Flemish wood-carving was the fireplace in the great room of the seaward tower. All could be hidden in the space of an eye's twinkling, sacred vessels, holy vestments, even the priest himself.

It was three o'clock on Easter Sunday morning. The great room was nearly filled with the folk kneeling about on the floor. In the corner knelt

four children. They were dear to the old earl. James and Roger were his grandsons. The other two were orphans of the famous Douglas line; and to Stephen and Margaret Sir Angus had been more than a father. It was to be the children's first Communion day; and the old warrior had prepared them well for the coming of the King of kings. But the little ones could not say their prayers. They were watching the face of the priest. It was so thin and white, yet wonderfully beautiful. The lines about the mouth drew in so sharply, when Sir Angus moved his arms this way and that. They could see the drops of cold sweat shining in the candle light. His voice, as he said the old, old prayers, had a strange sweetness in it that sank deep into their hearts.

Then sounded the little bell that warns of the coming of the Lord—again the silence—the silver bell's low music once more—the Sacred Host raised high in those thin white hands—the sweet-toned bell through the stillness—the golden chalice with the Precious Blood—the Lord our God blessing them as they adored.

There was a clank of armor in the outer hall. The door swung open. Something flashed from the doorway through the candle-light striking the priest in the side. He lowered the chalice, set it quietly upon the altar, and leaned against the old earl.

Bertrand had warned the king's men. Bertrand had passed a rope to them over the wall. Bertrand was the trusted servant, the one left on guard.

The soldiers were everywhere. The men were struggling; the women screaming. The four frightened children crawled back under a couch and lay still. By and by came a silence, and they ventured to peep from the hiding place; but what did they see? Twenty-odd troopers were standing at the end of the room with drawn swords. They were still as if waiting an order, and the captain was slow to give it—twenty-three in number, but they were in downright terror of the long sword in the earl's right hand.

Father Walter lay across the hearth. He was dead. On the altar the chalice gleamed in the candle light—beside it, that small Circle of White. Just in front of his God stood the brave old earl. It was a strange sight—the white-haired warrior in the surplice of an acolyte, the light of battle in the old blue eyes, and clenched in his right hand the long sword that had named his father, that had been the ancestral blade of the knights of Rock Raven since the days of Fire-the-Braes. By

his side was the young lad that had served the priest at Mass,—Muckle John, grandson of Tam the Armorer. In his hand, he held the dirk that had pierced the heart of the priest. Twenty-three against two, and it was the twenty-three that were afraid; but then the earl's swordmanship was a toast in two countries.

The officer took a step forward. One could see he had little liking for his work.

"Captain John Brent," said Sir Angus slowly. "I was your godfather in Baptism. By the vows I took that day, I tell you that you have committed a grievous sin this day. The punishments of God Almighty are terrible."

"My orders, sir," growled the officer. "A soldier must obey orders."

"And since when is it, that the orders of a king make it lawful to break the laws of the King of kings?"

There was a struggle on Brent's face. He was too good a man for such a trade. "Come," he growled. "Let's go. We have done enough of the devil's work for one day!"

The men seemed only too willing to obey. They had no wish to match swords with the great Sir Angus Gordon; but Bertrand sprang forward.

"You white-livered cowards!" he roared. "Twenty seasoned veterans against one old fool and a fisherman's gilly! A thousand pounds reward for the priest's body! The rubies on that chalice are worth rattlin' guineas! Here you stand like whipped curs in fear o' the lang-sword! Don't you know the old cutthroat has reached his doddering days?"

"If fight you will, fight I will!" shouted Brent. "But—I draw for the other side! Perhaps God may forgive me the sins of this night!"

"He will forgive you," said Sir Angus.

The captain sprang forward, but paused and dropped on his knees as he passed the altar. He looked at the Blessed Sacrament, one sorrowful, pleading look; then he took his place.

Two troopers tried to follow him.

"Down with the turncoats!" cried Bertrand. Half a dozen swords pierced them before they could take another step.

Something struck the altar. One candle went out; then the other. The blue light of the lang-sword shot in quick flashes through the darkness. There were curses and wild cries. Swords clanged as they struck each other, or hissed through the air ending that dull sound that sickens one's blood.

"Brent's down!" It was Bertrand's

voice. "Finish him! That's a clean stroke! Now back and rest a bit! There's only the old fool left!"

The troopers drew off a few steps. Sir Angus stood in a pile of dead. Brent and young Muckie John were among them. The old earl was straight still; but there was a wound above his temple, and the blood trickled over his thin white hair. The good right arm hung limp by his side. The lang-sword was clenched in his left. Age was beginning to tell, for his breath came in quick, short gasps.

Then Stephen grasped his sister's hand, "Hist, Margie!" he sobbed, "Look at the altar!"

Some sword had struck the chalice. It was lying on one side. The Precious Blood was dripping, drop after drop, from the cloth down to the hearth and mingling with the blood of the martyred priest.

Bertrand's voice again, "Once more, and the job is done! Up, lads!"

The lang-sword flashed. A trooper went staggering back toward the wall. Another fell, with a wild curse, across that dark pile at the earl's feet. Then Bertrand's sword caught the old man's wrist. The lang-sword sprang high in the air. Sir Angus was down. They were dragging him along the floor. Some one had the body of Father Walter.

Then the old earl saw the altar—the overturned chalice — the Precious Blood—and Bertrand reaching one greedy hand for the chalice with the gems that were worth "rattlin' guineas." The chief's voice rang as in the battle days. "Bertrand have a care! You have spilt the blood of man this night, brave John's, and Brent's, and the blood of a holy priest of God; but have a care, Bertrand, if you touch that chalice, the blood on your hands will be the Blood of God!"

The traitor turned as if to answer, but a trooper broke in. "Come on! Let it alone! There'll be bad luck with a chalice along. There always is. We had plenty o' it the day! Five a livin' oot o' twenty, and all o' us wounded! It'll be na ladies' job to get the dead one an' the live one up to castle Russell before sun-up. Matt an' Dave canna help at a."

Bertrand snarled but he followed them muttering under his breath, "I can see to that later. They're worth guineas, rattlin' guineas!"

(To be continued)

I have no cares, O blessed Will!

For all my cares are Thine;

I live in triumph, Lord, for Thou

Hast made Thy triumphs mine.

—Father Faber.

HOW THE FRIAR CAME AT CHRISTMAS

By DENIS A. MCCARTHY

THE days preceding Christmas in the year 1720 were anxious days indeed for the Catholic people of the little Irish village of Ballynale. The priest-hunters were very active in this village and its environs, but particularly so at Christmas when they knew that the people would be seeking the ministrations of a clergyman for their faith. For years the people had had a resident clergyman, poor old Father O'Neill, whose presence had been tolerated by the Protestant squirearchy of the neighborhood, he being old and as they said "harmless." But since his death in the summer, no priest had been able to find a foothold in Ballynale.

Ireland was feeling that year, as for many a year before and after, the rigor of the Penal Laws which had been passed, after the triumph of William of Orange over James II, to keep the Catholics of Ireland a subject race, depriving them of every vestige of right, civil and religious; and Ballynale was cursed by a set of Protestant Ascendancy squires whose anti-Catholic bitterness was proverbial throughout Ireland.

Secular priests were few, and no attempt had been made by the bishop, himself a fugitive with a price upon his head, to send a clergyman to attempt to take the place of old Father O'Neill. But the rumor ran about this time that a Franciscan friar was lurking in the mountains, and that he might be expected to visit the valley by stealth on Christmas Eve to hear confessions; and the hope was that he might be able to stay long enough among the faithful people to say Mass on Christmas morning and break the Bread of Life to the shepherdless flock.

Although this was at first only a secret whisper, it gradually grew louder until it came to the ears of the man in the neighborhood with whom priest-catching was a profession—Samuel Judkin, well known throughout the country as priest-hunter Judkin. This man immediately set about the formation of plans for the capture of the friar, alive or dead. For a wolf's head one received in those days in Ireland the same bounty as for the head of a friar. But hunting wolves was attended by some risk; so men like Judkin confined their hunting activities to priests.

Every man, woman, and child in

the neighborhood being known either to Judkin or to some of his minions, it followed that a stranger would find it very difficult to enter the little village by either of its two roads without being detected; and as the village was remote and travel very light, it seemed a comparatively easy thing, in view of the professional keenness of the priest hunter and his men, to spot a friar no matter how well disguised. So coming on Christmas, the feeling in Ballynale grew very tense, the down-trodden Catholic people hoping the friar would safely find his way among them, the priest-hating and priest-hunting gentry bending every faculty to the friar's capture.

In justice it should be said that there were varying degrees of fervor in this priest-hatred among the local Protestant families. One or two of the most powerful among them were very lax in their anti-Catholicism, being in this respect somewhat of a scandal to their more active brethren. Residing among the people and observing their virtues, they had come to feel a certain affection for them, and they could not see how harsh anti-Catholic measures were in the slightest degree diminishing the Catholic ardor of the poor people or increasing the number of conversions from among them to the Protestant faith.

One such family, the Jephsons, viewed with ill-concealed disgust the priest-hunting of the "squires" about them, particularly the activities of Samuel Judkin. They were even suspected of harboring fugitive priests who, on former occasions, had entered the valley. One of the sons of the family, Norris Jephson, was quite beloved by the people, because of his engaging ways. "A great playboy," they called him, expressing in this phrase their affectionate view of those fine, frank, manly qualities which the Irish admire. He made friends wherever he went; and his holidays from college were looked forward to with longing by many of the young lads in the vicinity, for while at home young Jephson would take a hand at every sort of outdoor sport, and compete on equal terms with the village boys as freely as with the sons of the gentry.

It was in the Jephson family that the main hope of the Catholics lay in the present case. They felt that if Father Malachi could reach Dunmore House (the Jephson home) he would

safe while under its roof, and would be assured of a way to leave the village unharmed after his work among he people was finished. Norris Jephson, who was home for the Christmas holidays, had learned of the state of affairs, and he determined to lend a hand. On more than one occasion in the past he had twitted Samuel Judkin on his skill as a priest-hunter, and had sarcastically advised him to seek a game in which there was more downright sport and danger.

"Anybody can catch a priest," said the young man. "A priest's disguise is easily seen through. Most of those men don't seem to mind whether they are taken or not. But if I had the fixing up of a priest or friar, you'd never recognize him. I'd get him through under your very nose."

"Indeed!" retorted Judkin. "Well, young man, I hope you'll never be foolish enough to attempt any such game as that. Remember, I have his Majesty's commission as a Justice of the Peace, and I can make it very uncomfortable for those found harboring men who are in the eyes of the law criminals."

To this speech the young man had only replied with a laugh; but Judkin was more suspicious than ever of the Jephson family and its tolerance for people who to him were intolerable.

This was the state of affairs as Christmas approached. A few days before the great holiday, it was given out that Norris Jephson was going, on Christmas Eve, to Clonmel, the neighboring large town, to meet and bring home by coach, for a holiday visit, a former English fellow student who was in Ireland with his father, the latter an official of the British Government, closely associated with Irish governmental affairs. The proposed visit of the Honorable Mr. Marmaduke Ransom, Jephson's friend was the matter of much pleasant speculation among the local gentry, and preparations were made in almost every "great house" thereabouts to offer him every courtesy that hospitality could devise during his stay. But when Samuel Judkin heard of young Jephson's journey to Clonmel and of his bringing home an aristocratic young English friend for the holidays, he nodded his head very sagaciously and called together his henchmen for a secret session.

"This young Jephson thinks he's very smart," mused Judkin, very smart indeed, with his 'English friend' and all that. But I see through his little game. And I think he'll find he's no match for me after all."

Night and a snow-storm had closed darkly and thickly in on Christmas Eve before the coach containing Norris Jephson and his companion reached the hill-top from which the road descended sharply into the village of Ballynale. Young Jephson was just remarking on this fact to his friend, all bundled up as the latter was in many shawls and rugs, and was promising him that they would soon be before the roaring fire in Dunmore House, when the coach stopped

conscious of the forms of other men, mounted, in the background. The Judkin house seemed to be out in force.

"Here, you, McGowan, what do you mean by this?" he shouted at the minion of the priest-hunter who held the pistol. "Put down that pistol, and don't you dare to threaten me with it. What sort of outrage is this?"

"It's all right, Mr. Jephson, sir," replied McGowan, not at all comfortable. "It's all right, sir. We are not meaning any harm to yourself, sir. But the master, sir, Mr. Judkin, has been warned that a priest is trying to enter Ballynale, and he—he—he'd like to see, sir, the man you have with you in the coach."

"What! You mean he suspects me of trying to smuggle a priest into Ballynale under the guise of one of my friends? Ha! ha! ha!" laughed the young man, "that is a good one, indeed. Look here," he cried, calling to the swathed and bundled figure in the coach, "these fellows believe you to be a priest in disguise!"

"Yes, we do," retorted McGowan, nettled by the young man's sarcasm, "and what's more, we have orders to take him to Mr. Judkin's house. We have a spare horse here for him to ride. So if he will step out at once, it will be saving all of us a lot of trouble, as we are armed, and it is no good to resist."

Protesting loudly, Jephson saw his companion, who had not uttered a word, taken with scant ceremony from the coach. He himself got out and stood for a few moments expostulating. Then as if he had taken a sudden resolution to protest no more, he jumped into the coach, but not before expressing his deep regret to Marmaduke Ransom and promising to make Judkin pay dearly for this insult to his guest.

"Tim," he called to the driver, who all this time had sat silent on the box, taking no part in the scene, "Tim, drive for home as quick as you can. We must let my father know of this work of Judkin."

"We'll be at Judkin's almost as soon as yourselves," he shouted back at the group of priest-catchers, as his coach drove off rapidly, "and we'll show you what stupid blunderers you all are!"

Then as the coach rocked from side to side with the rapidity of its movement, he leaned back on the cushions and laughed heartily.

Meanwhile, as the Judkin henchmen rode off with their silent prisoner, McGowan remarked to one of his fellows:

"Young Jephson played that part very well, but he didn't fool me for a minute. We've got the right man—a

THE IRISH FRIAR

Harried and hunted
By spy and yeoman—
This was the wonted
Life of the friar;
Every stranger
A possible foeman,
Ever in danger
Of base men's ire.

Hunted and harried
By hedge and highway,
Seldom he tarried
For food or fire;
In lonely passes
Or field or byway,
He hid his Masses,
'Mid bush and briar.

Rigorous, penal,
The law's proscription,
Priest-hunters' venal
Seeking the hire.
Wolf with priest was
In one description,
Chased like the beast was
The Irish friar.

Hunted and harried,
His flock he tended,
The thrush he parried
Of lord and squire;
And Ireland's heart
Until time is ended
Will never part from
Her faithful friar.

—Denis A. McCarthy.

with a sudden jolt. Hoarse commands to halt mingled with the trampling of the horses and the expostulation of the driver, and when young Jephson let down the coach window and put his head out to see what all this was about, he was covered by a horse pistol in the hands of a man whom he recognized as one of the followers of Judkin. Another man was at the horses' heads; while still another held a torch by means of which these details could be made out. Although he could not see beyond the circle of light thrown by the torch, Jephson was

priest, without a doubt, and very likely the one that has been hanging around here for some time. I haven't a doubt these fine clothes he has on belong to young Jephson himself."

"Not a doubt of it," responded the other. "It was a fine trick to pretend he was bringing home a friend for the holidays, but the Squire has a keen eye. It is hard to fool him at a game of this kind."

Arriving at Judkin's however, they soon discovered that they had overreached themselves—that the man whom they had compelled to suffer the indignity of an arrest was indeed what he purported to be, and not a priest at all. While Mr. Ransom was still, in a rather bored and supercilious way, establishing his identity, and showing that he was indeed the scion of the house of Ransom and not a poor, beggarly, hunted friar, the Jephsons, father and son, arrived and added their testimony, in which were included sundry sarcastic remarks about the cleverness of the priest-hunters, and the ease with which an English gentleman connected with influential government officials, might be taken for a priest.

True to his character, Judkin turned on his unfortunate henchmen and placed the blame for this stupendous blunder on their shoulders.

All through the interview, there was a gleam in the eye of the younger Jephson which indicated that, despite his indignation at the outrage on his friend, the incident was not altogether displeasing to him. He had a mocking and triumphant air, which irritated Judkin more than anything else. The priest-hunter felt chagrined beyond expression at the thought that young Jephson had triumphed over him.

When Christmas had passed, the extent of the triumph of young Jephson became known and increased Judkin's chagrin more than ever. In fact, he became the laughingstock of the neighborhood when it was discovered that, while he and his henchmen were concentrating their attention on the distinguished young English friend of Norris Jephson's, as being Father Malachi in disguise, the actual Father Malachi had entered the village and had said Mass—actually said Mass—in the place on Christmas morning and then had successfully escaped the clutches of the Judkins and gone no one knew where.

It was not for a long time afterwards that it became known that the driver of the coach, to whom none of Judkin's men paid any attention while arresting Mr. Ransom, was none other than Father Malachi.

LOVE'S SACRIFICE

A Tale of Christmas Eve

By Marian Nesbitt

LOOKING back across the years that have passed since that Christmas Eve when I first saw Charnworth Priory—it is called the "Priory," not because the present building, old and beautiful as it is, was ever a religious house, but simply because the restored chapel, one of those exquisite little sermons in stones, for which the so-called Dark Ages were famous, and some ruins, still standing just within the northern boundary of the park, once belonged to a Carthusian Monastery—looking back, I say, to the moment when my eyes first rested on a scene which has now become so familiar and so dear, one fact strikes me forcibly, and it is this: how persistently those incidents, emotions, and experiences that have left the most lasting impress upon my character; all the things that *really* matter; all the joy, too pure and too perfect to be tarnished by words; all the poignancy and passion of a pain too deep to be expressed by sighs or groans, or tears, are inevitably associated with Christmas Eve.

I was barely nineteen when my father's sudden death broke up a home which for me, despite the fact that I had lost my lovely young mother before my second year, had been ideally happy.

Handsome, brave, and singularly charming; tender, too, with that tenderness almost invariably found in those who know not fear, my father had ever been my hero, my best friend, my absolutely sympathetic comrade and confidant. When he left me I felt unutterably desolate, and it was with an added sense of loss and loneliness that I heard of his arrangements for my future. I was not rich, but at the same time by no means penniless, having £400 a year of my own; and it was his wish that for the present I should make my home with his only brother's widow, Lady Charnworth, at Charnworth Priory.

I had never seen either her or my cousin. A soldier's life is often an unsettled one, and circumstances had always kept us apart. I knew she had three sons—Hubert, twenty-seven, who lived of course at Charnworth; Geoffrey, twenty-three, with his regiment in Ireland; René, twenty, still at college; and one daughter, Elizabeth, a few months younger than I. But the meeting, which, under other conditions, I should have eagerly anticipated, I

now shrank from, and would fain have indefinitely postponed. "Could I not stay on here a little longer?" I asked our lawyer, an old family friend.

"No, indeed, my dear Miss Magdalen. General Ingelby left, as you will see, very definite instructions on that point. Your cousin, Sir Hubert, will arrive in town today and take you back with him to Devonshire."

Thus it came about that, two days later, I found myself in a closed motor, gliding swiftly up the long avenue to the Priory. My eldest cousin had been very kind to me in his grave, courteous way. He was tall and dark, with clearly cut features and the manner and bearing of a man far older than his years—a character, I told myself, to inspire respect, but never love. This impression time amply justified. With a tact for which I inwardly thanked him, he left me to the magazines, books, and papers with which he had liberally provided me before we left Waterloo, and I found myself at the end of the journey, surprised that it had seemed so short.

The gathering darkness of the winter afternoon could not conceal the lovely wooded slopes, green hills, and, in the southern distance, red cliffs and a gently moving sea. Sad at heart though I was, the fairness of the picture made a strong appeal. I was about to speak, when the motor turned in at the gates of the famous beech avenue. A few minutes later warm rays of light streamed out from the hospitably wide open door; and almost immediately I was in my aunt's arms.

"Welcome, dear Magdalen, welcome," she said, kissing me affectionately on both cheeks. "I fear you are very tired, my poor child." Then, still holding my hand in hers, she drew forward a slight girl, with masses of pale gold hair crowning her small head, and a delicately fair skin, through which the blue veins showed with almost startling distinctness. "This," she continued, "is Elizabeth. I trust you will be great friends; and this—Geoffrey, poor boy, could not get leave—is René."

Ah! René, René, no matter how far my feet may travel on the road of life, never shall I forget the moment when your eyes first met mine! Can it *really* be ten long years since I first heard your voice in greeting—felt your hand close clasping both my own? My pen falls from my hand. It seems hopeless

to attempt to describe this cousin, who, whilst inheriting all his mother's slightly foreign charm of manner—have I said that my aunt Stéphanie was not wholly English?—possessed, besides, a beauty of mind and body so rare and so distinctive that no artist's brush, much less any written words, can give an idea of his personality. Nevertheless, I must try to show him as he appeared to me then, and as he will ever dwell, enshrined in the innermost sanctuaries of heart and memory. Not tall—in fact, scarcely above middle height—and of a slenderness and grace that betokened activity rather than muscular strength, his face and form irresistibly reminded me of Scheffer's well known picture of St. Augustine with his mother in the window at Ostia. Of course René was much younger; but he had the same dark eyes, glowing with inner light; the same mobile, sensitive lips; the same thick, soft fringe of brown hair framing the broad, intellectual brow; the same arresting upward glance. And he was so utterly unconscious of it all—so absolutely devoid of the least thought of self—that his attractiveness was doubled.

The days and months went on, drifting away so swiftly, that when July came in all its glory of blue sea, golden sunshine, and wealth of summer flowers, it seemed hard indeed to realize that I had been seven months at Charnworth.

As an only child, and the almost inseparable companion of a man like my father, I had dreaded unspeakably having to take my place among those to whom, despite their cordial kindness, I must at first, at any rate, have appeared somewhat in the light of an intruder—the ever unwelcome outsider in a complete family circle. But never, by word or glance was I allowed to feel this. My cousins, Elizabeth and René admitted me at once to intimacy. I was allowed—nay, entreated—with a generosity that touched me deeply, to share all their interests, duties, and pleasures; and it was difficult, as I have already said, to believe that I had ever been a stranger in this happy home.

Elizabeth was a sweet girl, gentle and winning, without a grain of meanness or jealousy in her composition.

Her warm admiration and unselfish devotion filled me with gratitude, and I was sincerely fond of her. But it was René who absorbed all my thoughts; René to whom, though at that time I was wholly unaware of the fact, I had given the most exalted love that one human being can give another—a love that sought to win nothing but to sacrifice all—that desired not to be loved, but to love.

On this lovely afternoon, I sat by



The Hidden God and Savior

the teatable under the cedar waiting for him and Elizabeth; they were playing tennis on the lower lawn, and their voices and laughter sounded clearly in the warm, scented silence. Presently he came to me across the wide stretch of smooth green grass that lay below the south terrace, and, ascending the shallow steps, flung himself on the ground at my feet.

"How gloriously hot it is," he exclaimed, throwing aside his racquet. "I love the summer, don't you, Magdalen?"

"Indeed I do," I returned, decidedly.

"I hate cold in any shape or form—cold weather, cold houses, cold food, and, most of all, cold hearts!"

He laughed. "What are you reading so diligently?" he inquired, laying a thin brown hand on the open pages of the old manuscript lying on my knee.

"I am reading the history of Charnworth. Oh, René, tell me, the ruins are not still haunted, are they?"

"But, of course. Go down there tonight, on the stroke of twelve, and you will see the white monk walking—no, pacing is the more appropriate term—pacing the north side of the cloisters, as he has done, so runs the tale, for over three hundred years. However, it's no use asking you to go. You may enjoy being thrilled in the broad light of day; but you would not like it so well at midnight, alone, for you must be alone, remember, or he won't appear."

"Has any one in the family seen him? I mean, have you, or Elizabeth, or the others?"

"No; we have none of us—not even Geoff—had the courage to go down there by ourselves."

"How absurd you are, René! I am quite sure it is not fear which has kept you away, and I have a shrewd suspicion that you are only teasing me after all. Nevertheless, I mean to put your story to the proof, and go down to the ruins alone tonight at twelve o'clock."

"I say, Magdalen, do you really mean that?"

"Of course I mean it," I answered, emphatically. "If you doubt me, look out of your window at that witching hour; but don't tell the others. Promise me."

He nodded, and almost immediately Elizabeth and Aunt Stéphanie joined us.

Nearly eight hours later, as the clock on my bedroom chimneypiece pointed to a quarter to twelve, I put on a long dark cloak, with a hood which I drew over my head. The night was wonderfully hot and windless, but I had to conceal my white evening gown. The moon, nearly at the full, was flooding all the sleeping earth with silvery radiance, and, trying to persuade myself that I was thoroughly enjoying the adventure, I stole down the wide staircase, and, by means of a small arched doorway in the west wing, passed out into what had formerly

been the old bowling alley, and so on, with flying feet, to the park. I reached my destination all too quickly. Dark against the luminous night sky, rose the ruined arch. I took my courage in both hands, and, running through it, entered the cloisters. Gently as I trod, little rustlings in the grass made me start, and proclaimed the presence of tiny dwellers disturbed in their slumbers.

I hastened on, my heart beginning to beat almost to suffocation; for there, some yards in front of me—now in shadow, now illuminated by the cold rays of the moon, I discerned a slight white-robed and cowed figure pacing slowly, with down-bent head and hands hidden in the wide sleeves.

"The 'white monk' after all!" I whispered, shuddering involuntarily. Then, reminding myself that I was a soldier's daughter, I continued to advance. When I was within a few feet of the mysterious form, it stopped, slowly lifted its right hand and raised its head. I paused, spellbound, rooted to the spot, and marvelled at the exceeding beauty of the face so suddenly revealed. All fear had left me.

"Ah, why do you walk here?" I cried, impulsively. But almost before the words had left my lips a low, clear laugh made me start forward.

"René!" I exclaimed, half-indignant, half-amused, and wholly astonished. "Oh, René, what an intolerable shame!"

"You are right," he answered, taking my hands in his. "I ought *not* to have played my courageous cousin such a trick. But, frankly, my dear Magdalen, I never dreamt for a moment that you would come."

"Where did you get the habit?" I asked, feeling somehow strangely awed and chilled at sight of his familiar form clad in its graceful, clinging folds.

"Oh, the habit has quite a history," he said, turning and walking on beside me. "It belonged to a distant kinsman of my mother's who became a Carthusian monk. He is said to have chosen that holy and austere life as a reparation, or atonement, for the sins of one of his brothers. At his death (the monk's, I mean) my grandfather begged to have his habit; and this request was granted, because of the generous benefactions bestowed upon the Order by members of my mother's family. You are very silent, Magdalen. Tell me—do you think I make a good monk?"

"Good!" I began, then stopped abruptly. His singular perfection of form and feature, spiritualized by the religious dress, etheralized by the

moon-rays, made my heart ache with a passionate pain I could neither account for nor control; and, hiding my face in my hands, I broke into helpless sobbing.

"Don't, Magdalen, don't," he exclaimed, in a much distressed tone. "Why, I did frighten you, after all, my poor little girlie."

"No, no," I answered, trying hard to regain my composure. "It's not that at all—indeed it's not. Forgive me, René, I am only tired and stupid."

He gave me rather a searching look, but did not speak, and in total silence we made our way back to the house.

* * *

Again the memory of another Christmas Eve rises vividly before me. I had been a year at the Priory. Only twice during that time had I seen my cousin Geoffrey, and on neither of these occasions had I felt drawn to him, despite the fact that he was extraordinarily fascinating and very good-looking. I could not forgive him for the selfishness and reckless extravagance, which were a constant source of anxiety to my aunt and Hubert; and I was not in the least sorry to hear that he would not be at home for Christmas.

I was standing by the beautiful oriel window in the library, listening to the wild sobbing of the southwest wind as it swept in from the sea, driving the clouds in hurrying crowds across the sky, and making the roar of the breaking waves seem quite near. Winter, in that lovely sheltered spot, was seldom cold, and never utterly desolate; but on this particular afternoon, the sight of the whirling leaves on the terrace, the incessant wailing of the storm, and my own inward feeling combined to render my state of mind anything rather than "merry." I told myself that my head ached, though it was really my heart, and the mellow notes of the organ in the music room, now sounding loud and clear in rolling harmonies, now sinking to the softest, most exquisite murmur under René's skilled touch, did not help to heal my hurt. For was not Eve with him, as she had been always since his return?

I have not said, I think, that Eve is a distant connection of the Charnworths, on their mother's side—a cousin ever so many times removed. She knows the old chateau among the mountains, where Aunt Stéphanie was born and spent her childhood and youth; and she has an intimate way of talking of these things to René, who has seen that ancient fortress, with all its ancestral portraits and treasures dating back to the early part of the fourteenth century—a way which

makes me feel out in the cold. She is twenty-four, but looks considerably less, owing to her tiny, dainty form, fairylke appearance, and soft, appealing manner, with its little air of ready dependence upon masculine strength; though there is an undercurrent of determination about her that carries all before it. Frankly, she irritates me almost beyond bearing, and I am furiously jealous of her calm monopoly of René.

Perhaps the change in him—so slight as scarcely to be called a change, but rather a sort of aloofness or abstraction, which I had noticed since he came back this time—existed solely in my own imagination; perhaps it was merely a phantom conjured up by my over-sensitiveness; nevertheless, I could not divest myself of the idea that there was some kind of barrier between us. I was wondering for the hundredth time what it could be, when the door opened and Elizabeth appeared.

"All alone?" she exclaimed, coming to my side. "Why are you not with the others in the music room?"

"For two reasons," I replied. "First, because I have a headache; and, second, because I feel convinced they are far happier without me."

"Not René," Elizabeth answered, quickly. "He always wants you, and so do I. O, Magdalen, how I wish I was like you, lovely and interesting, and—"

"Don't be absurd," I broke in, hastily. "Remember, beauty is said to lie in the eye of the beholder; and, in any case, I can't compare in attractiveness with Eve."

Elizabeth's large dark eyes—those eyes which sometimes reminded me of René's—fixed themselves reproachfully upon me.

"Eve is only pretty," she said. "You are like a picture, with all that lovely bronze hair making an aureole round your head; and your slender figure and beautiful sad eyes—"

"Spare me further details," I cried, linking my arm in hers. "You are altogether too generous, Elizabeth; and too lenient in your judgment of me. Now let us hear what you are going to do before tea."

"I must pay some visits in the village for mother; but you ought to rest, Magdalen; you look so pale."

"I am quite all right, I assure you. Still, if it will make your mind easier, I will lie down for half an hour or so."

We parted. I listened for the sound of the organ, but all was silent as I crossed the hall and slowly ascended the staircase. Instead of going to my room, as I had intended, some impulse

prompted me to enter the picture gallery. I drew back hurriedly, however, on hearing Eve's voice; but she had already heard me.

"Do come here, Magdalen," she called, eagerly. "I want you to see René dressed like a monk. He certainly looks 'to the manner born,' though you can't think what a trouble I had to make him do it. Really, René, you are too fascinating for words. You ought to go to the fancy ball as your Carthusian kinsman."

I did not speak. The white habit and my cousin's face reminded me so vividly of that night in the cloisters not six months ago. I felt childishly hurt and angry that he should have allowed Eve to persuade him to put it on; and I resented her careless words and flippant manner.

"Well," she persisted, "isn't my suggestion an excellent one?"

"I don't agree with you," I said. "I am sure that René would never masquerade at any ball in a religious habit."

"A thousand pardons, my dear Magdalen," she cried, mockingly. "I had no idea you were so pious and easily shocked. Since when, also, may I ask, have you learnt my cousin's views on the subject?"

"I have had no need to learn them," I replied. "I know he would never dream of such a thing."

"You are quite right. I most certainly should not," he said; and though I pretended not to see the look he gave me, I felt a sudden thrill of joy. He had taken my part against Eve, whose proprietary tone, in calling him "my cousin," had made me long to slap her.

At that moment Aunt Stéphanie's voice calling her put an end to the discussion, and I half turned to the inglenook by the wide fireplace, undecided whether to go or stay. René's next words, however, settled the question.

"Please wait, Magdalen," he said. "I have been wanting to speak to you alone for days."

"Really?" I replied, sitting down in the coziest corner of the inglenook. Then, despising myself for the ignoble spirit which prompted me, I added, "Unless you had told me I should never have guessed it. Your time appeared so very much more agreeably occupied."

"A look I had never seen before sprang into my cousin's dark eyes.

"You don't understand. You think I have changed; that I have avoided you, and forgotten, in Eve's society, the dear delightful summer days when you and I—"

He broke off abruptly, but hurried on almost at once. "I have not changed; but it is true I have not sought to renew that close companionship which—yes, I must say it—meant so much more to me than you will ever know or guess. I felt I ought not—dare not. And now, God help me! I have no right to explain."

"Yes, you have," I cried, springing to my feet, whilst a light, dazzling in its brilliancy, irradiated the darkness of the past few days. My cousin loved me. His silence, even more than his words, revealed it; and, in a moment, all was transformed.

"You have a right to explain," I repeated, moving nearer to him. "Oh, René, I was horrid, mean, contemptible just now—frantically jealous of Eve, and perfectly hateful to you. But I did not mean it. I—" My lips quivered. He did not speak. A panic seized me.

"I would not hurt you for the world," I said, and suddenly began to cry.

"Magdalen, my darling, I love you, though I never meant to tell you so," he said. "I meant to go away into the eternal silence without a word. You have all that is best in me—the absolute—the most ardent affection of my heart; the purest, most passionate prayers of my soul. Yet I ought not to have let you know this."

"But you ought. It would have been very cruel of you not to," I answered, clinging to him. "Oh, René, how wonderful it is that you should love me!"

"Are you so unlovable, then?" he asked; and taking my face between his hands, he raised it, and kissed me on the forehead.

"My vocation," he answered gravely. "Magdalen, do you know that Geoffrey is not only leading a life of sin and almost unbounded extravagance; he has given up his faith as well, and I, not guessing that you loved me, have offered my life to God, in the religious state, for his conversion. In other words, I have made a vow to become a Carthusian."

"No, no," I cried, hiding my face once more against him. "Not that, René. Anything but that!"

"Yes; just that, beloved. It is the sacrifice Heaven requires of us."

"Impossible," I exclaimed passionately. "Never to see your face again—never to hear your dear voice—or clasp your hand through all the long grey years to come! Oh, I can't bear it—it will kill me!"

"It is hard for me, too," he said. "How hard, even you, Magdalen, can never know. Will you not help me to be brave, dear heart?"

A wave of conflicting emotions swept over me. Absorbing love—the love that such natures as René's alone can inspire—struggled with the conviction that an emotion so ideal and so pure could only be made perfect through suffering. To this conviction was added intense reverence and that strong belief in the sacredness of a religious vocation so deeply rooted in every true Catholic soul.

Was I going to fail him after all? Ah, no!—a thousand times no!

"My own!" I whispered, brokenly. "God has called you, and you must go. But pray for me, that I may have some part in your sacrifice."

* * * * *

It has been said that renunciation is the triumph of love—the highest act of which the human heart is capable; but for those who make that act there must always follow on the exaltation of the supreme sacrifice a corresponding violence of reaction. Exhausted by overstrain, the soul sinks into a state of weariness and depression. Such was certainly my experience. Though, for his sake, till the hour of parting came, I did my utmost to hide from René the agony which, "like a strong disease and new," held me in its relentless grasp; yet after he was really gone, the bitter waters of desolation did in very truth overwhelm me. What should I do, I asked myself, with all the lonely days and hours that must be mine hence forward? How should I bear the sense of loss that would never leave me my whole life long?—the unceasing ache, restless yet dumb, caused by such utter severance from the beloved object?

Would time, the reputed healer of all wounds, lessen the smart? I did not think so. And I was right. For though the years have taught me to believe 'tis well for him and me, because a love like ours is destined to outlast the sorrows, the sufferings, the separations of this world, and bloom on unfading through eternity; though outwardly I appear content, my heart and all my heart's affections are as absolutely and completely René's as they were the moment of our parting.

Three years passed almost uneventfully. I continued to live on at Charnworth with my aunt and Elizabeth. Hubert was no longer there. He had married a year after René left us, and his wife, not liking Devonshire, he had bought a place in the north and let the Priory to his mother.

Of Geoffrey we heard little, and that little was of the most distressing nature. He never came home now; but I knew he made demands upon Aunt Stéphanie's resources which she found

it increasingly difficult to meet. Hubert urged her to refuse these requests. The most ample fortune, he said, could ill stand such a strain; but Geoffrey was her favorite child—a fact which has never ceased to astonish me—and she was like wax in his hands. He grew more and more importunate, with the result that matters had at last become very serious. I was thinking of these things as I sat in my own charming room on this, the fifth Christmas I had spent at Charnworth. The sum of one hundred a year, which was all that my aunt would accept when the arrangement was made for me to live with them, had been secretly supplemented by me over and over again; but, after all, what could my comparatively small income do to stave off the crisis that seemed so fast approaching.

"If only I could earn some money," I said to myself, rather hopelessly, it must be confessed; for even a girl as well educated as I had been is heavily handicapped in these days of keen competition. I could speak French fluently and German passably. I wrote a good hand. I played well, and sang better; but none of these qualifications would enable me to take a really remunerative post, let alone the fact that my aunt would with difficulty be persuaded to give her consent. 'Tis true I was nearly twenty-four, and my own mistress; but René's love for me, and mine for him, had bound me very closely to his people, and I would not willingly place myself in opposition to his mother.

Music was my chief delight; but it was music neither instrumental nor vocal. Even when a mere child, I had loved harmony; and, as I grew older, to compose was a source of unalloyed happiness to me. I often spent hours at the piano or organ, and piles of manuscript already filled the drawers of my cabinet. Could these ever be made to serve any practical purpose? I wondered.

Leaning my elbows on the table and resting my chin on my folded hands, I looked at the beautiful portrait of René which Aunt Stéphanie had had done for me just before he went away. He was standing in the ruined cloisters clad in his kinsman's Carthusian habit. The pose was admirable, and the face and form startlingly lifelike. It was René himself, with the sun of his pure and noble soul shining out on me from the dark of his wonderful eyes. One hand hung down—the thin, brown hand which I should never clasp on this side of eternity—the other rested on the stone coping. Ah! how many times had I seen him so look, and so stand.

A wave of uncontrollable longing swept over me; scalding tears hid the beloved features from my sight; and, laying my head on my arms, I wept with the exceeding bitterness of those who, looking backward, yearn for what has been so intensely, so agonizingly, that the remembrance of past joy becomes a bitterness beyond all present pain. A dreadful depression seized me. Was René's sacrifice to prove fruitless after all? Were his days of silence and nights of prayer to remain unavailing?

Geoffrey, more and more hardened and reckless, appeared as far from repentance as ever. Poverty, if not actual ruin, hung like a cloud above the dear ancestral home.

Forcing back my tears, I rose, put on my coat and hat, and proceeded to the chapel. Ever since René went away, it has always been my custom to spend a certain time before the altar in the afternoon of every Christmas Eve. Alone, in the incense-laden dimness, all the decorations done, I loved to kneel and pray that I might so live in this world as to be worthy one day to meet on the shores of the hereafter him who, far away in his solitary cell on a snow-clad mountain height, was offering the pure oblation of his young and stainless life, not only for Geoffrey, but for me.

On this particular afternoon, the swift darkness of a winter afternoon had already fallen when I entered the chapel. Elizabeth, who had been arranging the flowers in the altar vases, had left one light burning in the nave; except for that and the sanctuary lamp glowing like a crimson star before the tabernacle, the rest of the lovely little building was in shadow. I knew I should be left undisturbed; because, though the subject had never been even remotely alluded to between us, my cousin had on other occasions so managed that my absence would not be noticed.

Sinking on my knees, I covered my face with my hands and gave myself up to my devotions. How long I had remained so, I have no idea. I seemed to have lost all count of time, when strains of the most exquisite music broke softly on the stillness. The organ was being played by a master hand. I listened, too enthralled and enraptured to feel any surprise, as wave upon wave of melody swept through the arches in sound more perfect than speech. Tears of ecstasy filled my eyes; my spirit seemed lifted above the things of earth and carried to the very gates of the Eternal City; then suddenly the last notes trembled into silence, and, springing to my feet, I

hastened towards the altar to see who the player was.

The organ stood on the right-hand side of the sanctuary, and, looking eagerly in that direction, my heart almost stopped beating, for there, seated before it, was a young Carthusian monk. At the sound of my step, he turned round, his fingers still resting on the keys, and looked straight at me.

It was René!

I paused involuntarily, with outstretched hands and longing eyes.

"Magdalen!" he said, in the dear voice I had so ached to hear. "Dear heart, remember that Renunciation is the triumph of Love. But Love is life, and Heaven at last crowns it eternal and divine."

I was about to speak, when I saw that the sanctuary was empty and the organ closed! I looked and looked and looked in vain. Only a ray of cold, white moonlight streamed down from the east window, falling first upon the painted panels of the reredos, then upon the floor. Was it dream or vision? I cannot tell; and indeed, it matters not. A great peace went with me as I knelt once more in humblest adoration before the Sacred Presence; and then, hurrying back to the house I locked myself into my own room and wrote down note by note the melody my beloved's hands had played.

* * * * *

Once more it is Christmas Eve; five years have passed since that afternoon in the chapel when the mystic music fell upon my listening ears, and during that time I have become famous. I feel no scruple in writing thus, because *really* it is not I, but René, seeing that the melody which has made my name was given to me by him. Money is mine now and fame and the praise of those whose praise is eminently worth having. But all these things are as nothing compared with a letter Hubert has just given me. I do not mean, for a moment, that I despise money; far from it. It has enabled me to relieve Aunt Stéphanie's anxieties in a way I never hoped to do. Fame and praise, also, are not without their sweetness; nevertheless, I must frankly confess I am too much a woman to find them all-sufficing.

Hubert, who is spending Christmas with us, has just been to see René and brought me back a letter from him; and that letter, I repeat, is infinitely more precious to me than fame or gold.

Leaving Aunt Stéphanie and the others gathered round the big fire in the hall, I quietly slipped away and turned my steps towards the chapel.

Here, kneeling before the quiet altar shrine, "where from the world Love's Prisoner dwells apart,"—that Prisoner whose Sacred Heart understands all the infinite passion and the pain of our poor finite hearts that yearn, I read René's letter.

"Magdalen," he wrote,

"May God have you within in His holy keeping. I am happy and at peace. Remember, dear heart, that Renunciation is the triumph of Love, and Heaven at last crowns it eternal and divine.

"Pray for me always,
"RENE."

How I thrilled at the sight of these words traced by his dear hand for my eyes alone! Surely, for my comfort, God had let me seem to hear them five years ago, when, in an agony of longing, I had prayed in this same spot. I could not doubt it; and, hiding my letter away, I bowed my head in thanksgiving.

Suddenly the silence was broken, not now by the rustling of music's outstretched wings, but by the sound of a hesitating step close beside me, and, looking round astonished, I saw a man standing near. Something familiar in the outlines of the form arrested my attention, but the pale, haggard features upon which the light of the sanctuary lamp fell were those of a stranger. Strange, too, was the voice which said, in a hoarse whisper:—

"Magdalen, don't you know me? But, of course not; how should you? I must be changed beyond recognition. No, don't move. I did not mean to disturb you; I only came to say a prayer before the altar where I made my first Communion, and then take a last look at the old home before going forth a wanderer on the face of the earth. What right have I to forgiveness or affection—I, who have forsaken my faith and disgraced my name?"

"Geoffrey!" I cried, springing to my feet. "Oh, Geoffrey, thank God you have come back at last!" Then drawing him aside, I told him of René's sacrifice and his mother's unchanging love.

"Go to her," I implored, "and tomorrow, when we all kneel here together, it will indeed be a happy Christmas."

"I have been to confession," he said, in a low tone. "Let me pray beside you, Magdalen, if you can forgive me."

We knelt for a few minutes, and then, rising, he went slowly out and left me alone.

A great wave of gladness swept over me. René's offering had been accepted.

THE QUEST OF BROTHER JUNIPER

By MARY J. MALLOY

BROTHER Juniper sat beside the stream that ran beneath the little convent perched on the hill. The languor of the summer afternoon lay on all about; even the glancing, gauzy butterflies that darted across the clear waters seemed to be lazier and heavier of wing than their wont. But thoughts were crowding upon one another behind the broad brow of Brother Juniper and kept him immune to the drowsiness that might well have been forgiven him for the labor of a well-spent morning. And these thoughts were not to be easily guessed; they beat and throbbed through his puzzled brain till all the world was—old women. This is how it came to be:

"Now Father Bonaventura, our great brother in Christ, said yesterday a strange thing, and one that I can not fathom," said Juniper to himself, sitting beside the stream. "Could my ears have heard him aright that he said to Brother Leo, 'A poor old woman in the village may love God more, and be holier and higher than I, Bonaventura.' Now, how could this be, and Father Bonaventura held of men to be a saint while still he lives, for his love of God? Nay, nay, 'tis an impossible thing, that any old woman could be holier and higher and love God more than he."

"Yet so spoke our Padre, and thou knowest he could utter naught but truth," spoke a fresh young voice close to him. Brother Juniper turned with a start to see Brother Angelo, the youngest and merriest of the friars of Francis there above in the convent, gazing at him with a broad smile and an eye that danced and sparkled like the sunbeam on the stream. A wag was Brother Angelo, and fond of a prank. It was only a short while ago that his love of mischief had brought him into great tribulation with good Brother Giles, when he shore for him his cabbage of her clustering leave; yet already was the lesson forgotten, and his youthful mind afresh for a bit of sport. Most of all did he love to perplex and baffle the simplicity of Brother Juniper, whom yet most he loved.

"Yea, Father Bonaventura told a wonderful tale that an old woman of the village might even love God more

than he. Dost thou think, Brother Angelo, that I heard him aright?"

"Verily," said mischievous Angelo, "didst thou hear him aright; and more, did not he say that it was an old woman of our village there below who was this higher and holier creature than he? Now who thinkest thou may she be?" For thus did he twist the words of Bonaventura in sheer merriment, and put them to a certain old woman, though all might know that Bonaventura spake of none in particular.

"Who may she be, indeed?" pondered Brother Juniper in his simplicity.

Angelo felt the tide of mischief rising higher and higher in his breast.

"Why not seek her out, O Brother Juniper?" he inquired. "Surely such an old woman should be made known to all men, that loveth God better than doth our Doctor Bonaventura. And, if thou thinkest, there are many good old women in the village, too. There is Madre Maddelena, who can put such virtue in her excellent cakes to hearten a hungry man; and old Zia Santina, who can rattle thee off a vesper psalm more quickly and louder of tone than most of the *frati* at evening prayer; and Alessandra, whose charity gives not only of her own, but sometimes honor's a neighbor's by a trust that taketh without an asking. Lo, so many are the saintly old women of our village! Go thou and seek, Brother Juniper, and when thou seest the halo beam, call on us, thy brethren, to help acclaim her sanctity to all men."

"I go at once," cried Juniper, entranced. "And O, how well dost thou speak, Brother Angelo, and how eloquent of the good that lies hidden from the eye of the world in this, our poor village!"

Now Brother Angelo did not gather so much pleasure as he had expected from the prompt decision of Brother Juniper. There might be embarrassments, he felt in his foreboding soul, as unpleasing as unwarranted. Therefore, he strove to turn the current of Juniper's thought into another way, but in vain. Up rose Brother Juniper from the side of the stream, and down the path to the village he strode without loss of time. To his large heart, nothing could have more appealed than the revealing of the hidden worth

of a neighbor, and the wonder and glory of such quest was strong upon him as he went along the road, fragrant with breath of summer winds, and beautiful with riot of wayside bloom and waving branch.

Outside the village, at the foot of a shrine of the Madonna, he beheld, with pleasant surprise, an old woman seated. Gnarled and wrinkled and brown with the pressure of many years, she sat and viewed the approach of Juniper with a keenness of undimmed black eye that spoke of an interest not entirely fixed upon the vision of a world within. A smile that but deepened, instead of softening, the furrows of her cheek greeted him as nearer he came—ah, the Madonna was good! 'T was a *frate* whose business, every one knew, was charity. Where some must give and others receive—*ebbene!*—get what one can in this world, for who knows what the other has in store?

"*Fràte mio*, oh good *frate!*" she exclaimed, holding out an insinuating hand.

"Now, this indeed is a humble soul," said Juniper to himself. "A cardinal virtue is humility; and she waits for no false shame, but with true lowliness of spirit lets me know her need, where another, perhaps, might seek at first to hide it till we had spoken together awhile. Can this be she?"

"Good *madre*," said he aloud, "I am but a poor *frate* of Francis, as you see, and today as poor as yourself. I can give thee naught but my heartfelt blessing —"

"*A fico* for thy blessing!" shrieked the crone. "Thou bird of ill omen, with thy habit of brown, have I asked thy charity? Why dost thou come to me so smilingly and say to me thou hast nothing to give? But so it is, thou black of heart! The *frate*, ah *si!*—the *frate* gets his fill, and God's poor must starve for him! *A fico* for thy blessing!"

"Nay, nay!" replied the astounded Juniper. "No more, good mother, I entreat thee. I see well that thou art not she!" And turning away, he walked slowly along again, not heeding the bitter words flung after him by the disappointed beggar woman. "Alas!" quoth Brother Juniper, "She is not the

old woman of Father Bonaventura, 't is a certainty."

Into the village he walked, and made him straight for the dwelling of Madre Maddelena, his friend of the cakes. Her door was closed, showing her to be from home. So down he sat for a rest and pondered deeply. "The beggar woman was not of God, that do I know," he said. "Now, Madre Maddelena I have known for many years, and a good woman she is in truth. Yet never have I seen in her the signs of great sanctity, but that may be my blinded vision." "If that greater than

my mind is troubled. Perhaps thou canst set it at ease for me again."

"And how, *frate mio?*" she asked curiously, well pleased that Brother Juniper should seek counsel of her.

"Art thou the old woman of this village who loveth God better than our Father Bonaventura, whose name is on all men's tongues?" he asked her very directly, losing no time. "And if so, how hast thou become so great a saint?"

Zia Santina looked at him bewildered for a moment. Then her quick Southern temper took fire.

"Dost thou make a mock of me, Brother Juniper? And I old enough to be thy grandmother! What meanest thou? Does the good God give His grace to none but thy Father Bonaventura that none but he may become a saint? Why not I also? Perhaps thou thinkest thyself truly the greatest of the three, Brother Juniper. But perhaps, too, Brother Juniper, others hold thee not so highly. And shame that thou shouldst make mock of me!"

Her wounded feelings, at another time, would have gone to the generous heart of Juniper, but in the obsession of his one thought he took no notice.

"I see plainly that neither art thou she whom I seek," he said dejectedly, "for surely dost thou lack the good temper and mildness of our Padre, and so art neither holier or higher than he."

With that he arose and walked away, leaving Zia Santina speechless between anger and wonder at the strangeness of this friend, always before so kindly and gentle.

"Now will I seek Madre Maddelena," Juniper said to himself, "and if she, too, show such ungodliness as those others, then will I give up my search, for in truth my heart grows heavy."

He had not far to seek. Madre Maddelena was at that moment close at hand, returning from the market place with a basket of her cakes, much depleted, for their fame was great. "Good morrow to thee, Brother Juniper," she cried, stopping in the street to greet him. "Thou hast met me in good hour. Here is something for thee and thy brethren to taste of at the



The Holy Night

Bonaventura lives in this village, as Brother Angelo seems to think, may she not be Madre Maddelena as well as another?"

Just then an old woman opened the little gate of Maddelena's garden, and came haltingly up the path to where Brother Juniper sat beneath the vines of the porch.

"*Bon giorno, frate mio*," she said pleasantly, seeing him. "But why dost thou look so grave? Has trouble come to thee?"

"No, no, good Santina, but indeed

evening meal, and more to carry homeward, if thou wilt turn back with me. Well do I know that the Padre Guardiano—ah, he is a man of good taste!—likes my cakes, and there are others, also—.” She paused, with a sidelong roguish smile at him. His perturbed visage struck her, as it had old Santina.

“*Cielo, frate mio*, what aileth thee that thou lookest so serious? Hast thou trouble—?”

“Yea, and a great one,” he answered with a deep sigh. “I strive vainly to find Padre Bonaventura’s old woman.”

“Eh?” said the startled Maddelena. Then a hearty laugh escaped her. “And who may this old woman be, Brother Juniper?”

“I will tell thee. Perchance—well, be it known to thee that yesterday Padre Bonaventura, our great son of Francis—”

“Yes, yes, who does not know of Bonaventura?” said old Maddelena, nodding her head.

“Then dost thou know that naught can he speak but truth. He told to us, his brethren, that here, in this little village (or so saith Brother Angelo, for I know not myself if I heard truly), is an old woman who loveth God better than he, and is holier and higher. This were hard to believe, for Bonaventura is a holy man. So I have come seeking this woman; but so far I have found her not. One who, I thought, might be she was evil of tongue; another of a sharp temper that would become no saint; a third, I fear—. Why, Madre Maddelena, thou smilest; but now I think me, thou art good and kind and charitable to thy neighbor, and ever willing for another’s good, and mild of speech—why, like many another simpleton, I go abroad seeking what is at home, beneath mine eyes! Thou, Maddelena, thou art the good old woman of Bonaventura!”

“Whom dost thou call ‘old woman,’ Brother Juniper!” cried Maddelena. “I would have thee know, Brother Juniper, to whom thou speakest as ‘old woman.’ And art thou so young, Brother Juniper? ‘Old woman!’ Praise the good Lord, Brother Juniper, Maddelena is not so old that she can not bake the cake Brother Juniper so relishes! And she is not so old that her tongue must grow evil or her temper sharp because of age. ‘Old woman,’ indeed!”

“Nay, nay, good mother!” exclaimed the appalled Juniper.

“Nay, nay, good brother!” mocked she. “Thou—who knowest not whether

a woman be old or not, but yet can speak in her dispraise!”

Brother Juniper was stung with remorse.

“I said ‘good old woman,’ Madre Maddelena—.”

“And must an old woman be of necessity bad because of age? Eh, eh, thou knowest not everything, Brother Juniper, because thou livest up above there in Francis’s convent. Now do I tell thee, I who am ‘old’ enough to know that of which I speak—.”

“Truly art thou old, but not the old woman of our Bonaventura,” interrupted Juniper decidedly and turned away.

In the evening shadows, Brother Juniper sought out Padre Guardiano and told his sorrowful tale of disappointment and disillusion.

“Seek not perfection on this earth, O *frate mio*” said the Padre. “And God bless all good women and good men!”

A Legend of Christmas

Some fair white sheep were feeding.

Once long and long ago;

A little lamb beside them.

Sighed: “O that I could know

Why I am grey and ugly.

And they as white as snow.”

It asked the west wind sweeping

So blithely o’er the hill:

It asked the swift cloud-shadows,

The rain, the rushing rill:

It pleaded to the flowers,

The earth so calm and still.

But each gave the same answer—

The wind, the fountain’s flow,

The silver cloudlets sailing,

The blossoms bending low;

“Alas, we can not help you,

Ah, no, Grey Lamb, ah, no!”

One night, the shepherds watching

Upon the mountain side,

Heard angel hosts proclaiming

God’s message far and wide—

The Coming of the Savior,

The peace of Christmastide.

With haste they rose, and leaving

Their flocks, they made their way

To Bethlehem of Judæa;

Nor let their footsteps stray,

Until they reached the Manger

Wherein the Christ Child lay.

And falling down in homage

Before their Lord and King,

Whose praise celestial voices

And stars of morning sing.

They offered Him the tribute

Which lowly hearts may bring.

Returning to the hillside,

To guard their sheep once more,

They spoke in awe and wonder

Of what had gone before;

Described the Maiden Mother,

The Cave, with rocky floor,

That sheltered Him who fashioned

The World. And all the while,

The grey lamb longed and listened—

Could it, too, win the smile

Of God, no road had terrors,

Though stretching mile on mile.

Then came three Wise Men riding

On camels from afar,

Led by the gracious splendor

Of one great golden star

That gleamed with steady brightness,

No clouds or mist could mar.

The grey lamb followed bravely

Along the way they went;

Its little legs were weary,

Its woolly head was bent

To meet the winter storm-wind,

Its strength was almost spent,

When on a sunny morning

The goal was reached at last,

And through the Cave’s dark entrance

The Wise Men slowly passed.

The grey lamb waited, trembling:

Its heart beat loud and fast.

It saw the treasures opened;

It saw the Mother mild,

Saint Joseph, and the oxen.

And lo! the holy Child

Looked past the Wise Men kneeling.

Stretched forth his hand, and smiled

Upon the grey lamb standing

Beyond the open door;

And straightway it came trotting

Across the Cavern floor.

It could not speak, but surely,

Its silence could adore.

The Jewels lay unheeded;

The dazzling rays they shed

Made rainbow gleams of brightness

About the Manger-Bed,

Whilst with His tiny Fingers,

Upon the grey lamb’s head,

The Christ Child traced the emblem

That soon all men would know—

The Sign of our Redemption,

Sign of our weal or woe,

And, at His touch, the grey lamb

Became as white as snow.

—Marian Nesbitt.



Missions

THE FRANCISCANS IN NEW MEXICO

By FR. ZEPHYRIN ENGELHARDT, O. F. M.

CHAPTER XXVI

*Letter of Fr. Benavides to Fathers in Mexico—Testimony of the Most Rev. Fr. Bernardino de Sena—
Fr. Benavides Interviews Mother Mary of Jesus—Her Remarkable Narrative About New
Mexico—Intimately Acquainted With Its Missionaries and Their Doings—
With Its Indians and the Country—With Specific
Events—Remarks—Hodge's Difficulty*

WHEN Fr. Alonzo de Benavides, the former Custos, had made his report to King Philip IV of Spain, he addressed a most interesting letter to the Fathers in New Mexico. It is too long to be reproduced entire. Therefore, only the portions that refer to our subject will follow here.

"I give infinite thanks to the divine Majesty," he begins the communication, "for having placed me in the fortunate number of your Reverences; since you deserve to be so favored of Heaven that the very angels and our Father St. Francis assist you, and personally, truly, and really carry the blessed and highly favored Mother Mary of Jesus of the Order of the Conception, Discalced Franciscans, from the town of Agreda, on the borders of Castile, to help by her presence and instructions the work among barbarous tribes of all those provinces."

"When I reached Spain, August 1, 1630, the Most Rev. Father General Bernardino de Sena, now Bishop of Visco—already familiar with my narrative about the holy Religious who was there (in New Mexico) going about preaching our holy Catholic faith in the manner your Reverences are acquainted with—told me that when he was the Commissary of the Order in Spain, more than eight years ago, he had information that Mother Mary of Jesus, Abbess of the convent at Agreda, had had some apparitions and made some depositions on the conversions of New Mexico. My narrative, which I gave him, and the report which had been transmitted by the Archbishop of Mexico, Don Francisco Manso, on the same subject, produced in our Most Rev. Father such tender emotions that he desired to set out for

the said Villa of Agreda; because the same that I told him was what Mother Mary of Jesus herself had related to him when he personally made the visitation of her convent, as it is subject to the Order and to the Province of Burgos. Inasmuch as his occupations gave him no time, the Father General commanded me to proceed thither personally, and he authorized me to oblige the blessed Mother under obedience to manifest to me all she knew concerning New Mexico.

"With this commission I reached Agreda on the last day of April, 1631. Before relating anything else, I have to say, that Mother Mary of Jesus, abbess of the convent of the Conception, etc., may be about twenty-nine years of age. She has a beautiful countenance, very white though rosy cheeks, and large, black eyes. The form of her habit as that of all the religious of that convent, who number twenty-nine, is just like our habit; that is to say, of coarse gray woolen cloth. This was worn next to the body, without other tunic or undergarment. Over this gray habit was worn the one of white coarse sackcloth with its scapular of the same material and color, and the cord of our Father St. Francis; besides the scapular, she wore her rosary. She wore no clogs, nor any other covering for the feet, except wooden tablets tied to the feet, or brogans (sandals) of grass-hemp. The mantle is of coarse blue sackcloth, and the veil is black.

"I shall not stop to describe the austerities practiced by this venerable Mother and her community, in order to speak of that only which concerns New Mexico. When I deserve to see you venerable Fathers, for which I have a great desire and hope, then I

shall relate the wonderful things which our Lord works there. Among other virtues which this blessed Mother obtained from God is the desire for the conversion of souls. From her infancy she had great pity for the souls who were condemned, but especially for the souls of the unbelievers, who for want of light and preachers do not know God our Lord. When his divine Majesty showed her all the barbarous nations in the world who do not know Him, she was borne, through the ministry of angels, whom she has as her guard (and her wings were St. Michael and our Father St. Francis), and she preached our holy Catholic Faith personally to all the nations, particularly in our New Mexico, whither she was borne in the same manner. Likewise, the guardian angels of her provinces would come to her personally by order of God our Lord. The habit which she wore oftenest was that of our Father St. Francis; at other times she would wear the habit of La Concepcion and her veil, although always with sleeves tucked up and the white skirt drawn up, so that much of the gray habit appeared.

"The first time she went was in the year 1620. She continued to make these flights so often that there have been days on which they occurred three and four times in less than twenty-four hours; and this has continued until the year 1631.

"My dear Fathers, I know not how to express to you the impulses and the great vigor of my spirit, when this blessed Mother told me that she had assisted me at the Baptism of the Pisos (may be a misprint for Piroso), and that she recognized me as the same whom she had seen there. Sim-

ilarly, she assisted Fr. Cristobal Quiros at some Baptisms. She gave me a true description of his person and face, even saying that, although he was old, no gray hairs were to be seen on him; and that his face was long and of ruddy color. Once, she related, when the same Father was baptizing in his church, many Indians entered and crowded around the door. She then with her own hands pushed them and directed them to their places, so that they might not disturb him. They looked about to see who pushed them; and when they did not see who had done it, they laughed. She pushed them, in order that they should push others, etc.

"She told me also all that we know has occurred to our Brothers, the Fathers Juan de Salas and Diego Lopez, on the journeys to the Jumanas; and that she begged and urged them to call the Fathers, as they did. She told me all their characteristics, and that she had assisted them. She knows Captain Tuerto very well and described his individual characteristics and those of all. She herself sent the messengers of Quivira to call the Fathers, all of which the Indians themselves will corroborate, because she speaks personally to them.

"Likewise, she told me of the journey of Fr. Ortega; that he was so fortunate to escape with his life by means of the marks which he found and which she described to me; that, as soon as he turned from north to east, he emerged from there, suffering great cold, until he reached a warm and pleasant temperature; and that from there, though very far, lies the grandest region, but that our Father St. Francis would conquer it all.

"The details which she told me about that land are so numerous that I did not remember them until she recalled them to my mind. When I asked her why she did not allow us to see her, although she permitted the Indians to have this privilege, she replied that the Indians had need of her, but not we; and that her holy angels arranged everything. Nevertheless, I hope to God that, when this reaches the hands of your Reverences, one or more will have deserved to behold her; because I earnestly begged this of her, and she promised to ask it of God; and if it were granted to her, she would do so cheerfully.

"She said, furthermore, that by going from Quivira toward the east, although a great distance, one would pass by the landmarks which Fr. Ortega saw, when he was threatened with death along the road, so that our holy Faith might not penetrate to

those regions, for so the demon had shown it to him. On that road, however, many people would be converted, provided the soldiers gave a good example (*res valde difficilis, sed omnia Deo facilia*); and that our Father St. Francis had obtained from God our Lord that at the mere sight of our friars the Indians would be converted. May God be infinitely praised for such great benefits. I should like very much to tell your Reverences in this letter all that the venerable Mother told me; but it is not possible. However, I have written a great deal in a book which I shall bring with me for the consolation of all. She said that after having traveled those long roads and having overcome the difficulties in the east, one would be in the dominions of the Chillescans, Cambujos, and Jumanas, and soon in the dominion of the Titlas; that these were not their real names, but similar to them; for, although among these people she speaks their language, away from them she does not know it, nor is it revealed to her. This dominion of the Titlas, which is very large and very populous, is the one where she helped most. Through her intercession our Father (St. Francis) brought thither two religious of our Order. They baptized the chief and many people, and there they were martyred. She says that they were not Spaniards. Likewise, many Indian Christians were martyred, and the chief preserves the bones in a chest of silver in a church which they have erected there. Once (she says) she took from here a ciborium (chalice?) for consecration, and with it the friars celebrated holy Mass; and they had a procession with the Most Holy Sacrament. All this will be found there; also many crosses and rosaries which she distributed there. They also martyred her and she received many wounds, and her angels crowned her, because she had obtained from our Lord the privilege of martyrdom.

"I believe this summary will suffice to console your Reverences for having such a companion and saint in your labors. May it please our Lord to return me to you, in order that you may know all the things which she told me and which I showed her, in order that she might tell me if I had erred in anything or if it was the same that had passed between us two. For that purpose I imposed upon her the obedience of our Most Reverend Fr. General, for which I was empowered. Likewise did the Reverend Fr. Provincial of that province, who was there, and her confessor. It seems to me that the reply must give your Rever-

ences every consolation and encouragement, as it has done here, so much so that whole Spain desires to go there. I shall place here a transcript in her own hand of what she replied in and which remains in my possession, in order to take it to your Reverences, and for all the provinces naming each one by its own name. I also have the very habit in which she went about there, and from the veil proceeds an odor that comforts the soul. * * *

A translation of the letter mentioned by Fr. Benavides will be given in the next issue. A few remarks appear to be in order, however. The enthusiastic Father asserts in the beginning of his account that Mother Mary was carried bodily or, as he writes, "personally, truly, and really" (*personal, verdadera y realmente*) to New Mexico. When Mother Mary learned what Fr. Benavides had written, she emphatically denied having said this, declaring that she was in doubt whether it was corporally or not; that she had not affirmed and did not then affirm it (*si fue corporalmente o no, que ella no lo afirma ni puede*). More will be said later on this question.

The well known ethnologist Frederick Hodge, in his endeavor to discredit both Mother Mary and Fr. Benavides, remarks: "Regarding the color of the baize so particularly specified by the Indian (as blue), it should be noted that Benavides just as explicitly states that the habit of the nun was grey."* If Mr. Hodge had read on, he would have found it explicitly stated a few lines further down that Mother Mary wore a *mantle* of blue color. When she appeared, or was said to have appeared, in New Mexico, she was enveloped in this blue cloak. This mantle struck the Indians at first sight, just as it would now strike us, wherefore they called her the lady in blue, just as we should do now under similar circumstances. The Indians had little chance to observe the habit itself, as Benavides writes that over the habit she wore a white garment, which was raised somewhat in action; and its sleeves were rolled up, thus showing parts of the grey habit. So when Fr. Benavides declared that the habit was grey, he was right; and when the Indians spoke of the lady in blue, of which color they later on wanted cloth, they too were right, inasmuch as they meant the mantle. We have now heard the Indians and Fr. Benavides. Next we shall hear Mother Mary herself.

*Notes to Ayer's edition and translation of the Benavides Memorial, p. 277.

FRAY JUNIPERO'S NEW YEAR

By FR. FRANCIS BORGIA, O. F. M.

AT last, weary and foot-sore, the Apostle of California reached the presidio of Monterey. The sun, already nearing the meridian, shone bright and warm. In front of the chapel, colonists and neophytes from the neighboring mission stood in little groups and exchanged good wishes for the New Year. Fr. Crespi had celebrated the customary High Mass and was busy now replacing the sacred vestments, when one of the neophytes approached and whispered, "The Padre is back." The missionary guessed immediately who was meant, and no one in California was lighter of heart than he, that beautiful New Year's morning, 1777. With a heart-felt *Gracias a Dios!* he put down the alb and rushed out of the sacristy.

"Welcome! welcome! Happy New Year!" he cried, choking with emotion. "Thank you, *querido mio*; the same to you."

"How glad I am to see you," disengaging himself from his Superior's loving embrace.

"And I, you," Fr. Serra replied. "But come,"—placing his hand on his confrère's shoulder—"this is a holy-day of obligation, and I ought first to say Mass. Will you remind the soldiers who arrived with me of their duty to attend?"

Half an hour later, the Apostle of California was celebrating the Sacred Mysteries. At the foot of the altar, knelt his former pupil and present fellow missionary, discharging the office of acolyte. It was a privilege he would not forgo; and when he observed the fervor and devotion with which the man of God offered up the august Sacrifice, he understood how, despite advanced age and bodily infirmities, his saintly Superior was able to endure the many trials and hardships of his office.

"Ought we not pay our respects to the comandante?" Fr. Crespi suggested, when the Fr. Presidente finished the frugal breakfast the Indian youth had prepared for him.

"By all means," Fr. Serra declared, rising from the table. Resentment had no place in his heart.

Don Fernando Riveria was straining every nerve to conceal his embarrassment, as the two missionaries entered his headquarters and cheerily wished him a happy New Year.

"Thank you," he stammered. "You look tired, your Reverence."

"As in fact I am, Señor," Fr. Serra

admitted. "Those hills between here and San Antonio," he added pleasantly, "are getting a little too rugged and steep for my old bones. They always call to my mind what the Wise Man says, 'The years are drawing nigh, of which thou shalt say: They please me not.'"

Fr. Crespi and Don Fernando laughed.

"How old are you now?" the latter ventured.

"Last November, on the twenty-fourth, I passed the sixty-third milestone."

"Getting on in years," the comandante observed. "By the way, your Reverence"—he was beginning to feel more at ease—"I despatched a soldier to the mission to announce your arrival."

"That was very thoughtful of you, Señor."

"And a guard is getting ready to accompany you down."

"Hardly necessary, your Honor," Fr. Crespi objected. "The neophytes who came with me this morning will have to go back, and thus they can save the soldiers the extra trip."

"Very well; as you say. No doubt?"—turning to Fr. Serra—"it will interest your Reverence to learn that last Monday I sent orders to Lieutenant Moraga to proceed with the founding of Mission Santa Clara."

"Good news, indeed," Fr. Serra returned. "And San Francisco, I heard, is established."

"Yes, the beginning is made. But"—drawing a deep breath—"the dedication ceremonies were all over when I arrived there six weeks ago. The lieutenant," he added, "must have had a premonition of the viceroy's instructions."

Premonition, indeed! Rivera knew as well as his two visitors that now he was sailing under false colors. The situation might have become quite uncomfortable for the artful officer had Fr. Serra been of a carping and vengeful disposition. As it was, the indulgent missionary merely smiled and remarked that he was anxious to see the port of San Francisco, the beauty of which Fr. Crespi had so often described to him.

When the afternoon services at the presidio were over, the two Fathers accompanied by their neophytes set out for Carmelo Mission. On the way, of course, Fr. Crespi gave the Fr. Presidente a detailed account of what had

transpired at the mission and the presidio during his seven months' absence. What especially interested Fr. Serra was the unwonted eagerness Don Fernando had manifested for the founding of the two missions in the north. He could not refrain from laughing, when his companion related how the comandante called on them at the mission and sought their advice as to the founding of Santa Clara; how disturbed he looked when San Francisco was mentioned, but declared that Moraga had done well in taking the matter in his own hands without waiting for definite orders; and finally, how his Honor at once departed for the north, accompanied by Fr. De la Peña, in order to execute the viceroy's instructions as to the second mission, Santa Clara.

"No doubt," Fr. Serra observed, "Don Fernando will henceforth be better disposed towards us and our work."

"Yes, he has learned his lesson, I dare say."

"And we ours, padre. Let us never forget what the Royal Prophet says: 'Trust in the Lord, and do good, and dwell in the land, and thou shalt be fed with its riches.'"

The two missionaries with their neophytes now came to the last bend in the road and began to descend to the right. Before them lay the enchanting valley of Carmelo, a picture of peace and contentment. A range of verdant hills, gently sloping into fertile fields and meadows, closed it in on either side. As if reluctant to depart for other climes, the golden rays of the setting sun still lingered on the hill tops. Down in the valley, silent and reposeful in the day's fading glory, the lively green was slowly merging into deeper and calmer hues. Yonder extended the mission fields, newly sown with wheat and corn. Farther on to the left, the mission's cattle feasted; while a stretch of willows and poplars showed where the Rio del Carmelo threaded its silvery course, bounding and babbling, oceanward. If Nature "speaks a various language" to him who loves to hold "communion with her visible forms," it is easy to see why on this particular occasion the Apostle of California was so greatly affected. Five years before, he had chosen this rich and secluded valley as a more suitable site for the mission he held so dear; and many a time since then had he paused here on the hillside, wrapt in mute admiration. But never had the lovely scene so favorably impressed him as now when it reflected the exuberance of joy and quietude that soothed his soul after the bitter trials of the past year.

Still greater was his happiness when they reached the elevation on which the mission stood. The cheery "Happy New Year!" with which his confrères, Fr. Dumetz and Fr. Murgia, greeted him when he stepped into the mission courtyard; the smiling faces of his beloved neophytes, gathered at the gate to welcome him home; the familiarity of the children who fondly pressed around him, each one eager to attract his attention and win from him a smile of recognition; the humble chapel whither his thoughts had so often wandered during the past half year; the vigor and zest with which the choir of Indian boys chanted the Alabado under the direction of Fr. Dumetz; his own little room, poorly yet neatly furnished, and made as inviting for his home-coming as the ingenuity of love could devise and the privation of mission life could afford—all this filled the heart of the Apostle of California with inexpressible joy and gratitude.

"*Gracias a Dios!*" he exclaimed, bowing reverently to the crucifix that hung on the wall beside his cot of rawhide. "Who gathered these pretty flowers?" he asked and took up the bouquet that stood on the table.

"Antonio," Fr. Dumetz replied, "the boy you baptized last June, a few days before your departure."

"Antonio? Ah, yes. Say,"—removing his mantle—"did the boy's mother keep her promise?"

"She did, your Reverence," Fr. Crespi advanced, with an air of triumph; "and his three older brothers are with us; and, to complete the conquest, his father. You must recall how he always kept aloof. Well, kindness on our part and coaxing on the part of his wife and boys finally won him over. He joined the catechumens early last September and received Baptism on Christmas day."

"Fine! That is making Satan bite the dust. My congratulations!" More gratifying news there could be none for a missionary like Fr. Serra. Spiritual conquests like these it was that he toiled, struggled, and suffered for.

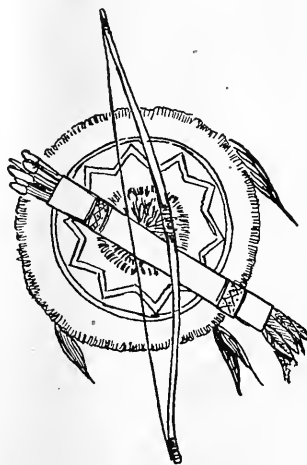
"How many Baptisms are recorded now, in all?" he inquired.

"We went over the registers yesterday," Fr. Crespi explained. "The next one baptized will be number 440. But I imagine you ought to be telling us about your trip. My confrères here are just hungry for news, I am sure."

"And Fr. Crespi not less," his Superior twinkled merrily. "You shall have your fill as soon as our little ones have had theirs in the shape of *atole* and have retired to their huts."

Till late that New Year's night, the Fr. Presidente rehearsed, for the bene-

fit of his fellow missionaries, the main events of his visit to the south. The scene was a most charming one. The dingy room in which the four friars sat, was the one which Fr. Serra jocosely called his office, and which, though neat and clean, was as poorly furnished as the others in the wing. On the table, that stood in one corner, burnt a candle, the restless light of which fantastically silhouetted on the opposite wall the group gathered before it. At the same time, the ruddy glow in the fireplace lighted up the faces of the missionaries, disclosing how intensely interested they were in what their Superior was telling them. With his deep voice, the rich melody of which was punctuated now and then by a faint sigh or a suppressed laughter, he was telling the story of the restoration of Mission San Diego. His three listeners were deeply impressed. It was not until he had finished that Fr. Crespi ejaculated from the fullness of his heart:



"God grant that after such trials the mission may prosper!"

"I have hopes that it will with Fr. Lasuén and Fr. Figuer in charge."

"Strange," Fr. Murgia thought, "that Señor Rivera did not stay for its dedication."

"Strange?" offered Fr. Dumetz. "How could he, with the viceroy's letter haunting him? Don't you recollect how gratified he seemed over the fact that Moraga had anticipated instructions and established San Francisco? And how anxious he was about the founding of Santa Clara?"

"Too bad," Fr. Crespi threw in, "that the revolt at San Luis Obispo

had to interfere. By the way, your Reverence"—turning to Fr. Serra—"did the fire at San Luis destroy everything?"

"Everything but the church and the granary. This was the third time that fire visited the mission. Fr. Paterna told me he intends to roof the buildings with tiles, in order to prevent another such disaster. In that case, his mission will be the only one with so substantial a roof. The comandante, I understand, has succeeded in arresting two of the rebel Indians, and they are now in the presidio prison."

"Yes, your Reverence," Fr. Dumetz affirmed, "I visited the prisoners last Sunday after holy Mass. But they were obstinate and refused to listen to me. When I called on the comandante, he told me that he would forthwith direct the lieutenant to proceed with the founding of Santa Clara."

"He kept his word, as he informed Fr. Crespi and me this morning."

"Now more of your experiences, your Reverence," Fr. Crespi urged. "Tell us about San Juan Capistrano."

"Where I came near sharing Fr. Jayme's good fortune?"

The others started. "What do you mean?" they cried, in one voice.

"But I was not worthy of so great an honor," the other continued, smiling.

"Do we understand you correctly?" Fr. Dumetz insisted.

"I think so. Listen. Shortly after the founding of San Juan Capistrano," the Fr. Presidente began, "I went with a number of neophytes to Mission San Gabriel, in order to obtain from there various supplies for the new mission as also some convert Indian to help us in our work. On the way back, somehow or other, I walked faster than the rest who had charge of the cattle and baggage. Thus, after a while, I found myself on the road with only a soldier and a neophyte. We were about ten leagues from San Juan, when all of a sudden a band of savages, most grotesquely painted and yelling frightfully, rushed out of a thicket and immediately placed arrows in their bows. They were determined to kill us and would surely have done so only for our neophyte, who in sheer desperation shouted, 'Don't kill the padre, because soldiers are coming and they will slay you all!' Dumfounded at hearing their own language spoken, the savages dropped their weapons and, picking up a handful of dust, threw it up in the air. That meant they wanted peace. Accordingly, I beckoned to them to approach.

At first, only one or the other ventured to do so. These, after the customary blessing and embrace, I presented with some of the glass beads that luckily the neophyte had in his pack. Seeing this, the rest of the savages also took heart and came toward us with outstretched hands. Of course, I distributed among them what remained of the glass beads; whereupon, through my neophyte interpreter, I invited them to come and see our new mission. They said they would. With this we parted, they admiring their gaudy presents and I reflecting how close I had been to the martyr's crown."

"And as close, we hope, as your Reverence ever will be," Fr. Crespi interrupted. "Your good fortune would be our sad loss; and the common good comes first, does it not?"

"That is true," Fr. Serra admitted reluctantly. "Any way, God's will be done. Only, I often think of Fr. Jayme and what a privilege it would be to suffer martyrdom, as he did."

"A privilege it may be, your Reverence," Fr. Crespi argued. "But there is another martyrdom equally glorious and pleasing in the sight of God; and of its harrowing pangs I believe you have already had a goodly share."

The Apostle of California knew how truly his fellow missionary had spoken. Like a flash of lightning, the events of the past years shot across his mind.

"San Juan Capistrano," he continued, "promises to be a flourishing mission. Nowhere, since our arrival in California, did we find the natives so docile and responsive. At the other missions, they were always clamoring for something to eat; here, on the other hand, they are constantly asking to be baptized; they can hardly wait till the required period of instruction is over. Take my word for it, Fr. Múgártegui and Fr. Amúrio will have their hands full. At San Gabriel, too, the situation has of late assumed a much brighter aspect. You remember what needless difficulties and annoyances from the unbribed soldiery the Fathers had to contend with in the beginning of that mission.

Thanks be to God, the sergeant they have there now, lends a more willing ear to their just complaints; and, what is more, he keeps his men very strict, not allowing them to mingle at all with the Indians."

"Have they as many Baptisms recorded as we?" Fr. Murguía put in.

"Not quite. I was there just three weeks ago today and had the pleasure of baptizing and registering number 303. As to Fr. Fuster, he is still very nervous. He told me all about that dreadful night when the Indians attacked the mission and murdered Fr. Jayme. It must have been a terrible experience. He is at San Gabriel now, whither I sent him in the hope that a change of air and surroundings will restore him. Fr. Figner has taken his place at San Diego Mission. What I saw and heard at San Luis Obispo, I have already told you. From there, last Saturday, I arrived at Mission San Antonio, like a thief in the night. Fr. Piaras could hardly believe his eyes when he met me on the mountain pass about a mile from the mission. He was just going to visit a sick Indian in one of the neighboring rancherías."

"The location of San Antonio must be beautiful," Fr. Dumetz observed, "to judge from what Lieutenant Moraga told me."

"Say magnificent," Fr. Serra corrected. "The mission ought to be called San Antonio de las Sierras, for it nestles, snug and secure, in the midst of mountains and gorges. Next to our San Carlos, San Antonio has the finest site, I think. You will be surprised to hear that Fr. Sitjar preaches in Indian."

"Is it possible?" Fr. Crespi advanced.

"I myself heard him last Sunday. Moreover, he is now preparing an Indian translation of the *Doctrina* and of the catechism. I saw also the collection he has made of Indian words and phrases. These he hopes some day to put together in the shape of a dictionary. Hence you can imagine what progress they are making in the way of converts."

Just then, as if warning the friars that it was time to break off their

conversation and go to bed, the candle on the table began to flicker and sputter. In their eagerness for news, the friars paid no attention to it, and the next moment they were sitting in darkness, save for the few stray moonbeams that found their way through the little window.

"Never mind, *padrecito*," objected Fr. Serra, on seeing Fr. Dumetz groping his way to where more candles were stored. "We had better take the hint and retire. Tomorrow is another day. Besides"—rising from his chair—"I have some of the divine office to say."

"I could sit here all night and listen," averred Fr. Crespi, while he covered the dying embers in the fireplace. "Appetite comes with eating, you know."

"The same Fr. Crespi today that he was thirty or more years ago," the Fr. Presidente twitted good-naturedly. "Only, in those days his hunger ran along more scientific lines."

"While the one who fed us those sweetmeats of science," Fr. Crespi made free with his former professor, "was as big-hearted then as he is now."

A merry chuckle on the part of Fr. Serra showed how much he enjoyed the allusion to days long gone by. After fumbling a while, Fr. Murguía at last found the door knob. The four missionaries passed out into the clear cold night and repaired to their private rooms.

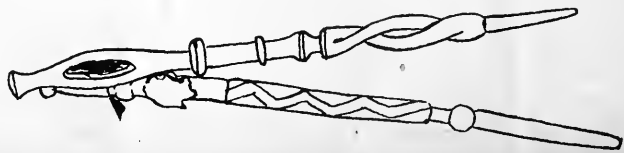
A thousand thoughts must have crowded in on the mind of the Apostle of California when, saying his breviary, he came to the words of the Royal Prophet:

"Offer up the sacrifice of justice, and trust in the Lord: many say, Who sheweth us good things?"

"The light of thy countenance, O Lord, is signed upon us: thou hast given gladness in my heart."

"By the fruit of their corn, their wine, and oil, they are multiplied."

"In peace in the selfsame I will sleep, and I will rest:—For thou, O Lord, singularly hast settled me in hope."



THE MESCALERO APACHES

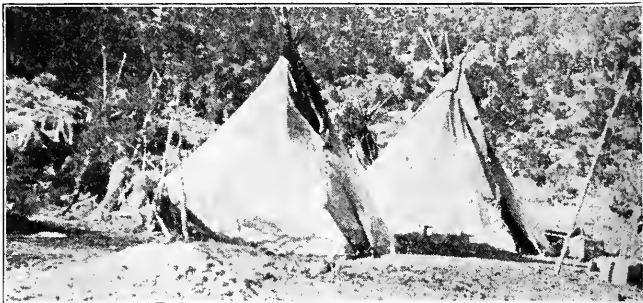
By FR. FERNANDO ORTIZ, O. F. M.

THE Mescalero Indian Reservation in New Mexico, is just one hundred miles due north of El Paso, Texas. It lies on the summit of the Sacramento Mountains, at a mean elevation of about 8,000 feet above sea level. The country is mountainous and timbered to a great extent; the tillable land comprising merely narrow valleys, which can produce little more than a meager harvest of oats, since the climate is too cold for almost all else. For range cattle the country is ideal, and the Government is stocking the reservation.

The Indians in this reservation are Apaches. They belong to the once warlike nomads that overran the Southwest and for a time were the terror of the pioneers. At present, there are three branches of this famous tribe, all as peaceable as they were once fierce and bloodthirsty. One branch is in Arizona, in the San Carlo Reservation; the second in northern New Mexico (the Jicarilla Apaches); and the third in the Mescalero Reservation, in east-central New Mexico.

The Mescaleros number little over six hundred souls. Of these, one-third roved under the noted Geronimo until they were captured and sent to the extreme southeast corner of the country, thence to Oklahoma; and, about seven years ago, they were given their choice to join their relatives and friends in the Mescalero Reservation or to stay in Oklahoma. About two-hundred of them came to Mescalero, and they ranch together at White Tail, one of the small settlements on the reservation. Many of these Indians, often called the Fort Sills (from Fort Sill, Oklahoma), had been made Protestants before they came to Mescalero; but, since they are no longer prisoners of war, they have become quite lax in attending the Protestant services and many are returning to the one true Fold.

The Mescaleros still cling tenaciously to their old tepees, and often—rather always—next to the modern houses built by some of the more progressive among them, one finds the primitive dwelling of poles and skins. The fire for heating and cooking purposes is made on the ground in the center of the tepee, and the smoke escapes through a vent in the top. About the fire the Indians squat contentedly on their blankets. As long as the logs are burning, it is quite



Typical Apache Tepees

comfortable; but as soon as the fire dies out, the tepee becomes bitter cold. Most of the Indians suffer more or less with eye trouble, owing, naturally, to their method of heating their poor homes. Their bill of fare is very plain: meat, Dutch-oven baked bread, and coffee. If they have this, they are perfectly satisfied. Their dress is more or less modern. Long hair is out of date now with the men; while the women wear the hair long and hanging loose about their shoulders. The older women usually wear short skirts, with moccasins reaching to the knee, and a curiously woven blanket wrapped about them.

The Apaches love the chase and, happily for them, game is still to be had. The women work the buck skin until it is as soft and pliable as velvet. Out of this they make purses, fobs, bags, etc., interwoven with beautiful bead work. The Mescalero baskets are very well known.

The old Mescaleros always claimed to be Catholics, though there were a goodly number of heathen among them. The Protestants were more active in striving to gain these Indians for their heretical belief than the Catholics were for winning them over to the true faith of Christ; and a considerable number of the Apaches were, nominally at least, made members of the Dutch Reformed Church. The means the Protestants resorted to were wholly material; but for a poorly instructed Catholic Indian and more so for a heathen, these means are most powerful. The Dutch Reformed built a pretty chapel at the agency long before the Catholics came to the reser-

vation. They built also a fine lodge and a residence for the minister; and money was not wanting to pay even for more than one resident missionary.

While visiting the reservation some years ago, the Right Rev. Monsignor W. H. Ketcham, Director of the Catholic Indian Bureau at Washington, D. C. foresaw that these poor Indians would be irrevocably lost to holy Church unless steps were taken at once to win them back to the true faith. The Rev. Pastor of Tularosa, New Mexico, eighteen miles distant from Mescalero, did what he could to stem the tide; but he had an immense territory to cover, and he could visit the Apaches but once a month. Besides this, the good priest was quite infirm and physically unable to carry out his apostolic desires. Father Ketcham then asked the Franciscans of the Sacred Heart Province most earnestly and piteously to cultivate this neglected and cockle-strewn portion of the Master's vineyard. The Fathers could not resist so strong an appeal to their apostolic zeal, and in 1914, one Father was sent to open the mission. Since that time, a Franciscan Father has been permanently stationed on the reservation and has worked hard to bring back the apostate Indians to the bosom of Mother Church and to win over the prejudiced and fanatical ones to the sweet yoke of Jesus Christ. The grace of God has blessed his efforts. Many have come back to the Fold, and many more are gradually opening their eyes to the light of Faith.

Some of the Catholic Indians have given remarkable proof of their sincerity. Thus, one of the school girls,



Apache Maiden

who was sent to a distant school, seems to have been forced to attend the Protestant services. Setting at defiance this unjust ruling of her teachers, whom she was unable physically to resist, the brave girl hung her rosary conspicuously about her neck and prayed on it fervently all during the Protestant service. She came back to the reservation a staunch Catholic, and she continued to lead a model Christian life, faithfully praying her beads with her good husband until she breathed her last during the terrible influenza epidemic.

What especially drew the attention of the Apaches on the arrival of the Franciscan Father at the reservation, was his religious habit—that humble garb that has during the past seven centuries won so many souls for Christ. "That is a man of God!" exclaimed the Indians as they beheld the sandaled brown-garbed missionary wending his peaceful way among them and speaking to them so kindly and so earnestly about God and their immortal soul's salvation; and they have grown to love and revere their "Padre" and to listen to his voice and obey him. And these are the sons and daughters of that once fierce tribe that terrorized the great Southwest with their blood-curdling cruelties and won for themselves the uneivable epithet, the "Mohawks of the Southwest"!

The Chapel built by the Marquette League some ten years ago has gradually filled with devout worshippers, and now a new and larger structure

has become a necessity. The old chapel was built of adobe, a poor material where there is much rain and frost, as is the case in Mescalero.

The new chapel in course of construction is of rock, and will be one of the most beautiful Indian mission chapels in the West when completed, which may yet be years. We owe the beauty of design to a generous architect of Philadelphia, Pa., Mr. Wm. Stanton, who with a master hand drew the plans and presented them to the Father. The Indians donate their work when there is nothing for them to do in the fields or with the stock; but the best and the hardest and the most indefatigable worker who can blast the most successfully, roll the largest stone into place, and dig faster than any of his Indian competitors



is the good missionary in charge. A dollar in his hands goes a long way; because he is not afraid to bruise his hands in making it reach farther.

One of the most touching sights I ever experienced was last Christmas, when I was invited to sing the High Mass at the Mescalero mission. On this occasion, some of the older converts approached the Holy Table for the first time. They may have been clothed in overalls, their feet shod with heavy shoes and the women wrapped in faded and threadbare blankets; but their faces beamed with the light of faith, and their whole being seemed suffused with reverence and devotion. Little children, garbed in snow-white wreaths and veils, receiving their first Holy Communion may be a prettier sight, but the first Communion I witnessed at Mescalero was surely more touching and soul-inspiring, and I doubt not that the Babe of Bethlehem nestled in their simple and confiding hearts with the same divine condescension with which He smiled on the adoring shepherds that knelt about His crib.

Christmas is a great day for the Mescalero Apaches, a veritable "fiesta" of the good old Spanish mission days. All that come to the mission receive a bountiful repast and the few little presents the missionary is able to give—begged by him from among the friends of the mission—are distributed with many a kind word and sweet smile to little and big alike. Filled with gratitude for these slight tokens of love, the Indians repair to their humble homes rejoicing that the Christ Child has been so good to them.

Some day, please God, Mescalero will be all Catholic, and the beautiful new chapel will be the center of its religious life. The sight of their brown-robed, pale-face missionary working like the meanest of convicts in the stone quarry and foundation trenches has deeply touched the rugged natives and done more to win them to the true faith than the soup-bowls and idle boasts of the Protestants did in weaning them from Christ. God grant that the work so auspiciously begun may continue to enjoy the special blessing from above and be brought to a happy consummation.

TRUST

When obstacles and trials seem,
Like prison walls to be;
I do the little that I can,
And leave the rest to Thee.



A Warrior Bold



Christian Home Women's Dept.

CONDUCTED BY GRACE STRONG

CHRISTMAS

CHRISTMAS means one thing—gifts. I know well enough there are people, and I believe, societies, that deliberately, cold-bloodedly take their stand against that meaning of the day. Some lift horrified eyes to heaven and declare it is a desecration and should be stopped by the churches; others, that it is iniquitous and should be stopped by the laws; so between the pious and the stingy, Christmas, along about November the first, seems to have his way pretty well blocked; but what time the violet of Advent glows from the altars, and Santa Claus whistles his toys into the shop windows, those who maintain the real meaning of Christmas laugh out loud, seeing again the old familiar, happy, hustling, package-laden crowds, the boys and girls, the youths and maidens, the men and matrons bearing old Christmas triumphantly to his own.

I repeat, Christmas means one thing—gifts. When the first Christmas brought our Lord to earth, somebody made Him the gift of a manger; the shepherds hurrying over to Bethlehem, we may be sure, made Him gifts from their flocks; we know the Wise Men made Him gifts, for so it is recorded of them in the Gospels. And what was the Coming itself, but the supreme Gift of God to the children of men? So ever since, people give their friends gifts at Christmas; and because they are the followers of the One who brought Christmas they give gifts to the poor in His name; they are kind to the strangers; they forgive those who have done them injury and ask pardon of those they have injured, giving and receiving the greatest gift of all—peace.

You may swear, about the middle of January, remembering your lavish hand at Christmas, that never again will you be so generous. But as surely as the middle of December comes, so surely do you break your vow. I know, for you see it is an annual occurrence with me. You make out your list of names—those whom you love; those who look to you for this annual bit of cheer, who have so little in their

gray lives; those needy ones; those who serve you faithfully—and there the list stops. Then something catches your eye, which seems made for such a one—so another name is added. You read a card and a face rises before you; so for old time's sake there is still another addition. But why continue? You know how the list grows and the pocketbook dwindles; yet there is not a single bit of regret in your heart for your inconsistency. If it does thrust in its mocking face, you remind yourself that "Consistency is the vice of fools" and continue on your reckless way.

That gift-making, however, which hasn't our Lord's name on the list, has missed the real joy of Christmas. It does not have to be a great benefaction. Perhaps a trifle will give more joy, assuredly it will if that trifle is the one thing for which the receiver yearned, and if the giving involves some sacrifice.

THE MERINO DRESS

WHICH reminds me of a Christmas story I heard the other day; and always are stories in order, when we thus annually meet under the holly bough.

Back there when the Girl's aunt was young, the family was in comfortable circumstances. She lived with the Girl's father, who had succeeded, on the death of his father, to the management of the farm. She had many friends and admirers, for she was pretty and admirable. One she loved and he loved her. This Christmas there was to be a party at the farm house and her brother had bought her a red merino dress. She and her sister-in-law made it, trimming it with narrow black velvet ribbon, and it was greatly admired; even the lover took note of it. Never, he told her, could he forget her as she looked in her red merino dress, with its trimming of black velvet ribbon.

With the New Year, he left to take a position with his uncle in the city; and every dollar was to be saved for the new home to which he would bring his bride. That spring the Girl's father died, leaving her, a mere child, her mother and aunt almost penniless.

They sold the farm. With what was left, after paying the debts, the sisters went to a large town in another part of the state, bought a home and supported themselves by sewing. But before she left, the Girl's aunt wrote her lover a letter, releasing him and declaring he would never see her again; for she was of a proud race.

The Girl's mother did not long survive the change of fortune, and the aunt had a hard time, for she determined the girl should be educated and fitted to earn her living in a way less laborious than sewing. Many things that they had brought with them from the old home had to be sold during those years of struggle; but one thing was sacred—the red merino dress. Often the Girl wished that her aunt would make it up into a frock for herself, but once when she suggested it, the aunt had cried, "Oh, not my little red merino dress!" So the Girl knew it was treasured for some reason, and thereafter regarded it sacredly, too.

In a few more months, the Girl would complete her commercial course and be ready for a position. Her aunt was failing. She could not earn so much as formerly, and only by the strictest economy could they live. Now, one of the former colored servants of the family had come to that town. She was poor, of course, with a crowd of children, and finding her former mistress, straightway attached herself to her, with the fidelity of her race. She looked for nothing from the white woman; but not so the children, who expected the golden time of their mother's youth, of which they had heard so much, to be repeated for themselves, now that they had found her "Li'l Missy." "The children must have their 'Chris'mus Gif'," said the aunt. "We have nothing for ourselves," said the girl. "And Mandy," naming the oldest child, "expects a red dress!" she finished with a laugh. "There's the dollar we have for our Christmas offering at Mass, and you can make it go far at the Ten Cent Store," said the Aunt. The Girl obeyed. When she came back, happy in spite of herself, she saw traces of tears in her aunt's eyes, while the red

merino, ripped apart, was being cut into a frock for a child. The Girl wept and stormed; the sacred dress should never—never go on that negro's back, down to that hovel—but the aunt only smiled.

"I couldn't give it to you back there, but I am really giving it to you now—for your success. It's hard, Girl, that's why I know God likes my gift."

The Girl, with tear-blinded eyes, took up her needle, and when Mandy came up for the children's 'Chris'mus Gif,' on Christmas morning, she found a red merino dress, trimmed in narrow velvet ribbon waiting on her. She insisted on putting it on, and, with profuse thanks, started for home. Now Mandy's way led her past the railway station, and a man gazing vacantly from a train window, seeing her, started up as if he had beheld a ghost. He tore from the coach, and catching the negro girl by the shoulder, demanded where she had gotten that frock. Frightened half to death, she managed to tell him, then, after directing him to where her mother's former mistress lived, with a silver dollar clutched in her hand, she continued her happy way.

Of course, you know who the man was. With the sweetheart of his youth in his arms, he told her how he had searched for her, and never relinquished his faith that the good St. Antony at last would find her for him. He had prospered, was now his uncle's partner, and the days of suffering and privation for the Girl and her aunt were over—likewise for the colored woman and her flock of children.

Thus happily ends the story of the big sacrifice for our Lord. Now for the story of the trifling thing done for Him.

The Light in the Window

THERE was no reason why the people should have named her the Bee Woman, instead of the Milk Woman or the Vegetable Woman; for assuredly she sold more of these other commodities than honey. However, the Bee Woman she was, and her white cottage, separated from the highway by a rolling piece of sward, was ever an object of interest. She lived there alone. A colored couple, who assisted her with her work, had a cabin, at the rear of the wood-lot. Ten years before, she had come in a stranger, and a stranger she practically remained to the rest of the community. Not that she was unsocial and held aloof; on the contrary, she was every-

thing a neighbor should be—only she never talked about herself. In that land of many farms, there was no physical want, and while there was no great wealth in the town, neither was there any distress; so except by answering outside appeals, and being exceptionally kind to every living creature, folk had no opportunity of doing anything for our Lord at Christmas time.

But the Bee Woman thought: My little home fronts the highway, and how do I know that Our Lord does not walk past on Christmas night—our Lord in the sad, oppressed, lonely, perchance despairing heart of one of my fellow men. And if a light were in my window, would not He, seeing it, understand that all I can do for Him on the blessed night, I do? Might He not make it the means of manifesting His loving care of the wanderer?



So, when she worked with her bees, she kept some of the purest wax and fashioned it into a small thick candle, which on Christmas night she put into a crystal glass and lighting it, set it in the window; and people going home late saw it, and people going to the five o'clock Mass saw it—as doubtless some, going neither to home nor to Mass, also saw it as each Christmas Eve it poured out its clear, white steady rays.

Then one night, as it was burning, she heard a knocking at her door. As she opened it, a man, covered with snow, staggered in. He held something in his arms, which she soon discovered was a child. "The boy is freezing," murmured the man, "and I am dying. I saw your light—for Christ's sake—" then he fell, carrying the child with him. The woman called her servants and long they worked with man and child before they were roused from their stupor.

Afterward the man told her his story. He was from the mountainous

part of the state. When his wife died, he determined to leave and go to a city where he hoped to obtain work and support himself and child. He had very little money and feeling he might need that for food, he started to walk the way, asking hospitality as he went. He had fared well enough until he contracted a heavy cold about two weeks before. He had heard there was a good alms-house in this county and was making for it, when the snow came. When he reached the cross-roads, he was bewildered. He knew he must have taken the wrong way; but sick himself, the child a dead weight in his arms, he could not retrace his steps. He was on the point of giving up, when he saw her light in the window. The next day the Bee Woman called the doctor; but nothing could be done for the man. With his dying breath he blessed her and giving his child to her, went happily out of this life.

Then the Bee Woman, with the beautiful child in her arms, told weeping, her own story to the friends and neighbors who had gathered in. She too, had had a child. But its father, who was not a Catholic, repudiating his promises before marriage, swore it should not be reared a Catholic. After many bitter quarrels, he announced his intention to leave her, taking the boy with him. But the train by which he traveled was wrecked, and he and the child were killed. The railway company had paid her a sum of money. She quit her home town and coming here, in new scenes and new occupations, found healing for her sorrow. And now, as if it were straight from the hands of Christ Himself, had come another child to her, to fill her days with happiness, give a purpose to life and work, and be her staff and comfort in her old age!

Merry Christmas, dear Herald Readers!

ABOUT PERFUMES

The odor of violets appeals to the sweet-tempered.

Roses are for those who are bold and fond of display.

Carnations are loved by persons of artistic temperaments.

"SOME" GIRL

Ethelbert—"Who was that new girl I saw with last night?"

Jack—"That wasn't a new girl. That was my old girl painted over."



Fireside Talks & Tales

Children's Corner

CONDUCTED BY ELIZABETH ROSE

FOR UNTO YOU THIS NIGHT IS BORN

O HAPPY NIGHT, wherein to man
was given
Promise and pledge of God's most
wondrous love!
O happy Earth, where angels left
their heaven
To hover, worshipping, a grot above!

O happy Star, that in the east re-
splendent
Pointed the way to Bethlehem's crib
divine!
O happy Heart, that filled with bliss
transcendent,
Hailed Jesus, by thy mother-right, as
thine!

O happy Joseph, first to bend before
Him
The knee of worship in His earthly
home!
O happy Shepherds, pressing to adore
Him
Before the Magi from afar had come!

Glory to God within the highest! ring-
eth
About the world this fresh, glad
Christmas morn:
And peace on earth to men of good
will singeth
In every heart—for Christ is new-
born!

HOW COLUMBUS SAVED THE FLEET

THE fourth and last voyage of Christopher Columbus to the new world he had laid open to his fellow men took place in the year 1502. The great discoverer was no longer the man he had been. Anxiety, worry, the ingratitude and ill treatment he had received, had told severely upon him. His health was failing him. Perhaps no other man in his condition of body and mind would have dreamed of starting forth again on the long journey across the lonely ocean. But he had a spirit and courage that never failed him. He knew, besides, how badly things were going on over there

without him in the new land. So it was that in the month of May he set sail again, first consecrating the expedition to the Blessed Trinity, and begging the blessing of Father, Son, and Holy Ghost upon his venture.

The voyage was an unusually rough and stormy one. Columbus, an ill man, suffered greatly during the long hard days, filled with toil and stress. The end of the year approached and found the little fleet of vessels still laboring on perilous seas. One day, shortly before Christmas, Columbus lay exhausted on his couch in the cabin. A storm was raging overhead, accompanied with thunder that drowned the roar of the waters and with lightnings that seemed to set the world on fire. About him on deck, all was commotion and turmoil. Suddenly there broke upon his ears sounds of a different nature. They were no longer the ordinary shouts and noises of a fight with the elements. Wild cries resounded throughout the ship, which told of absolute panic. Exclamations of unbridled terror and prayers to God for mercy reached his ear in a confusion of sounds that might well appal the stoutest heart. Columbus, ill as he was, sprang from his couch and made his way on deck. Fright seized his stalwart heart at the awful spectacle that met his eye. Right in their path, although at some distance still, a monstrous waterspout bore down upon the doomed fleet. One who had seen this demon of the sea can never forget it. The whole bosom of the ocean seems to rise in a gigantic heave to one central point, resembling a great mountain peak. From the sky above, a sharp inverted cone of cloud darts downward towards it, as if to snatch the whole immense body of waters into its black breast. It is the one danger of the seas before which human science and human skill is utterly powerless. When the tremendous union of cloud and water takes place, absolute annihilation threatens everything in their path. The bravest heart must quail before such doom, as well as the most cowardly. Columbus felt the affright of all around him. But while they fell to

their knees in their despair, crying on God to save them, he stood erect and called for blessed candles to be lit, the book of the Gospels and his sword to be brought him. Then in the face of the on-rushing monster, he read aloud the beginning of the Gospel of St. John, with which every Mass is concluded: "In the beginning was the Word." As he came to the last words: "The Word was made flesh and dwelt amongst us," he calmly laid aside the Gospels, and drawing his sword made the sign of the cross directly in the face of the threatening danger, now almost upon them, crying aloud as he did so:

"I command thee, thou creature of God, to pass by and leave unharmed and untouched us who have gone forth in the name of the Blessed Trinity, to carry to our brethren who know not God the light of His faith!"

Instantly, before the eyes of all, the terrific waterspout swerved from its course as if cast aside by an unseen hand. Rushing to one side, it passed by and left unharmed and untouched the vessels of the entire fleet.

This wonderful event is attested by eye witnesses and told by all historians.

By the way, did you know that Columbus was a member of the Third Order of St. Francis? In bringing "good tidings," like the angels of old, to the savages who had never heard of God, was he not the first *Franciscan Herald* in the New World?

WHY IT WASN'T FILLED

"I'll hang my stocking up to-night,"
Squeaked forth a little mouse;
"With all the rest I want to share
The good things in the house.
I'm sure, from all the talk about,
Old Santa Claus won't leave me out.

"No dolls or toys or games I wish—
Such things I scorn to touch!
But oh, a tidbit sweet of cake,
Or cheese I love so much,
Or apple, round and full of juice,
To my delight would much conduce!"

"You foolish mouse! do you expect To hang," his mother said,
 "Your stocking up and get it filled?
 Well, put *that* out your head.
 Your lack of sense is really shocking!
 Whenever did a mouse own stocking?"

SOMETHING ABOUT NEW YEAR'S DAY

HAPPY New Year! no matter where or when you celebrate it. Did you know that January 1 isn't the only New Year's Day in the world, and that in former days it was kept sometimes in December, sometimes in September, the beginning of autumn, in March, the beginning of spring, and even in June, the beginning of summer? These different dates belong to the old pagan nations—the Assyrians, the Persians, the Romans, the Greeks, and for a time even Christian nations kept December 25—our Christmas Day—as the beginning of a new year. At present, these last, with the exception of Russia, unite on January 1 for the "Day of the Year" as the French people call it. Besides these differences regarding the seasons, there was also a want of agreement about the day of the month. England, Greece, and Russia once held January 13 to be the proper day, thus making themselves two weeks behind the other countries in point of time. Naturally, there was more or less confusion as a consequence. Finally a wise Pope, Gregory XIII, undertook to put things to rights and had a new calendar made for all Christian countries, in which January 1 was the beginning of each year. The majority of the countries adopted his plan at once, only the three mentioned refusing to unite with the rest, which didn't do them a bit of good and only showed how stupid they were. England finally gave in, in 1752, and Greece in the last century, while Russia still clings to the Old Style, as it is called. Alexander Pope, the English poet, says:

"Be not the first by whom the new is tried,

Nor yet the last to lay the old aside."
 Which is good advice for other things than calendars.

Now that we have our date fixed for good and all, how are we going to enjoy it? That depends a good deal on where one happens to be. All over the earth there will be good feeling and merrymaking on New Year's Day, but the fashion of the latter will be slightly different in different countries. In Persia, for instance, some-body will start the day with a present of eggs to you, and you will return the gift in kind. In America and Eng-

land, Christmas is the time for presents; in France, Christmas can't hold a candle to New Year for the reception of nice things. In China, Japan, and Corea, you will have a birthday party, and so will everybody else; for in these countries everybody has the first day of the year for a birthday, no matter what the real date may be. In many countries, the eve of New Year's is as important as the day itself. Scotch children call it "Hogmanay," and have a funny custom of going about in bands, as many as can getting themselves tied up in a huge sheet with a vast pocket running across the middle. In this curious conveyance, the lively bundles stumble through the streets, shouting "Hogmanay!" as they go, to give notice to all kindly housekeepers of their approach. As they stop at every door, the big pocket soon bulges with oaten cakes filled with cheese. (I rather think American Young Folks would



prefer candy.) Then comes a grab! In Belgium, the youngsters make war on a "sugar uncle." This is a certain grown-up of the family whom the children follow all about the house and try to trap into a room, whose door they lock, refusing to let him out until he has promised them whatever they want. Sometimes the "sugar uncle" is an aunt—but the results are the same. In Russia, the boys of the villages get up at dawn and fill their pockets with dried peas and wheat. House doors are left open for them; they steal in, and fling the hard peas at those within whom they do not like, and throw the wheat more gently at their favorites, both parties being generally in bed asleep at the hour of their call.

There are too many interesting customs of the day for our space, so we will just go over to Frankfort-on-the-Main (look in your geographies) on December 31 next, and stand at a closed window in some house, waiting the stroke of twelve announcing 1921.

Everybody in town is doing the same thing, and the silence of the five minutes preceding the hour of midnight is profound. ONE! rings out the great bell of the cathedral. In a flash, every window is thrown wide open, everybody leans out and "Happy New Year! Happy New Year!" fills the air till the bell finishes. TWELVE! Every window is shut—the New Year settles down softly and peacefully over the city that has given it so glad a welcome, and everything is quiet slumber and happy dreams.

HAPPY NEW YEAR!

1921!

"Nothing new beneath the sun,"

Solomon once said, forgetting
 Novelty is never done.

New suns always bring new day:
 New moons make new heavens gay:

New joys drive afar regretting
 That the old have passed away.

New hopes rise and banish fears:
 New smiles flash their light through
 tears:

Life is always freshly letting
 Gladness in to new-born years.

Let the old king keep his sadness!
 Ours is God's new gift of gladness;
 And His blessing be upon

1921.

AN "IGNORAMUS" JURY

IF you had a case in court, would you like it to be tried before an "ignoramus" jury? I don't think you would, or anybody else who didn't happen to know what an "ignoramus" jury is. It isn't really as bad as it sounds to be one of the ignoramuses in this case. Indeed, generally speaking, most people, if so unfortunate as to offend against the laws, would rather be sentenced by an "ignoramus" jury than by one presumably smarter. "Ignoramus" is simply the old name for a grand jury. When it found no cause to pronounce a prisoner guilty the word "Ignoramus" (we do not know)—in other words, there is no evidence on which to hold the accused—was written on the back of the bill of indictment. Nowadays, the form is different, and reads, "No true bill."

An English judge of 1688, Allibon by name, has left behind him this instruction to the jury:

"If you find anything comes from envy or malice, do you acquit the person thus wrongfully accused; and so is justice done, and so an ignoramus jury may not be of no use."

Hero, whose bravery so well justified his name, has been presented by a number of humane societies of

Isabelle Baker, Casey, Ill.; Donald Cooper, Toledo, Ohio; Anna Francis, Lakeville, Conn.; Robert Mitchell, Cambridge, Mass.; Bernita Miller, Soranton, Pa.; Margaret Vogeding, Garrett, Ind.; Louisa Knapstein, Sappington, Mo.; Catherine Vath, Reading, Pa.; Thora Lewis, Erie, Pa.; Marie Reed, Uniontown, Pa.

Miscellaneous

IN THE WORLD OF BOOKS

BY PAUL H. RICHARDS

BOOK lovers are always interested in books written about books. Literary criticism takes many forms and is more popular than many people imagine. "Books That Have Helped" is a favorite theme of essayists. Agnes Repplier is famous for her caustic and humorous essay on "Books That Have Hindered." We like to know the favorite books of great men. At a guess we might say of such men that they cherished either the Bible and the "Imitation of Christ," or Plutarch's "Lives" and Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress." The reading of "Don Quixote" in childhood is also thought to be lucky. Evidently some excellent advertising has been done in the past. Today it has reached the plane of propaganda. To trace propaganda to its sources, to analyze it, and to become an amateur propagandist is the pleasure and the opportunity of a book reviewer. We hear often of "Saints' Gold," "Fairy Gold," "Thieves' Gold." Why not from the advertising of books new and old coin "Reviewers' Gold"?

With all good will to Bunyan and Plutarch, there is no book better suited to the embryonic literary genius than Dr. Heuser's "Life of Canon Sheehan." If we have been charmed by the earnest, childlike character of Robert Louis Stevenson and his literary history, how much more reason have many of us to be charmed with the story of a successor of his, a pioneer too, in a special field of romance, Rev. P. A. Sheehan of Doneraile, who followed the light of his genius through discouragement, trial, arduous duties, to the making of "My New Curate," "Under The Cedars and Stars," "Luke Delmege," "Geoffrey Austin," "The Triumph Of Failure," and the many other books for which he is famous. The heart of his idealism is the absence of self-seeking in literary work.

In our hasty, cursory reading, we often miss the full force of a book of the present, because we do not know its future fame, the weight it will have in the course of time. When we read

the school classics, "Silas Marner," De Foe's "Plague In London," "Hawthorne's "House Of Seven Gables," we are prepared to extract the full good of their content, because they are known classics. Yet we may be reading every day, fresh from the press, the classics of the future without appreciating them because of our lack of training in reading. It has taken a considerable group of the most gifted modern English writers to put into their proper place certain English authors long neglected in formal history of English literature. Thus the group of living Catholic writers, the Meynells, Theodore Maynard, Father Henry, E. G. Rope, Hillaire Belloc, John Ayscough, Arnel and Violet O'Connor, and some others have diligently worked to make us know their forerunners, Crashaw, Patmore, Lionel Johnson, Aubrey De Vere, Gerard Hopkins. May it not, therefore, be taken as an instance of early genius to have read and appreciated such illustrious lives as those of Blessed Thomas More, Blessed Edmund Campion, Margaret Roper, Margaret Clithero, and Edward Coleman? Father Robert Hugh Benson did much for us, in this regard, through fiction. Some of the newest books of this bearing are Father Hugh Blunt's "Great Wives And Mothers," Father Francis Steek's "Franciscans And The Protestant Revolution," and Ennid Dennis's new novel, "Mr. Coleman, Gent."

Rev. Edward F. Garesché is putting out books as rapidly as most of the popular European authors. Despite our indifference, he is winning a hearing, too. His thought is very simple and not new. It is propaganda for purity, for devotion to the Blessed Virgin, for practical and constant activity in good works. If it is new books we want for mental food, then his "Vade Mecum, for Nurses and Social Workers," his essays, "Your Interests Eternal," and the latest little book, "Your Own Heart," will suffice. They are exactly American in form

and ideals. "Giving Catholic Books" is the title of the closing little talk in this last named volume. In this holiday season his conclusion is pertinent and suggestive:

"How vastly more money we squander on candy and flowers than we invest in the durable benefits of Catholic books! Yet a good book is a lasting and unwearying remembrance of the donor. 'Blessed be Cadmus, or the Phoenicians or whoever it was that invented books'—and blessed the Catholic who has the fine taste and enlightened goodness to give abundantly of Catholic books to his friends."

We have in America two Thomases, not at all doubting or doubtful, who in the exact manner of approved propaganda have done something valuable for our literature and life. When we are wearied with the clamor for and against "our Anglo-Saxon traditions, civilization and heritage," how restful and stimulating it is to turn to the poems of Thomas Walsh and put our attention upon Spain—Spain the land of romance, of Catholic enterprise, to which we owe the discovery of the western continent. How refreshing to recall thus pleasantly what we owe to Spain in civilization, tradition and other respects. "The Pilgrim Kings," though not his latest book of verse, remains a most suitable Christmas tide book.

Then there is Thomas A. Daly, to whom it occurred to interpret sympathetically our Italian fellow citizens. He has not only amused and inspired us, he has pleased and inspired Italian Americans. How seldom we remember that Christopher Columbus was a "Dago"—(that is, if he was not really Irish). Is there the remotest link between our possession of "Carmina," "Madrigali," and "MacAroni Ballads" and the present sympathy of Italy for Ireland?

An American poet of distinct type is Louise Imogen Guiney, who died in England on our last eventful national election day. Scholar and intellectual

aristocrat, she was American in her independence of thought. She followed her peculiar genius, though it led her outside her native land. She wrote not for one country but for humanity. Before human considerations of affection and friendship, she placed loyalty to faith and service to God. She joined the English group who labor for the conversion of England, and through this, the peace of the world. Christianity in her verse is expressed in terms compelling to all interpretation of doubtful periods. Her verse, while including such passionate themes as "The Wild Ride," "In Leinster," "The Knight Errant," "Kings," and "Deo Optimo Maximo," yet cherished above all a calmness which is the counsel of saints.

*

There are perhaps few, even among college graduates, who now remember what books a distinguished eastern college president included in his famous "six-foot shelf" of classics. It may be profitable, therefore, for many other booklovers to arrange such famous bookshelves.

In the book notes department of the various Catholic magazines we find each month a "shelf," the teaching power of which ought not to be undervalued. One imagines it must have cost president emeritus Eliot considerable distress to make his six-foot selection. It recalls the session which the good friends of Don Quixote held in his library when they decided, for his good, to weed out and burn his works of chivalry. There were many books whose appeal proved too much for the destroyers. It is more comfortable to fill many such "shelves" and thus build up a library. We have already before us here "The Life of Canon Sheehan," and his novels; the poems of Father Rope, Hilaire Belloc, Theodore Maynard, the O'Connors and the Meynells; the novels of John Ayscough and Father Hugh Benson; Father Blunt's "Great Wives and Mothers," Father Steck's "Franciscans and the Protestant Revolution," Ennid Dennis's "Edward Coleman, Gent.," Father Garesche's "Vade Mecum" and "Your Own Heart," Thomas Walsh's "The Pilgrim Kings," T. A. Daly's and Louise Guiney's poems. It is impossible to complete the "book-case" in a short talk; it must suffice to point to where the best are listed, as a suggestion to holiday buyers.

FROM DARKEST ERIN

(Continued from page 69)

we sons of St. Francis should be in the van. With best wishes and hoping to hear from you soon, I remain,

Yours very fraternally,

FR. JEROME, O. F. M.

Franciscan Tertiary Relief Committee, Athlone, Ireland.

Dear Readers:

I appeal to you on behalf of poor suffering Ireland. You already know something about our terrible condition, which I dare not describe in detail. It will suffice to state that we are confronted with a desperate situation during the coming winter—nothing but grim starvation and misery lie before us. What are we to do? Where is help to come from? We have formed relief committees throughout the country to provide for our immediate needs, but already our slender purse is nearly empty. In our distress we turn our eyes toward ever generous America. You are our brethren in the faith and many of you are Irish by birth or descent. We cry to you in the words of holy Job: "Have pity on us, have pity on us, at least you, our friends, for the hand of the Lord hath touched us!" God alone knows what will become of our suffering families, unless help is forthcoming, and that soon. We ask you for the love of God and our Seraphic Father St. Francis to stretch forth your hands to aid us. Be assured, in return you will have the blessing of God and St. Francis and the prayers of the poor suffering children of Erin.

I remain faithfully yours,

BRO. JOHN O'BRIEN, *Tertiary, Secry.*

Sianfu, China.

Reverend and dear Father:

I am just in receipt of a letter from one of my missionaries, Rev. Fr. Hugo, whose mission is in a most pitiable condition, and the misery increases from day to day. This is owing to the fact that we no longer receive aid from Europe, and that for the past three years this district has been overrun by revolutionists and bands of robbers. In fact, revolutionary outbreaks are the order of the day. Add to these misfortunes the failure of our crops caused by a prolonged drought, and I need not tell you that my poor people are starving.

In certain prefectures, such as Shang-chow, Lo-nan, Shang-nan, Shang-yang, numbering fifteen thousand catechumens and neophytes, the want is so great that the natives must have recourse to the roots of plants and the bark of trees to still their hunger. "Things have come to such a pass," writes one of my missionaries, "that thousands are dying daily of starvation."

It is my duty as Vicar Apostolic of this district to provide for the neophytes; but, alas! I lack funds to provide even for my poor little orphans. May I then ask you, Reverend Father, to direct an appeal to the Tertiaries of the United States in behalf of our stricken missions? God will certainly shower down His blessings on you and on all our benefactors for their kind charity, and our prayers will constantly ascend heavenward for you and them.

Relying on the charity of your Tertiaries and thanking you, dear Father, for your kindness, I beg to remain,

Devotedly yours in St. Francis,

† FR. EUGENE MASSI, O. F. M.,
Vic. Apos.

YOUR CHILDREN'S READING

IT OUGHT to be superfluous to tell parents that the daily papers are unfit reading for their children; but, unfortunately, it is not. Parents in the majority of cases do not seem to care what their children read, so long as it is nothing worse than that of other children. The dailies contain bald and unvarnished accounts of crimes of which every child should be ignorant. It seems absurd to cry out against vicious literature, the while children are permitted to revel in the details of unsavory divorce suits and scandals which ought to make even older persons blush for shame. The most sensational story may injure the powers of a child's mind and inflame his imagination; but as a rule it does not familiarize him with the immortality of the day in so intimate and dangerous a manner as do the columns of the average daily paper.



Franciscan News

Italy—The International Third Order Convention will be held at Assisi during the month of September. Preparations for the gathering are being conducted on a grand scale by the committee in charge, which is made up of friars from all the Franciscan families.

At the Eucharistic Congress held recently at Bergamo, the executive committee set aside a day for the discussion of Third Order topics. Papers were read on "The Third Order and the Blessed Eucharist" and "The Third Order on the Eve of the Seventh Century."

On the occasion of the feast of St. Francis, a new periodical was issued at Assisi, Italy, entitled "S. Francesco di Assisi." It is designed to make preparation for the seventh centenary of the Saint's death, which will occur, in 1926.

Belgium—At a conference of the Social Study Club of the University of Louvain, Professor Lecquere, declared in the course of a lecture that, if the Third Order at the present time does not exercise the same influence as in the past, this is owing to the indifference of a great part of the clergy, including Franciscans.

Argentina—The Argentinian Government has made an appropriation for a monument to the great Franciscan Apostle of the West Indies, St. Francis Solano. The work has been entrusted to the Spanish sculptor Bray, and it will be executed in marble and bronze. St. Francis will be represented holding a crucifix in his right hand and a violin, with which instrument he was wont to soothe the savage breast of the Indians, in his left. Three Indian figures will complete the group.

Germany—Because all attempts at recruiting the struggling Franciscan missionary provinces of South America from among the natives have failed, the old Saxon province of Germany has decided to found within its limits a missionary college for the purpose of providing workers for the extensive fields of North Brazil and Santarem. In the last thirty years the German province has sent to these missions one hundred and fifty of its members.

Quincy, Ill.—During the last week of October, a retreat was preached for the local Third Order fraternity by Rev. Fr. Fulgence, O. F. M., of Cincinnati, Ohio. In spite of the unfavorable weather, both the morning and the evening exercises were very well attended, and great interest was aroused in things Tertiary by the elo-

quent and practical discourses of the retreat-master. On the afternoon of October 31, the closing exercises were held, during which thirty novices joined the ranks of our Bl. Father St. Francis.

Los Angeles, Calif.—A million dollar drive has been launched in Los Angeles for the purpose of restoring the old Spanish missions of California. The movement has the endorsement of Rt. Rev. Bishop Cantwell, of Los Angeles. The campaign will be statewide and it is sponsored by some of the most widely known residents of the state. Organizations are also giving their support to the movement, which will be non-sectarian in its scope. It is probable that the first mission to be restored will be that of San Carlos del Carmelo, at Carmel. This mission has long been recognized as the most sacred of the twenty-one along the famous Camino Real, because it is burial place of venerable Junipero Serra, the founder of the Franciscan missions in California.

Cleveland, Ohio—The Tertiaries of St. Joseph's Church, Cleveland, are carrying on a very successful campaign for the relief of the suffering peoples in Europe. Although organized but a month ago, they were able to send \$300 to the Cardinal Archbishop of Vienna, \$200 to Rev. Jukic, O. F. M., for a poor Franciscan monastery in Rama, Jugoslavia, \$100 for an orphanage in Lauterbach, Germany, \$40 each to various indigent families in Austria and Germany. Also, thirty-six packages of food stuffs and clothing, besides two large boxes of clothing, have been sent abroad. During the winter months, the Tertiaries will meet on the first Tuesday evening of every month to make their monthly contributions to this worthy cause and to keep alive in the members the interest in relief work. Besides these donations, bundle after bundle is being brought to the convent door sometimes under very touching circumstances. Thus, one day, a lady called bearing on her arm a valuable coat. Making a brave effort to smile, she parted with the garment, saying, "I suppose they need it over there more than I do." Then turning, she hastened away. Truly, a docile child of St. Francis!

Indianapolis, Ind.—The five days' retreat for the Third Order members of Indianapolis came to a close on Friday evening, December 3. The two daily addresses were well attended. The retreat-master, Rev. John Forest McGee, O. F. M., from Cincinnati, ex-

plained the rule of the Third Order in a simple yet attractive way. His words proved a revelation to outsiders and a consolation to the members. On Sunday, December 5, there was general Communion. In the afternoon, sixty-four new members were received. The record number is largely due to the personal solicitation of the members who brought their relatives and friends to the retreat to see and hear for themselves. Of the number invested, eighteen were men. Likewise, forty novices made their holy profession. With the new acquisitions the local Third Order fraternity, dedicated to the Sacred Heart, numbers 530 members. The Social Mission Club has forwarded to the Indian Missions: 1 surplice, 3 altar cloths, 8 finger towels and 12 purificators. The Men's Mission Club contributed financially to the support of the missions. On Sunday, January 23, Rev. Fr. Roger, O. F. M., from Cleveland, Ohio, will be in our midst to conduct the annual visitation.

Washington, D. C.—As the work of the Society for the Preservation of the Faith Among Indian Children has notably increased in recent years, and as it is necessary to obtain throughout the country as many members as possible for this Society, on which depends so materially the support of the Indian missions, the Most Reverend Archbishops who direct the work of the Bureau of Catholic Indian Missions, at their last annual meeting, authorized the Right Reverend Director of the Catholic Indian Bureau to secure permanent headquarters for the Bureau and also separate office facilities for the Preservation Society. This was done to expedite the work of the Bureau and of the Society, the Bureau's chief work being with certain departments of the Government and with the Indian missions, while the Preservation Society collects funds for the maintenance of the missions.

The Bureau of Catholic Indian missions now has permanent headquarters at 2021 "H" Street, N. W., within a short distance of the Interior Department of the Government, and a suitable house in the same vicinity has been provided for the office of the Preservation Society.

The Preservation Society still remains under the immediate supervision of the Director of the Bureau of Catholic Indian Missions and its permanent address will continue to be 2021 "H" Street, N. W., Washington, D. C.

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EDITORIALS

The Five Great Plagues

IN HIS reply to the Christmas greetings of the Cardinals, the Holy Father, according to press reports, enumerated five evils, which he likened to five great plagues afflicting present-day society: negation of authority, hatred among brothers, thirst for pleasure, disgust for work, and forgetfulness of the supernatural objects of life. He said further that these evils could be overcome only with the aid of the Gospel; and that, therefore, he would never cease to remind the people of it, since this is his mission.

Any one who is at all observant of the times, cannot fail to note how correct is the Holy Father's diagnosis. More than ever society is upset, because more than ever before it has been subverted by the violence of the passions engendered or intensified by the war; and until these have been checked, it is idle to speak of bringing order out of the universal *tohu-bohu*. The Holy Father deserves well of society for insisting, as he has done in every public pronouncement since his election, that the only salvation for the world is the speedy return to Gospel principles, and that all true reform must begin with the reform of the individual.

His Holiness mentions, as the first of the great social plagues, pride, or negation of authority, and rightly so. It was pride that brought death into the world and all our woe; and it is pride—of the intellect and of the will—that has added woe upon woe in every age, until at the present mankind is staggering under a crushing weight of misery. The spirit of insubordination has invaded the masses to a degree altogether unheard of and alarming. Practical recognition of the supreme authority of the Creator has all but disappeared from public life, as it is fast disappearing from the private lives of many citizens; and submission to human authority, where this has not yet become an object of utter contempt, is largely a matter of coercion.

The tide of hatred among the nations lately involved in the terrible death-struggle is ebbing indeed, but all too slowly to render remote the danger of another deluge of blood and tears. Even where racial and national animosity is becoming less pro-

nounced, social and civil strife is growing more and more acute. The masses of the people who have had to pay in blood and treasure for the folly of their leaders, are now clamoring for a reckoning with the privileged classes.

The thirst for pleasure seems to have become if anything more intense since the war. Supped full with horrors and glutted with sufferings of every kind, the people have turned with avidity to the pleasures of sense, to divert, if only for an instant, their harrowed minds from thoughts of the direful past and the bodeful present.

The disgust for work which has seized wide sections of the laboring classes, is but the inevitable reaction from the superhuman exertions the war imposed on them. Though the cry is still for production and more production, the wheels of industry are moving slowly where they are not standing altogether still. The laboring men, underpaid and overtaxed, refuse any longer to sell their work and themselves for a mere pittance to hard taskmasters. They are in a sullen temper, and they would rather suffer the pangs of hunger than help to sustain any longer by the labor of their hands a social order which they regard as humiliating and unjust to them.

Forgetfulness of the supernatural objects is but another name for that naturalism which the Holy Father has recently described as "the great plague of the century." This naturalism is rapidly forming a society whose god is its belly. Because modern society is "of the earth, earthy," it seeks the fulfillment of all its desires on this side of the grave, where, of course, they are destined for the most part to remain unfulfilled.

This pernicious tendency may be said to be the fruitful soil in which the other evils mentioned have struck deep root. It means practical apostasy from God, and where this attitude of mind exists, we shall look in vain for humble and willing submission to authority, for true fraternal charity, for the spirit of self-denial, and for love of labor for God's sake. Yet it is these very virtues that the Gospel suggests "as the antidotes against the great plagues afflicting modern society."

A Ray of Hope

GLOOMY as the outlook on the immediate future may be, there is no reason to despair. After all, "God's in the heaven," even if not "all's right with the world." As a faint ray of hope, almost the first to pierce the thick darkness that has rested on the world since the disappointment of Versailles, the oppressed peoples are hailing the gradual return to sanity in things military and naval. The sober business sense of the common people is beginning to manifest itself and to make itself felt, even the higher places. They realize, even if their leaders do not yet fully understand, that to maintain huge fleets and tremendous armies is but to provoke another war. They see all too clearly that to divert 92 per cent of a nation's wealth to purposes of destruction is to prepare that nation's financial ruin. Hence the ever-growing chorus of those demanding immediate reduction of war expenditures.

In our own country, Senator Borah urges the very practical step of a conference of the three great naval powers for a five-years' vacation in warship building. General Pershing calls on every right-thinking man and woman to demand that some steps should be taken to prevent the recurrence of the horrors of the world war, and as the first step he suggests the curtailment of expenditures for the maintenance of navies and armies. In England, these suggestions are finding a strong echo, especially among the laboring classes, so much so that there is an actual lull in the execution of naval building plans. Germany and Austria have done with militarism, let us hope, forever. The Japanese Ambassador to Great Britain declares that it is foolish and tragic for the three great powers to compete in a race for armaments, and advocates a meeting of representatives of each country, not as pacifists or militarists, but as business men out of whose pockets must come a large slice of money for the upkeep of navies and armies. The Holy Father, through his Secretary of State, reiterates his oft-repeated plea for disarmament. The only discordant note comes from France, where such militarists and imperialists as Foch and Viviani and Millerand seem to be securely in the saddle. But sooner or later France, too, will have to yield to enlightened public opinion or live an outlaw among the nations.

It is true that, generally speaking, this demand for the limitation of armaments can hardly be said to be prompted by the love of peace and neighbor. It is principally for economic reasons that leaders of thought are looking with dismay on the gigantic expenditures which a continued policy of big armaments would involve. Still, as General Pershing says, every right-thinking man and woman will welcome the disarmament campaign as the first important move toward world peace.

We confidently look to the women of the world to bring about, not only a temporary cessation of military and naval preparations, but the complete overthrow of militarism the world over. At a recent

Christmas celebration held in Washington, D. C., Mrs. Robert La Follette declared in the course of an inspiring address: "We women have the power. On the issue of militarism we hold the balance of power. We have the ballot. We are going to watch congress. We vow to use our votes to elect senators and representatives who stand for peace and disarmament. Away with armaments. Away with them now, while all the horrors and mistakes of the world war are still fresh. Now is the time for action. Now is the time for disarmament."

We ask our women readers to lay this flattering unction to their hearts, and we urge all who are interested in preserving the peace of the world to take a determined stand against any and every form of militarism, no matter by what name its advocates seek to dignify it. Whether it passes under the guise of preparedness or national defense or universal military training, invariably, when it is unmasked, it "is a monster of so frightful a mien as to be hated needs but to be seen."

"If a Brother or Sister Want Daily Food"

MR. HERBERT HOOVER, than whom there is no more public-spirited and warm-hearted citizen in the country, does not hesitate to say that our enormous expenditures on battleships at a time when great masses of humanity are dying of starvation in certain parts of the world, is "an inconceivable folly." He puts it mildly. But the mere fact of the matter is true—millions of human beings are daily dying for want of the elemental things necessary to sustain life. In China alone, 45,000,000 people are face to face with starvation. In Central Europe, to use Mr. Hoover's phrase, 3,500,000 hungry waifs sit every day at America's table. In Armenia, Palestine, and other smaller countries, the condition of the inhabitants is scarcely less pitiable. In fact, never before has there been such widespread need; and never before have there been such pressing and heartrending appeals for help.

To the everlasting credit of the American people be it said, they have responded nobly and generously to every cry of distress that has come to their ears. But after all, as a contemporary points out, the million dollars asked is, in these days of billions for armaments, not large; and why should the American people be less ready to open their hearts and their purses when there is need of saving lives than when there was question of destroying them? Besides we are doing more than merely rescuing starving and freezing millions. As Mr. Hoover again puts it, "we are today displacing hate, in the minds of the children, with affection. We shall never have peace unless we can eradicate the passions of the last five years from the minds of the next generation." If America through its generous rescue work succeeds in paving the way to a real world peace, future

generations will have a reason to call her blessed.

Nor need we fear that our generosity will impoverish us. There is no danger whatever that our donations will exceed our resources. The European Relief Council, with headquarters in New York City, has asked for thirty-five million dollars. This immense sum represents only 5 per cent of our annual outlay for tobacco, cosmetics, and ice cream soda. Our readers are not asked to deprive themselves altogether of whatever pleasure they may find in the use of the weed or the puff or the straw. But if during Lent they would save only 5 per cent of all the money they ordinarily expend for such superfluities as those mentioned and on Easter Sunday contribute the sum thus gained to the relief of the famine-stricken populations of Europe and Asia, their Easter joy might be less conventional, and they might have the satisfaction of rescuing from the pangs of starvation and death more than one poor unfortunate brother or sister that is in want of food and clothing and shelter.

Catholic Ireland

IN A RECENT pastoral letter, the Bishop of Nottingham, England, pays a high tribute to Catholic Ireland. His Lordship prefaces his eulogy with the rather singular remark that he is led to speak out all the more readily, because bred of an English stock and born in England of English parents he is nothing if not a plain John Bull (sic!), ardently jealous for the honor of England and for the prestige of her good name—things which, in his opinion, are at present in jeopardy and peril among the nations of the world. The encomium is contained in the conclusion of the pastoral.

"Our last word must be a joyous cry of exultation. Were Ireland not a Catholic country her impetuous children would long ago have yielded to open rebellion and their island-home would now be ablaze from end to end. That the actual state of Ireland is not a thousand times worse than it might easily have become, is due entirely to the restraining power of the Catholic Church and to the strong Catholic instincts of the Irish people. The admirable prudence displayed by the devoted Irish hierarchy and the wonderful self-restraint which, up to the present, has marked the great bulk of their faithful people are wonderful, admirable, and beyond all praise. Common misfortune has welded priests and people more than ever closely together so that Catholic Ireland presents today in the eyes of all Christendom a magnificent proof of the moral power for good which the Catholic Church alone can wield. This consoling aspect of Ireland's agony cannot be too loudly extolled. It is an object lesson which ought to be well studied and carefully laid to heart by the statesmen really anxious to reconstruct the social order and to establish the peace of the world on a stable and permanent basis."

If British statesmen, so-called, possessed half the keen insight into Irish affairs that the Bishop of Nottingham manifests and only one-tenth of his Lordship's freedom from bias, the perennial Irish question would not now threaten the peace of the world. A nation that has for centuries displayed the most heroic self-control even under bloody persecutions (now euphemistically termed "reprisals"), has demonstrated beyond the shadow of a doubt that it is very well able to take care of its own affairs, and that it is worthy to take its place beside the sovereign nations of the world. So long as Ireland remains a Catholic nation (and that she will be long after the British Empire has ceased to exist), she can never be a menace to the security of her powerful neighbor. But it is precisely because Ireland is Catholic that those who, by the inscrutable designs of Providence, are responsible for British policies, can find no good in her. So long, therefore, as they, like the Egyptian idols, have eyes and see not and ears and hear not, Ireland must still continue the Niobe of Nations, "the land of graves and grieving—the land of sighs and tears."

The Loss of Ideals

COMMENTING on the marvelous devices invented or perfected by modern science and on the consequent changes wrought on man's mode of living and thinking, The Pilot (Boston) says editorially:

"But what strikes us most forcibly in all these changes is the change in men's thoughts and ideals. The genius of the thirteenth century, which found its expression in architecture and scholasticism, and the genius of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries which found its expression in art and literature, has given place to the genius of the twentieth century which finds its expression in invention and finance. And this has glorified the ideal of earthly success. The recurring story of the Sunday supplement of the newsboy become a millionaire is the inspiration of too many in the twentieth century. The man who places his ideal on this earth generally succeeds in acquiring a snug portion of the earth's goods. But it takes more manhood to pray like St. Bernard for the grace to die in poverty in order to gain the treasures that will outlast the earth. The conquest of the earth has stilled in many hearts the true promptings of success, which consist in the last analysis in overcoming the world. Therefore while we admire the genius which has given us so many devices to increase material comforts, we must deplore the cost at which they have been bought. Great inventions in the material order can never compensate for the loss of spiritual ideals. We can not forbear to hope that the coming years of the century which has just reached its majority may see with its material advance a corresponding spiritual and intellectual advance."



Third Order of St. Francis

THE THIRD ORDER AND ACTIVE CHARITY

By FR. FAUSTIN, O. F. M.

THE Third Order from its very infancy was an active, vital force in the social reform of the world. It contains in its Rule the necessary means to obtain, not only the sanctification of the individual, but also the betterment of society at large. For this very reason it has been again and again recommended by each succeeding Pontiff. It has performed wonderful work in the past, as the history of the Church attests, and it has today the selfsame efficient and vital force. Many Tertiaries seem to be satisfied to glory in the past achievements of the Order; but, though social problems may take on different forms in different ages, they never cease. They must, therefore, be solved in a manner suited to the times. Every Tertiary worthy of the name should be willing to take part in the solution of these problems. But let us see how he may do so.

The Third Order is spread all over the world and many branches are today emulating the spirit of the first members and are working successfully for the welfare of humanity. They are coping with the existing local problems, meeting them squarely and solving them successfully. The Third Order publications tell us of their activity. It behooves us to acquaint ourselves with these facts by reading them carefully in some Third Order publication. Our first duty, therefore, is to have such a publication to read carefully and with a mind to learn all reports bearing on Third Order activities, whether in our own country or in distant places.

Personal, individual effort was urged by our Lord in all our charitable undertakings, when, at the Last Supper, after washing the feet of his disciples, he said: "If then I being your Lord and Master have washed your feet; you also ought to wash one another's feet. For I have given you an example that as I have done to you so you do also." From this

we must infer that, in the practice of active charity, personal, individual service and aid are especially necessary and commendable. We owe to the needy not our money so much as ourselves, our love, our work. If we can not give them these, then our money can be of service.

St. Vincent de Paul, through his Society, has made it possible for all Tertiaries to render this service. The members, rich or poor, are obliged to give not money but personal aid. Not everyone can give money, but all can give love or a good word or a prayer. Do not say, where shall I begin? There are so many, I can not give to all my personal service. Make a start, begin with one. You may find him in your family, in your immediate vicinity. Perhaps our Lord will lead him to you; he may meet you today or tomorrow; interest yourself in him.

Much of the misery to be found in the large cities, especially in the poorer and congested districts, is brought to our notice through various organizations; but by far the greater part is never brought to light. Many are the persons—fathers of a large family, out of money and out of work; mothers whose children are crying for food and attention; children whose innocence is in danger and whose future in jeopardy. They all are waiting for the good Samaritan to knock at their door. Go visit their homes; but go with a mind to help and support. It is not criticism, not rules on reform, that these people need, but real, substantial, active aid, and instant support. Only make a start, and you will no longer be without a field for your charitable activity. If you wish to be successful at this work and what is more—persevere in it, you must undertake it from a sense of duty, from a consciousness of our moral relationship with these unfortunate. There must be no arrogant condescension, no superior pity, but

simply the charity of Him who made himself one with us all in order to save all. The stranger in the Bible is not called the good Samaritan because he paid for the lodging of the unfortunate man who had fallen among the robbers, but because of his personal, prompt service, because he took pity on him, poured oil into his wounds, cared for him, and brought him to the place of shelter. In every home of affliction you will find plenty of work, such as preparing nourishing food, washing and mending clothes and linens, caring for children, cleaning the house, etc.

M. Leon Harmel, the well known Tertiary manufacturer of France, may serve as a model for all men Tertiaries in their relations with others. All Tertiaries can and should pledge themselves to follow the rules of justice in dealing with others; never to take unfair advantage of their neighbor's weakness or necessity; to consider, before they demand cheap goods, whether such goods can be sold cheaply without decreasing the fair wage of the laborer; to pay a human, living wage if they are employers; to give an honest day's work for an honest day's wages if they are employees; not to be too severe in exacting rents from their tenants; in a word to base all their commercial transactions, their buying and selling on justice and charity.

St. Elizabeth will always serve as the best model for our women Tertiaries in their charitable work. Women are regarded as the custodians of good morals. Simplicity and decency, after the fashion of St. Elizabeth, is an obligation put upon all Tertiaries. Many sins of luxury, vanity and jealousy can be done away with if our Tertiary women seriously resolve to avoid all extreme, daring, and extravagant measures in their personal appearance. The money thus saved could be used to clothe the poor, or to start and endow dressmaking

schools for poor girls. This is a field in which above all the individual can do much good, privately and continuously.

Louis of Corsica, whose death was mourned by the whole of Italy in 1884, was a Tertiary whose life was spent in charitable undertakings, especially in the care of poor children. Here is another field open to all, individually and collectively. In every parish, in every district, children will be found who need instruction and encouragement in their holy religion. This work should not be done without the consent of the pastor; but every pastor will be more than willing to advise and direct such work. Then, too, much good can be accomplished in foundling and orphan homes and in other charitable institutions for children.

In some places, Tertiary fraternities have opened shelters for working boys and girls, employment agencies, homes for unfortunate girls, and reading rooms which have proved productive of much good. Tertiaries could be of great help to their pastors by taking interest in persons who have recently been converted to the Faith. Many such persons are lost again to the Church by the indifference shown them by Catholics. They are strangers, timid, unused to our religious practices, in many cases still ignorant of these practices. Let the Tertiaries get acquainted with such converts, introduce them to other parishioners, invite and guide them to parochial and social affairs, give them explanations and instructions when necessary. Truly a fruitful field for Tertiary activity and one almost entirely unknown and neglected.

Another phase of charity sadly neglected but by no means easy, is the care of former convicts and paroled prisoners. Many of these wish to reform and to lead good useful lives. But whither shall they turn? To whom shall they apply for encouragement, for pecuniary assistance, for the recommendation necessary for a position? If Tertiaries, who have the necessary qualifications, would interest themselves in these unfortunates and secure them employment, they would surely merit the blessings of heaven.

Much has been accomplished in the

past and much is being accomplished today by the Tertiaries for Catholic missions, domestic and foreign. The opportunities here are so many and the needs so varied that no Tertiary can have a reasonable excuse for not partaking in this work.

To visit the sick, especially the sick poor, is a beautiful work of charity, but perhaps a more meritorious one is to assist the dying. Many a sinner could be saved if the Tertiaries would visit persons dangerously ill, assist them and their families, pray with them, summon the priest, and prepare the place and the person for his coming. Such visits might even

if they would assist in procuring a decent burial, accompany the remains to the church and cemetery. Such noble help will serve to keep the worst of all evils, grim despair, from the poor relatives.

Francis Thompson, who has been styled the "Franciscan Poet," in one of his essays makes a powerful plea for Tertiary work. "They are saying their office, holding their monthly meetings, sanctifying themselves; it is excellent but only half that for which their founder destined them. He intended them likewise for active works of charity. Nay, Pope Leo XIII, as if he had foreseen the task which might call upon them, has released them from the weight of fasts and prayers, which burdened them. They are freed from their spiritual austerities and at liberty for external labors. They therefore, if their founder live in them at all, seem the organization ready constituted for this work." We have tried in this article to give a few practical suggestions to the Tertiaries, on social activity.

The subject is by no means exhausted. Much of this work can be done by individuals independent of organizations; some only through clubs. But there is a call for help, and this call must be heeded. It stands to reason that this help must be extended to all irrespective of creed or color. But let us only begin, set to work even though our sphere of action is limited, our time for such work short, or our funds low. St. Francis imbibed his great love for charity from our Lord. He left it to his Third Order as a heritage, and the members of the Third Order, if they wish to live up to their vocation, must follow faithfully in the footsteps of their founder and his Master, our Lord Jesus Christ.



Divine Shepherd—Murillo

afford Tertiaries the opportunity to administer the Sacrament of Baptism in cases of necessity to children and adults. What a rich harvest of souls could be gained for God and heaven in this manner.

The Third Order obliges the Tertiaries to remember the deceased members in their prayers, holy Masses, and good works; but the rule of charity, more binding than which there is none, requires of them to care also for the bodies of the dead. They would gain the grateful prayers of the bereaved,

ST. FRANCIS

Francis, though your feet no longer
Tread the Umbrian plain,
May our lives your own reflecting
Bring you back again.

—Catherine M. Hayes.

THE THIRD ORDER CONVENTION.

LETTERS OF APPROVAL

THE following letter from the Right Rev. Joachim O. Zabalza will be of special interest to the Directors and members of the Third Order, since Bishop Zabalza was closely connected with what seems to have been the most successful of all national Third Order conventions—the convention held in Madrid, May, 1914.

To the National Executive Board of the First National Congress of Franciscan Tertiaries in the United States.

Dear Reverend Fathers:—

As Bishop of the Isle of Guam, which is under the protection of the Stars and Stripes, I am naturally greatly interested in every important step that is made to further the cause of the Church in your glorious country. It is, therefore, a great pleasure to me to learn that the Franciscan Tertiaries of the United States will have their First National Congress in 1921. No one can doubt that this is a very appropriate way to celebrate the seventh centenary of the founding of this most illustrious Order.

The Third Order of St. Francis is, at the present time, universally acknowledged to be the greatest and most powerful spiritual lay organization in the world. Pope Leo XIII, himself a fervent Tertiary of St. Francis, looked especially to the Third Order of St. Francis as the lay society in the world to bring about his social reform and to renew the face of the earth. In three encyclical letters, he pointed to the Franciscan Third Order as the best remedy for social ills. Herein Leo XIII merely expanded on the views of his saintly predecessor, Pope Pius IX, who was likewise a Tertiary of St. Francis. Pope Pius X, Leo's successor, also an enthusiastic Tertiary of St. Francis, favored the spread of the Franciscan Third Order as a means to help him exceedingly to restore all things in Christ. And our present Supreme Pontiff Benedict XV shares the same views regarding the Third Order's superabundant spiritual power and influence. All Popes since the time of St. Francis had similar opinions regarding the Franciscan Third Order. In fact more than forty Popes have praised and recommended the Third Order of St. Francis when an occasion offered and defended it most strenuously whenever it was necessary.

Therefore, among intelligent Catholics the Third Order of St. Francis

needs no defence and no apology. The large and brilliant galaxy of Saints and Blessed that it produced in the course of seven centuries, the still larger number of its unconquered members who died in the odor of sanctity, the millions and millions of fervent souls that it led on to a higher spiritual life, the countless number of lukewarm souls that it transformed to zealous servants of Christ—all this forms a recommendation for the Franciscan Third Order, so singular and so sublime that it can not be enhanced.

Today the Third Order of St. Francis has, through the generosity of the last Popes, even more spiritual healing and saving power than in previous times. Its indulgences, privileges, and advantages also have been multiplied. More than ever before it stands in decided contrast to the iniquitous ways of the world and to all the world holds dear. Hence, let us hope that more than ever before the Franciscan Third Order will, in our own troublous times, fulfil its heavenly mission of leading men to brotherly love, to holiness, and to God.

But the Third Order of St. Francis can not be expected to fulfil its sacred mission everywhere, unless bishops, priests and people unite to make it more generally known, and to propagate it among the faithful. How many in the United States are still ignorant of the Franciscan Third Order! How many wrong and even ridiculous opinions regarding this foremost and greatest Catholic lay institution exist! How many prejudices are encountered! Sooner or later united and gigantic efforts must be made to clear up matters. Then there is the spirit of the Tertiary Rule, which is the very soul of the Third Order. It must be shown in its true light and applied to the daily life of practical Catholics. The influence of the Tertiary Rule must moreover be manifested still more clearly in regard to society at large, the parish, the family, and the individual, whether he be laborer or capitalist. Finally there is need of national Tertiary organization and national Tertiary enterprises. What a fruitful field for the coming Tertiary Congress! The more careful your preparations, and the greater the understanding, unity, and harmony you attain on matters of moment before the convention, the greater and more abundant fruits the convention itself will bring forth.

In a cause so grand and noble, even the mere semblance of selfishness, personal ambition, and narrow-mindedness must be banished. It is the bane that has ruined many conventions.

Permit me to close this letter with the fervent wish and prayer that at the Tertiary Congress in 1921 practical measures may be adopted to fulfil the desires of the Supreme Pontiff, that a definite program of activity be laid out for the following years till the next Tertiary Congress, and that the Congress of 1921 be followed regularly, at stated intervals of years, by other Tertiary Congresses, not less fruitful and even more impressive than the Tertiary Congress of 1921.

Very fraternally yours,
(Signed) JOACHIM O. ZABALZA,
Bishop-Vic. Ap. of Guam (M. 1.)

To the General Directive Board of the first National Tertiary Convention.

Dear Reverend Fathers:—

I am very much pleased that you are about to convoke a National Convention of the Third Order of St. Francis, and that your convention will synchronize with the celebration of the seventh centennial of the foundation of the Order.

I gladly endorse your undertaking, and assure you of my interest, as also of my prayers and blessing.

When we consider the almost unbroken tradition of the Papacy applauding and blessing the Third Order, and when we consider how deeply interested were the great Pontiffs, Leo XIII, Pius X and our beloved reigning Pontiff, Benedict XV, when we consider the intrinsic merits of the Society, its highly spiritual and intensely humble character, and lastly when we consider the meaning and efficacy of such a Society in these later days of broken economics where half the world stands inflated with pride and pomp, while the other starves to death, then we should be recreant to our apostolic office if we failed to wish you well or faltered in supporting your noble mission, including as it does, saintliness of life, kindness of heart and charity towards all. Be again the good Samaritan to take up this shattered civilization of ours, rescue it from the robbers and bear it back to home, safety and God.

Yours sincerely in Christ,
(Signed) JOHN J. GLENNON,
Archbishop of St. Louis.



Fiction



THE OUTLAWS OF RAVENHURST

By L. M. WALLACE

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CHAPTER IV

THE GUARDIANS OF THE KING

THE STRUGGLE was over. The children were alone. Trembling they crept from their hiding place, sobbing, clinging to one another in their fear. The terror of the battle was still upon them, the horror of the sacrilege before their eyes; and that awful sound, so clear, so distinct through the silence—the drop, drop, dropping of the precious Blood.

"We must not leave the altar so," whispered Stephen stepping forward. "No, Stephen, no." James drew him back. "It's fearful; but we daren't. It is only for priests to touch holy things!"

"But there isn't any priest here now. Father Walter was the only one we ever saw."

"There must be one somewhere. I'll go. I'll never stop till I find a priest."

"The fear has taken your wits, Jamie. Can you go miles in minutes? We must do something now. Let me be. Stop holding me back."

"It's you that have lost your wits. We must not Stephen. You know it is a sin to touch holy things."

"At times like this we can, when there isn't any priest!"

"No, Stephen, not at any time. Don't pull away. It'll be a sin on you, Stephen."

"But, Jamie, Father Walter said so."

"He said so!"

"Yes, he said so. I heard him, I tell you, and Sir Angus said it too."

"Well—if you have Father's word for it. He wouldn't make mistakes. Are you sure?"

"I am sure, Jamie." The two boys took a step forward.

"Don't go," whined Roger. "Aren't

SYNOPSIS

Sir Angus Gordon, descendant of the Scottish chieftan Fire-the-Braes and son of Lang-Sword, true to the vow taken in childhood, has remained loyal, in spite of persecutions, to Mary Queen of Scots and to the ancient Faith. Forces of the king invade Castle Ravenhurst, last of the Gordon possessions, while the inmates are attending the proscribed Sacrifice of the Mass. After a gallant fight, the old earl is overpowered and taken captive.

you afraid to pass those?" He pointed to the dead.

"Stay where you are," blazed James. Nothing made him more angry than to see the cowardly spirit in Roger. "Stay where you are, sis. Maybe Margaret will take care of you."

Roger followed for a step or two. Poor little coward, he was afraid to go and afraid to stay.

The other two had picked their way over the dead, and now they knelt before the fireplace. "Oh, Stephen," cried Jamie again, "Do you know that you are sure? If you didn't hear him right?"

"But I did hear him right!"

"Well, what did he say for us to do?"

"Oh, that's what I don't know. We must do whatever should be done; but I don't know what should be done!" Stephen looked with trembling reverence on the sacred Host, lying there so white and still. "Oh, Lord," he prayed, "don't you see how it is? We don't know what we ought to do, and we must do something. We can not leave You like this. Please forgive us if we make mistakes, and forgive us our sins so that we shall not be too bad to touch Your sacred Body and most precious Blood."

From that moment both boys lost their fear, and knew the good Lord

God would reward with his eternal gratitude whatever poor, little, clumsy service they might render Him, now lying as if helpless, as if needing their care.

Stephen took a clean finger towel and raised the chalice with it. Then he cut out from the altar cloth the linen stained by the precious Blood and laid it gently in the chalice. With a little linen, James absorbed the pool upon the hearth. He passed the cloth to Stephen, who placed it in the chalice. Then he lifted the paten, slipped it under the sacred Host, and placed the plate with its holy Burden over the chalice, covering all with the corporal and a piece of linen cut from the altar cloth. James laid a piece of clean linen upon the hearth stone, and over it a shield. That was the only thing at hand.

The lads turned from the altar. The dead lay all about them in the cold gray light of the dawn. "We must get these bodies out of here," whispered Stephen. "Things ought to be tidy. This room is the same as a church now."

The bodies lay as they had fallen about the old earl's feet—a tumbled, ghastly pile with one great trooper face upward on top. The look on his brutal mouth made them shiver. There was another face just below. It was peaceful, almost beautiful.

"That is Captain Brent," whispered James. "I wonder if God forgave him."

"Oh, surely. He was sorry right away and he died defending the blessed Sacrament. Maybe he's looking at us from heaven this minute; but that other—is he suffering for his sin right now?"

"Didn't get much by sinning, did he? Thought he'd have a lot of money,

and instead got a slash from the lang-sword."

"Say, we shouldn't be talking. We're forgetting this is a church in here."

"What's that?"

"Nothing but a board creaking."

"It's more than that!"

"There it is again!"

"On the stair!"

"It's a step!"

"Maybe it's Bertrand!"

"He said he'd come back for the chalice!"

"There it is again!"

"Oh, quick! How do you open that place back of the fireplace?"

"That won't do! Bertrand knows the hiding places better than we do!"

"Here, hand it to me! Wrap the linen tightly! The soot will get in! Stephen had stepped into the fireplace and was clambering up the chimney on the rough stones. James passed the chalice to him, then ran back to where Roger and Margaret were standing. They crawled into their old hiding place under the couch.

A board creaked in the hall. The children lay scarcely breathing. The door swung open silently. Bertrand crept in. "Gone!" he snarled, "Gone, as I am a living man. No wonder they were for leaving it for luck. Came after it themselves. No, they couldn't have beaten me. There must have been someone left in the house." He slipped back into the hall.

Under the couch the tense little muscles relaxed a moment, but the next instant Bertrand was gliding back through the door. He seemed intent on beginning his search with the secret places of the great fireplace.

"Oh, let me get behind you," whimpered Roger. "You are bigger." He tried to crawl over Margaret but his foot slipped. There was a scraping sound.

"What's that?" Bertrand was beside the couch in a moment. He caught James by the foot and drew him out. "Where is that chalice?" he snarled. "Don't you deny that you know!"

"I'm not denying it."

"Where is it then?"

"Do you think I am going to tell you?"

Bertrand gave him a cuff. "Might as well argue with a mule. There's no time to lose. Who else underneath?" He stooped down to look. "Margaret? not much better. Stubborn piece of baggage. Roger, come out here, you." Bertrand reached in and caught the little coward by his long curls.

"Oh! Oh! Owe!" he squaled; but

the man drew him along without mercy. "Where did you put that chalice?"

"I didn't touch it. I—I—I didn't do anything. Ouch, Oh, don't! I say I didn't—even I told them not to!"

"Who?"

"Oh-o-o-o-Sss!" began Roger.

"You dare say a word, you little coward. Is there no drop of Gordon blood in you? Were you changed in the cradle for a swine driver's child? A dastard's no brother of mine," blazed James. "Let the baby alone, Bertrand! He had nothing to do with it. If you want to take spite out on any one take it on me."

"I'll give you enough before I go—enough and to spare, you mule head!" Bertrand gave Roger's curls a savage twist. "Answer me, booby! Who took the chalice?"

"Oh, Owe! Oh! I say. Please let me go," wailed the child looking from Bertrand to his brother and back again. The poor little weakling did not know which he feared more. "Oh, say, don't! You hurt so!"

"Where is it?"

"I don't know!"

"That's a lie!"

"Owe! Oh! Owe! Owe! They'll tell mother on me if I do say who!"

"Your mother is in prison. Small harm or help can she be to you!"

"Owe! Please stop, Bertrand! I'll give you fine things when I grow up if you do."

The servant laughed derisively. "Fine gifts of young Laird Landless!" he mocked, still twisting the child's hair with savage cruelty.

"Oh! Jamie'll punch me as soon as you're gone. Aye-aye, oh!"

"You dare to, you little sneak!" yelled his brother wildly.

It was too late. Present pain had triumphed. "Owe! Aye-aye-aye! Oh! Stephen. He—he's up the chimney with it! Oh! Oh! Oh!"

Bertrand dropped the sobbing boy and ran over to the fireplace. He looked up into the black hole. A foot scraped. A cloud of soot fell. He sprang back in time to miss it. "So that's the game, my lad! Soot works two ways, boy! Better come down before the fire is lit!"

No answer from Stephen save another gift of soot.

"There's a basket of kindling in the hall. Get it, Roger."

The sobbing boy turned to obey.

"You just dare!" yelled James springing at him, but Bertrand caught the elder boy by the collar. "Do as I bid you, Roger! I'll attend to this

meddling brother of yours and settle him!" Then he rained kicks and cuffs on James until Roger returned with the wood. "Take that for the stubborn mule that you are and always will be!" Bertrand snarled with a blow that sent the boy spinning across the room.

James struck with his head against the stone wall; but he was on his feet in a moment. "Come on, Margaret," he called, "we've got to keep him from starting that fire. It'll kill Stephen. He'll never give up."

Blood was streaming from the boy's temple; but the pain only roused his spirit to madness. The two children sprang upon Bertrand. James caught him by one hand and Margaret by the other. They held the servant for a time. If Roger had helped, they might have overcome him; but small aid will a coward give.

"Roger," cried Bertrand with a foul oath, "Light that fire!"

"If you do!" yelled Jamie.

The poor weakling stood sobbing. The fighting midgets seemed to be holding the man. So Roger obeyed his brother, though he grew white at Bertrand's muttered threats.

The strength of the children began to fail. Bertrand caught Margaret's hand. Then he caught Jamie's. He tied the wrists together with a cord wrapped many times around, and swung them up over the high carven back of the couch. There they hung on agonizing muscles, for the little girl's feet could not touch the cushions, and the boy was dangling down the smooth back. James made matters worse for his small comrade without realizing the fact. Being much the heavier, he had dragged her wrist over to his side of the top; and the weight was all on her tender flesh. Then he plunged madly about, trying to climb the smooth boards of the back; but no moan told that the small maid of Douglas was in pain.

Roger fared little better than they. Bertrand now beat him cruelly for failing to obey him.

There was a scraping in the chimney. Poor Stephen was trying to climb from the flames.

"Get a little water, Roger," sneered the brute. "Smoke will reach him anywhere."

The scraping within the chimney seemed still in the same place, and Bertrand laughed. "Put the water down. We do not need it yet. He can not climb."

Again a frantic scratching in an-

other place and higher up; then silence in the chimney.

"He is out of reach of the fire," said Bertrand. "Pass the water pail to me, Roger. That's a good boy. We'll give him a smoking."

Bertrand dashed water on the fire. The smoke rose in a white cloud. Again there was quiet.

Suddenly Roger screamed. The trooper on top of that dark pile was moving. There was no doubting it. Broad daylight had come now. He was slowly rising. He could not be living. No man alive ever had such a gash across the throat; but moving he was. His head rolled this way and that. His arms rose and fell again. Bertrand's face whitened with terror. The trooper raised his head till the staring eyes were full upon him. Then the head nodded and dropped back.

Bertrand waited for no more. The children heard his swift steps echoing through the vacant halls below, then silence.

James was the first to come to his senses. "It's not the trooper at all. It's Muckle John, down underneath, moving him. Come out and cut us down. Aren't you hurt?"

"I canna get out," replied the young sailor. "I canna lift the body." Then with a bit of a chuckle. "But I lifted him eno' to have the laugh on yon Bertrand. 'An ald fool an' a fisherman's gilly!'"

"Here, Roger, help us down," called James.

"You won't hurt me, will you, brother dear? Promise me you won't."

"No, you booby. I wouldn't dirty my hands by touching you. Hurry, you poor little sneak! Stephen can't get out of the chimney and you know it. Maybe the smoke has killed him."

Roger freed his brother and Margaret as swiftly as possible, probably hoping to curry favor and save later trouble.

James sprang toward the fireplace as soon as his feet touched the floor. "Margaret, you roll that trooper off John, can you? I'll help Stephen," he called over his shoulder as he raked the smoking embers from the hearth out on the stone floor. "Throw water on them, Roger. You can do that much maybe. Hurry! The smoke is mean!"

Laying a shield upon the hot hearth, James stepped into the fireplace. "Slip down, Stephen. I'll catch you," he called.

There was no answer.

James looked up into the black hole above him. "Get me a stool," he called.

"Stephen must have fainted. Be careful. Don't set your dress afire. Thank you, Margaret. There hold it steady!" James had climbed on the stool and was standing with his head in the chimney trying to loosen Stephen's body. "Catch him, Margaret! He's slipping! Easy! The chalice! Be careful! The chalice! I have it! Steady! Hold Stephen! There you have him! Take him out on the floor, can you? That's it! Roger, help!—Will you? Lift him past the coals!"

Roger and Margaret managed to lift Stephen over the smoking embers while James was climbing from the stool holding the chalice reverently.

The cloth was still in place. Not a speck had touched the sacred Trust.

Stephen had guarded his Lord at a bitter cost to himself. He lay where his sister had placed him—eyes, nose, and mouth filled with soot.

"The young gentleman's done for, my lord," groaned Muckle John, dragging himself up on one elbow. "He'd be chokin' or gaspin' like if there was a breath o' life in him."

"Oh, no!" cried James. "Drowned folk are limp like that, when they're not dead yet. You fishermen work their shoulders some way. Tell me how."

"Turn him face down. No, not that way. Don't let his face touch. If I could get hold of him." John strove to drag himself toward them, but he fell back among the dead. "I'm nigh done for, my ain sel.' Not that way, my lord. Hold him up a bit. Work his shoulders. Na, na,—more round about like. They're no pump handles. Aye, if I could get the lead out o' me and help ye. There that's better though it's no the right way."

James worked desperately. Still there was no sign of life. Margaret had her brother's burned feet in her lap, sobbing over them while she tried to loosen the stockings without breaking the blisters.

"If he would only cough or something," wailed James, weary with his struggle. "Or if I had sense to do what you tell me, Muckle John." Suddenly dropping his friend, the boy turned toward the altar. "Oh, Lord," he cried, "Stephen was hurt taking care of You. John can't do anything. We haven't mother or nurse or anybody. Won't You help us?"

The trustful prayer of a child is an arrow that pierces the Heart of God. Stephen moaned faintly and twisted. Then came a sudden coughing, which seemed to tear his little lungs asunder, and he spat out quantities of soot

mingled with blood. For a long time he lay in his friend's arms, racked by the maddening cough and faint from exhaustion. His eyes were dazed, then slowly cleared; and he staggered up saying, "Who put that dirty rag over the Blessed Sacrament?" He stumbled over to the altar. "Oh, yes the soot from the chimney." He lifted the cloth reverently and, taking the cleanest bit of altar cloth linen left, laid it over the chalice. Excitement seemed to have made the child unconscious of his burns; but now that the sacred Trust was safe, his face grew sick with pain and he sat down on the floor rocking himself back and forth in his misery.

Suddenly Muckle John raised his head, "What's that?" he said.

"I heard something! There it is again!"

"A step! It's in the lower hall!"

Stephen staggered up on those poor burned feet. Not even the fear of more pain could daunt his soul. He was on the point of climbing back to his post in the chimney, but Muckle John whispered, "No' so quick, my lords. 'Tis no' Bertrand's step. 'Tis light, more like a lassie's."

"Sounds like nurse!" James dashed into the hall and they heard his joyous shout, "Oh, Benson! Goody, it's Benson!"

The nurse maid was in the room in a moment—a simple, homely country lass; but the angel Gabriel could scarcely have been more welcome than was Benson. A babel of tongues greeted her. The tale was told in a child's jumble; but whatever of horror the danger or the sight of death and sacrilege might have made her suffer, she spoke cheerily, and her calmness quieted their fear.

"Poor John, I hope the cut is no' so deep as you say. Never mind, we'll fix it. Bless us, what a wrist, my little lady!—And such a brave woman, she is, hasn't cried at all!—And Stephen—ah, those burns, laddie!—But it's the spirit o' a Douglas, your lordship is showin'. Sir Angus will be that proud o' his bairns! But you and your sister must still suffer in patience. John has lost overmuch blood. He is most in need. I must care for him first, dears."

Benson's deft fingers had kept pace with her words. She had found linen and torn it into bandages, and now she addressed James and Roger. "Your young lordships are unhurt. Will you please bring me the salves from the drawer in the buttery, a pan of water also, warm if there be any. Their

these bodies must be removed. Such things canno' lie before the most blessed Sacrament. By the time you are back, I'll have poor John that I dare move him; and, whiles I'm carin' for the hurt, do what you lordships may be able to make this room fit for Him that's abidin' in it."

But Roger drew himself up with much dignity for so small a person. "Benson," he stormed, "do you forget your place? To whom are you speaking? Those are servant's duties."

"The honor due to your noble blood did no' trouble you overmuch whiles you were playin' servant to yon Bertrand. My lord, your blessed mother bade me take charge of all things durin' this black time while she lies in prison; and I am to be punishin' of you, Master Roger, whenever you stand in need of the same. Well, she knew the other three would no' be givin' trouble in sic a day o' sorrow. They know what is becomin' o' noble blood, and their honor has o' the queer quirks in it that yours has."

Roger was white with anger, but one glance from his irate brother made him cringe, and peace reigned under the government of nurse Benson.

At noon James leaned over the chair where Margaret was dozing. "Come my brave comrade at arms," he said half tenderly, half in mischievous remembrance of the minutes that they had hung upon the high carven top of the couch; and together they passed down the hall. The door of the earl's room was ajar, and they tiptoed in. It was the most beautiful place the little girl had ever seen. Benson had not left a spot anywhere. Evergreens had been brought up from the castle yard. The chalice draped in white linen stood between rows of shining candles; and there at the good God's feet were many new blown violets smiling up at Him, simple, beautiful, like the faces of loving children. Stephen was in prayer. The lines of pain were still upon his face; but over it there was a look unpeppably holy, the light of the joy that shines on those who have suffered for the Lord, our God.

CHAPTER V.

THE GLORY OF THE BITTER END

DAYS dragged themselves into weeks and months. One by one the clans folk and the household came back from prison or from their hiding places. Life went on almost as before, save for the constant worry over the old earl and the Lady Isabelle, the mother of James and Roger.

At last in May a carriage swung

round the shoulder of Ben Ender on the old road from the outer world to the little world sheltered behind the rampart of the mountain. A bit of white fluttered from the window. "It is mother! Oh, I know it is," cried James.

Then the castle bell pealed joyously. Down to the great gate ran the three children. The old keeper's hand trembled so for very gladness that he could scarcely let down the drawbridge. At last down it came with a jolt and a clang, and the carriage rolled in.

James had the door open before the footman could reach it. "Oh, mother, how well you look!" he cried as he helped her down from the step. "I never saw your cheeks so red!"

"God bless you, my son," she whispered as her hot lips touched his forehead. "Where is Roger? Ah, my dear little ones of Douglas!" and she stooped to kiss Margaret, but turned away coughing, and they knew that she was in pain.

"Come inside, mother," said Jamie anxiously. "The wind is blowing. You have a cold, haven't you, mother?"

"Yes, dear," she said with strange gentleness.

Jamie kept close beside her all afternoon. He was troubled. He had a fire lighted in the grate, although it was a warm day, and brought a little shawl to put about her shoulders. At last Lady Isabelle sent them all out while she spoke with the seneschal. Then James went straight to Benson. "Mother is sick," he said. "I mean she's very sick, isn't she?"

The good nurse turned away. There were tears in her kind eyes. "Two months in the damp o' the dungeon! Oh, I knew it, my lams, I knew it!"

"Can she ever get well?"

"I think she be very nigh the gates that be made o' pearl, but play the man, my little laird Jamie. The more cheery we keep her, the longer she'll bide wi' us."

Before the last June roses were in bloom in the castle yard, James and Roger were motherless.

News came now and then from the old earl. In one of Lord Russell's dungeon cells he was awaiting his trial. At last the House of Lords sat upon the case. They found him guilty. Guilty of what? All his life the Earl of Ravenhurst had been a traitor. That was why his lands had been given to the loyal Henry of Russell. It was but owing to the extreme clemency of his most gracious majesty, King James, that Sir Angus had not been beheaded long ago. Now his most reasonable conduct had become more than the patience of so mild a

monarch could endure. He had harbored—aye, harbored with direct will to displease the king, knowingly and with full consent, within his own castle—had harbored an outlaw, an accursed papist friar. He had permitted—nay, ordered to be celebrated the foul and abominable popish sacrifice of the Mass. He had drawn the sword against the king's dragons and had slain twelve of them with his own hand. No one spoke of the honor due the twelve bold warriors that let one old man lay them around his feet like sproutings clipped from a hedge row. In truth, the Earl of Ravenhurst was guilty of death. He deserved to be drawn and quartered like a common villain; but, in consideration of his great age and the loyal deeds of his father, Lang-Sword, King James would be satisfied if he be merely beheaded; the sentence to be executed upon the popish feast of our Lady in Harvest.

Sir Edward Gordon, an old knight, whom the Lady Isabelle had appointed guardian of the four noble orphans, said that they should go to see the execution. Others said no; such sights were not for children. They were too young and would never be able to forget the awful spectacle.

"Forget it!" cried Sir Edward. "I want them never to forget it! They are the children of martyrs. They must stand for the Faith though it cost them their lives. Aye, sirs! Let them see a martyr win the palm! Let them see and never forget it!"

The stern Scot had his way. The four children rode with him. On the way, he spoke to them of the glory of dying for God and for native land. Roger listened eagerly. He seemed to think some great honor would be shown him as a martyr's kinsman. A base nature can never understand the kind of glory of which Sir Edward spoke. As they drew near the throng that gathers at such a time, a man turned his head and nudged his companion. The other laughed. "Yes, I see—Ravenhurst crest—the traitor's family, no doubt. Not so much as one retainer with them. They are in beggarly poverty, you know."

"Aye, an' so it should be!" The speaker was a mighty broad-shouldered Scot of the Covenant. "Root an' branch, oot wi' all idolaters!" he shouted.

"Noo my father," boasted the first speaker, "he was always tellin' us about the doin's o' his grandfather, that was at the burnin' o' the convent i' the wood. Aye, that was a lootin' worth goin' to. The papists ha' nothin' noo, but in those days, aye, but they

was grand an' fine—silver an' rubies, silks an' cloth o' gold, a pile like a hay cock! That was for the great folk—Laird Russell, the fine gentlemen, an' Queen Bess, down in England, an' all that! But the poor common soldier didna' come off wi' nothin'. My grandfather had the smashin' o' the big window wi' the Virgin on it. 'Twas give to the lazy friars by King James that's lang dead—a muckle o' fine lead my grandfather got out o' that same; but 'tis na good batin' the papists noo. They all be as poor as field mice in famine year."

"Keep still," whispered Sir Edward as he noted the flush of anger that rose on the faces of the children. "We are the kinsmen of a martyr. We must share his glory with him. Poverty and shame the dear Christ bore. Keep that before your eyes and be brave."

"Make room!" called a brutal voice. "Here be the fine papist nobles! Give place! Let them see the old fool pass."

The crowd opened and Sir Edward's little party pressed close to the roadway down which the earl must pass.

Roger let his horse slip behind his brother's as they moved forward. James saw him crawling down from the saddle. "Where are you going?" he asked.

"I will not be called a traitor's child!" Roger muttered. "They are pointing at us!"

"You are not ashamed of grandfather, are you?" whispered James. "Don't be a coward this time, brother. Words can't hurt when we know they are not true!" But Roger had slipped from his horse and mingled with the crowd.

A coarse fellow jostled against James, then bowed in mock apology. "Be throwin' your bonnets in the air, lads!" he shouted. "Mates, this young gentleman will be Earl o' the Raven's Roost before he's an hour older!"

"Hold your pratin' for a bully!" called the great Scot of the Covenant, shouldering his way toward the speaker. "Leave the poor bairn in peace. Sorrow enou' he has afore him! But mind ye, lad, let the old earl's death be a lesson to ye. When ye be top at Ravenhurst, give good riddance to popery."

James flushed. Then suddenly he turned and answered. His child's voice had in it the ring of a man's determination. "When I am Earl, I shall take up the battle where my grandfather lays it down!"

A jeer rose from the crowd. But in the eyes of the Scot there was admiration; and Margaret leaned toward the

lad and whispered, her eyes bright with pity and with pride, "No cause is dead while true hearts live."

Quick gratitude shone in Jamie's glance. "Aye, little comrade at arms!" he said.

But the words were not heard by the crowd. A sound floated toward them. Heads were craned, and brutal jests broke forth. Then into sight came the prison cart; and standing in it, butt of ridicule, sport of the mob, was Angus Gordon.

The dungeon had shattered Lang-Sword's son. He could scarcely hold himself erect in the jolting cart, but erect he was and a soldier still. The old man seemed but the more beautiful for the marks of the dungeon upon him. He was looking straight at the crowd, and a joyful smile was on his lips.

The noise died. The mighty Scot of the Covenant turned menacingly toward the fellow, who seemed to be the leader of the jeerers. "Ye can hold your tongue," he threatened. "Cause na more trouble here! I doot not Russell paid ye well to make a racket; but I'll pay ye wi' my fists gin ye do. So hald your whist or take yourself off!" Then raising his voice he addressed the mob: "Ye all know me. Ye ken I hate the papacy! Ye ken I fought the abominations o' Rome, an' will again. But, mates, I fight a man's battle. I would na be one o' a pack o' hounds batin' a lone sheep,—one o' a mob o' louts jeerin' an ald dungeon-broken man!"

There was a change on those wild faces, for the will of a mob is the will of the wind.

Sir Edward's party moved forward, and a whisper went through the throng. "Give place! Let them pass. They are the old earl's kinsmen." There was pity in the tone; and the crowd followed in silence perhaps thinking over their own wrongs. Many among them were Covenanters. In spite of their errors, they were men who had suffered from the cruelty of the king, almost as greatly as had the fallen Catholics.

The cart rattled up to the scaffold. As it stopped, a dozen hands went out to help the old earl down. Lord Russell, who stood on the platform, seemed a trifle uneasy. He whispered a moment to a knight beside him; then came a curt order. The soldiers drove the crowd back from the foot of the scaffold.

A muttering rose from the mob. They began to move as if to join a second throng that was coming up the road from the opposite direction. Another whispered consultation between

Russell and his aids. The action of the Covenanters seemed puzzling to them. A troop of cavalry was swiftly placed between the two crowds.

"Well planned, Sir Henry of Russell," muttered Sir Edward. "That second throng are from the Ravenhurst lands. They hate their new master, as they loved their old one. They have never had the courage to join the outlaws of Ben Ender; but will they stand tamely and see Angus Gordon die?" The knight's eye flashed with quick fire. "Ho, my bairns, we may save him yet! The Covenanters are now more for the earl than against him." Sir Edward's trained eye ran over the field. Then he shook his head. "Six hundred men, I take it. Weapons?—sticks, stones, a few swords. The other side?—two hundred horse, three hundred foot, well armed. No, my children, it would be folly. A sheer waste of life. We could never reach the scaffold."

Angus Gordon stepped out beside the block. He raised his hand as if about to speak. A hush fell on the mighty throng. His voice was faint—that voice which in years gone by had rung above the din of battle. It was feeble now and low, yet piercing-sweet, like the notes of some far-off bugle.

"Sir Henry of Russell asks what I wish to say in answer to the charge of treason which now stains my knightly honor. There are stains that tell of shame, and there are stains that speak of glory. When they brought the standard back from Flodden Field, there was a stain upon it. Aye, a dark blot upon the fair silken banner from Dun Edin; but that stain was the life blood of a king. That torn and blood-stained banner is a sacred thing. Aye, a sacred thing. Now the faith of the king who fell on Flodden Field is called treason against Scotland. This faith is that stain which lies on my honor as a Scottish knight. This stain is my glory, as it was the glory of those that are no more. Would I were worthy to fall under the banner of the King of kings, worthy of my place in the white-robed army, led by Stephen. Thank God for the honor done me, and stand for God and our Lady till we meet again. My lord of Russell, I thank you for your courtesy."

Sir Angus knelt by the block and laid his white head upon it. Sir Henry turned to the headman, but the brawny fellow was sobbing like a child. "Go find a knave that will do your foul work for you," the man said. "I'll no' have innocent blood on these hands."

Russell's face whitened with anger. A sympathetic growl rose from the mob. "Allen," said the old earl gently, "the sin of this lies on the judge, not upon the executioner. You will be merely doing your duty according to law. Do not bring trouble on yourself through love of me."

"It may be no sin in the eye o' the law—queer laws they do be havin' these days! Was it your duty accordin' to law to send a cow to my brother's wife? They were no' your tenants' more. If the widow was starvin' was that to you in the eye o' the law? But you sent the cow! Aye, and when the poor woman died the wee bit bairns fled to you; and you were father and mother to them. I might no' sin in the eye o' the law if I raised the ax above your white head, but I'd no' be carin' to face that One who judges by laws He writ wi' His finger on the stone. Na, na!"

"It is little I gave them, Allen, a bit of salt fish and a roof to shield them from the storms. Do your work, lad. I shall bear you no ill will; nor does the good God lay this to your charge. Sir Henry is angry. He will make you suffer, my poor fellow."

"A bit o' fish! Sir, you gave the best you had and you gave it wi' kind words. If there be men in yon crowd, Angus Gordon does no' die this day! I set my foot on the scaffold for that I have given my word to all true clansmen that I am come not to kill our chief, but to see to it that he is no' killed!"

"Aye, aye!—Hald to it, Allen—There speaks a Gordon!" came strong

if scattered voices in the throng, for the handful of Ben Ender outlaws were sprinkled through the mob.

"Strike or rot in my dungeon!" hissed Russell.

"I'll no' have a good man's blood on these hands!" retorted the headman.

A roaring applause from the Ravenhurst men.

"Stand your ground, Allen! You are no' alone the day!" It was the voice of the big Covenantar.

"The Gordon!" The first shout was faint and fearful, but it was caught up on the instant. Then the old war cry burst like thunder. "The Gordon! Clan Gordon to the rescue!" The mob surged madly forward, catching at anything that might serve as a weapon—sticks, stones, clubs, and here and there a sword.

Sir Angus sprang to his feet and raised his hand. There was silence. "Sticks and stones against powder and shot! It is folly, pure folly! You can not save me. Do you think I shall die easier for knowing that more Gordon wives are widows, more Gordon orphans wait for bread!" He knelt again. "Let the ax fall, Allen. 'Tis an easy way to heaven, lad. The clan will suffer for this attempt to save me. Let it fall, Allen, let it fall!"

"Never!" cried the headman. "Are you men that you dally so?"

A maddened roar came up from the people; and an echo, faint, solitary, yet distinct, somewhere among the soldiers.

"Quick, or we are lost!" whispered the knight at Russell's elbow. "The troopers are siding with the mob!"

"Run a sword through that mutineer!" howled Russell. A dozen soldiers sprang upon Allen and dragged him from the scaffold. There was a sharp struggle. Allen wrenched himself free and joined the mob yelling "The Gordon! The Gordon!"

"Gordon for God and our Lady!" thundered the mob as the stones began to fly.

"Fire on them!" rang Russell's command.

"Do you see that?" roared the knight in Sir Henry's ear. "Half of them are firing in the air! They let Allen go! Quick! A headman or we are lost!"

Russell's voice rang above the roaring of the mob. "A headman! Fifty pounds for a headman! One hundred! Five hundred!" A stone struck him. He dodged back under cover.

Allen was almost at the scaffold again, his club crashing to right and left among the soldiery.

"Down wi' them! Why should we stand for King James? Russell's a Lowlander! Scots are we all." It was the big Covenantar at Allen's side. The two throngs were one at last.

Some one was climbing the ladder. Russell passed him a purse. He clutched it with eager, trembling fingers and sprang to the ax. His face was turned and the sun shone full upon it. The man was Bertrand. A wild cry from the mob, a sudden hush. The steel flashed in the morning light, and the grand old man was with his God.

(To be continued)

THE SALVAGING OF SALLIE

By ZELMA McDOWELL PENRY

MARTIN DUFFIELD'S letter announcing the advent of a heretofore unheard-of maiden aunt, descended upon his children with the force of a thunderbolt.

Twenty-year-old Constance, the eldest daughter, hurrying in from an afternoon with old Mrs. Cummings, their neighbor, discovered the fateful missive in the mailbox. Thus the twins, dashing in from a late session at school, came upon their usually sedate and self-possessed sister, seated staring in consternation at the typewritten sheet in her hand.

"But Con," protested Mildred, when Constance had told them what the letter contained. "Father simply can't mean that she is coming to stay

all the time. Why, we've never even heard of her."

"Miss Sarah Ellsworth," repeated Phil, the other Duffield twin in fine scorn, "an old maid; to hound us to death—and this my last year at home, too. It's beastly!"

"Maybe Hugh will have an idea who she is," put in Mildred hopefully, taking up her post at the window to watch for the oldest son of the house.

"Father won't be home for six weeks anyway," said Constance glancing at the letter as if for comfort. "He has to wait till that case of *The People vs. The Hollander Company* is settled. If he'd only explained a little; but this is only a dictated letter, giving the bare fact that she's coming—and tomorrow!"

"Here comes Hugh now," announced Mildred, as a tall figure came into view swinging up the street.

But Hugh, it appeared, for all his five years seniority over Constance, was as much in the dark as the others.

"Didn't even know there was an Ellsworth branch to the family tree," he admitted after hearing the story.

"I seem to remember," said Constance puckering her smooth brows in an effort to dig something out of the past, "long ago—when mother died—that there was an uncle of hers—Hubert something-or-other. Maybe it was Ellsworth—the name seems to strike a familiar note in my mind. There was something about his not having spoken to mother after she married father and came into the

church—he loathed Catholics. Maybe I dreamed it," she concluded, looking helplessly at Hugh.

"No—now you mention it, I have a vague recollection of someone of the sort; but we've never known anything about him—if he had any children or anything—and anyway, why should one of them be coming to live with us?"

"I don't know," mourned Constance, "unless we are too happy, and God is sending us trouble for the good of our souls."

Hugh grinned. "Has Mrs. Cummings been dilating on the value of crosses?"

Con laughed in spite of herself. "Oh, you really oughtn't to make fun of her so much, Hugh. You're horrid. She really is ever so charming, and so truly pious.—Though I will admit that I always feel as if I'd had an overdose of sugar when I've been with her."

"Her life is just one pious leaflet after another," observed her brother solemnly. "Did you bring any home with you this time?"

"Just one," replied Constance. "It's a beautiful new devotion, called the Flaming Arrow or something. You make the intention, and say three—"

"Stop!" begged Hugh. "That woman will have me in my grave yet, so she can look up a devotion guaranteed to release me from Purgatory in six hours."

Their wealthy elderly neighbor with her many appurtenances of piety, had long been a bone of contention between the wholesome matter-of-fact Duffields and their consciences.

"She'll candy some day; see? she doesn't." Phil was wont to remark ominously.

"Well, anyway," Hugh returned sharply to the subject in hand, "this aunt Sarah person is certainly coming. It isn't as if Dad hasn't a perfect right to send her if he likes. She probably descended upon him out of the sky; and as he couldn't have her around while he's busy with the case, he's sending her here."

"The letter says she's coming to live with us," insisted Mildred pessimistically.

"All right," said Hugh decisively, "it's up to us, Con, to meet the train tomorrow. And you kids"—he went on eyeing the twins sternly—"you kids have got to play fair and do credit to Con's bringing up."

"I hope you don't think, Hugh Duffield," responded Mildred loftily, "that when people are fifteen years old, they're going to disgrace the family as if they were *infants*.—Just

because we express our sentiments here in privacy...."

He turned his back precipitately. Mil's exaggerated mannerisms were frequently too much for his gravity.

"I'll have to spend tomorrow morning getting her room ready and coaching Hannah," Constance told him with a rueful smile, late that night. "We have to show people that we Duffields are equal to any problem—even taking to our hearts an old maid aunt."

So it came about that four-ten the following afternoon found Constance and Hugh standing at the onlookers' side of the iron gates that shut off the passengers from the general public, at the railway station. Red-cap men were gathering in groups for their harvest of bags; waiting friends and relatives were assuming expectant looks; and crowds were beginning to heave and surge about the place of exit with the unmistakable bustle attendant upon incoming trains. It would have been a thrilling sight to a student of Humanity in the abstract; but the Duffields, brother and sister, were not conscious of anything save the dark impending shadow of the Individual—Humanity in its most concrete form—aunt Sarah Ellsworth.

The letter had explained that Miss Ellsworth would know them, as she had been provided with a picture of Constance. So the two kept themselves well in sight, scanning each face for the spinster who was to blight the happiness of the Duffield family.

"D-do you suppose she missed her train?" whispered Constance hopefully, as minutes passed with no sign of aunt Sarah.

"Fraid not," responded Hugh. "There are one or two others back there. Oh, I say!"

The exclamation was wrung from him by the sound of a voice almost at his elbow—a voice clear and unmistakable from the words, yet strangely unlike the tones they had mentally associated with aunt Sarah.

"Oh, dear, I was afraid I'd miss you. This is Constance, I know from the picture. And this—oh, this must be Hugh! But I didn't dream you were so—so—"

Constance blinked and clutched at Hugh for support. Coming through the big gate, closely followed by two heavily laden porters, was a Vision—nothing less. The Vision was slight and graceful, and clad in mouse gray chiffon velvet, mouse gray suede pumps, perfectly matching silk stockings, a mouse gray beaver hat that shrieked "Paris," and on the mouse gray fur of the Vision's collar was pinned a single pink velvet rose.

Hugh was the first to recover his poise.

"How-do-you-do, aunt Sarah," he said gravely.

The Vision laughed; a clear, pealing silvery laugh.

"Oh, you can't call me *that*, you know," it protested, ecstatically kissing the somewhat unresponsive Constance. "It would be *too* absurd. Mercy! 'Aunt Sarah' sounds just like an old, old maid! Please call me Sallie."

Constance returned the embrace weakly. She was recovering her balance by this time, and was able to make a swift inventory of the chief points of interest about this exquisite little creature who had dropped meteor-like into her world.

Aunt Sarah, she judged, could not by any stretch of imagination be accounted over twenty-two. She had the face of a beautiful child, wide innocent eyes, finely penciled brows, and lashes curling and dark. Her bronze-gold hair was drawn close, to frame the rosy cheeks, and just over each ear was a cluster of three shining curls.

"I'm afraid I shall have to ask you to look after my things," the newcomer was saying appealingly, as she looked up—far up—into the face of her nephew. "You see," she explained apologetically to Constance, "this is the first time I ever traveled without a maid at least, and I know I'm dreadfully stupid."

"N-not at all," gulped Constance, taking her cue bravely. "If you'll just give Hugh your baggage check—"

"Check? Oh yes. Your father gave it to me when he put me on the train. He told me to hold fast to it all the time. It's been pretty hard, especially when I ate."

"When you—Great Scott!" Hugh choked, stammered, then seized the crumpled bit of pasteboard which she proffered, and which showed unmistakable effects of a long journey in a tightly clasped palm.

In the quarter of an hour that followed, aunt Sarah's "hand-luggage" was stowed into a hastily summoned taxicab, and Hugh had arranged for the transportation of the "rest of the things."

"I brought just one wardrobe trunk and a couple of hat trunks," she had explained prettily "so you see I had to bring quite a little hand-luggage."

And Constance, sitting beside her awaiting Hugh's return from the baggage room, and reflecting a little anxiously on the vagaries of steadily moving taximeters, had mentally agreed that,

I large suitcase with silver mountings,

1 overnight bag,
1 steamer basket filled with the remains of assorted fruits,

2 somewhat wilted hot-house bouquets,

2 unopened boxes of candy,
1 opened and partially demolished box of assorted bonbons,

1 lingerie pillow,
3 late novels,

1 copy "Growth in Holiness," by Father Faber,
1 indefinite array of current magazines, and

1 silver-mounted umbrella—might justly be termed "quite a little hand-luggage."

In addition to this, aunt Sarah carried in her own hands, besides the check aforementioned, a gorgeous beaded bag, a magazine, and one small portable sweet-box.

"I wonder if I could cash a check?" she was saying to Constance. "I haven't a penny left. One has to give the hotel maids so many tips to get them to do the simplest things. Why, this morning I was really afraid I'd have to manage my own hair. You wouldn't have been able to look at me—I'm a fright when I do it myself."

Constance had a brief, disquieting vision of herself doing those little shining curls for the rest of her life. Hannah would certainly strike if it were proposed to her.

"Never mind," she counseled hastily, "you'd better not stop to make a check now. Here comes Hugh; he'll attend to everything."

"Cousin Martin wanted me to take some money at the last minute," sighed aunt Sarah regarding Hugh worshipfully as the taxi and its load started, "but I thought I'd better begin by being independent."

Two hours after their triumphant arrival home, Constance came slowly down the stairs, into the living room, where the family awaited her, and dropped wearily into the big wing chair before the fire.

"I feel as if I'd been through a housecleaning or a church bazaar," she said resignedly. "She can't put away her own clothes; she can't do her own hair; but she doesn't want to make a bit of trouble. So if I'll only send up my maid, she can do all that is necessary. Goodness, my hair fairly stood on end at the bare idea of asking Hannah to play lady's maid!"

"How has she ever managed to get through the world so long?" marveled Mildred. "I thought people knew

things like that by—by intuition."

"But I have to admit that she's about the prettiest, sweetest thing I ever saw" said Constance dropping her air of studied languor and sitting bolt upright in her chair. "You have to love her even if you want to shake her—and—" she lowered her voice mysteriously—"I've found out why she's here!"

"Well, why didn't you say so in the first place. What's the solution, Madame Sherlock? Hugh came over to sit on the arm of Connie's chair."

"She's a brand-new convert to the Faith!"

"A convert! She!" Hugh stared incredulously.

"I thought that would wake you up. You see, the minute I saw her I knew we'd have to clear father of the charge of sending her here to chaperon us. So I knew we'd have to work on a different theory. Well, I didn't even have to ask a question. She told me all about it straight off."

"How long has she been in the Church?" queried Mil, perching on a hassock at her sister's feet.

"Only four weeks. It seems she is the adopted child of that old uncle of mother's, who hated Catholics. He put it in his will that, if Sallie ever became a Catholic, or married one, she'd be cut off with a monthly income of twenty-five dollars. All the rest would go to a home for indigent bank clerks or something. The odd part of it is, that she mightn't have thought of the Catholic Church if it hadn't been for that clause in the will. She didn't know anything about it until after uncle Hubert died."

"Then she isn't really any relation of ours at all?" said Hugh suddenly.

"No blood relation; though she's 'bound to us by ties of faith,' she says. And of course father wants us to feel just as if she was related to us. I'm sure he saw that she'd never get on without some good Catholics to look after her. She's just a little bundle of sentimentality—so he sent her to us."

"To be salvaged," interrupted Phil glumly.

"That's about it," agreed Constance, smiling in spite of herself.

"We'll have to be on our good behavior every minute," went on Phil soberly, "so's not to give scandal."

Hugh chuckled. "You look as if you were going to the guillotine. I should think that a youth who intends to try for the Franciscans in the fall, would be glad of a little practice in penance."

Philip grinned sheepishly, but forebore reply.

"I s'pose she came over to Rome because of the beautiful candles on an altar in some church," hazarded Hugh.

"Just about that, I'm afraid," twinkled Constance. "But I'm sure she'll tell you all about it herself. She seems to like telling the story of her life. Shh, here she comes now."

Aunt Sarah floated in, charming in a clinging dove-colored gown.

"I'm so sorry to come to dinner this way," she apologized sweetly. "I'd have dressed if my trunks had come. It was dear of you to stay that way, too."

Phil stared. "You're dressed," he commented bluntly.

Constance frowned warningly.

"We don't dress for dinner as a rule," she explained to Sallie, "and when we do, I don't wear anything more elaborate than the dress you've got on now. You see, we're Tertiaries."

"How charming," contributed the other a little vaguely. "I had a friend once whose sister-in-law was a Quaker. She was a darling—so quaint. This is all right, isn't it? You see, I didn't know your customs."

"You're lovely," assured Constance, feeling a good bit of a prig at the sight of Sallie's troubled mien. You must do exactly as you like here; it's your home now. And Tertiaries aren't much like Quakers; they're members of an Order in the Church, you know—Third Order of Penance—Franciscans—"

She was beginning to flounder, for Sallie was regarding her steadily, with a sort of exaltation in her luminous eyes that puzzled her hostess.

"I just can't realize it," she broke in rapidly, "that I'm really and truly with Catholics, and if it hadn't been for dear kind cousin Martin, I'd be a wanderer on the face of the earth."

Constance bit her lip at the thought of aunt Sarah and her extensive luggage wandering the face of the earth. The others were shifting uneasily at Miss Ellsworth's outburst. The Duffields were not inclined to indulge in dramatics, and they hardly knew how to take what Phil termed "gush."

"I'm so glad you had father to come to," said Constance, breaking the awkward pause that followed.

Sallie eyed her with profound surprise. "Oh, you know, I'd never have dreamed of asking any one for help; but the priest who baptized me, when I told him about losing my money on account of becoming a Catholic, said I'd better look up my Catholic relatives. He wrote to cousin Martin

himself about me. You see, I wanted to take the veil. I read all about the poor Clares. They're so sweet, don't you think so? But Father Graham said I'd have to wait a while before doing that. So I came here till I get straightened around."

"Shades of immortal Caesar!" muttered Hugh, *sotto voce*, as Hannah's strident tones announced dinner. "Poor Clares; that's going some for a starter!"

"Of course," remarked Miss Ellsworth introspectively, as she toyed with her soup spoon, "I'd been intending to become a Catholic for quite a while, but something seemed always to interfere. I was convinced of the truth the first time I ever entered a Catholic church. I went before daylight one Christmas morning, just for a lark." She gazed dreamily off through the half-opened kitchen door, with eyes that might have been beholding the portals of heaven. "Then afterwards—months after, I was out west, and I attended a mission. The most gorgeous missionary, tall, dark and hopeless-looking, you know. Oh, it was wonderful! And then I knew I might just as well have it done at once."

Hugh and Phil strangled simultaneously on their glasses of water; and Con thought agonizingly of a hundred poor souls in purgatory, to down the picture of Sallie "having baptism done." "Exactly like having a tooth pulled," she said later.

"Didn't you have to be instructed?" This icily from Phil.

"Oh yes," responded Sallie easily, "I learned a little book called the catechism from cover to cover; it wasn't hard. I'm used to public work—amateur theatricals, you know. Why, once I learned ten typewritten pages in one night, when we were giving 'Lady Windermere's Fan,' for the starving Armenians. And then I went and recited the whole thing through for the priest—not the missionary, it seems he wasn't giving instructions, but an old priest. He said it was a remarkable performance," she wound up complacently.

"'Lady Windermere's Fan' was that, or the catechism?" queried Hugh with perfect gravity.

"Oh, the catechism. And then a week later, he baptized me. He wanted to put it off; but I explained that I was going off to New York, and would probably go to hell if he didn't do it. So he laughed and said that I seemed to have a respectable motive, or something of the sort so now, I'm here."

She gazed thoughtfully at her but-

tered roll for a moment, and then beamed graciously on Constance. "I think I'll love it here, too. Maybe, after all, I won't go into a convent. I do hate having my hair cut off. Later, when I get straightened around a bit, I may take up the Third Order."

* * *

"Where's our relative?" whispered Hugh cautiously, coming in late the next afternoon upon Constance and the twins, who were engaged respectively upon the family mending and next day's lessons. Constance had urged Sallie to sleep late after her journey. So Hugh had not glimpsed their guest before his departure for the office.

"Mrs. Cummings called this afternoon to see our new aunt," replied Connie, laying aside the darning egg and expertly folding a pair of Hugh's socks before looking up. "Of course, we talked about religion; Mrs. Cummings is thrilled about Sallie. Well, the conversation swung around to pious reading—"

"Strange!" commented Hugh caustically.

"And our aunt told Mrs. Cummings that she was reading 'Growth in Holiness;' that she'd bought it during the mission, because she'd read something once by the same author, about there being 'a wideness in God's mercy like the wideness of the sea.' But she said she didn't find 'Growth in Holiness' very interesting; so Mrs. Cummings told her about a beautiful devotion to the Holy Ghost, which would enable her to read spiritual books with understanding—and she's gone over now to get—"

"An explanatory leaflet!" wagered Hugh, rocking with silent mirth.

"I was telling Sallie about Father Basil's being our confessor," continued Constance, "because I knew she ought to find someone who'd steady her down; but she said she didn't need to go to confession; she didn't have anything to tell."

"Some convert," remarked Phil elegantly, looking up from his book.

"Phil!" rebuked Constance. "We really ought to be more serious about her. We tease so much, and she isn't used to anything like that. She is really so sweet, and she seemed so interested when I told her about getting advice, and the grace of the sacrament, and how people who went to confession weren't necessarily mortal sinners. She said she thought she'd love to try Father Basil."

"You people really make me tired," said Mildred heatedly. "I don't see anything funny about Sallie. She's the

bravest little thing I ever saw. I'd like to see you giving up a fortune for the sake of your Faith! She says she thinks losing her money was very interesting." And the feminine Duffield twin relapsed into a dignified silence as the sound of light, hurrying footsteps outside, gave warning of the return of aunt Sarah.

Sallie was a picture in soft coral pink, her eyes shining excitedly, and her soft hair blowing about her rosy face, as she stood framed in the French door, her hands full of bits of paper.

"May I come through here?" she begged. "I just can't wait to go around by the front door. Dear Mrs. Cummings gave me so many wonderful ideas. I can't wait to tell you. I promised to interest Hugh in one, here," she went on breathlessly, fluttering in and depositing her spoils on the library table. "It's a lovely devotion to St. Hugh of Lincoln—a dear old man with a swan. I think she said he is Hugh's customer—no, it was *patron*. Mrs. Cummings thinks," she smiled enchantingly up at Hugh, "that Hugh is rather cold with regard to his religion, even if he *does* go to church every day with the rest; but I told her she only thought that, because she didn't know him well enough. I knew he'd love to have a devotion to that darling old man."

Almost before the Duffields could realize it, Hugh, the spurrier of Mrs. Cumming's leaflets, found himself actually becoming possessed of one—and placing it carefully in his pocket.

"Well, what could I do?" he challenged the family, as Sallie flitted away to find a place for the rest of the leaflets. "You didn't expect me to mix her all up by delivering a lecture on the subject. Those things must come gradually."

"Mrs. Cummings is lovely, I think," declared Miss Ellsworth, smiling winsomely at the family as they sat at dinner. "She—she is a very pious woman, isn't she?"

"Very," responded Hugh with wholly unnecessary emphasis.

In the weeks that followed aunt Sarah's coming, Constance Duffield felt that she had gained a lifetime of experience as well as a crown of unbelievable brilliance in heaven. She had fetched and carried for Sallie; she had petted and admired Sallie; she had tried vainly to instill the essentials of Catholic doctrine in Sallie; she had done Sallie's curls fourteen times each week; she had kept peace between Phil and Sallie, and between Hannah and Sallie; and yet, as she

sat in one of the now rare conferences with her two brothers one rainy Sunday afternoon, Connie was forced to declare herself definitely worried.

Sallie, with Mildred—the only one of the family who found their guest consistently enchanting—had fared forth to benediction at the Visitation Convent across the city, and Constance had seized the opportunity to talk over the situation with Hugh and Phil; for Sallie represented to her a soul to be guided, and she feared that the “first fervor” had begun to undergo a faint diminution.

“I hardly knew what to say this morning,” said poor Constance, “when she said that she thought she was too tired to get up for Mass.”

“It’s outrageous,” Phil declared sentimentally, nibbling at an apple core till nothing but the skeleton framework remained.

“She went!” defended Hugh a trifle tartly.

Hugh had been strangely unsatisfactory of late. Of course, he had laughed with the rest over Sallie’s absurdities, but far oftener than not he seemed to find nothing funny about them.

“Because Con made her go, that’s why,” retorted Phil. “If she’d have been anywhere else, look at the scandal she’d have been.”

Hugh stood up suddenly and unexpectedly. “It seems to me,” he said impatiently, “that you expect her to know her faith by a process of absorption. She wasn’t properly instructed, and she’ll never know anything if she gets nothing but sugar-coated doctrine pills from that woman next door.”

“But Hugh,” demurred Constance, “one can’t manage a grown-up person as if she were a child. Sallie seems to love to be with Mrs. Cummings, and I can’t very well tell her to stay at home and study her catechism. I can’t even tell her that the woman isn’t a perfectly good Catholic—because she is. And when I try to suggest anything about instructions, she just smiles and says we can tell her what she needs to know; and she looks so sweet that you want to hug her, and you just can’t hurt her feelings.”

“Yes—I know,” Hugh nodded solemnly.

“God would,” interposed Phil.

“Would what?”

“Hurt her feelings, if it helped her soul any.”

Hugh flushed. “That’s all right, too,” he agreed diplomatically. “But

not being possessed of the wisdom of God, I shouldn’t know how to go about the reforming process.”

“I think,” said Phil judiciously, “that what she needs is a good jolt of some kind. She’s living up in the clouds, and she’s got to come down some time.”

“Admitted,” replied Hugh, “but the way she’s going, she’ll soon be out of reach.”

“And you’re the only one who could get away with it,” Phil went on following his train of thought. “She’d think the moon was made of green cheese if you said it was.”

“There are times,” stated Hugh slowly and impressively, “when a boy of fifteen, whether he intends to be a Franciscan or not, needs the influence of a really first-class reform school!”

“What are you saying about a boy being a Franciscan?” questioned a clear voice behind them; and the trio starting guiltily, saw Sallie still hatted and cloaked, standing in the doorway with Mildred looking over her shoulder.

“Why—” explained Con looking apprehensively at Sallie, “you knew that Phil is to try for admission into the Order in the fall, didn’t you? We aren’t saying anything yet, outside the family; because one never knows—”

But Sallie was gazing tragically at Phil’s freckled face and slightly snub nose. “That—that baby?” she asked in horror.

“Phil isn’t a baby,” responded Constance. “They have to go young, you know; or else how could they get through with all their studies? Many of them start younger than Phil.”

“Oh,” said Sallie, her eyes very wide. “I—I didn’t know that was the way they did it. I’m sure it’s lovely. The brown costume is so—so fascinating. But—oh, I must go up and change my dress, I—”

With which enlightening words, Sallie disappeared.

“Goodness,” breathed Constance, “I hope she didn’t hear what we were saying before. What were we talking about when you first heard us, Mil?”

“Oh, just something about a reform school, and Phil being a Franciscan,” replied Mildred, carelessly. “But I want you to know,” she went on fixing the others with a withering glance, “that *nobody* half appreciates Sallie around this place. Why, she told me this afternoon that she was so worried because she gave scandal by forgetting for a minute this morning that she was a Catholic and saying that about

not getting up for Mass, that she intends to ask Father Basil to—to let her take the discipline!”

Constance flopped down weakly and hid her face. “What next? Oh what next?” she begged of the depths of the friendly couch pillows.

An hour later, Sallie opened the door of her room, poised for an instant on the threshold, tiptoed down the hall, peered over the balustrade, and then slowly and decorously descended the stairs to the door of Hugh’s special “den.”

“Forgive me, I don’t want to disturb you, Hugh,” she said in a sick-room tone, pausing for a moment before entering. “But I—I just had to come in to tell you how sorry I am.”

He sprang to his feet startled. “Sorry?” he echoed blankly. “What are you talking about?” Then, looking full at her, “what in the world are you all in black for?”

“Oh,” replied Sallie in a subdued little voice, fishing for her handkerchief, “I—I think one owes it to oneself to dress according to one’s mood, d-don’t you? I know you want to be alone. Dear Connie tries to be so brave. But I know how you must feel. I never dreamed they went so young.”

Hugh’s face cleared, as her meaning dawned upon him; and he towered over her in speechless vexation for a moment. Then with a sudden resolve, he squared his shoulders.

“You’re a little idiot,” he stated evenly. “You don’t know the first thing about the qualities that go to make up a sensible Catholic. Did you think that a man goes down to the country a few days, and comes up a priest? You’re silly and emotional and sentimental, and the only thing you think about is your own feelings. You try to read a lot of deep spiritual books that you don’t make head nor tail of, when the only book you really ought to be reading is the catechism!”

He stopped, puzzled by the look on Sallie’s face. She did not, as he half feared, burst into tears; she did not even look as if she intended doing so. Nevertheless, she was a little white, and her eyes looked uncomfortably like those of a hurt child.

“Oh,” he burst out impetuously, “I ought to beg your pardon. I was a beast to talk to you like that. I am sorry!”

“Sorry?” she imitated his tone of a moment before. “Sorry that you’ve made it clear just what’s wrong with me? I—I believe I am just the way

you say I am. Only no one ever called it to my attention before."

Her voice began to shake ever so slightly, but she held her head high. "You—you've been quite sneaky about it. But—thank you so much, Hugh!"

With which she marched out of the room, leaving a thoroughly bewildered young man in her wake.

"Now I have made a mess of things," he muttered, striding to the window and glaring out into the drizzling twilight. "Darn Phil!"

"Sallie asked me to tell you that she had promised to take tea with Mrs. Cummings," announced Mildred as the family gathered for the evening meal. "She would have told you herself, but she thought you were all busy somewhere."

Early next morning, when Constance opened her eyes, it was upon the unusual spectacle of Sallie, fully dressed and combed, standing at the foot of her bed.

"I did my own hair, Connie darling," she said, "and I'm starting for Mass before the rest of you. I have to go to Confession first. You won't mind my running ahead?"

"Why, no," gasped the astonished Constance. "But you needn't have done those curls yourself. Why didn't you call me?"

"Oh, I've been trying to work it out, and at last I've got the combination," laughed Sallie. "Did you think I was going to bother you all my life?"

When, an hour later, the Duffield family sat down to breakfast, Sallie was the first one in her place, radiating a suppressed excitement as she delicately buttered a muffin.

"By the way," she remarked seriously, breaking a silence as she finished her cereal, "I—I'm going away. Mrs. Cummings wants a companion. She's going on a trip—and she's asking me to go with her. She likes me—some way. So last night, I told her I'd go."

Dead silence followed the startling announcement, and then suddenly there broke a storm of protest.

"Darling!" cried Constance, "You can't! Why, what would father say?" "With that old woman?" protested Phil horrified.

"She's a very good Catholic," responded Sallie primly.

"But you can't leave us when we love you so!" entreated Mil jumping up to throw her arms around Sallie's neck.

Hugh alone sat silent, as if frozen. "She'll pay fifty dollars a month and board," explained the storm center

calmly, gently disengaging Mildred's encircling arms and rising from her place.

"I'd have told you before, only I didn't know it myself," she went on apologetically. "I've certainly loved to be with you; but now I think it's time I was doing something for myself. I've learned a lot that it's time for me to put into practice. And now, if you'll excuse me I must run and finish packing some things. No—don't come, Connie; it's just some books that I want to leave here if I may. I'm just taking one book with me. Mrs. Cummings wants me tomorrow; so I haven't much time." And sending a bright smile over her shoulder she started out.

Constance stopped her, troubled and a little uncertain.

"Of course, dearest," she began, "I don't want to interfere with your happiness. I know how fond you are of Mrs. Cummings. But if only you'd—"

But the other had turned at the threshold, and was staring at Connie in wide-eyed amazement.

"Fond of her?" she choked. "Why, Connie, I think she's—just—horrid!"

And Sallie fled from the room.

"Wh-what ever has happened?" Constance looked pale and frightened.

"She doesn't talk like herself at all," sobbed Mildred. "I'm afraid she's coming down with the F-Flu!"

"It starts with a chill," objected Phil prosaically, "and she ate a good breakfast."

"I'll go up," began Constance; but Hugh was too quick for her.

"Stay here," he commanded, pushing back his chair and brushing past his sister to take the stairs two at a time for Sallie's room.

"Come," sounded a somewhat muffled voice from within as he knocked.

"See here," he said sternly, "this is all nonsense, you know. You belong to this family, and if you think—"

Sallie's red lips quivered childishly. "I don't either belong to the family, Hugh Duffield. But it's mighty nice of you to pretend. You mustn't think I haven't known all along that you were all disgusted with me, because I didn't know how to be a good Catholic," she hurried on, her cheeks flaming. "Mil was the only one who didn't seem to notice. And I've tried to stay a l—lot with Mrs. Cummings, because you said she was v—very pious. I thought you and Phil and C—Connie might like me better if I tried to get more like her. Then yes—

terday when you told me the t—truth about my silliness—how I never did anything except what I felt like doing, I—I saw in a flash that, if I did something that I just—hated, it might help my soul,—and so I told Mrs. Cummings I'd go with her!"

"Sallie!" Hugh took a step toward her. "You—you'd do a thing like that, because of the outrageous thing I said to you?"

"Oh, not just because of that!" she assured him. "I knew I wasn't right, before that; but I didn't know just what it was that was the matter, until you told me."

"Look at me," demanded Hugh firmly. "Don't you suppose I could make you quite as miserable and give you as much necessary instruction as that woman?"

"Why, Hugh—" Sallie stared at him puzzled.

"You blessed little thing, don't you know I've loved you ever since the day you handed me that draggly little trunk-check? I'm too darned practical; I need a little heaven."

The red lips curved into a sudden smile. "Hugh Duffield," she demanded, "am I to gather that you're trying to propose to your aunt Sarah?"

"I'm doing it," he corrected shamelessly.

"Well, I should think you'd be—" Sudden suspicion darkened her eyes. "Are you doing it to save my soul?"

"To—?"

"Well, Phil thinks—"

"I'm not interested in what Phil thinks," answered Hugh recklessly. "If it's anybody's soul I'm thinking about, it's mine. If you intend to shirk your duty—"

"Hugh, you're so funny," she panted. "Was anybody ever proposed to like this before?"

"Well, for the sake of argument—" "It really is for my soul," she wavered. "I s'pose I'd only give scandal if I went with Mrs. Cummings."

"You would," agreed Hugh, with perfect finality, "great scandal—to me!"

A few minutes later they went down the broad stairway, hand in hand like two children. Halfway down, Hugh stopped.

"Darling," he asked, "what book was that you were going to take with you?"

Sarah Jane Ellsworth looked up—far up—into Hugh's face and smiled enchantingly, worshipfully.

"Why, the catechism, of course," she answered.



Missions

THE FRANCISCANS IN NEW MEXICO

BY FR. ZEPHYRIN ENGELHARDT, O. F. M.

CHAPTER XXVII

Mother Mary's Letter to the Fathers in New Mexico—Before the Spanish Inquisition—Report to the Grand Inquisitor—Mother Mary's Protestations to the Commissary General—The Memorial of Fr. Benavides—The Case in Its True Light

IN OBEDIENCE to the command of the Father General, communicated to her by Fr. Benavides, Mother Mary de Ágreda, on May 15, 1631, addressed a long letter of encouragement to the Fathers in Mexico. Among other things she wrote: "I declare what has happened to me in the provinces of New Mexico, Quivira, and of the Jumanas, and other nations, although these were not the first dominions to which I was taken by the will of God, and by the hand and the assistance of His angels. . . . There I saw and did all that I have told the Father (Benavides). . . . The first to which I went, I believe are toward the east. In order to reach them one must travel from the region of Quivira. I called these dominions, according to our way of speaking, Titlas, Chillescás, and Caburcos, which are as yet not discovered. In order to reach them, it seems to me, great difficulties will have to be encountered because of the many warlike tribes who will not let the Christian Indians of New Mexico pass, which Christians they distrust, and much more so the Religious of our Seraphic Father San Francisco; for the devil has deceived them, and has made them believe that there is poison where indeed there is the antidote to it; and that when they are Christians they will have to be subjects and slaves, and so give up their liberty and the happiness of this life."

Mother Mary suggested that the friars for their security should be accompanied by soldiers of good conduct, as the good example of both the missionaries and the soldiers would insure success. As for herself she continued: "The events of which I have spoken happened to me from the year 1620 to the present year 1631, in the country of the Quivirás and Jumanas." . . .

She then exhorts the Fathers to make every effort to save these poor people for the sake of Christ. "I assure you," Mother Mary writes, "that I know with certainty and clearly that the Blessed (in heaven) envy you, if it were possible for them to be envious; but I declare so according to our way of understanding. If they could, they would leave the glory they are enjoying in order to accompany you to these missions. . . . This should be a motive to profit by the opportunity which you have. I confess that, if I could purchase with my blood, life, and cruel martyrdom, the opportunity, I would do so.—From the House of la Purísima Concepción de Ágreda, May 15, 1631."*

To this letter Fr. Benavides adds some remarks of his own which are omitted here, because they do not throw light on the subject. We now turn to the examination which the Mother Abbess had to undergo at the hands of the Spanish Inquisition; for naturally Mother Mary's extraordinary sanctity and her remarkable experiences came to the ears of the vigilant tribunal which no one cared to face that was not sure of his ground.

The royal inquisitor with a notary of the same tribunal appeared at the convent of Ágreda unannounced on January 16, 1750, twenty years and more after the events related by Fr. Benavides. Mother Abbess was ill abed, but she rose and presented herself to the inquisitors in the parlor. She took the required oath to tell the whole truth and to keep secret all that was asked. The inquisitor came every day, save January 23, to question her for three hours in the morning and three hours in the afternoon, until

January 29. The questions put to her during these days amounted to eighty. The greater portion concerned the conversions of the Indians. She was also cross-examined on favors received from the Lord, and on her mode of life. At the close Mother Mary protested: "All that I have said, declared and deposed I submit to the censure and correction of the Holy Catholic Roman Church, in whose faith, favor and protection I have desired, and do desire, always to live and die; and I conform myself in everything to what she commands and ordains should be done by a faithful child of hers," etc.

The inquisitors went away "filled with admiration and satisfied as to the virtue, truth, and constancy of the servant of God." The official who had conducted the examination then reported to the Grand Inquisitor as follows: "In compliance with the commission which your Lordship imposed upon me, I went to the villa de Ágreda, to the Convent de la Purísima Concepción, where I took the deposition of the Mother, Sister Mary of Jesus, Abbess of said convent. I recognized in her much virtue, or rather all the virtues in a compound deeply founded and united, with roots of charity, and great intelligence regarding points of sacred Scripture, to my mind acquired more by prayer, constant and interior communion with God, than by study or other exterior labor of her own. From this I came to understand that *infirmia elegit Deus ut quæque fortia confundat*. I find that the chief foundations on which the *Interrogatorio* is based she removed, and gave satisfactory answers to them with humility and truth. Therefore I judge that those who testified (compiled) the *cartapacio* (Memorial of Fr. Benavides of May 15,

*Fr. Palou, *Life of Fr. Junípero Serra*, pp. 337-340.

1631) have added much and have surmised more. . . ."

"With regard to herself, I have to say that she is a Catholic and faithful Christian, well grounded in our holy Faith, and without a trace of guile and without delusion from the demon."

The Grand Inquisitor himself, after he had examined the documents containing the deposition taken down by the notary, and after hearing the opinion of the fiscal and of other censors, approved their favorable judgment and then reported to King Philip IV, who in turn wrote to Mother Mary congratulating her on the outcome of the ordeal.†

It would require many chapters to relate all that was brought out at the examination. We shall select from the deposition and from the *Relacion de la Venerable Madre Maria de Jesus de Agreda in the Estud. Franciscanos* (tomo xvii, No. 112, Barcelona, September, 1916, pp. 207-226) just enough to elucidate what was related in the two preceding chapters.

"The Lord declared to me," she writes to the Commissary General, Fr. Manero, in the work just mentioned, "that the portion of creatures most disposed for conversion, and to which His mercy inclined most, were those of New Mexico and other remote regions. . . . On another day, after I had received the Lord, it seemed to me that His (Divine) Majesty showed me more distinctly those regions and Indians, and that His Majesty willed that they should be converted; and He commanded me to pray and to labor for them. The information which I received was clear and distinct regarding the manners and ways of the people, their disposition and the necessity of having missionaries who might conduct them to the knowledge of God and His Holy Faith. All this still more disposed my will and affections for labor and prayer.

"On another occasion those regions were shown me distinctly, the qualities and the peculiarities of that part of the world, customs of the men and the women. . . ; and it appeared to me that I admonished them and begged them to go in search of ministers of the Gospel, who would instruct and baptize them. . . ."

"The manner in which this came about I cannot say. Information was given, or declaration was made, eight years, more or less, after it happened to Fr. Alonso de Benavides, the Custodio of New Mexico, and to other prominent Fathers of this (Spanish)

Province. In some things it (the Memorial of Fr. Benavides quoted in the previous chapter) is true, but in other things they have made additions, and in still others they have exaggerated. It is not to be believed that it was the fault of the Fathers who were so prominent and good; but in drawing up the document they have secured statements from other Religious, men and women; for I have always been extremely cautious in making statements on these things."

With regard to the pamphlet on the subject, which he promised to send to New Mexico, but which it seems never reached there, Mother Mary says: "It is to be observed that some things are very much exaggerated, misunderstood, and others have been added to." . . . "Whether I went there or not really and truly with the body, I can not say. Nor is it strange that I doubt, for St. Paul was in a better light, and he confesses of himself that he was carried to the third heaven, yet that he did not know whether in the body or out of it. What I can declare truthfully is that it happened indeed, and that knowing it I had nothing to do with the demon, nor noted any ill effects. That I can protest once for all."

Mother Mary continues to say that, when it happened, she knew all the countries, the people, their different mode of living from that in Spain, "and that I explained and declared all the articles of the Faith, and animated them and instructed them, and that they would accept it and would make genuflections. . . . Nevertheless, although it is so, I always have doubted that it was in the body, because the case was so extraordinary and unusual."

In reply to a question from the inquisitor whether when teaching she ascended some pulpit or stood on some elevation, Mother Mary said that she never called the people to assemble, though sometimes there would be many; that she never stood on any elevation, but only spoke as it were privately to few at a time.

To another question by the inquisitor whether she had ever been missed from the convent and its religious exercises, etc., Mother Mary replied that she never had been missed, which in the case of a woman would have been scandalous. In the letter to Fr. Manero, she gave it as her opinion that an angel appeared in her form among the Indians, and that the Lord then showed her in prayer at Agreda what had happened in New Mexico.

Fr. Benavides, jumping at conclusions as was his wont, had stated that

St. Michael and St. Francis had been the wings that bore her to New Mexico. What she had indeed said, Mother Mary insists, was that both these had been her wings in a metaphorical sense, they having assisted her in her petitions to God for the conversion of the Indians, which is no unusual mode of expression among Religious.

The venerable Mother Abbess takes up Fr. Benavides' statements one by one and corrects them. For instance, she goes on: "He says that I stayed there (New Mexico) three days at a time. This is not so; for I never was there day and night; nor was it necessary for the instruction of the Indians in the Faith; and for persuading them to go in search of priests a few hours or one day sufficed. His story perhaps originated in this way. I was ill abed for three days without eating. The Religious would bring such conditions in connection with visits to New Mexico.

"He also writes that I gave him a veil, and that it had a sweet odor, and that the odor was from contact with my guardian angels. If I could have said that, I should judge myself prouder than Lucifer; nor do I remember having given the veil. My natural mother was portress, and she must have given one in my name, for she was more pious and more inclined to give pleasure than cautious in this matter. It was not, however, the veil which I was accustomed to wear, for I never missed it. It may have been from the wardrobe. In this matter of giving away things pertaining to my person I have been exceedingly scrupulous, because I know who I am. For that reason I have during all the time of my office, now twenty-three years under holy obedience, forbidden the Sisters to give away anything from my person.

"With regard to the odor, the Sisters used to say: 'How lovely it smells, Mother. The angels are here. Mother, you must be with the angels.' From that kind of talk something must have reached Fr. Benavides, and then he may have said that the angels were in contact; but as the angels are spiritual and perfect substances, and because of their nature can not carry around anything earthly, I do not know for what purpose a learned person could say that they have material touch."

This will suffice to put the case of Mother Mary's connection with the conversion of the Jumanas in its true light. Various writers have tried to

† *Autenticidad de la Mística Ciudad de Dios y Biografía de su Autora*, Barcelona, 1914, pp. 416-437.

† Mother Mary evidently was deeply annoyed, hence this sarcastic but just remark.

explain her statements in accordance with their own notions. That non-Catholic authors, who imagine Almighty God dwelling complacently behind the clouds, but not interesting Himself in the welfare of His creatures, straightway relegate the "flights" of Mother Mary de Agreda to the land of dreams or to a department they term clairvoyance, is not astonishing. They forget that there are two parties to this question. The Jumanas Indians will have to be considered. They were actually converted, or brought to the knowledge of the Savior, by a lady garbed in a way they could never have dreamed of. Until such critics explain the historical facts in connection with the Indians, their assertion, that Mother

Mary acted in a trance or dreamed the whole story, will explain nothing.

That Catholic writers, however, should prefer to cling to such an opinion, after the ecclesiastical authorities in Spain, notably the ecclesiastical judge of the Spanish Inquisition, had declined to pass judgment, seems to us a very bold proceeding. They, too, should explain the remarkable conversion of the Jumanas Indians.

Mother Mary was proposed to the Holy See for beatification by the King of Spain because of her undoubted sanctity. The process would require settling this question of her connection with New Mexico. The case has not as yet been concluded. Hence it is rash to anticipate the Church's decision. For all that, we

may hold an opinion on the subject, and no one is compelled to accept the events as related. As for ourselves, knowing to some extent the wonderful ways of God with His creatures, we believe that there is nothing incongruous for Him to choose a frail creature to bring about the conversion of an apparently clean Indian tribe, which was harassed on all sides by infidel savages, and which seemed to be dying out, in order to save the remnant in the way it is related. On the contrary, it would seem to be in keeping with His power, dignity and paternal love. Fr. Salas eventually persuaded the surviving Jumanas to move southwest and to settle down at Cuarcac, where he could attend to them.

A DISASTROUS MISSION FIRE

By FR. AUGUSTINE, O. F. M.

THE ACCOMPANYING photographs graphically show the effects of the conflagration that laid waste St. John's Mission church on the afternoon of December 28, 1920. In a little more than half an hour the entire structure, including the sacristies, was reduced to ashes; only the adobe walls, shorn of their glory, remain standing. Although but a few minutes previous to the fire some of the mission inmates had been in the church, the flames spread so rapidly in the dried out timber that no one could enter the building. Thus nothing, not even the Blessed Sacrament, could be saved; only a remnant of a ciborium was found in the ashes. It is almost a miracle that the mission school buildings were not devoured by the flames since they closely surround the church on three sides. A favorable wind, however, diverted the flames into the open space toward the Fathers' residence. This and one of the largest buildings of the mission began to burn; but happily, with the help of the little water that was to be had, they were saved.

Thus the joyful spirit of Christmas that had pervaded the mission school at this time, was rudely and suddenly put to flight and a heavy sadness now fills all hearts. The missionaries, who had labored so long on this temple of God in the wilderness, the good nuns, who had so often spent their happiest hours decorating its altars, the hundreds of school children, who had so frequently visited the divine Friend of children there in His tabernacle home and told Him of their joys and sor-

rows, the poor villagers, who had looked on this most beautiful of the mission churches as the gate of heaven—all feel most keenly the terrible loss sustained by the fire, and feel themselves bowed to the ground by the heavy cross placed on their shoulders as a Christmas present by the Infant Jesus Himself.

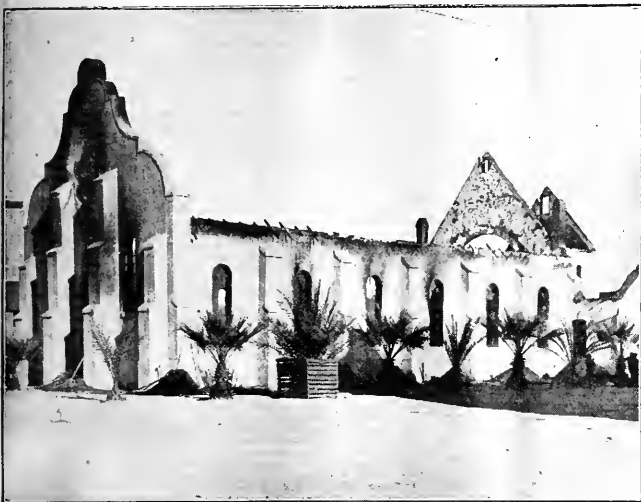
In humble submission we bow to the inscrutable will of divine Providence and accept this heavy cross from the hands of our heavenly Father, knowing full well that He directs all our ways, and that He knows how to draw good from evil. Heaven has willed it and Heaven will also aid us to restore the church in God's own good time, enlarged, perhaps, and better suited to the increasing number of children who find shelter within the friendly mission walls.

St. John's Mission, situated seventeen miles southwest of Phoenix, Arizona, is the first and most important of the Franciscan missions among the Pima and Papago Indians of this great State. From this center, in the course of the past twenty years, numerous mission churches and chapels and schools have been founded, especially along the Gila and Salt Rivers and southward over a stretch of one hundred and fifty miles bordering on and even crossing the Mexican boundary.

In 1896, the Franciscan Fathers of the Sacred Heart Province, with headquarters at St. Louis, Mo., arrived in Phoenix to take charge of the English and Spanish Catholics. Soon, Indians from the neighboring reservation sent a delegation to the Fathers and begged

them to take up again the missionary activity of the old Spanish padres among the Arizona Indians. Secular priests had from time to time visited these poor neglected children of Holy Church; for in spite of all, they still clung tenaciously to the faith taught them by the Spanish friars. But these visits were, alas, brief and far between. Full of holy zeal for the spread of God's kingdom, that marks every true son of St. Francis, whom the Church styles "a man, Catholic and wholly Apostolic," the Franciscan Fathers gladly seized the opportunity of resuming the work of the padres, which had been so ruthlessly destroyed by the powers of darkness.

A little church was at once erected for the Indians by the Franciscans and services were held at regular intervals. Three years later, a school building—that most necessary adjunct to all Franciscan missionary and parochial activity—was added and a day school begun. On January 6, 1921, it was just twenty years that Rev. Fr. Justin arrived as the first permanent Franciscan missionary of the Arizona Pimas. About eight months after his arrival, three Sisters of St. Joseph, whose motherhouse is in Carondelet, St. Louis, Mo., came to take charge of the school. In 1902, the day school was turned into a boarding school with an initial attendance of one hundred twenty-five Indian children from all parts of the Pima reservation. In the same year, work was begun on the church, which was destined to be for eighteen years the pride and joy alike of the missionaries and their charges.



Where the flames raged

and the source of countless graces and blessings for all the Franciscan missions in Arizona.

At the time of its completion, St. John's Mission Church was considered a very large building and wholly adequate to all the mission needs for years to come. But the Fathers little thought that Heaven would so abundantly bless their labors and for some time past the church has proved too small to accommodate those that sought admittance to its holy portals. Like the servants of the king in the Gospel, who went out into the high-ways and byways to secure guests for the great wedding feast, the Fathers went beyond the confines of the Pimas, and soon the Papagos also sought admission to St. John's Boarding School for their children. At present, 350 children attend the school, ranging in age from six to eighteen years. In the beginning, the Government gave but ten acres of land to the mission, which necessitated the building of the classrooms and dormitories, etc., very closely together. Only recently, the campus was extended to forty acres. Nine Sisters of St. Joseph and one young Indian lady teacher have charge of the school, while the Fathers impart religious instruction to the children and Franciscan Lay Brothers teach the boys various useful occupations. At the beginning of the term last fall, the classes were thoroughly reorganized and an energetic disciplinarian

was secured. With his aid, a sort of military discipline was introduced into the school with marked and most gratifying results. Being also an able director of the band and of all outdoor sports, the new disciplinarian, with the hearty cooperation of the

Fathers and Sisters, is accomplishing great things and St. John's is now a model Indian boarding school.

The enthusiastic spirit prevailing among the teachers and pupils bids fair to make the present school year the most successful in all the history of the mission. The sudden loss of the beautiful mission church is, therefore, all the more felt and the necessity of rebuilding it at once is all the more imperative. May we not in our dire need and deep sorrow look hopefully toward our many friends to aid us in this great undertaking?

DESCRIPTION OF ST. FRANCIS'S PERSONAL APPEARANCE

ST. FRANCIS was kind and cheerful of countenance, free from laziness, and destitute of arrogance. He was of middle height, inclined to shortness; his head was of moderate size, and round; his face somewhat long and prominent, his forehead smooth and small; his eyes were black, of moderate size, and with a candid look; his hair was dark, his eyebrows straight; his ears upright, but small; his temples smooth. His words were kindly, (but) fiery and penetrating; his voice was powerful, sweet-toned, clear and sonorous.



Where desolation reigns

Miscellaneous

IN THE WORLD OF BOOKS

By PAUL H. RICHARDS

IN REV. Arthur Barry O'Neill's new book, "Priestly Practice," one of the chapters has this interesting comment upon books and libraries:

"The sublimest conceptions of human genius, the noblest thoughts of the most highly dowered intellects, the fairest transcripts of the ideal beautiful and good and true, lie forever embalmed between the covers of some half hundred volumes whose cost will not severely tax even the most moderate income. The masterpieces of the world's poets, philosophers, historians, essayists, biographers and novelists are, in our day, within the reach of the scantiest purse; . . . as efficient mental growth and literary culture, indeed, the Bible and Shakespeare are alone worth any thousand other books, taken at random from the shelves of a great library; and though a man had no other volumes than these two and a good quarto dictionary, he would still possess both ample material for the highest development of his intellectual powers, and the best models for the formation of a literary style."

We have been taught, and we know, that "there is no higher poetry than that of Isaiahs and no higher prose than the parables of our Lord." We know, too, why Shakespeare, holding the mirror up to nature, ranks first among profane classics. But as these are only two of the fifty proposed volumes in an ideal library, other pairs suggest themselves thus: St. Francis of Assisi and Dante, St. Teresa and Cervantes, St. Patrick and the Ballads of Ireland, Sainte Beuve and Soeur Therese of Lisieux, Thomas à Kempis and Goethe, Homer and Aesop's Fables, Virgil and O. Henry, Thomas Aquinas and Gilbert Chesterton, St. Bonaventure and Ralph Adams Cram, Macaulay and Denis A. McCarthy, Hillaire Belloc and Theodore Roosevelt, Dickens and Father F. J. Finn,—and we still must wonder which forty-eight books Father O'Neill

would name from the world's masterpieces.

When we think that in a world's literary history there was a Shakespeare once and once only, and that his work may be coupled with the Bible in teaching power, books and their authors become things of awe and mystery. The author of "Priestly Practice" says:

"Books are no less companions than are men and women; and where the choice of one's living companion is necessarily restricted, these inanimate friends of our predilection often furnish a far truer estimate of our real character and tastes than does the social circle in which we ordinarily move."

Geoffrey Austin in fiction, Francis Thompson in life, had the habit of carrying favorite volumes upon their person. In reading of such characters we are sometimes disappointed by the nature of the book which they cherished so greatly. Aeschylus, Schiller, Euripides, even Aristotle have been found upon the persons of starving scholars and soldiers of adventure. But neither history nor fiction records that roving poets and scholars and philosophers have fallen by the wayside having pocket copies of "The Imitation," "Meditations On the Mass," "Maxims of Father Faber," or "Sayings of the Little Flower." "He that followeth me walketh not in darkness," has been proved by the companionship of books.

A list of suitable Catholic novels suggested by Father O'Neill is an interesting bit of exclusion. He names authors and books:—Dr. Barry, Canon Sheehan, Rev. Hugh Benson, John Ayscough, Wiseman's "Fabiola," Newman's "Callista" and "Loss and Gain," Keon's "Dion and the Sibyls," F. Marion Crawford, Maurice F. Egan, Mary Agnes Tinckner, Georgiana Fullerton, Christian Reid, Boyle O'Reilly's "Moondyne," Kathleen O'Meara's "Narka," Mrs. Craven,

Rosa Mulholland, F. S. D. Ames, J. C. Heywood, Anna T. Sadler, Richard Malcolm Johnston, Justin McCarthy, Frank Spearman, Mrs. Dorsey, Henry Harland, Rev. John Talbot Smith, and Isabel C. Clarke.

There is no use in comparing Isabel Clarke's new novels, "Lady Trent's Daughter" and "Ursula Finch" with Enid Dennis's new and first novel, "Mr. Coleman, Gent.," as to points of superiority in strength or beauty. They are types of novels that appeal to two distinct classes of readers, each of which will have its kind of fiction. Miss Clarke writes primarily for the entertainment of her readers. She presents this in wholesome, mildly exciting, picturesque situations and characters. She inserts Catholic truth in incident and plot which makes her stories not only entirely pleasing and satisfying to many who would otherwise read unwholesome fiction. Enid Dennis who is a poet of religious themes carries her fervor to her first novel. It is intense with purpose. Its smooth literary form is purposeful,—its theme, the persecution of English Catholics in Charles II's time, is evidently purposeful. It has, moreover, a history. It was written before Benson's "Oddfish," on the same theme, and held from publication in deference to his book. By some it will be considered a better book than Father Benson's. *Herald* readers will be interested in Mr. Edward Coleman as a Franciscan Tertiary, who in prosperity laid aside his cord and scapular, and put them on again when martyrdom for the faith was open to him. After reading this story, we may be ready for the tranquilizing domestic studies of "Ursula Finch" and "Lady Trent's Daughter."

Likewise, we may turn for an hour from the stern and appalling yet inspiring realities of life in Ireland to Katharine Tynan's picture of peace in "The Love of Brothers."

FRANCIS THOMPSON

POET OF THE RETURN TO GOD

By CATHARINE MCPARTLIN

WITH THE ominous signs of social decay of recent years throughout the world, and particularly in England, with storm clouds menacing for a generation, it is not to be wondered at that a group of keen-sighted patriots in England should have turned to the sole and forgotten source of national stability—a revival of Catholicity. Wilfrid Meynell had for this purpose founded the magazine *Merric England*, which should restore his countrymen "to the good humor which had been the possession of the saints." He and his circle of brilliant and worthy Catholic poets and prose writers were the soil which produced the great English poet of our day. To the Meynells, moreover, was given the divinely appointed mission of discovery and rescue of this poet who, humanly viewing, except for them must have perished without fulfillment of his gifts. Associated by some critics with his contemporary, Coventry Patmore, Francis Thompson has also been compared to Shakespeare, to Shelley; and in his poems addressed to Mrs. Meynell, Patmore has compared him with St. John of the Cross. The pathos of his physical weakness and languor and the extraordinary vigor and power of his work are two elements of his enduring fame. For these together show the grace of God redeeming an erring soul. This is a time, not alone in England, of a return to the Catholic Faith by misguided and unfaithful nations and people; and Francis Thompson is, as he wished to be, the poet of the return to God. From Crashaw, Cowley, Southwell, and other earlier English poets, and from the Saints he has drawn inspiration, renewing the Catholic tone and spirit of the time of Tyburn's martyrs and other heroic periods in English history. Yet his own sad, broken life gives a different note and hue to literature. In some mysterious way, he seems to have been martyred for Catholic literature. Out of his loneliness, poverty, sickness, desolation, and degradation came "The Hound of Heaven," the poem of a soul's redemption.

Francis Thompson wrote for the most classical minds of his day. Classical and profound in thought and structure, his poems can not be appreciated by the larger reading public except through study and interpretation.

A brief knowledge of his life is a help to understanding of his work, after which in turn a study of his written work illuminates his life story. From him already a host of new writers draw poetic and religious inspiration; he has conquered prejudice among critics and readers. He has a place in the newer histories of English literature and works of literary criticism; yet this place, though gratifying to Catholic readers, bears no comparison with the place his triumphing personality holds in the march of those forces which made him a poet. As he prophesies, in "Lilium Regis," his "song shall see and wake" the day of revived Catholicity.

Born at Preston, Lancashire, England, December 16, 1859, Francis Thompson was the second son of the five children of Charles and Mary Thompson. His elder brother and his youngest sister died in infancy. Mary and Margaret, who still survive, the former a nun in Manchester, England, the latter a wife and mother in Canada, were the poet's playmates and his tolerant, if unappreciative audience in his first literary attempts. His father was a physician, kindly, practical, though without discernment of his son's gifts and their dangers. His father's brothers were distinguished for mediocrity in literary work and in judgment of Francis. His mother, it appears, could not fathom the means to save and guide her only son. Francis was a gentle, timid, frail, awkward boy, content to read on a ladder in the book closet, or coax his sisters to let him have their dolls to idealize as fair ladies meet for worship, or to witness with his sisters a cricket match and in play on the beach to write the scores of their cricket heroes in the sand.

At the age of eleven, he was sent to St. Cuthbert's College at Ushaw, to study for the priesthood. His parents had set their hearts upon a sacerdotal vocation for the boy; and it is said by some who knew him best that the disappointment of his failure in the seminary was the deep grief which blighted his after years. His parents, however, whose own disappointment was aggravated by their son's apparent indifference, never suspected such hidden sorrow. He was at Ushaw for seven years, nicknamed Tommy by his tormenting schoolfellows, shunning active games, known for his hitching,

weakly walk, his thin shoulders, his love of books, and his gentle behavior. He made a good impression on his teachers; and his failure was due to absentminded indifference or indolence, as nearly as his defect can be named, which he did not overcome. In his later years at Ushaw, he was distinguished for his literary work, and ranked high in languages. At this time he wrote humorous poems and cricket verses; and at eighteen he had attained the most robust and normal stage of his development.

On his failure at Ushaw, his father induced him to enter as a medical student, and having taken lectures and passed an examination at home, he entered Owen's College, Manchester. His natural reticence now led him to deception, which in a normal youth would be counted a serious fault. For six years he pretended to attend the lectures, briefly reported to his parents after each examination, "I have not passed," and meanwhile amused himself in reading poetry and no doubt in practicing writing, and in following his own solitary bent. In the early courses at Owens, in 1879, he fell ill of fever; and he is thought to have had his first taste of laudanum at this time. A strange coincidence it is that at this time his mother made him a gift of De Quincey's "Confessions of an English Opium Eater," thinking perhaps to warn her son against possible danger. She died a year later; and this book was to Francis a direct occasion of the vice which in imitation of De Quincey, he deliberately and secretly embraced. Encouraged by De Quincey's conquest of the drug, he thought to follow the experiences of this man and still escape. Later, he was to write papers on Coleridge's similar plight while himself suffering from slavery to the drug. While still with his family, he was often thought to have been drinking. Thus a double deceit was the main sin of his life.

Says Katherine Dregy: "He fought from the first against great odds. Often, by men's poor judgment, he seemed to fail. But he never betrayed nor ever weakly temporized his Vision of the Ideal."

What these heavy odds were we easily see—frail health, lack of parental understanding and control, gifts out of proportion, and consequent lack

of poise. His Vision of the Ideal is his love of the Beauty which he saw in the Catholic Faith and which even when he ceased to follow the precepts of his Faith, he yet kept before him. His literary work, done in squalor and misery, conformed to this Ideal, and though he was to call cabs and sell matches in London for food and clothing, he wrote only as he was destined to write.

After his failure at Owens and the discovery of his deception, his father as sternly as was possible to a kindly and gentle man, bade his son enlist if he could not find some means of support; and after one or two small business ventures, Francis did try to enlist, for which of course he was physically unfit. His homecomings were sad and cheerless despite his sisters' cordial affection, and he finally departed to London to support himself by literary work. Here he found himself unfit for many things, and sinking low in discouragement, in the slavery of opium, and in physical misery, he passed the dreary days and nights, houseless, friendless, and fleeing from God, which he has again and again recorded in his splendid poems and has told in full in his masterpiece of verse, "The Hound of Heaven." In these experiences he has brought down to our time the experiences of bygone geniuses, Shakespeare, De Quincey, Goldsmith, and by God's mercy he has redeemed such experiences, completed them with a fitting climax—the finding again of God.

From these dark scenes he brought the shining rays of God's grace which reach the most desolate scenes; and he was quick to see this grace in the most lowly and abject types of human nature. Thus he records the instance of the street waif—"a spring flower,—dropped from the budding coronal of Spring," who aided him in his houseless misery in the dark,—"who—of her pittance scant—did give—that I might eat and live—then fled a swift and trackless fugitive."

Sick, starved, baffled and repulsed, he was even then reading the best and writing better than much of this best. He had read Meynell's *Merrie England* while at home, and he knew the purpose and spirit of the review and of its circle of writers. Though on the brink of despair, he sent, in a time of utter penury, a number of manuscripts, prose and verse, to *Merrie England*, dropping them into the letter box instead of mailing them, and sending a letter which, while expecting repulse, begged for an early reply. Among these manuscripts, soiled and

untidy from the circumstances of the writing, was the article, "Paganism, Old and New." This after six months of filing, caught the attention of Wilfrid Meynell, who at once replied favorably to the unknown writer, asking him to call. His letter never reached Francis Thompson; and after waiting, the editor published one of the poems, "The Passion of Mary," thinking to attract the author's attention. At once Francis wrote, asking an explanation; and this time he received the editor's friendly letter. Thus Francis at last found not only a publisher but a friend and a savior. Wilfrid Meynell had recognized the genius and the soul of the waif, and he was fitted to win him back to fellowship and to God. The happy discovery that Francis was a cousin of Mrs. Meynell was but an attendant circumstance to the intimacy which he presently enjoyed with the editor's family. Alice Meynell, no less than her husband, became his star of hope, when at length he could be persuaded that the days of failure were past and that success was at hand. Now that he was recognized as a poet, all his eccentricities were understandable; and pathetically we note that his father, learning of his son's success, exclaimed, "If the lad had but told me!"

Francis now began literary work in earnest, and a greater undertaking,—the giving up of opium. One can not but think, in view of his wonderful rescue, his child-like obedience and providential aid, that the prayers of his cloistered sister Mary had part in shaping his redemption. He now went to stay with the Jesuits at Storrington; and while under their care he wrote the "Life of Saint Ignatius," a brilliant work, done in obedience and for the restoration of his mind, yet done with the greatest enthusiasm and enjoyment. Later he was housed in the post office and then in a cottage, and had the freedom of the country quiet and air to bring back health. Here he wrote the "Ode to the Setting Sun," in 1889, the opening lines inspired by three street musicians. The imagery of this poem shows how the beauty of God's House and of the truths of Faith had possessed his mind. At Storrington also he wrote the famous "Essay on Shelley" which the Dublin Review rejected and which was not published until after his death, twenty years later. His prose is poetic and has the same sweeping vigor as his verse.

His first volume of poems, "Sister Songs," addressed to Alice Meynell and her children, created a sensation in literary circles, winning praise and

blame from notable critics. His excesses in the use of words, some critics feared his friends would pass over too lightly; hence these peculiar uses of English are severely criticized. His archaic words, his multiplied meanings, his double superlatives, and his coining of new words, these and his riotous and vivid imagery were points for attack. In 1891 he wrote "The Hound of Heaven," which was not published until 1895. Cardinal Manning had met and befriended Francis, and at the great Cardinal's death in 1892, Thompson wrote "To the Dead Cardinal of Westminster."

At this time Francis went to the Franciscan monastery at Pantasaph, Wales, and here he found most congenial company. "Poetry clung about the cowls of his Order," wrote Francis, in dealing with the works of St. Francis and of Thomas of Celano. He had the right companions, as far as any were admitted, for the new periods of composition," comments Everard Meynell on this chapter in Francis's life. Father Anselm and Father Alphonsus were his friends. They established the Roger Bacon Society, secured his contributions and Patmore's for the *Franciscan Annals*, and drew Francis out into speech by subtle contradiction of his pet theories. "From the Night of Forebeing," a deeply mystical poem, was thought by the friars to have the spirit of St. Francis's "Laudes Domini." The long talks between Francis and Fr. Anselm are recalled in the friar's later notes inviting the poet to keep an occasional feast with them. Their interest in him followed him to his last hour, and at the last he was invited, did he so choose, to come to them.

Father David Bearn, S. J., wrote in the *Irish Monthly* of meeting Francis at Pantasaph at the time of the Portiuncula. The poet had just made a pilgrimage to St. Winefride's well. Coventry Patmore, too, a Tertiary of St. Francis, came to Pantasaph in 1894, and having been reassured by Fr. Anselm as to the orthodoxy of Patmore's "Religio Poetae," Thompson accepted the older poet as a determining influence for his future work. They now walked and talked together, and exchanged letters. On Patmore's death in 1896, Francis went back to London. His personality as returning health of mind and body had formed it, was marked by a laugh as light and merry as a child's, a delight in the society of children, enthusiasm in discussion of what interested him, which might be religion, poetry, or food. He had a blunt, childlike habit of stating

his likes and dislikes regarding food, and though he had starved he was yet very fastidious. He could not keep appointments, having no sense of time; and he was usually late with his contributions.

Rev. Michael Kelly, C. S. Sp., in an edition of "The Hound of Heaven" prepared for school study, says:

"The comparison of his poverty with that of St. Francis of Assisi, although ingenious and sympathetic, has however, but one main foundation, namely poverty! They were both poor, but Francis Bernardone was poor by set choice and purpose, while Francis Thompson was poor by accident and indolence. Poverty to the one was the basis of a divine life, to the other it was but a helpless condition of existence. To say, nevertheless, that they had nothing in common would be wrong; both arrived at the same point, detachment, but through ways as differing and as different as prodigality differs from charity."

Everard Meynell, too, compares the poverty of St. Francis and Francis Thompson, citing the incident of the Assisian's dining on broken bread on a flat stone, and praising the treasure of Providence which had bestowed all things; whereas, Poverty gave Thompson "the restaurant's doubtful tablecloths, or maybe he ate from paper bags," and he never drank from the clear stream. Yet he could praise the excellence of the beef set before him in Westbourne Grove: "Here Evie, get what I like, here the beef is always good, excellent, Evie, excellent say." He could likewise declare, "I ate mutton!"

"Both Franciscans said that happiness was stored in self-denial, but Francis of Assisi was the quicker to make good his statement by immediate happiness." This is the best part of Meynell's comparison. In fact a biography so full as is Meynell's and so intimate a revelation paints a man quite different from the one we shall see and now through his poetry alone. Hence it is a kind of corrective of Meynell's portrait to turn to the poems and read and let Thompson speak for himself at his best.

In his best written work there is no sign of weakness, languor, or depression, but instead power, forcefulness, triumph in the final use of his gifts which had set him apart from some and fellows. Swiftly, passion, longing, aspiring, a purity of imagery marked with the English fashion of expression, he runs, flies, clinging "to the whistling mane of every wind."

Yet it is not the flight of passion, but the flight from Christ that spent him.

Thus "The Hound of Heaven" begins:

"I fled Him down the nights and down the days,
I fled Him down the arches of the years,
I fled Him down the labyrinthine ways
Of my own mind, and in the mist of tears
I hid from Him, and under running laughter,
Up vistaed heights I sped;
And shot, precipitated,
Adown Titanic glooms of chasmed fears,
From those strong Feet that followed,
followed after."

The ode tells the story of his life, his disappointment in quest of love among family and friends, in quest of fellowship with children, with Nature, and the final crushing weight of Christ's overtaking. Now he visions himself and his errors:

"Naked I wait Thy Love's uplifted stroke,
My harness, piece by piece, Thou hast hewn from me,
And smitten me to my knee;
I am defenseless utterly.
I slept, methinks, and woke,
And slowly gazing, find me stripped in sleep.
In the rash lustihood of my young powers,
I shook the pillaring hours,
And pulled my life upon me; grimed with smears,
I stand amid the dust o' the mounded years,—
My mangled youth lies dead beneath the heap.
My days have crackled and gone up as smoke,
Have puffed and burst as sun-starts on a stream.
Yea, faithless now even dream
The dreamer, and the lute the lutanist;
Even the linked fantasies in whose blossomy twist
I swung the earth a trinket at my wrist,
Are yielding; cords of all too weak account
For earth, with heavy griefs so overplussed."

In this stanza and in the conclusion, he anticipates the conditions of his last hours, when poetry should fail him. Death's trumpet sound and Christ's Love restore what He has taken away for a time.

While the mysticism of Thompson's writings constitute their chief beauty and power, as much has been written concerning his art. His use of words is bold and to some critics displeasing. He packs words with meanings which

must be wrested from the maze before the reader can fully appreciate the whole; and such poetry came suddenly upon a superficial public. He masses classical allusions to form a figure, a large picture which, slowly to most minds, paints itself before the reader's eye. Thus he forecasts his premature death in "The Hound of Heaven":

"I dimly guess what Time in mists confounds;

Yet ever and anon a trumpet sounds
From the hid battlements of Eternity.
Those shaken mists a space unsettle,
then

Round the half-glimpsed turrets wash again,

But not ere him who summoneth

I first have seen enwound

With glooming robes purpureal, cy-
press-crowned;

His name I know and what his trumpet saith.

"An Anthem of Earth" shows well these three characteristics of Francis Thompson,—his use of words, figures, and imagery; to quote again concerning death:

"In a little peace, in a little peace,
Like fierce beasts that a common thirst
makes brothers,

We draw together to one hid dark lake;

In a little peace, in a little peace,
We drain with all our burthens of dishonour,

Into the cleansing sands o' the thirsty grave.

The fiery poms, brave exhalations,
And all the glistening shows o' the seeming world,

Which the sight winks at, we unwinking see

Through the smoked glass of death;
death wherewith's fined

The muddy wine of life; that earth doth purge

Of her plethora of man . . .

Pontifical Death that doth the crevasse bridge

To the steep and trifid God."

Here, for example, the word *pontifical* reaches forward to the word *bridge*, with one meaning, and with another meaning to the final phrase "trifid God."

Not all of Thompson's verse can be called instantly clear, or a model for new writers; yet it may be seen that such stanza as the following from "A Corymbus For Autumn" is sufficient to teach the art of poetry to many young writers, and many of these today are echoing his symbolism in the service and praise of God:

"The cowléd night

Kneels on the Eastern sanctuary stair,

What is this feel of incense everywhere?
 Clings it round folds of the blanch-
 amiced clouds,
 Upwafted by the solemn thrifer,
 The mighty Spirit unknown,
 That swingeth the slow earth before
 the embannered Throne?"

The foregoing poems illustrate his deepest verse. "Assumpta Est Maria" and others not named belong with these, piercing the depths of theology and philosophy. We may find, however, simple poems with which to rest from study and yet behold the heart of the poet. These are chiefly his poems to children (the Meynell children), Viola, Monica, and his god-child Francis, to other children casually met, to the Infant Jesus, and several short poems, some of which were among his papers after his death.

"The Poppy," "To A Daisy," "In No Strange Land," are some of his most popular short poems. The last named, with its "drift of pinions" has become familiar through the work of other poets of late. A specimen of his prose essays and a letter will sufficiently reveal the man in his work.

The following is from Thompson's description of his early acquaintance with the Bible:

"The Bible as an influence from the literary standpoint has a late but important date in my life. As a child I read it, but for its historical interest. Nevertheless, even then I was greatly, though vaguely, impressed by the mysterious imagery, the cloudy grandeur, of the Apocalypse. Deeply uncomprehended, it was, of course, the pageantry of an appalling dream; insurgent darkness, with wild lights flashing through it; terrible phantasms insupportably revealed against profound light, and in a moment no more; on the earth hurryings to and fro, like insects of the earth at a sudden candle; unknown voices uttering out of darkness darkened and disastrous speech; and all this in motion and turmoil, like the sands of a fretted pool. Such is the Apocalypse as it inscribes itself on the verges of my childish memories. In early youth it again drew me to itself, giving to my mind a permanent and shaping direction. In maturer years Ecclesiastes (casually opened during a week of solitude in the Fens) masterfully affected a temperament in key with its basic melancholy. But not till quite later years did the Bible as a whole become an influence. Then, however, it came with decisive power. . . . In the first place its influence was mystical; it revealed to me a whole scheme of exist-

ence, and lit up life like a lantern."

Though interesting as personal reminiscence, this is rather a weak expression of the Bible's power, especially in the last figure. Better is a quotation from the essay on Shelley:

"The universe is his box of toys. He dabbles his hands in the sunset. He is gold-dusty with tumbling amid the stars. He makes bright mischief with the moon. He teases into growling the kennelled thunder, and laughs at the shaking of its fiery chain. He dances in and out of the gates of heaven. He runs wild over the fields of ether. He chases the rolling world. He gets between the feet of the horses of the sun. He stands in the lap of patient Nature, and twines her loosened tresses after a hundred willful fashions, to see how she will look nicest in poetry."

After Coventry Patmore's death, Thompson devoted himself chiefly to reviewing and journalism. He suffered from depression and various other ailments, and was aware that his strength was ebbing. For a time he was the guest of Mr. Wilfrid Blunt at his country place; he visited the friars at Crawley, on a return from one of which visits he went, at the advice of Wilfrid Meynell, to the hospital of St. John and St. Elizabeth, where within ten days he passed to a better life, resigned and unafraid at the last, November 13, 1907. Of his letters, two to Monica Meynell picture his happy days and his growing weakness:

"Dear Monica,—

"I would have answered you long since if I had not been so worried with work that I do not know how to get through it. Having got rid of my poem, I have taken a little rest from work, to which I had no right, and my neuralgia seems happily to have got better—though I am almost afraid to say so, for I still feel very weak and jaded, so that it might easily return. Therefore I take this moment to write.

"Most warmly and sincerely I congratulate you, dear Monica, on what is the greatest event in a woman's life—or a man's, to my thinking. . . . Extend to him if he will allow me, the affection which you once—so long since—purchased with a poppy in that Friston field. 'Keep it,' you said, 'as long as you live.' I have kept it, and you with it dearest. . . . I am ill at saying all I doubtless should say to a young girl on her engagement. I have no experience in it, my Monica. I can only say I love you; and if there is any kind and tender thing I should have said, believe it is in my heart, though it be not here."

We too are saddened when we view

his story humanly, and are relieved to turn once more to his work and to its continuance among others, which keeps before us the mercy and love of God making wrong right and bringing good from evil. To Thompson it was given at least to be a priest of song—in the words of a priest-poet, "wedding the Church again to art." Purity of mind and heart he kept through all his waywardness. His love of women matched his devotion to Mary. Like Saint Francis he loved flowers, birds, children, men, poverty, and holiness, and deeply he loved God. His loyalty to the Church is most strikingly revealed in a poem with which one may well close, prophetic as it is of our day, and claiming an influence in this time,—
 "Lilium Regis":

"O, lily of the King, low lies thy silver wing,

And long has been the hour of thine unqueening,
 And thy scent of Paradise on the night wind spills its sighs,
 Nor any take the odors of its meaning
 O, lily of the King, I speak a heavy thing,—

O, patience, most sorrowful of Daughters!

Lo, the hour is at hand for the troubling of the land,
 And red shall be the breaking of the waters.

Sit fast upon thy stalk when the blast shall with thee talk,

With the mercies of the King for thine awning,

And the just understanding that thine hour is at hand,
 Thine hour at hand with power in the dawning.

When the nations lie in blood, and their kings a broken brood,
 Look up, O most sorrowful of Daughters!

Lift up thy head and hark, what sounds are in the dark,
 For His feet are coming to thee on the waters.

O, lily of the King, I shall not live the sing,—

I shall not see the hour of thy queening,

But my song shall see and wake life as flower that dawn winds shake
 And sigh with joy the odors of its meaning.

O, lily of the King, remember the thing

That this dead mouth sang, and thy daughters,—

As they dance before His way, sin there on the Day

What I sang when the night was on the waters."

GLORIA FRANCISCANA

By MARIAN NESBITT

THE SUN was setting, though the large ruby-red disk still lingered above the mountains across the water—lingered as if reluctant to leave a scene so peaceful and so fair. Overhead, in the blue sky, "each cloudlet crossing, drifted like a scarlet feather"; while trees and rocks and headlands caught that strange flush—even the white wings of the gulls taking on a warm rosy glow.

Southward and westward, a broad band of dazzling gold lay gleaming on the distant waste of shimmering

I can not say. I only remember that, on this particular evening, I thought that all in a moment I found myself walking up my favorite valley. The sunlight still touched the higher slopes of the mountains on either hand; but the green vale itself was filled with amethystine mists that floated up and ever upward to the azure dome above, as fragrant clouds of incense rise in dim and solemn sanctuaries when the Benedictin hymns are done.

No breath of wind disturbed the

figure, thin almost to emaciation, yet instinct with an indomitable energy. The face gracious and joyous, the dark eyes radiant with the wonderful light of the eager spirit behind them—truly a unique and fascinating personality. Moreover, it was impossible not to feel that here was a man who would penetrate to the heart of a question, and thread his way through many difficulties "with the easy grace of one who walks in a breezy morning on an open down"; not of the anxious seeker who stumbles and gropes in gloom through



pen sea, which gradually, as twilight fell, would turn from a lovely violet tint impossible to describe—to pale dove-gray.

Nearer, bathed in a magical apricot haze, rose the two islands that always end an added charm to the picture.

Standing close to the wide-flung asement, I looked across to the opposite coast—that "other side" which, because unknown and unexplored, seems to possess such a mysterious ascination. Is it because, like the East, it will "always win a glory from its being far"?

exquisite calm of the scene, and I stole on, enveloped, so to speak, in a sort of spiritual enchantment, for over all hung a peace so perfect that it appeared a reflex of the holy stillness which fills the House of God, and the place where His glory dwelleth.

Lifting my eyes, I became aware that near the summit of the mountain, on my right, a procession was wending its way. Slowly and with reverent mien, the forms moved along in stately order. Before them, like a herald, a small winged seraph, and at their head walked a slight, brown-clad

a perplexing labyrinth. In his hands, which bore the marks, as it were, of nails, he carried a crucifix, and the mere sight of him filled me with an emotion piercingly sweet.

Following him, two by two, were others, familiar and dear from their pictured faces in the lives of them which I had read. First was the eldest son of St. Francis, the beloved Saint of the hidden life, Fra Antonio of Padua, who delighted to pray and labor unseen, cherishing in the innermost depths of his heart the heavenly favors bestowed on him; while he did

his utmost to conceal from all his extraordinary gifts of nature and of grace, thus meriting the vision of his Lord, whom he clasped and held in the form of a little child.

St. Bonaventure, by his side, also recalled the fact—too often forgotten—that the Friar Minor was by no means always “the simple zealot, drawing all his love from the Gospels, and the world of nature and experience around;” but equally to be found “seated in the chair of Universities, and at the right hand of dignitaries, swaying the minds of men through the intellect as much, or even more, than through the heart.”

Then I described the lowly-minded, but world-renowned Duns Scotus, the Doctor Subtilis, and the ardent defender of the dogma of the Immaculate Conception.

Soon St. Clare, St. Colette, Louis—Saint and King, the venerable Curé d'Ars, little St. Louis—the boy martyr of Japan, St. Rose of Viterbo, and many another passed before me, as I stood spellbound, till the voice of the Seraph proclaimed in silvery accents: “Behold the glory of the Franciscan Order; but let not thy gaze rest only on the sublime heights to which these Blessed ones have attained. Cast thine eyes downward into the valley. Understandest thou not that this same valley, spanned by a rainbow, is but a type or figure of the world wherein men dwell, and where, in the streets and crowded alleys of its great cities, and in its schools and colleges, the sons of the Little Poor One labor as they have labored through many ages, and will labor till time shall be no more; for the spirit of St. Francis is not dead, nor can it ever die.”

Roused to a strange enthusiasm by these words, I glanced down as I was bidden, and at once discerned another long and ceaselessly moving procession.

Yes, sin, and sorrow, and crime, I thought, may seem to prevail here below. The work of the friars may even appear to be a broken arc; but after all, it is “the arc of the rainbow, sweeping and glorious, leaving behind it in the hearts of men a remembrance of ethereal beauty, and a message of deathless hope.”

And as I watched the tireless, sandaled feet walking so swiftly on their errands of mercy, the shadows of the fast-gathering twilight fell swiftly upon the valley, and with a start I found myself once more beside the open window.

Herself and Pat

Herself and Pat were everywhere together,
You'd see them by the door in summer weather,
Or working in the small potato plot,
Or picking garden herbs to grace the pot,
Or driving to the market with the ass,
Or trudging sturdily the roads to Mass,
Or helping some poor soul her ground to till,
Or calling on a neighbor who was ill,
Or smiling on a couple newly-wed,
Or following the coffin of the dead,
Or in the winter by the turf fire sitting,
He with his pipe, she with her bit of knitting,
Silent perhaps, but ready for a chat
Should any one drop in, herself and Pat.

Nor chick nor child was left their lives to share,
The floor on which the children played was bare;
Ten used to answer to a mother's call,
Death and America had claimed them all;
Two she had buried and the rest were fled
Over the sea, and were as they were dead.
For they had merged in the new life afar,
Had not been fortunate as others are,
But tangled in the toils of straitened ways
Had found that even the Promised Land betrays.
And so, as both of them grew old and worn,
Even as before the birth of their first-born,
Beside the hearth with no one but the cat
They found themselves at last, herself and Pat.

Yet no complaint was ever on their lips,
Although uneasy when one spoke of ships,
Or trains, or cars, that carried people off,
Herself, perhaps, would give a little cough
And smile and say, “Bad scan to that east wind,
It always sets me coughin' in the ind.”
And so go on to talk of other things
As if she feared for Pat the bitter stings
That lay in such a topic. For to her
He was as one to whom she must defer
As to a child who must be shielded quite
From things that her strong soul could bear all right.
While he toward her was much the same as that,
So kind was each to each, herself and Pat.

And so they lived; and so they loved and died.
No child of theirs above their coffin cried;
But friends and neighbors gathered at the wake
And mourned their passing, for old friendship's sake.
Their deaths were hardly half an hour apart.
So close united were they, heart to heart,
That when her soul that was so strong and bright
Soared from her clay, his spirit, too, took flight,
As if he could not bear to stay behind
Her who had been so faithful and so kind.
The tale is commonplace enough, I know,
To me a memory of the long ago,
For many a time beside their fire I sat;
May God be good to both, herself and Pat!

—Denis A. McCarthy.



Fireside Talks & Tales Children's Corner

CONDUCTED BY ELIZABETH ROSE

THE PURIFICATION

Before the Golden Temple gates
Sweet Mary waits;
Two tender doves close in her palm
Lie still and calm,
Within their little breasts no fear
So near to her.

The offering of the poor she brings
The King of kings
It is for whom she meekly bends,
And Simeon tends
The innocent white birds of peace
For His release.

Her little Babe, her little Son
Must back be won
By sacrifice to Heaven made.
God's law obeyed,
God's Mother offers to His love
Her lowly dove.

THE STORY OF THE MADONNA DELLA SEDIA

IN THE December number of our HERALD, you all saw the beautiful *Madonna della Sedia* (the Madonna of the Chair) and read about its painter, Raphael, one of the greatest artists the world has ever known, a devout Catholic and member of the Third Order of St. Francis. Did you ever read the pretty story that is connected with this celebrated picture?

In a village a few miles from Rome there lived, in Raphael's time, a vintner, or wineseller, who had a fair young daughter named Maria. She was as good as she was pretty, and eloped with all around her for her kind heart and pleasant ways. Not far from the village there was a deep wood, in which dwelt an old hermit, loved by all the villagers as a saint. Maria often sought him out, bringing him the fruits of her garden and many little comfort for his poor hut, hidden beneath the overhanging oaks of the forest. One summer day a terrible storm arose, the like of which had never been known in the neighborhood. The villagers, terrified, called on heaven to protect them, with little

thought of the poor old hermit right there in the heart of the wood, exposed still more than they to the flashing of the lightnings and the rolling of the thunders above his helpless head. One there was, however, who remembered him.

"My father," cried Maria, "the hermit, the poor hermit! What will become of him?"

But all around her felt that the danger was too great for any to go to his succor. Maria saw this; she said no more. But out into the pitiless storm, through lightning and tempest that tore the breath from her slender body and all but stopped the beating of her brave young heart with fright and pain, she flew. It was impossible to find the object of her search in all the tumult and groaning and tossing of the great trees beneath which she ran; but suddenly, in a lull of the wind, she heard his feeble voice calling her name somewhere above her. She looked up; and there he was, crouching in the branches of a magnificent oak, holding with all his poor strength to their friendly support for refuge. The young girl lost not an instant. With a prayer to God on her lips to save them both, she managed, with the greatest difficulty, to climb to where he huddled, and succeeded in bringing him safe to ground again; while all about them the tempest raged and tree after tree fell beneath the sharp strokes of the lightning. Both were exhausted. They sank to the earth together, just as Maria's father and a party of men from the village came up in search of them. So they were carried to safety with thanksgivings and cheers. By evening the storm had passed away, leaving a lovely heaven of stars shining above the little cottage where the old hermit and the vintner's good family knelt in prayer before they slept, thanking God for His mercy to them all. As they rose from their knees, he turned to the young girl, asking his blessing.

"God's blessing on thee, thou good child," said he, "and on the oak that gave me shelter. Mayst thou and it win fame that will never die in this world, and may its branches shelter

thee everlastingly in the world to come!"

Years passed. Maria, now a happy young wife and mother, sat one day at the open door of her father's shop, her beautiful child in her arms, the young boy of a neighbor playing around them both, and smilingly watched father and husband working in the open space before her, putting their wine into a number of tubs and casks that stood about.

"See, Maria mia," called her husband, holding up the top of a large round cask. "This top is made from the wood of the hermit's old oak, into which you climbed in the storm to save him. Do you remember? It fell last winter, and we have made some of our casks from its wood."

"Ah, the dear old hermit," said Maria. "It was not so long after that he climbed whither I could not follow him—even into Paradise."

"And the blessing he left on you and it—you remember that also?" her husband went on laughing. "But how will Maria, the wife of poor Luigi the vintner, get fame that will never die, and how will this oak that is all in pieces and even turned to the top of a wine cask become known throughout the world?"

As he jested, a party of three young men passed by on their way to Rome. Artists were they, ready for beauty of any kind that God should put in their way.

"Look!" cried one, seemingly the principal of the three. "A pencil, quick! In that chair over there sits my Madonna, whom so long I have sought. Is she not beautiful, with that lovely child in her arms? And see! there is John the Baptist ready to my hand! By your leave, friend," he added, drawing from the hands of the astounded Luigi the top of the cask and hastily sketching upon it the outline of the little group in front of him, seated beneath the vine-hung door of the vintner's shop.

"Nay, vintner," said his friend Pietro to Luigi, standing with mouth agape, uncertain whether to frown or smile, "thank you your good stars that we pass this way today, for 'tis Mes-

sire Raphael, the great Raphael, who this moment hands down the girl—your wife?—and your oaken top to fame in this world that will never die.”

And so it proved. The top was taken to Rome; the pencil sketch upon its surface was renewed in oil; and Maria and the oaken top will be known while the world holds Raphael Sanzio one of the greatest of its artists and his Madonna della Sedia among the greatest of its works of art.

THE PUPPY'S DOLL BABY

BETTY was a puppy—the roundest, roly-polyest, fattest of puppies, as good-natured a bit of life as could be found in the world. Sister Puddings was a great big splendid Angora cat, with a perfect contempt for her owners and everything in the shape of human beings, caring nothing for anything living except herself, her occasional new families and—Betty. It was funny to see how the two would play together. Betty would get the magnificent furry tail of Sister Puddings in her mouth and bite and chew on it with all her little might; while the big cat, almost twice Betty's size, would just sit and blink and yawn without the least resentment. She would even let Betty come in the box and lie down with her and her kittens—which everybody knows is a thing unheard of in cat annals. But who could help liking Betty? One day a little girl in Betty's family dropped a rubber baby-doll in the yard, and never missed it for awhile. Betty's little eye saw the fall, and Betty's little mind was then and there made up. She waited until Dolly's owner was safe in the house. Then she crept up to poor Dolly, who doubtless was feeling very forlorn. She said something to her in dog English, to which of course Miss Dolly made no response. Then Betty gave a fierce little bark. Dolly took no notice. Then Betty got mad. She put out one paw angrily and planted it right down in Miss Dolly's breast. Gracious! How Dolly squeaked! Betty was as scared a puppy as you ever saw. She flew off to a distance and yapped

afrightedly. Dolly said no more. Betty, her courage returning, ventured nearer. Nothing happened. With a sudden leap, Betty jumped right into Dolly's center. Another squeak. This time Betty proceeded to investigate. "Is this thing alive or is it not?" evidently passed through her small brain. Then began a series of jumps and squeaks till it became quite a game. Betty was delighted. Sister Puddings, asleep in her quarters under the steps with her new brood of kittens snuggled into her warm sides, lazily raised her head and blinked out at the sight in the yard beyond. "Me-ow!" she remarked, more from idleness than any other motive; but that me-ow did the business. Without an instant's hesitation Betty seized Dolly in her mouth, flew up the yard and deposited her prize right at Sister Puddings' feet; and they all tucked up and went to sleep together—a funny picture, as seen by a member of the family a little later, the doll in the middle of the kittens, Betty snuggled up tight to kittens and doll, and Puddings peacefully mothering them all.



THE NATIONAL HYMN OF THREE COUNTRIES

EVERYBODY knows that each country has its own particular national anthem; but I wonder how many can give a reason for one of these being so popular that three different lands have adopted it, at different times; as their own? When you hear an Englishman start up "God Save the King," you say at once—"Why, that our 'America' you're singing!" If a Frenchman happens to be standing by, he will say, "That anthem doesn't belong to either of you, English or American. We had it first. England took our words without a much as 'if you please'; and then you Americans helped yourselves to the air and put your own words to it." Now how would that stand in law? I think it would take a Solomon to make out to whom "My Country," "Tis of Thee," "God Save the King," and "Grand Dieu, Sauve le Roi" really belonged. The story runs thus:

In the latter part of the seventeenth century, Louis XIV, King of France, founded a celebrated school called St. Cyr, not far from Paris, where the daughters of many of his impoverished nobles, who could not give them the education their rank called for, were provided for and trained. It became their station through the generosity of the king. Louis loved to steal away from court in the early morning hours and ride to the chapel of St. Cyr in Mass, kneeling there quietly and humbly while the fresh sweet voices of these innocent young girls sang the hymns of the Church which went to his worn-out heart. It became customary to greet him outside the chapel door with "Grand Dieu," "Sauve le Roi" almost the exact words of the present "God Save the King." An English organist, Anthony Young, afterwards took these words and set them to a different air—the one we now use for America—and they became the English national anthem. About one hundred years ago, a Boston minister, Dr. Samuel Francis Smith, took the air and put the words "My Country, 'Tis of Thee" to it.

HOW HE DOES IT

HOW MANY of our boys are on visiting terms with Mr. Chipmunk, Hackee, Chipping Squirrel, and several other names, too many entirely to engrave upon his card? What a pretty little fellow he is, with his orange and brown and gray fur, so soft and thick, and his five long black stripes and two yellowish-white ones on sides and back! And his beautiful snowy throat! I hope none of our young folks have ever made a sound of distress come out of that. Who could help liking the funny, brisk, lively small creature, darting about like lightning through bush and hedge, chirping and cheeping like a young chick, full of joy in the gay world about him! For all his gay and merry ways, Mr. Chipmunk has plenty of sense and foresight. While he runs through the summer world, happy as a lord, playing, doubling, twisting, full of tricks and surprises to younglings trying to get nearer to him than he desires, he is all the time thinking about his winter home, where he is going to have a long, warm, comfortable sleep; and he doesn't intend to leave everything to the last minute, like some of us—that home is going to be ready for him and waiting just when he wants it. So he runs along the pleasant summer roads and woods, testing with his delicate feet as he goes the ground beneath; and he can find out much quicker than you or I, so far above him in the scale of creation, where there lies a hollow under ground, which we should never notice. Generally, this hollow is under some tree or big stone. If Chipmunk likes the feel of it, down he gets to work. He burrows out quickly, but doesn't make any conspicuous mound of the earth he sends flying with his paws. He takes care to throw this possetly afar, so no one will suspect that he is about. Then down, down he goes, in a slanting tunnel, till he reaches bottom. If the den is all he wishes, he begins another tunnel which leads upward and away to a distance, so that it would be very hard to find his winter quarters. Now the clever part of his job is this: The earth which he throws out of this second tunnel on the floor of the den (for he is working upward now, remember), he packs into the shaft through which he found entrance so solidly that it is filled quite up to the surface of the earth, and there remains no sign of how he ever got in! The more we study these wonderful little creatures of God, the more shall we wonder how people can find it in their

hearts to harm them, and the more shall we understand how it was that St. Francis, our own St. Francis, came to love them and call them his little brothers. If you happen to meet a stray Chipmunk, not yet gone to sleep for the winter, be sure not to let on that you know all about his tricks and manners!

A FIRESIDE TALK

Dear Young Folks:

Everybody got a seat? No strangers? Hurry, if so, and let us get comfortably seated round our Fireside to talk about the contents of that little Package we opened last month together. Did you like them? I hope you will like those that are to come, for our first was merely the outside wrapper, you know. This time we will open another, directed to The Home, where we see most of one another, and find what is inside.

POLITENESS PACKAGE, NO. 2

The Table

When in the morning down you come, Don't think because you are at home You needn't say "Good morning!" bright

To those you parted with last night. Let everyone you freshly see

Be greeted with this courtesy.

When to your breakfast you sit down, Don't look about you with a frown; If what you see you do not care for, Take all the same—that's what you're there for!

And don't forget your grace to say— (That's the worst rudeness of the day);

Nor "Thank Thee, Lord," to God so good

Who gives to you your daily food.

Don't be in such a dreadful hurry

That others may feel quite a worry

At seeing you despatch a meal

As if from Time it was a steal.

No noise make, but quietly eat;

(This sometimes may prove quite a feat.)

But do your best and let all see

How Manners and yourself agree.

Don't handle knife and fork like foes,

As for that knife, it never goes

(Remember) to your mouth, unless

You would your ignorance confess.

Don't with your fork assail your food

As if it weren't something good,

But something to be roughly used,

Nor quite enjoyed, but often abused!

And if your soup you wish to sip,

Bring your spoon sideways to your lip.

Just see! Our package holds no more—

Next month we'll have a fresh new store.

THE PUZZLE CORNER

Trees

1. The seashore; 2, a month and a tug; 3, an animal's cloak; 4, determination and the opposite of high; 5, a serpent and a writing implement; 6, an enclosure and a fruit in shells; 7, to waste away; 8, to yield and a part of the verb to be; 9, trim, neat; 10, a large box and a metal screw.

Did You Know How Funny You Were?

- 1—What part of you has pupils but doesn't teach?
- 2—Has two drums but can't beat them?
- 3—Is the smartest part of you?
- 4—Are spring flowers all the year round?
- 5—Can run faster than all the rest of you?
- 6—Can you hang yourself up on the wall with?
- 7—Can you give impudence?
- 8—Can you make a saw with?
- 9—Can you shut down on yourself?
- 10—Can you shoot yourself with?
- 11—Can you mix colors on?

—Clement Lane, Baltimore, Md.

Broken Words

Separate kindly feeling and get excellent and a document.
Separate without end, and get a termination and smaller.
Separate a small cloth, and get a short sleep and relations.
Separate wandering, and get to sin and an insect.
Separate a kind of stick, and get an animal and a color.
Separate a fleet of armed vessels, and get a part of the body and a feminine name.
Separate a narrow opening, and get a noose and a cavity.
Separate a kind of flower, and get an animal and part of a church.
Separate an addition, and get a girl's name and a prefix.
Separate a small bay, and get a proposition and to allow.
Separate a flower, and get formed of gold and a wand.

Answers to January Puzzles

More Jams

1—Elderberry; 2—banana; 3—crabapple; 4—grape; 5—quince; 6—pear; 7—currant; 8—huckleberry; 9—pineapple; 10—mulberry.

Enigma

Christmas.

Greek Cross

r e a m
e m a
a m e n
f a r m a n y e a r
a r e a e l s e
r e a r e a s i a
m a r s e e r e a d
e d n a
e n v y
r a y s

Correct Solutions

Catherine Rutherford, Chicago, Ill.; Marie Zimmer, Ralph Zimmer, Cape Girardeau, Mo.; Margaret Neilligan, Troy, N. Y.; Catherine Burns, Washington, D. C.; Harry Stegmaler, Cumberland, Md.; Hortense Gallet, Pontello, Idaho; Catherine J. Vath, Reading, Pa.; Goldie Glazier, Cudahy, Wis.; Veronica Swoboda, Washington, Mo.; Edna Mae Kemme, St. Bernard, O.; Eleanor Venuk, Lenox, Mich.; Gertrude Koch, Cleveland, O.; Viola Moore, Chicago, Ill.; Bernard Sammon, Wilkinsburg, Pa.; Thora Lewis, Erie, Pa.; Richard Mitchell, Cambridge, Mass.; Isabelle Baker, Casey, Ill.; Catherine E. Sweeney, Chicago, Ill.; Mary Cassidy, Clement Lane, Baltimore, Md.



Franciscan News

Italy.—According to statistics published by Father Arens, of the Society of Jesus, an authority on Catholic missions affairs, the three Franciscan families have in the foreign mission field not less than 1,780 laborers; 1230 of these belong to the Order of Friars Minor. The Society of Jesus comes second with 1,360; and the Society of the Foreign Missions, third with 1,320 missionaries.

Fr. Bruno Katterbach, O. F. M., who resides at the International Franciscan College of St. Anthony in Rome, has been appointed lecturer at the Pontifical School of Paleography and Diplomacy.

L'Osservatore Romano, the official organ of the Vatican, has made an ardent appeal to Italian Catholics to take an active part in the solemnization of the seventh centenary of the Third Order, to the end that the spirit of piety may be diffused and social activity promoted.

The Very Rev. Father General of the Friars Minor has granted to all commissaries and directors of the Third Order the faculty to attach with a simple sign of the cross the indulgences of the stations of the cross to crucifixes.

His Eminence Cardinal Ferrari, Archbishop of Milan, who lately passed to his reward, was a zealous Franciscan Tertiary and an ardent promoter of the Third Order in his diocese.

In the Capuchin convent of Milan, there has been started what promises to be a valuable collection of curios from the missions of Eretia and Brazil. The missionaries are under instructions to send rare specimens of the fauna and flora of these countries and whatever objects may illustrate the customs of the inhabitants.

Ireland.—The report, that Terence McSwiney, the late Lord Mayor of Cork was a Franciscan Tertiary, has been confirmed. His name in religion was Brother Columbkil. Tertiaries may be interested to know that his predecessor in office, Thomas McCurtain also was a son of St. Francis.

On December 3, the Irish Franciscan Province lost through the death of the Very Rev. John Capistran Hanrahan its beloved and esteemed Superior. He was for many years identified with the Seraphic College at Multyfarnham, as professor and rector. He was twice elected Provincial, in 1911 and 1919, and he was only forty-

five years old at the time of his death. R. I. P.

The Tertiary Relief Committee of Athlone sends greetings and thanks to the HERALD readers for their timely aid, and asks them to continue the work of charity; for the need in all parts of Ireland is great and the winter has only just begun.

British East Africa.—Mother Mary Paul writes from Nsambya Mission, Uganda:

"A new mission is offered to us and Mother Abbess has accepted it though she cannot supply Sisters before eighteen months hence. In that time I am expected to beg by letter for the \$7,000 to build with. So this is my first request and it is for prayers and the blessing of the Sons of St. Francis.

"You will be interested to know of the locality where the new convent is to be, so let me tell you, please.

"About thirty miles from here there is a place called 'Jinja.' It is a beautifully high place, overlooking the Ripon Falls. Over the Falls from Lake Victoria Nyanza, begins the century-old puzzle, viz., the source of the Nile. Father Morris has a small mission there, and Jinja is a growing place and is one of the stations chosen for the Air Route proposed. There is no school there, though the population deserves one, as there are many Goans working as clerks and their children are increasing and growing up in ignorance of their religion. St. Francis Xavier did for Goa what St. Patrick did for Ireland and nothing can swerve them from their Faith. They have begged the Bishop to help them prepare the children for the Sacraments and many of them are most anxious to place the little ones with us and pay for them. It is a dreadful risk to have them mixed up with the pagan natives, the Hindoos, etc.; and besides, there are our dear native Catholic children who must be saved from the evil companions of the little town. We are threatened with Salvation Army and Methodist missionaries whose agents have been here recently 'just to take a look,' they say.

"For all these reasons I am after your prayers and the prayers of every soul you can get, that by the Feast of St. Anthony, the required sum—\$7,000—may be at our disposal to begin building. Put in foundation stones of prayer that the spirit of our holy Father St. Francis may live in every

service we render to souls and that from the work contemplated at the source of the Nile, peace, contentment, holiness and perseverance may dominate the hearts and homes of the faithful round us."

England.—At the invitation of the Bishop of Salford, it has been decided by the Capuchin Commissaries Provincial of the Third Order to hold the National Congress of Franciscan Tertiaries in Manchester on June 4, 5, and 6.

Palestine.—Among the Christians recently killed by Bedouin brigands there was also a Franciscan priest, Fr. Leopardo Belluci. He is the seventh victim of Turkish cruelty since the close of the war. Three other Franciscan priests and two lay brothers were murdered in Armenia, and another died of fatigue and hunger.

Washington, Mo.—At the end of a very successful retreat, preached by the Rev. Fr. Hilarion, of Chicago, fifty-nine new members were received into the Third Order.

Teutopolis, Ill.—The triduum, held in this church for the purpose of arousing interest in the Third Order was very fruitful of results. The services, conducted by the well known Franciscan missionary, Fr. Honoratus were all very well attended. Fifteen new members were received.

Joliet, Ill.—The huge mass meeting held under the auspices of the Third Order of St. John's church, was a success as to numbers and results. The addresses of the various speakers among whom we mention Mr. William Bell, former president of the Union Labor Council, Mr. Daniel Harrington attorney-at-law, Dr. John Fahrner Sr., Mr. Antony Matre, K. S. G., well known in Catholic society circles, and Rev. Fr. Ulric, O. F. M., director of the largest Tertiary fraternity in the world, were received with enthusiasm and applause.

Washington, D. C.—*The Crusader Almanac*, published at the Franciscan convent in Washington, D. C., for the benefit of the Holy Land, is henceforth to appear also in Italian, under the name *Il Crociato*. It has been published till now in English, German, and Polish. Such of our readers as may be interested in the Italian edition, will do a good work if they send to Mount St. Sepulchre, Washington, for free copies and distribute them among their friends.

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EDITORIALS

An Important Announcement

OUR READERS will be interested, though perhaps not surprised, to learn that after mature deliberation we have at last decided to open an advertising section in an early issue. They will know that publishers are having troubles of their own these days. If we wish to meet the present high cost of publishing, to keep up the circulation of the magazine (not to speak of increasing the number of its pages or improving its contents by adding new features from time to time), and to continue to support the cause it represents—if we wish to do all this (and who will say that our wishes are unreasonable?) without raising the subscription price, then it is imperative to look about for other sources of income. Although the HERALD is now in its ninth year, we have never solicited or accepted an advertisement; and if now we depart from our policy, our subscribers may be assured that, as Mr. Post would say, "there's a reason." We are quite confident, however, that our readers will welcome this new department. The announcements will not only have real news value, but enable our readers to buy worth while goods at reasonable prices.

We have placed this department in charge of Mr. Joseph H. Meier. A graduate of Marquette University, he engaged for six or seven years in secular newspaper work. For the last fifteen years he has been identified exclusively with Catholic publications. He was editor and manager of "The Official Catholic Directory" for six years under the ownership of H. M. Wiltzius, and for eight years under the present publishers, P. J. Kennedy and Sons. Mr. Meier comes to us highly recommended by his former employers; nor do we doubt that he gained their

esteem and earned their commendations by his efficient and conscientious service and by such qualities of character as go to make up the Catholic gentleman. What we know of him is sufficient to convince us that we could not have put the advertising department in charge of a better man, and we congratulate ourselves on having secured the services of so trustworthy and experienced an advertising manager. It is superfluous to add that Mr. Meier will see to it that none but reliable firms are permitted to use our pages, and that the interests of the buyers are sufficiently protected.

Our readers will understand, however, that it is one thing to secure advertisements, and quite another to satisfy the advertiser that it pays to utilize the pages of FRANCISCAN HERALD as a medium for selling his goods. It is only our readers that can convince our prospective patrons thereof. In fact, it depends entirely on them whether our advertising campaign will prove successful or not. The HERALD has always prided itself on its large circle of loyal friends, and we do not blush to say that without their generous support we should have had to go out of business long since. We are confident, therefore, that they will be with us also in this plan for stabilizing our business and for increasing our powers for good. We do not ask our readers to buy the articles advertised in our columns. We shall leave that appeal to the advertisers. But we do most earnestly beg them that, in case they are already minded to purchase and all things are equal, they give the preference to those firms that buy space in our magazine. By favoring those who favor us, our readers will help us and the missions and themselves. When writing to an advertiser, our readers will do us a real service every time they tell him they saw his ad. in FRANCISCAN HERALD.

The National Catholic Press Month

THE PRESS and Publicity Department of the National Catholic Welfare Council, under the chairmanship of the Right Rev. William Russell, has completed its plans for the observance of what is to be known as the National Catholic Press Month. The department has requested the Holy Father to make the Press Month one of the special intentions of the Apostleship of Prayer during the month of March. The religious communities of the country have been asked to unite their prayers with those of their charges for the success of the undertaking. The Bishops of the country have been urged to support the movement in every way possible. The Catholic societies of men and women, notably the Knights of Columbus, also have been interested. Thirty thousand copies of a pamphlet entitled, "Catholics, Do You Know?" and containing valuable information regarding the Catholic press are ready for distribution.

The special purpose of all these preparations is to increase the circulation of Catholic publications—books, magazines, pamphlets, and particularly newspapers. That something like a national campaign was needed to rouse American Catholics from their indifference to the Catholic press, has long been evident to all. Up to the present the Catholic press of the country has been unable to make its voice heard in national affairs for the simple reason that this voice is too weak. The combined circulation of all Catholic magazines is ridiculously small as compared with the circulation of even one such secular publication as *The Saturday Evening Post*; and the number of copies printed weekly by our diocesan papers would look sickly beside the weekly output of a single first class metropolitan daily. Yet Catholics form over twenty per cent of the population of the United States. This lamentable disproportion between the strength of the secular and that of the Catholic press bodes little good for the future of the Church in this country. For unless all signs fail, a terrible conflict is impending between the forces of atheism and socialism on the one side and the Catholic Church on the other; and this battle will be fought, not with bayonets, but with ideas. It is only the intelligent Catholic, therefore, that will be able to defend the Church's position—the Catholic that is well instructed on the events and questions of the day. And where will he go for this instruction? In the first place, of course, to the teaching body of the Church, the divinely appointed leaders of Christ's flock. But the Sunday sermon must be supplemented by the Catholic press. Without this latter support the work of the clergy will be unavailing.

It is for this reason that the late Pope Pius X warned the pastors of souls that in vain they would construct churches and schools if they neglected to build up a strong Catholic press. The bishops of the country have at length recognized this need; and the National Catholic Press Month is the first practical step to meet the need. We hope our readers will

enter whole-heartedly into this plan and give to the diocesan and local committees that will be entrusted with the execution thereof every aid they are capable of.

Nor must they think they have done their full duty if they have secured a few new subscriptions to this or that Catholic publication and renewed their own. The complaint is frequently heard that Catholics do not read their organs. Personally we should feel very much mortified to know that FRANCISCAN HERALD went into a single home where its pages are seldom, if ever, scanned. If there are among its subscribers such as have paid the subscription price merely as an act of charity—to help along a good work, we should like to inform them that, so far as we are concerned, they may donate their money to some other worthy charity; we shall make shift to go without it. If they are not sufficiently interested in the magazine to read it, we kindly request them so to inform us, and we shall be glad to take their names off our lists and refund them their money. A magazine, Catholic or other, that can not hold the interest of its readers has no right as a magazine to ask their charity.

The Pope and the Third Order

ACCORDING to a press dispatch from Rome, the Holy Father, on the occasion of the seventh centenary of the founding of the Third Order, has issued an encyclical, calling on all mankind to work for a Christian peace of reconciliation and invoking especially the assistance of those belonging to the Third Order of St. Francis.

"True peace," says the encyclical, "is impossible unless it is based on the tranquillity of the soul. Therefore, Christian virtue is necessary. Tertiaries must diffuse Christian spirit and oppose the two worst contemporary evils, namely, the insatiable avidity to possess worldly goods and the unquenchable thirst for pleasure. These evils show themselves in perpetual contest between the proletariat and the rich, as well as in the immodesty of women's dress and modern dancing."

The Holy Father concludes by calling on all to follow St. Francis in his Christlike poverty, humility, and self-sacrifice, and urges the bishops to found and foster Tertiary fraternities as the best means of restoring the peace and of combating the widespread corruption of the world.

The full contents of the letter are not yet known in this country. We dare say that, when they are revealed, the encyclical will appear in every way worthy of the former war and peace messages of the Holy Father. It was to be expected that he would not allow the occasion of the Third Order centenary go by without adverting to it publicly. It seems, however, that he has not been satisfied with merely calling attention to the fact that the Third Franciscan Order has entered on the seven hundredth

year of its existence, but that he has made use of the occasion to promote an institute which, as he rightly says, was so useful amid the civil discord of the Franciscan epoch. The Holy Father, therefore, has again emphasized the timeliness of the Third Order, and pointed out how it may serve a war-torn world. Former Popes have also been of opinion that the Third Order contained within itself an efficacious remedy against the social evils of the times in which they lived. Pope Leo XIII was wont to refer to it as his plan for the social reform of the world. That in past ages the Order realized the hopes reposed in it, is evident from the encomiums some forty Popes have heaped on it; and that it still possesses vitality enough to play an important role in the reconstruction of a shattered civilization, may be inferred from the fact that it is by far the strongest lay organization in the Church, its membership totaling three million. Our argument is this: An organization which, even after seven hundred years, has power to attract so many men and women from every walk of life and from every country of the globe and fill them with the spirit of the Gospel, must itself be filled with something very like the Spirit which has rendered the Church adaptable to every human need and made it proof against the attacks of all the powers of hell.

Franciscan Tertiaries may well feel proud that the Holy Father has seen fit to honor them and their institution by bringing it to the notice of the world and by calling attention in a public document to the fact that he is one of their number. We hope that, wherever they are gathered in fraternities, they will hasten to make declaration of their sentiments of gratitude and loyalty toward their illustrious brother in St. Francis, whom the good Lord may long preserve to His Church and to the world at large.

The Main Work of the National Tertiary Convention

GRANTED that the Third Order, as an institution, has within itself the power to save society, the question may be not impertinent: Is the Third Order in this country fitted for the task? We give it as our measured opinion that it is not at all equipped to undertake any kind of national work; because it lacks the one requisite for such work—organization. So far as we are able to judge—and we shall be glad to be convicted of error—the influence of the Third Order on national, or even local, conditions is nil. There is not a single reform movement of any dimensions with which the Third Order, as such, has identified itself; neither has it launched any undertaking of its own for the betterment of social or moral conditions in any section of the country. We are aware that this is an extremely humiliating, though we hope not damaging, admission. We have made it merely to impress those to whom it may concern with the paramount importance of organiza-

tion. If the Order till now has shown no signs of life, it is because it is as yet a "rudis indigestaque moles"—a rude and shapeless mass. The soul indeed is there—the spirit of its Founder; but it can not function through the body for lack of the proper organs.

It is one of the avowed purposes of the coming national Tertiary convention to give the Order some sort of organization. We are glad that those in charge of convention affairs are alive to the necessity and the opportunity of gathering and grouping the scattered Tertiary forces; and we hope that they will be able to impress the assembled delegates with the urgent need of organization and federation. If the convention adjourns without adopting a clear-cut program of complete organization, national, provincial, sectional, local, the delegates may be regaled with ever so glowing eulogies on the Third Order, they may pass ever so many ringing resolutions for the betterment of the world, and they may leave with ever so great determination to carry them out—we, for our part, shall not hesitate to pronounce the work of the convention an egregious, if not a total, failure.

FRANCISCAN HERALD has preached organization in and out of season from the first year of its existence. It would be as tedious for us as for our readers to revamp the arguments we have adduced at various times. We can not refrain, however, from quoting a passage from Pius X's letter *Tertium Franciscanum Ordinem*, which states the case much more clearly and forcibly than it is within our power to do:

"There never has been a time when the cares and thoughts of the Roman Pontiffs, Our Predecessors, have not been directed to making all the Franciscan Tertiaries one body, as it were, illustrating the charity of the Seraphic Father by this union of hearts. * * * And this same charity should flourish not only among the Tertiaries of each Sodality, but also among the different Sodalities of Tertiaries; just as is the case with various monasteries of all Orders of Religious, so the Sodalities are by their nature bound together in a friendly federation. Here it is well to repeat what we wrote to the Tertiaries of Rome on December 17, 1909: 'It is known that united forces are more effective than individual forces, as we see how earnestly the enemies of Catholicism combine together in order the better to carry out their evil purposes. Therefore, to resist them properly, it is necessary that all the good unite, and chief among these all who by their membership in the Institute of the Patriarch of Assisi should be an example of Christian life and feeling and promote and maintain Christian Faith and morals among the people.'"

Criminal Impropriety

WE HAD supposed that the decadence obvious in the sartorial modes for society women reached their limit last year and that a saner and more decent sense of propriety would evince itself in the revulsion of public taste. But the tendency to bizarre indecency has increased so that now we are offered in our public ballrooms the spectacle

of criminal impropriety—of women's bare legs and painted knees, of naked backs and lewdly veiled bosoms, of transparent skirts and suggestive nudity, of decorated flesh and vulgar exposure generally—the sort of thing that has ever preceded the downfall of civilization. It has no relation whatever to the nudity of innocence, as is perfectly obvious with one glance at the type of dancing women that affects these disgusting extremes, for their whole deportment is so entirely in accord with their scant covering and nastily conceived exposures. They are brazenly inviting a certain kind of attention and they get only the sort of attention they invite. They are degrading all womanhood with their shamelessness at a time when the more worthy of their sex have striven to win and deserve that respect which should rightfully be theirs.

The people are all overwhelmed by the appalling crime wave that has beset the world—not only by murders, robberies and hold-ups, but by the ghastly increase in marital unfaithfulness which clogs the divorce courts and the attacks against women and girls which have become a daily department of the news. The incredible and loathsome conditions can not be overstated. They are widespread, staggering in their viciousness. And we unhesitatingly declare that the preposterous vulgarity and criminal impropriety of that vastly increasing number of women who adopt these indecent modes for "party gowns" is, if not responsible for the dirty conditions, at least a large and important factor. And it is deplorable that as the extremists jump from extreme to extreme the presumably decent women follow. They are slower to adopt the full measure of indecency, but each season finds them "conservatively" following at a respectful distance, so that the modes for decent women today were the extremes of indecency a few short seasons back.

Why do they do it? It is a poor explanation to declare that they thus become more attractive to men. If they are honest with themselves they know very well that the sort of attraction thus engendered makes the lowest possible appeal. If they are honest with themselves they know very well that masculine taste in such matters is absolutely in the hands of women, that the standard they set is the standard which will inevitably be adopted. It has been said that every country gets the women it deserves, but rather would we say that every woman gets the sort of attention she deserves. Intelligent women know this, no matter what their argument to the contrary.

But the women who are going to these disgusting and revolting extremes are not intelligent. Man may be vile, but he also has perception. Observe the women in any public ballroom today—those who expose the most have the least worthy of exposure. These lewd revelations are certainly not in the cause of beauty. It is the fat and podgy or the lean and bony female, for the most part, one who has neither natural physical or mental attraction, that resorts to this means of commanding attention. She makes one appeal, and only one, and that to the very lowest

instincts of masculine human nature. No matter how she may deceive herself to the contrary, she is deliberately catering to the animal passion of men. Beautiful and charming women of mind and character do not feel this urge to trade upon their "private charms." But the unintelligent and dubious female is invariably the one to make a bid for the only sort of attention she can hope to inspire.

Theodore Maynard, now lecturing before the women's Clubs upon the "Imminent Break-up of Civilization," defines civilization as that condition of a people founded upon justice and honor. It is not a question of brilliant inventions, of motor cars, telephones, magnificent hotels, luxury and comfort. It is essentially a state of refinement, culture and HONOR.

"I could not love thee, dear, so well, loved I not honor more."

That HONOR which is the very basis of civilization is essentially chaste. And civilized women must be the essential guardian of chastity and honor. Where women cater to the dishonorable and unchaste there can be no civilization, no sanctity of the home, which should be the very citadel of honor.

Adam in Eden whined that Eve had demoralized him. Eve today whines that Adam and his war have demoralized her. They are both wrong and both culpable. And as in the old biblical story, God will hold both Adam and Eve responsible and both shall be driven from the Garden of Eden, our great modern civilization that is gaining all save honor, that key-stone of the arch without which it must fall to ruin.

And the modern unchastity of women's clothes, the crude, lewd, wholly indefensible appeal to man's lowest instincts, the deliberate trading on the unclean and the lustful side of human nature, is, we repeat, a basic cause of that widespread dishonor and crime that are polluting civilization today. Surely there are enough decent, intelligent, noble-minded women left to halt this mad craze for criminal impropriety. Surely they can and will take the lead for purity, decency and honor, rather than be content to follow at long distance that road which leads to nothing but degradation for all humanity. Women, and only women, can halt this mad delirium—this hideous craving for attention at any cost, at all cost. Where can it end, except in utter degradation, not only for their own sex, but for their husbands and their sons?

This utter debasement of that precious heritage called "love" is the bitterest possible reflection upon our modern civilization. The sort of attraction these unchaste, nakedly adorned women "of fashion" hold out can never inspire that precious, priceless thing which "passeth all understanding," which survives all the travail of tribulation, that beautiful emotion that "age cannot wither nor custom stale," which radiates the dark places with shining light.

"Oh, woman, lovely woman! nature made thee
To temper man; we had been brutes without you;
There's in you all that we believe of heaven
Amazing brightness, purity and truth,
Eternal joy and everlasting love."

—Los Angeles Daily Times.



Third Order of St. Francis

FATHER FABER, APOSTLE OF LONDON

BY CATHARINE MCPARTLIN

WHEN Frederick William Faber at Oxford decided to give up a literary career in order to follow more closely the leadings of God's grace, his friend William Wordsworth commented:

"I do not say you are wrong, but England loses a poet."

It illustrates well the standpoint of those who hold that one who sings only the love of God and the worship of His saints may not rank among writers such as the author of "Intimations of Immortality," "Paradise Lost," nor with Shelley, Byron, and other poets who are crowned as England's literary glory. Faber's vigorous denunciation of the poets who had cried down the divinity of Christ and made attractive the things which Christ abhorred, shows, too, how far he journeyed from desire of literary fame. Yet, when we of later generation think of Father Faber, it is as often of the poet we think as of the apostle of St. Philip Neri. What he might have written in verse had he chosen to apply his magnificent mind mainly to the mastery of poetic imagery does not interest us so much as does the actual possession of his simple, glowing hymns of divine love and the praise of our Blessed Mother. All that Faber did and said and wrote reflects poetry,—the true poetry which is harmony with the Will of God. "Brothers of the Will of God" was the name he chose for his convert community. Founder of the London Oratory of St. Philip Neri, apostle of London, "the man who, under God, was destined to do more for the revival of the Catholic faith in England than any other during the short period of his life in the Church," these tributes to Faber accord with the simple lines of a Hymn to the Blessed Virgin by one who turned in good time from earth's dross.

Mother of Mercy! Day by day
My love of these grows more and more;
Thy gifts are strewn upon my way
Like sands upon the great sea shore.

Though poverty and work and woe
The masters of my life may be,
When times are worst, who does not
know
Darkness is light with love of thee.

But scornful men have coldly said
Thy love was leading me from God.
And yet in this I did but tread
The very path my Saviour trod.

They know but little of thy worth
Who speak these heartless words to
me;

For what did Jesus love on earth
One half so tenderly as thee?

Give me the grace to love thee more;
Jesus will give if thou wilt plead;
And Mother, when life's cares are o'er
O, I shall love thee then indeed!

Jesus when His three hours were run,
Bequeathed thee from the cross to me;
And O, how can I love thy Son,
Sweet Mother! if I love not thee?

God's gracious plan for England, which became visible in the Oxford movement of 1833, was not, however, merely to restore the hierarchy of the Church in England at that date and give to the nation the glory of careers such as Newman's and Faber's. Courageous leaders of timid Catholics, who in two hundred years of suppression had lost the graces of martyrdom and sainthood in which their ancestors had confessed the faith, these men are still leaders and guides for the England they loved so truly; hence at a time of great crisis both for nation and faith in England, it is well that the world at large, as well as English Christians and patriots, call to mind and revive the spirit of the chief glory of modern England,—her saints and apostles.

Father Faber's books and hymns have made his name a household word in many lands. His life and letters reveal him in a light which still further endears him to all who have drawn comfort and wisdom from his writings. All for Jesus, his first spiri-

tual book is widely used as a prayer book. Maxims and Sayings of Faber, by a religious of the congregation of Adorers of the Precious Blood, has made many readers familiar with the titles of other books,—Creator and Creature, The Precious Blood, The Blessed Sacrament, Growth In Holiness, Spiritual Conferences, Spiritual Exercise, At The Foot of The Cross, Bethlehem. With these and with poems and hymns, and his lives of English and foreign saints, Frederick Faber replenished Catholic literature in a great and proud literary nation. The Oxford movement is today the Medieval Reaction, and has its band of worthy and brilliant men and women, converts and born Catholic leaders of the families brought into the Church by Newman, Faber, and others of that time. England's return to the faith is not today so surely a peaceful and bloodless revolution; and while political and economic events stir passions, it is well to remember the deeds, the words and the spiritual triumphs of England's best.

Frederick William Faber was born June 28, 1814, in Yorkshire, at the vicarage of Calverley, where his grandfather, Thomas Faber, was then stationed and his father, Thomas H. Faber, was secretary. The Faber family were Huguenot exiles who gloried in their descent, a religious family, imbued with Calvinistic principles in which tenets Frederick was reared. The rigors of this creed, however, made no impression upon his predestined soul, but in the lines of his early verse:

They made me call Thee Father, Lord,
Sweet was the freedom deemed,
And yet more like a mother's ways
Thy quiet mercies seemed.

The surroundings of his childhood, in Yorkshire and at Westmoreland, were very beautiful, and naturally developed poetic tendencies in the boy whose life was so full of happiness and peace. Gifted at an early age he found in Nature a mother of moods

who charmed his soul, as later another Mother was to charm and cheer. His elder brothers, separated from him by a number of years, were at college during his childhood. He was fond of roaming the woods and fields alone, yet had a remarkable capacity for friendship and for adaption to his fellows when at the age of eleven he went to the boys' schools of Shrewsbury and Harrow. At fourteen, he lost his mother, whose memory he cherished through life. At eighteen, as he was about to enter Oxford, his father died, and his eldest brother, a clergyman, henceforth took the father's place in his life. His nature was ardent, impulsive, determined, and candid. He knew his powers and had no affection of modesty concerning them. In conversation, he had an especial charm. Always religious, gentle, and affectionate, he had early decided to follow the family cleric career; and at nineteen, he was eagerly following the Tractarian Movement, studying Newman's progress; and noting the fascination he himself possessed, he "hastened to lay this talent at the feet of his dear Redeemer." Innocence, purity, candor, and kindness distinguished his youth, and enabled him to preserve virginity, according to the hope and desire of his heart.

He had been baptized in the parish church of St. Wilfrid, a saint who had a shaping power in all his life. At Oxford, he not only distinguished himself in literary work and by personal charm, but registered some painful failures in competition for prizes and scholarships, which failures, however, he bore well. He won the Newdigate prize for a poem, *The Knights of St. John*, in 1835, and also received a scholarship. Painful headaches marred his health; yet he formed habits of study and accomplished much work. In 1836, Newman was striving to revive the Anglican church by a recall of Catholic principles, preaching against Rome, and drawing the enthusiastic discipleship of Faber. August 6, 1837, Faber received deacon's orders at St. Wilfrid's Cathedral, Ripon, and in May 1838, he was ordained by the Anglican bishop Bagot. His tracts and sermons now attracted attention; he subordinated himself to Newman, awaiting the decision of his leader, bearing with his perplexities, doubts, difficulties as an Anglican assistant. In 1840, he published a volume of poems. At this time, it was rumored that he was about to marry; and his letters to friends calmly state

his intention, "modestly resting on God's grace, of making 'the venture of a lonely life.'" Some of the characteristic expressions used in his letters of this period are "limb of obedience to Rome," "that base theology" (the Catholic). In 1841, traveling abroad, he was shocked at Lutheran customs, described in his journal as "Lutheran Sunday," in which he records a changed attitude toward Catholic customs which had previously offended his cultured taste. He denounces the lie that represents Catholics as the only offenders in such matters. Still he could as yet see only the least inspiring side of Catholic services. This journal of travel, reveling in color, scene painting and reflections of his moods, was dedicated to Wordsworth, whom he had come to know during vacations spent at Windermere.

In 1842, after spending some weeks at the sick bed of an older brother, Rev. F. A. Faber, at Magdalen College, Oxford, he was offered the charge of the village of Elton. Declining this at first, he afterwards decided to accept. He was now resisting the call of poetry, choosing a closer service of God, and thinking to find what he sought in the quiet of Elton. He resolved first, however, to visit Catholic countries; and with letters of introduction to Catholic prelates he visited in Italy its scenes and places made historic by relics and legends of the saints. At this time, he received his first impulse of devotion to St. Philip Neri, on viewing a relic of the saint in its glass case. He had then no thought that in seven years he should put on the habit of the Oratory; yet the Catholic Church was already drawing him strongly. Invited to audience with the Pope, he greeted his Holiness with Catholic reverence, received a special blessing and exhortation to carry apostolic blessing to England. This was on St. Alban's day, and Faber went from this audience in tears, resolving never to forget.

Two rosaries blessed by the Pope in this interview brought Faber afterwards the conversion of two friends to whom he gave these tokens.

Faber now commenced his work at Elton, and putting aside his doubts concerning Anglican orders, threw himself heart and soul into personal influence among his parishioners. The village contained some devout and a greater proportion of dissolute, unbelieving, critical, and indifferent souls. But Elton became very "High Church," and weekly confessions and communions brought around Faber a

small group of truly devout men destined to form his foundation in the later great work. Austerities were practiced and a rule of life drawn up by this little band who met at midnight for prayers and mortification. Newman was still in suspense regarding submission to Rome, and Faber was in voluntary obedience to Newman, awaiting the latter's decision before taking any step of his own. But for this leadership, Faber might sooner have made his submission. At Elton, Faber circulated a history of the Sacred Heart, thinking that it ought to prove acceptable to lovers of Jesus. He published three tracts on examination of conscience. He preached truth, self-knowledge, and interior life, new things to those in his charge. Work for the poor endeared him and his companions to all. In time the character of Elton was changed, becoming temperate, regular, and faithful in devotions and recreations. Faber here wrote a series of lives of English saints and published a poem, "Sir Lancelot," in ten books. He spent the proceeds in repair of the church and other improvements. His health began to fail; and from now to the end of his life he alternated between spells of severe suffering and surprising rallies. At this time, he was writing to Newman, imploring him to remove a prohibition forbidding invocation of the Blessed Virgin and saints, yet renewing obedient submission and patient waiting. His life of St. Wilfrid, in which he showed strong Catholic leanings, was bitterly attacked by his friends. He decided to cease publishing for a time and cultivate a contemplative life. Bishop Wareing, who was soon to receive Faber into the church, now sent him a letter of condolence regarding criticisms of his St. Wilfrid, an attention which Faber appreciated. Scruples regarding the validity of his orders now troubled him so much that he could scarcely continue his work at Elton; yet the thought of leaving his dear charge was anguish.

In 1845, Newman entered the Catholic Church. Faber then wrote to Bishop Wareing asking how a convert should proceed to reconciliation with Rome and how to become a priest. Debts contracted in behalf of the church at Elton forced him to continue his rectorship there, until by the generosity of a parishioner, who admired Faber (but not his conversion), enabled him to release himself. His last scruple was endured in giving the sacrament to a dying person. The

next day, Sunday, he did not give communion; entering the pulpit, he briefly announced his intention of resigning, threw his surplice on the ground, and went quickly to the rectory. Thither his grieved and astonished parishioners followed, imploring him to reconsider. He might preach what he chose, so long as he remained with them. Faber refused, and was left alone with the few who had decided to follow him into the Catholic Church. So great was his nervous distress that he made these companions pledge themselves to take him by force, if necessary, the next day. In the early morning, as the little group passed out of Elton, the farewells of the poor followed him:

"God bless you, Mr. Faber, wherever you go."

That evening, at Northampton, he was received into the Church; the next morning he received first holy Communion and Confirmation, taking the name of Wilfrid. He then went to his brother's rectory, in Northampton, whence he wrote his joyful news to intimate friends, who later became Catholics. At once Faber with his little band of followers formed a community on the advice of the Bishop, living in a few poor rooms meagerly furnished, sleeping on the floor, cooking and writing tracts on the same table, and meeting in a room, empty except for a crucifix, for night prayers. Here the austerities begun at Elton were continued; they rose at five, breakfasted, standing and in silence, on dry bread and tea, lived on alms, and waited direction for future maintenance. The next year, Faber went to Rome, where he was joined by Mr. Anthony Hutchison, who became his life companion. On his return, they removed to a better house at Colmore Terrace. The community consisted of four choir brothers and nine lay brothers. They wore the black Roman cassock with the letters V. D. (Voluntas Dei) in red cloth and a cross between, a cape, a leathern girdle and a rosary. They called themselves Brothers of the Will of God, and were known otherwise as the Wilfridians. Faber had brought from Rome some books of devotion, new to England, and introduced the Rosary of the seven dolours. Every innovation created trouble both among the Protestants and the timid (perhaps stubborn) Catholics of that day in England. Hence, Cardinal Wiseman sent Newman and his companions to reside for a time in Rome. Lord Shrewsbury offered Faber a rest house and a piece of land for his community,

and the church of St. Giles at Cheadle was presently dedicated. The Feast of the Holy Name of Mary was kept in this new home. On St. Wilfrid's day, Faber received minor orders, and after a ten days' retreat was ill with nervous fever. He received Extreme Unction and bade farewell to the community who assembled prayerfully about him. Their prayers were answered and he soon recovered his health.

Presently a school for boys was opened, and the community had both employment and persecution to their satisfaction. In 1847, Faber, (Brother Wilfrid) was ordained and said his first Mass on Easter Sunday. Father Faber, as he may now be called, had a musical speaking voice, which made his preaching a great attraction wherever he went. He wore his cassock and crucifix even when preaching in the street. Later, opposition was to call forth an ordinance forbidding the wearing of religious garb in public. With the later growth of the Oratory, Father Faber was to feel hatred, jeers, and persecution to his heart's content in London.

Newman and his companions were now permitted to form a congregation of the Oratory for England. Having organized his community in Rome, Father Newman was sent to Birmingham, England, with an Oratorian father as instructor. Father Faber at once offered himself and his community as novices. It cost him a struggle as great as that of giving up Elton. The bishop approving, they gave up St. Wilfrid's society. Presently it was decided Father Faber should open a house in London, Newman remaining in Birmingham. On the Feast of the Patronage of St. Joseph, 1849, Father Faber said the first Mass in the London Oratory. There were six fathers and two novices in the original London community. The outburst of indignation in England on the restoration of the hierarchy was expressed in various ways. The opposition of English Catholics to the bringing back of old Catholic customs is harder to understand, recalling as we must the high courage of England's Catholic martyrs of the bloodiest days of her history. They opposed the bringing in of statues of the Blessed Virgin, feared to arouse opposition by public processions, new devotions especially to Mary, and they criticized sharply Faber's lives of foreign saints, Rose of Lima, St. Juliana and others, as unsuited to England. The gentle re-

sistance o. . . to this opposition from within, reveals him as a soldier of Christ, little short of a martyr. His letters seem to show that he did not take these things hardly, having a happy gift of humor and lightness of heart. From a letter to a Protestant friend, whose conversion he wished, these sentences are taken:

"I merely long to increase the fruit of my dear Savior's passion and in my beloved England to increase the number of worshippers of Mary. . . . That sweetest, dearest and kindest of mothers is ever with me, and my heart burns, actually burns with the most enthusiastic love for the glorious, mighty, gentle, enthroned Deipara. I never knew what it was to love Jesus till I laid my heart at the feet of Mary, and that great Lady spurned it not."

"In good truth it is odd that I should go to Loreto to beg devotion to our dear Lady, and that afterwards in two solemn communions I should have vowed my life, health, strength, intellect and senses to be her slave and to spread her devotion, in great measure because I feared converts relapsing from want of that sign of predestination; and then that it should be thought that I was like one who never 'warmed,' as a bishop expressed it to me, to Mary. . . ."

Regarding criticism of the lives of foreign saints he wrote:

"The question is, not 'What will men say of this? How will this sound in controversy? Will not this be objected to by heretics,' but, 'Is this true? Is this kind of thing approved by the church? Then what good can I get out of it for my own soul?' . . . Truth is not ours to bate and pare down. Truth is God's; it has God's inherent majesty within it, and it will convert the souls of men, even when it seems rudest and most repelling . . . because we through the grace of God have boldness and faith to put our trust in it. And again, beware of another evil, that of trying to throw aside or pare down what seems most faithful and warm in the devotions of foreign lands; do not tell that cruel falsehood . . . do not tell—that the faith is other here than what it is elsewhere; do not throw aside devotion and sweetness and worship and affection, as though they were not fit for us, as though God's 'church' were not one; for this is nothing less in reality than to deny the unity of God's church."

Cardinal Wiseman compared the work of the London Oratory to that of St. Philip Neri. Converts poured into the Church; other churches in the

locality were emptied of listeners. The Oratory revived lost Catholic devotions and services of song and prayer. It taught the divinity of Jesus, and the advocacy of Mary. Father Faber, says Father Bowden, editor of his letters, was not a representative of the English Catholics, but a leader. The salvation of England was dear to his heart, and the response of the people was generous. He offered the services of his community as missionaries. With two of his fathers he went to the hop fields in the picking season, preaching a mission to working people, and through this charity and zeal converting the Willerforce family. The letters he received from friends, penitents, converts, and others seeking his counsel required a great deal of his time. He answered them with his characteristic kindness, gentleness, charity, and cheerfulness. In them we get not only the wisdom to be found in his spiritual books, but a personal interest as of a narrative, as the story of each one's needs is revealed. Thus, his letters to novices and their superiors are a source of instruction and guidance to us as well, with a personal note not to be found in formal works.

In 1861, his health began to fail, with less hope of rallying, and the end was perceived. He continued his round of preaching and conferences though he ceased writing. In 1863, after preaching on Passion Sunday, he developed lung and heart trouble. In June, he received the last sacraments. He lingered until September, expiring on the sixteenth, just after an early Mass for him had been said. The crowds that visited his body in the little Oratory, kept two priests busy touching the hands with rosaries and medals. In many ways, he had borne a personal resemblance to St. Philip Neri. Doubtless the gentle saint had chosen him as his apostle to "one of the most worldly-minded generations this century has seen." In his appreciation of holiness in foreign lands he belongs to all nations where the Catholic faith lives. That he should be numbered also among Franciscan Tertiaries is fitting; the work of St. Francis of Assisi includes the work of other saints, and Faber's devotion to the poor, his zeal for the Church, his charity for his fellow men and his devotion to Mary are the marks of the son of St. Francis. In his first visit to Italy, he visited the room in which St. Francis had, when a youth, been confined by his father. He begged from many saints, and knew the value of places and

things for the gaining of graces. Doubtless his irregular health and painful sufferings, during which he yet accomplished so much work, are a manifestation of these gifts. In his letters, Father Faber speaks simply as an ordinary pious Catholic might of his sufferings and hopes and resignation. In his books, his words glow with extraordinary love. He has surrounded the names of Jesus and Mary with a peculiar reverence. This is a work which never ceases, passed on by countless souls. What he will yet do for England is ours to conjecture. By response to his zeal even now we may have a share in it and be his disciples. England today needs all that Father Faber labored to give her.

Quotations from his books show plainly the saints who were his masters and teachers. How like St. Francis and St. Philip at once is this from Spiritual Conferences:

"A genial man is both an apostle and an evangelist; an apostle because he brings men to Christ, an evangelist because he portrays Christ to men."

And these, from diverse books:

"Joy is the natural life of the Precious Blood. In truth, is not joy the nearest definition of life we can have, for is it not God's intention in the gift of life?" Precious Blood.

"Nothing deepens the mind so much as a habit of charity." Spiritual Conferences.

"St. Theresa says humility is the first requisite for those who wish to lead an ordinarily good life, but that courage is the first requisite for those who aim at any degree of perfection." Growth in Holiness.

"There is no vigor in uncheerful penance, no cheerfulness in penances which nature seeks, and no penance at all in the indulgence of heaviness and gloom." Spiritual Conferences.

"God knows everything. There are volumes of comfort in that. God, means everything. There is light for every darkness in that simple truth. Long rest is the ground in front of great crosses. Unusual crosses follow unusual quiet. The greater the peace now, the greater the cross presently." Foot of the Cross.

"The saints led joyous lives even amidst their austerities and sufferings. Blind as we are, we can see that there is a vaster joy in one hour of a saint's holiness than in all the outspread mediocrity of lives like ours prolonged for any number of years." Bethlehem.

"No one comes near us or across us but it is through an intention of

God that we may help, soothe, or cheer him." Notes.

Following are stanzas from Faber's poem, Gate of Heaven, serenely simple, freighted with that which surpasses all literary art, in choice of theme and purity of expression proving that England did not lose a poet when Father Faber chose "all for Jesus" as his motto:

Fair are the passes in the hills,
The gateways of the mountains,
Among whose sounding channels leap
The many gifted fountains;
Fair are the thresholds of blue sea,
The gateways of the ocean,
That guard the harbours of the earth,
Swinging with placid motion.

* * *
But fairest of all gateways far
Art thou, the sinless Mary.
* * *

* * *
Thou art the gate God entered by
To visit His creation,
The mountain pass where leap and
flow

The wells of our salvation;
Thou art the gate of azure sea,
With the lighthouse ever burning,
The exile's happy landing place
To his Father's house returning.

OUR LADY TO CHRIST ON THE CROSS

In my garments worn and soiled
By this steep hill I have toiled
With the mob I heard deride thee.
Crucified, I kept beside thee!
Son of mine, Thou ne'er didst grieve

me,
Could I in Thine anguish leave Thee?
From my life's pure font I fed Thee.
Step by step I gently led Thee.
When the nails were through Thee
driven

By the sword my heart was riven!
Agnus Dei! I saw Thee languish
On this mount, alone, forsaken.
Jesus, I have seen Thee taken
From the Tree where Thou hast died
Twixt the two thieves Crucified!
Agnus Dei! Thy mother holds Thee,
In her arms once more enfolds Thee,
Sees the crimson wounds still glowing,
Sees the cruel nail marks showing.
Agnus Dei! I saw Thee dying,
Heard Thee to Thy Father crying.
Agnus Dei! "Behold Thy Mother,"
Son of mine, Thy lips have said.
Even so unto Thy Sheepfold
Shall the sheep by me be led.

—N. R.

THE NATIONAL THIRD ORDER CONVENTION

LETTERS OF APPROVAL

To the General Directive Board of the National Convention of Franciscan Tertiaries.

Dear Reverend Fathers:—

Your project to have a National Tertiary Convention in 1921, and then presumably to organize the Tertiary fraternities and to inaugurate a series of Tertiary conventions to be held regularly, will, I feel sure, meet with cordial endorsement and support everywhere. Especially in these days the Third Order deserves our full attention and widely spread propagation.

Grand and magnificent like a stately cathedral of the Ages of Faith, it towers aloft at the present day amid countless numbers of leagues, guilds, sodalities, confraternities—all of them having some excellent purpose—but none of them possessed with that broad and deep Catholicity that marks the Third Order. The Tertiary Rule is the Gospel spirit applied to daily life. It contains the "marrow of the Gospel." Like the Gospel itself of which it is always a most timely, concise, and practical application, it sanctifies the whole man, the family, the parish, the community, that it gathers under its influence and it regulates the relations of man. Thus the Third Order places before us a clear and complete basis for individual and social sanctification and action. From this alone we see that the Third Order has a tremendous spiritual and practical value that far surpasses the value of any confraternity, league, or sodality. Moreover, members of the Third Order are religious living in the world. Now when the majority of mankind have grown to be quite self-sufficient, and when on all sides we see persons so enamored of riches and worldly pleasures that they completely forget Christ crucified, although they claim to be Christians, no one can fail to see how the "sweet and light yoke" of the Tertiary Rule will keep practical Catholics on the path of charity and self-re-

straint. The Third Order opens the floodgates of God's graces to its clients, they are assured of the spiritual assistance of all members of the great Franciscan Family. The Rule which they observe gives them a form of life which time and again was approved and urgently recommended to the faithful by a long series of Popes from Gregory IX to Benedict XV. Indeed, there is no other lay-organization of holy Church that has so energetically and continually received the fostering care of Rome. Members of the Third Order who follow and observe this approved form of life, are as certain of their eternal salvation as young men or young ladies who enter a Religious Order, and there serve their Heavenly Master all the days of their life. The Third Order is a sure guide to Gospel perfection and thereby to heaven. It therefore gives more to the soul than societies or sodalities can give. It is a great help and blessing for all, cardinals and bishops, priests and people.

For this reason Leo XIII used every opportunity to urge all faithful to enlist in the Third Order. Laymen are not to be contented with the fact that they are active in one or several Catholic societies. As long as they are not Tertiaries, the main bond to seraphic love and to charity is missing. As the golden cross tops the steeples of our churches, and crowns them with glory, so the Third Order puts the finishing touch to the practical Catholic, active in societies, leagues, and sodalities. If the Third Order is neglected the main item is overlooked. Hence also Pius X as bishop, patriarch, and Pope, very frequently recommended the Third Order in the most eloquent terms. Hence also our present Supreme Pontiff, Benedict XV, as cardinal, took a very active part in Tertiary affairs, and as Pope petitions the bishops and priests of holy Church "with renewed zeal to strive to propagate the Third Order throughout the world." Our societies and sodalities, leagues and

guilds, should be fostered, but the Third Order may not be neglected, for it is the mistress of them all.

Praise and thanksgiving be rendered therefore to God for the splendid opportunity afforded by the seventh Tertiary centenary to unite the scattered forces of the Third Order, and to direct national activities along definite lines. Just now things are at the very beginning. Great obstacles may present themselves, but clearness of purpose, united and harmonious action, and last but not least prayer and strenuous, persevering effort will overcome all obstacles no matter how great and how persistent they at first may seem to be. Assuredly I am greatly interested in the Tertiary Convention of 1921, and, since the success of the Convention means so much for the good of immortal souls, I shall not tarry to add my prayers to yours that God may abundantly bless your efforts.

With sincere greetings,

Yours in Christ,

ALBERT T. DAEGER,

Archbishop of Santa Fe.

To the General Directive Board of the First National Tertiary Convention.

Reverend and dear Fathers:—

The proposed National Convention of the Third Order of St. Francis, in 1921, to commemorate the seventh centenary of its foundation is an event of more than ordinary significance to Catholics.

Even reassuring statements of gradual improvement cannot make us regard otherwise than with solicitude, conditions, actually bad, existing throughout the world.

Every age has its peculiar perversities, and our own is no exception. The evils, though changing with each generation, and in various localities, are, nevertheless, substantially ever the same.

Reformers great and consistent, or false and fickle, in turn have striven to deal with some, or all the manifold errors and abuses of society and the results are becoming a matter of history.

After Christ, St. Francis of Assisi was the reformer. His life,—like that of his Divine Master, though known in outline to many, but often imperfectly

understood, both in its essence and important details—in reality a stiring protest against the absurd and wicked ideals and practices prevalent in his day.

With purified vision he accurately gauged the moral obliquity and misery then abounding, and knew well their underlying causes. He also recognized and loved the good and noble traits still lingering among men. Belonging to a minority and being obscure, he could not hope, at once, to change the existing order of things, and overthrow the established powers of evil. But he was aware that he might, with God's grace, if he so willed, not identify himself with them. He could turn away from them, dwell apart uncontaminated, personally choose, set at naught the trivial, coveted prizes, for the sakes of which worldly men ignored God, ruined each others' and ultimately spoiled their own, lives.

His protest against impiety, social injustice, and barbarity did not take the form of mere verbal denunciation. It was solid and effective. He voluntarily embraced poverty, laid aside all superfluities, regarding them as encumbrances. He diminished the number, and simplified the nature of his actual wants; thus placing himself in direct opposition to the common trend of the world of countless solitudes, heartless competition, endless strife and stupefying turmoil.

Sovereign Pontiffs have repeatedly and ardently approved of the Third Order of St. Francis. For those whose circumstances will not permit them to retire to monastery or convent, it affords an excellent means of sanctification since, as tertiaries, nothing need hinder them from practicing humility, self-denial, simplicity in mode of life, poverty in spirit and ardent charity, as avowed brethren of St. Francis,—in the world, but not of it. Their personal influence will be far-reaching and profound, and, as their number increases,—as it surely must, they will be one of the most important instrumentalities in bringing about happier social conditions.

We heartily therefore indorse the movement on this auspicious occasion to make the Third Order of St. Francis and its sublime aims better known throughout the world, and hope there will be a vast increase in its membership, for every land now sorely needs men and women imbued with the seraphic spirit of St. Francis of Assisi.

Sincerely yours in Christ,
JOSEPH CHARTRAND,
Bishop of Indianapolis.

TWO TIMELY PATRONS

BY FR. NICHOLAS, O. F. M.

THE ecclesiastical calendar of this month contains the names of two great saints that deserve our special attention and veneration. It seems providential that the Feast of St. Joseph and that of St. Patrick should fall so closely together, for the predominant virtues of these saints form an exemplar for imitation sorely needed in our days. St. Joseph, in his humble, quiet, retired life, prompts us to cherish humility and the other home virtues; while St. Patrick, by his wonderful activity, incites us to a life of strong and active Christian Faith.

In these days of self-exaltation, it is a rare thing to find a truly humble person. The spirit of pride, vainglory, and ambition prevails everywhere. Worldly honors are unduly valued and restlessly sought, often at the expense of virtue. How often, alas, children of the Church, followers of the humble Christ, kneel before the altar of God and pray, "O Jesus, meek and humble of heart, make my heart like unto Thine," and forthwith they go out and mingle with the world's votaries, seek to attract attention, invite admiration, and cater without scruple to the senseless fads and fashions of an unchristian world. What chance is there for spiritual advancement when such ambitions are harbored and such tendencies fostered? How necessary, then, for us to do violence to ourselves and to conquer our pride. How necessary to look up to the admirable example of St. Joseph and learn true humility.

Our age is likewise known for decadence of religious Faith, for the yielding of Christian principles, for a lack of interest in things eternal. Many regard supernatural faith as something obsolete, an out-of-date relic of the Middle Ages. Humanity is gradually usurping the place of Christianity in the hearts of the people. Not God, not Christ, but man is adored. The supernatural motives of religion are being neutralized. Alms-

giving, for instance, used to be an exclusively religious practice. With many it is now becoming a business affair to promote selfish interests. The festivals of the Church are being stripped of their religious character, yes, secularized and commercialized. Even good St. Patrick, in many places, is no longer looked on as a hero of the Church, but as a hero of the State; and his Feast, a holiday of the Church, is converted into a secular holiday and an occasion for worldly amusement and dissipation.

The commandments of God are receiving a broader interpretation and are made to harmonize with the worldly views and depraved tastes of an unbelieving generation. Think only of the legalized injustice committed against the poor by the powerful monopolies, of the legalized adultery resulting from lax marriage and divorce laws; think of the iniquitous stage and the conscienceless press; think of the unscrupulous pandering to the worse than pagan styles in woman's dress; think of the toleration of the abodes of vice in our large cities and then judge for yourself whether God is not being set aside and His law ignored, heaven condemned and the world adored. Judge for yourself whether we are not in need of men like St. Patrick to preach to us the true Christian faith in its original purity and to inculcate anew the supernatural Christian virtues.

A legend tells us that St. Patrick drove all the snakes from Ireland. The serpent is the symbol of evil. St. Patrick expelled the serpents of paganism and vice from Ireland. His only weapons were the Word of God and prayer; and so thoroughly did he do his work that up to this day these serpents have not ventured to return.

The need of the hour is a strong, unwavering Faith in the positive doctrines of holy Church and firm adherence to the moral principles that proceed from these doctrines. We shall do well ever to follow the counsels of Mother Church, to cherish her institutions and festivals, for these are the safeguards of those dogmas and principles which constitute our Christian heritage.

May St. Joseph and St. Patrick from their exalted thrones in heaven defend us against the powers of evil that would rob us of our greatest treasure—the Catholic Faith.

Saint Joseph

SCION of David's kingly line,
Councils convened in the courts
divine

Extolled thy worth, ordaining thee
Spouse of the Maiden of Galilee;

Husband of her whose snow-white
heart

Was wed to God alone—thy part

To father Him whose wondrous
Name hath lit the world like a
mighty flame;

Dear to the heart of God, most just,
Worthy of Mary's loving trust,

The King of Heaven obeyed thy
word,—

Was loftier praise of mortal heard?

Great was thy faith when the sum-
mons came:

"Arise, fly hence!" In His blessed
Name

Fearless didst face the desert wild,
Leading the Mother and Holy
Child,

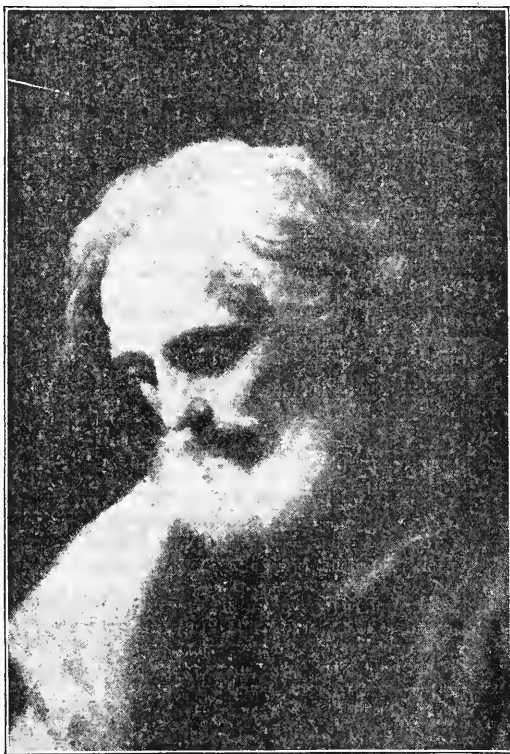
Nor question the wisdom of God's command,
Confiding thy lot to His shielding hand.

So in desert ways of our fleeting life,
Through the numbing roar of the daily
strife,

Teach us to harken His softest call,
Trusting our Captain whatever befall.

Carpenter Saint, in thy workshop bent,
Sweet were the thoughts with thy labors
blent,

Each hammer stroke offered lovingly
For those two in the home of Galilee.



SAINT JOSEPH

GUIDO BENT

Saint of the chivalrous heart, O lend Thy
care paternal; our homes defend
From blight of the world's corroding
breath;—

Our pattern the cottage in Nazareth

Where Mary's touch lent a wondrous
grace,

And each nook was brightened by Jesus'
face,

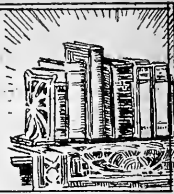
Where the angels smiled round the humble
wall,

And the peace of God encompassed all.

—Catherine M. Hayes



Fiction



THE OUTLAWS OF RAVENHURST

By L. M. WALLACE

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CHAPTER VI

A LITTLE SPLINTER FROM THE LANG- SWORD

TWO little boys ran along a Maryland path. The brown-headed one carried the poles and the bait. The red-headed one held an old flint-lock gun.

"Joel Shannon, what in the name of common sense have you for bait? We won't catch a fish till the dear knows when," grumbled the brown-head.

"They're cabbage worms! Not a blessed thing but cabbage worms!"

"Well, what do you want? That's the best kind to get. Why, George, a fish can have white worms any time he wants to nose along the bank; but he doesn't have green worms every day. Anyway, I had to clean the cabbage pit this morning."

"Yah! Thought you had lazy man's reason."

"Isn't either lazy man's reason?"

"Red-head's temper's red. Better run. He'll kill me dead," mocked George, leaping over a log and racing down the hill.

"You'll take that back!" panted Joel dashing after him, the old gun bouncing up and down on his shoulder.

"Like to see you make me!" But, alas for Mr. Brown-head. His foot caught in a vine. Down he went. Joel sprang astride his back, and began jumping up and down.

"Take it back!"

"N-n-n-o-o-o-o-o-o-o I won't!"

"Take it back!"

"I-i-ee-ii-ee-ii-ee-ii-ee-ii-ee won't!"

"You've got to! I'll bounce till you do! Ouch! Oh, my foot!" Joel caught his big toe in both hands. With a wiggle, George was free.

"Yah! Have to take it back! Have I?" Over the log he sprang, then paused. Joel was still hugging his toe.

SYNOPSIS

Sir Angus Gordon, descendant of the Scottish chieftain Fire-the-Braes and son of Lang-Sword, has remained true to Mary Queen of Scots and to the ancient Faith. Forces of the king invade his castle Ravenhurst, while the inmates are attending the proscribed Mass. After a gallant fight, the old earl is overpowered. He is executed as a traitor. Of his grandsons James retains the Faith, while his brother Roger apostatizes and makes himself master of Ravenhurst.

"What's the matter with you?"

"Got a splinter in my toe!"

"Oh, you baby! Crying for a splinter!"

"Guess you'd cry if you had it! It hurts!"

"Let's see! Oh, I say, I guess that does hurt! That's not a splinter, Joe. It's a bee's stinger. Here, I'll pull it out for you."

"Ouch! Oh! That's better!"

"Here's some mud. Put that on. It'll take the sting out a little."

"Does help some! Say! I wonder if it was a honey bee or just an old bumble?"

"Honey bee! Here he is under this violet."

"Poke him out. Maybe Daddy will hunt for the bee tree."

"Here you are, Mr. Bee," cried George drawing the offender out.

"Poor little thing, I did you more harm than you did to me. Must have stepped right on it. Look there. Its wing is broken and a couple of legs, too. Don't wonder you stung me back, old fellow."

"Say, we had better be going, or we'll get what Paddy gave the drum. You know mother said she didn't send us to go gallivantin' in the woods. She sent us to fish."

Away they went jumping over logs, dodging under bushes, setting all the

blossoming sprays of May time dancing about them as they ran. They paused out of breath on the bank of the stream. Dropping down on the moss, they watched the fish as they slipped from stone to stone far down in the pool below.

"Isn't it pretty?" whispered George. "See how the white aspen limbs turn over and meet, and the green leaves go all over like a roof. I wonder if those grand churches over

the sea look like that."

"The water is a good looking-glass. Now isn't it? We couldn't call the alders pews, or make a church of the aspens, for we are in it. We are barefooted and your face is dirty?"

"So is yours."

"That's about the only thing that is the same, though. We are the least alike for a pair of twins—"

"Oh, I don't know! Our eyes are the same color." George was baiting his hook.

"Now, you just look again. Our eyes are blue; but yours are dark, almost black; and mine are blue like skimmed milk. Your nose is so long and there's a hump on it. Mine turns up on the end. Your jaws are as square as old Dick's bulldog."

"Say! I'll throw you in the creek if you call me a bulldog. I'm glad we're not as much alike as the little twins are. Mother can't tell Jim from Johnny, herself. This morning Jim was out behind the wood pile crying. Johnny stole the cream to feed his cat. Mother came along and spanked Jim for it. Good old Which, he wouldn't tell on Tother for a farm. I'm glad we're not alike; I might get a switching every time you need one."

"Guess you wouldn't get a lick amiss. Hush, will you? I've got a bite!"

"You won't catch a thing with cabbage worms. I'm going to get some bait."

But Joe was not listening. His eyes were on his wooden bob. Under it went. He jerked the line sharply—then drew in. "Yah! Cabbage worms won't catch fish! Look at that one, will you? Half as long as my arm!"

"Shish! What's over in those bushes?"

"Where?"

"The big ones on the other side of those cat-tails. Watch 'em wiggle!"

"Maybe it's a turtle!"

"No, it's bigger."

"Bet it's that old fox! Daddy said to watch for him." George reached for the gun. "You won't steal any more of our chickens, old boy."

"Ready?" Joel was picking up a stone. "I'll bring him out for you."

"Let it fly!"

The stone hit the bushes fairly. There was a snarl. The branches parted; and out sprang, not a fox, but a large brown bear. She looked up at them and growled, putting one foot in the water. The boys waited for no more, but dashed up the bank.

Joel gave a sharp cry. George turned. "What is the matter with you? Come on! She's swimming!"

"I stepped on my fish hook!"

"Pull it, out then! Quick! She's coming, I tell you!"

"It's all the way in!"

"Here! Let me get hold of it!"

"Don't pull it! Ow!"

"You've got to stand it! She's half-way over." George pulled with all his strength. "It's coming!"

"Oh! Don't! Oh!"

"There now! It's out!"

"Oh! I can't step on it!"

"You've got to. She's almost here!"

"Ouch! Oh, I can't! See, how it's swelling!"

"You've turned your ankle! Lean on me. Hop! Come on! I'll help you."

"Go on, George! Save yourself! There is no use in her getting both of us."

"She'll get both or neither! Do you think I'd leave you? Here, try to climb his tree!"

"Too little! She can climb it. Go on, I say! Save yourself. You can. Go on, George. Quick. She'll get you, too!"

"Tree's better than nothing. Climb! I'll boost you! She'll not get either of us if I can help it. Quit your crying! limb!"

At last poor Joel was astride a notch high up in the tree. George stood with their belts, so that

he could not fall; for the lad's face was pale with loss of blood and pain.

"She don't want to cross the pool," whispered Joel. "She's going downstream. Maybe she won't come at all."

"Say, I've made a mess of it."

"What's the matter now?"

"Look out on that limb. It's a cub, isn't it?"

"We're in for it. She'll come all right."

George cut a branch, lopped off the twigs, and tied his knife to it. Then reaching out he poked at the cub's feet. The little one whined and crawled farther out on the branch.

"The old bear hears it. She's coming," came Joel's voice in warning. "Get him down quickly! Fox shot won't kill bears. I'm loading the gun again."

"Put in all you have," called George, still poking at the woolly ball. The guns of those days were muzzleloading. One could put in as much powder and shot as was needed. The cub kept backing out on the branch, snarling and calling its mother as it went. George gave a sharp cut. The young one growled and sprang back. Down went the cub, squalling as it fell from bough to bough, and making the young tree shake wildly. George plunged forward, lost his balance, caught himself again, and climbed into the main fork of the tree.

"She's out of the water!" called Joel.

"Do you want the gun?"

"No, wait till she's nearer, I might miss."

The old bear came straight toward them. The cub began to crawl toward its mother, but whimpered and sat down on its woolly haunches. The fall had hurt it. Mother Bruin hurried forward, and licked the bruises lovingly. Her baby was injured, and she was in no very good humor herself; still she seemed more of mind to care for her cub than to punish her enemies.

"Maybe she'll go off with it."

"Wish I hadn't dropped my knife. See how near she is to it. She may step on it any minute. There she goes! Listen to her growl! Guess it hurts some! Say, she's mad! Lookout! She'll shake the tree! Hold on!"

George had need to take his own advice, for the bear struck the tree with all her force. He clung desperately. It seemed every moment that he would fall. Joel's wounded foot struck back and forth against the trunk till he moaned with pain; but he held the old gun tight, and kept the muzzle pointed away from his brother. Three times the old bear charged the tree, then she began to climb.

"Quick, Joel!" cried George, "The gun!"

"Keep the muzzle out!"

"I have it now!"

"Shoot quick! Look how high she is!"

"Might miss! Say, you pray that I don't!"

"Shoot, will you! She's almost up to you!"

"Might miss! It's all up if I do!"

"She'll have your foot in a minute! Shoot, will you!"

George was very still. He was looking straight into that great, red mouth. He thrust the muzzle between the shining teeth and fired. There was a roar—the tree shook to its very roots—the dull thud of something falling—below, the blinding smoke. Joel rubbed his eyes, trying to see.

"George!" he cried, "O, George!"

There was no sound from below. "George! O, George! Are you hurt, brother?"

The smoke was beginning to lift. Joel could see dimly. Down at the foot of the tree both lay. The bear was on top, and both were still.

"George! O, George! Wiggle your foot if you hear me." The bare foot lay still. "He's dead!" sobbed Joel. "Oh! what shall I do? I can't reach the buckle where he fastened me. It's way round behind the trunk. If I could only get down to him! George! O, George! Move just a little bit! He's dead, and I can't get down." The pain of the lad's own wound was growing worse. He leaned against the tree and sobbed in helplessness.

"Oh, how quiet it is! Maybe no one will ever come. It's so still. Just only the birds a-singing. That's a woodpecker over the river. Won't any one ever come? He's been there an hour I know, and he doesn't move at all. He's dead. I know he's dead, and I'm not doing a thing for him. There's blood all over the grass. It must be 'most supper time. Why don't they hunt us? Mother doesn't know whereabouts in the woods we are. Maybe they won't start to hunt till way in the night."

He tried again to reach the buckle, but could not. The loss of blood was making him faint. He rested his head on his arm and cried again.

"There isn't anyone to help us. O, George, do say something! Wiggle! Kick! If it's only your toe moves. I can't stand it. He's dead and I'm dying. I know I am. Things are so black and swimmy. I'm so queer inside. There's no one to help us. No one can even hear us. But God, God can hear us. I forgot."

Then he prayed as he had never dreamed of praying. There was a

strange, sweet sense of One unseen but very near. The loneliness was gone.

"That woodpecker keeps tapping all the time. It's such a queer one, too. It goes click-a-clack. Maybe it's a cricket—no; nor frogs, they don't go that way either. It sounds like chopping. Wonder if it's Daddy out in the new clearing. If I can hear him, he can hear me." Joel made a horn of his hands and called, "Dad! O, Daddy!" His voice was pitiful and weak. The sound of the chopping went on steadily. "He can't hear me." The child drew a long, long breath. "Daddy! O, O, Dad!"

The chopping ceased a moment, then went on.

"Dad! O, O, O, Dad!"

Clear above the voices of the woodland came an answering hello. There was silence for a while; then a call somewhat nearer. Another after a while, and then the horseman came in sight on the hill beyond the river.

"O, Daddy!" How joyful the weak voice sounded.

"Who's there? What's wrong?"

"A bear. It's killed George."

The horse sprang into the bushes again. There was a splashing in the creek bottom, a rattle of stones on the bank; and John Shannon came crashing through the alders, his horse white with foam. He sprang from his saddle, threw the body of the bear backward, and passed his hand over the boy's body.

"Heart's beating still! Thank God! No bones broken! The blood must be from the bear. There's no cut of any size. Just stunned, I think. Small thanks to you, Joel. Why didn't you pull the bear off? He is nearly smothered."

"I couldn't, Daddy," came Joel's voice very weakly. "I couldn't reach the buckle."

John Shannon looked up and saw the swollen, bleeding foot and the little white face above. "Well, son, are you hurt, too? Did the bear bite you?"

"No, Daddy. I stepped on my fish hook and I must have turned my ankle."

"Poor little lad! Well, you will have to be a man and stand it a while longer. George needs me more."

Shannon raised the boy in his brawny arms and carried him down to the pool. As he plunged him into the water, the lad gave a quick gasp and opened his eyes.

"O, Dad!" he cried as he caught sight of the red-bearded face. "O, Dad! The bear! It'll get Joel! He can't run!"

"The bear won't hurt anybody now."

"Is she dead? Did I hit her?"

"Hit her! You blew her whole head off. You don't need to fill a gun chuck-full, even to kill a bear. You blew the gun up, too, boy."

"O, Daddy, did I break it? And they cost so much!"

"Never mind the cost this time, son. It's the boy I'm thinking about. It's the mercy of the Lord you didn't blow your own head off; but there's only a powder burn. We'll say a rosary this night in thanksgiving." Shannon laid the boy on the moss: "I am going back to Joel now," he said. The wounded foot was soon bathed and bound. "Now, what's your dad going to do? One dead bear, one live cub, one wounded hunter, and one dead one; they must all go home right now, and there's only one horse. We'll put the bear across the saddle. Joel, you can ride behind. Maybe the cub will follow. I'll carry George."

"No, no, Daddy! I can walk," cried the "dead" hunter suddenly sitting up. "I'm not hurt—just feel kind of shaky inside, that's all—and you've been chopping all day."

"Too tired to carry a bit of a boy like you! Sure, you think you're as big as a man since you killed a bear all by yourself. I'll carry you with small trouble; but next time you two go hunting, I'll send to the fort for the army surgeon and hospital corps to care for the dead and wounded."

* * *

CHAPTER VII

AN UNCLE FROM OVERSEA

"There is mother at the edge of the clearing," called Joel from his perch on the horse's back. "I wonder what brought her away out here?"

"Well, if the little twins have left their mother to bring in the cows, they'll hear from me," said John Shannon sternly.

"I don't think she's after the cows. It looks to me as if she's crying."

"Crying! Are you sure of it? Something is wrong then. Slip down, George, you'll have to walk now," and John Shannon hurried through the woods with the boys following as fast as they were able.

"Mary!" he called as soon as they were within speaking distance. "What has gone wrong? Whatever it is, don't cry that way. We'll get through somehow, for sure and God's good."

"They've come for George!" she sobbed.

"Don't you be taking that to heart now. It's one thing for them to come for him, and another to get him. I've had that boy too long to give him up at

a minute's notice. They will prove their right before they take him; and we won't cross that bridge until we come to it, little woman."

"It's proof enough they have, and more's the pity. The minute I saw the gentleman, I knew in my heart he must be kin to George. He is like enough to the boy to be his father, but he is only an uncle. There are letters, too; one from his Excellency, Cecil Calvert, and one with the King's own hand and seal. They be great folk, John, and no mistake. The squire, too, is with them. They took Jim and Johnny till we deliver the boy. Oh, there's no way at all, at all. We'll have to give George up."

"Calvert and the king and the squire, too?" said Shannon slowly. "We've come to the bridge after all. I've no right to keep another man's son. No man would have the right to keep mine; but it's hard, bitter hard. I love the boy."

"Mother," broke in George, "they can't take us away from you? Are they going to take Joel, too, and Which, and Tother and me? I don't understand. You won't let them take us, will you, Daddy?"

Mary Shannon drew the boy into her arms. "You tell him, John," she sobbed. "I can't do it."

"Well, there is nothing else to do but say out straight and blunt a thing I never meant that you should know. George, you are not one of the Shannons. You are not Joel's twin. You are not my son; though God knows there is not one of my own that I love more than I love you, child. Father Murphy found you sitting by the roadside and brought you to us. I set you on Mary's knee beside Joel; and so far as love and care go, you have been ours ever since. It is a bitter thing to me to give you up. Still I have no right to keep you from your people."

"Oh, you were so sweet that night," sobbed the woman. "I asked you your name. You put one arm around wee Joel and up you looked with your big blue eyes for all the world like a robin. 'Me's Dordle!' says you. 'Me 'ants Dunkie Teewee, me do!' We thought by that your name was George, but the gentleman called you Gordon. We had no tea to give you, so you had to put up with milk; yet for many a day you cried for 'Dunkie Teewee!' But, John, there is worse than the taking of him. I don't like the looks of that uncle. And, oh, how he did curse when he saw the image of our Lady on the mantel. He must

be downright wicked, John. Perhaps he will lead our lad astray."

"As for leading our lad astray," said Shannon, putting one great hairy hand on the boy's shoulder, "no man can lead you into sin if you don't follow him. You will have to stand on your own two feet and be a man. Remember one thing: there is nothing worth buying, not fast horses nor fine houses, not even a place in the king's court, if the price you pay for it is the fire of hell forevermore." There was a clatter of hoofs on the bridge in the hollow. "Here they come now! Good-bye, lad! We'll say the beads every day till we know that you are back here again in Maryland safe." Shannon's deep voice trembled. "Good-bye, boy, and God bless you."

"The one on the gray horse is his uncle," said Mary, pointing one roughened, toil-worn hand. "You can see the likeness yourself, John."

"The boy's face is brown and his jaw is more square," said Shannon, "but they're indeed alike; yet God grant the boy's face may never be like that man's." Oh, Mary, it is bitter hard to trust our boy to such a keeper."

The horsemen galloped toward them, straight across the sprouting corn; that was the way with great folk in those days. The gentleman sprang lightly from his horse and drew the gauntlet from his right hand. The fingers were long and white. There was a ring, one only; but the jewel in it might have shone in the king's crown. He took the brown hand of the boy in and looked at the face closely.

"It is the Gordon," he said, "but whence come all these bruises? There is a burn!" Turning sharply toward Shannon, "You will explain this."

"The lad loaded the gun too heavily. It was old and blew up with him, sir. Thanks to the mercy of God, he wasn't hurt badly."

"God's mercy! What of your own carelessness? Allowing a mere babe to load a gun!"

"Sir, here in Maryland we don't call boys of ten babies. If you think him too young to handle a gun, look at the bear on my horse yonder. That's his hunting bag for this afternoon—not that we send such lads hunting big game. The bear hunted him; but he killed her, sir, all alone, sir. The boys of the New World are not babies, sir."

There was just a touch of honest pride in John Shannon's voice.

"Gordon killed yonder great beast?" cried the nobleman. "Ah, well, no wonder! He is the scion of the house

of Ravenhurst. The earls were famous huntsmen, all of them. Edwin, remain and bring the skin. It will look well below Fire-the-Braes' antlers, eh, Godfrey? Give the fellow the reward. It is a fat purse, and will repay you for your trouble, my man."

John Shannon straightened his shoulders just a little. "Keep your money, your lordship," he said bluntly. "The boy is yours. I have no right to keep him; but I'm not selling him to you, thanking your Honor the same for your kindness."

"Ah, if a man has a cabin in this new land, he fancies himself already a gentleman. Martin, give the peasant his brats. Walter, bring Lord Gordon his horse."

The twins struggled down from the soldier's saddle and ran to their mother; but as Walter came forward with the horse, George drew his hand from his uncle's grasp. "I want to say good-bye, please," he said.

"Walter, give the young gentleman your hand to mount. We have wasted too much time as it is."

"I'm going to stay till I say good-bye," flashed the boy, "and I won't go before."

"Do as you are bid, George." It was Mary Shannon's quiet voice.

"Yes, mother," and the boy mounted.

The horsemen trotted back across the field and down the road, but the boy's face was turned toward the wood. The little group among the trees dropped out of sight. The cabin came and went. As the last bit of smoke was hidden by the trees, the brave little lips began to tremble; and the tears came, burning hot and choking. Sir Roger gave a signal. The troop swung forward, leaving them alone.

"Is this the gratitude you show to the uncle who has come overseas in search of you?"

"I wanted to say good-bye. I didn't even kiss Joel."

"How could you kiss the dirty little things?"

"O, sir, they are not dirty. They just get dirty after mother washes them. You see when you're making mud pies—but you don't understand. They are my folk, sir. Joel, he's my twin. I mean we always thought we were," and the great sobs choked him.

"Your folk!" cried the gentleman with a laugh, not a pleasant laugh, "but you do not know, as yet, who or what you are. You are Charles Gordon, Lord Rock Raven; son of James Gordon, Lord Rock Raven, third Earl of Ravenhurst. Your mother is Lady Margaret of Douglas, daughter of Sir Wilfrid Douglas of the line of old Sir Archibald 'Bell-the-Cat.' There are few in Scotland that can boast such blood as yours. And you are weeping for your folk? The folk of the heir of Ravenhurst!" He laughed again. "John Shannon, lord of log cabin and a pigsty, in size an ox, in brain a pipkin, his most noble dame with a face as wrinkled and brown as the apple she baked last Candlemas, a dozen—nay was it fourteen—red-headed brats, and these are the folk of the scion of Ravenhurst!"

Sir Roger might have seen the red light in those deep blue Douglas eyes. But he was not looking. John and Mary Shannon had taught the lad to respect his elders, and Gordon held his temper. He said not one of the hot things burning on his tongue; but answered with a boyish dignity which made Sir Roger marvel.

"They have always been kind to me, my lord; and poor or not, they are my folk."

The anger had dried the lad's tears. Sir Roger never saw him cry again. He did not speak of the Shannons any more. His home folk were too sacred in his eyes to be the jest of such a man as Roger of Ravenhurst. The gentleman knew from that day forward that a bar was between him and his nephew, a bar he never could cross.

(To be continued)

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"He was wounded for our iniquities." Is. 53, 5.



"See if there be any sorrow like to my sorrow." Lam. 1, 12.

glanced up from his paper absently. "Maybe he's doing a bit of clairvoyant work as to the future price of oranges, or whether we'll have frost tonight," he grinned. "Or perhaps it's only that beast of a fly on the pane there that engrosses his intellectual powers."

Nancy Belle rose to "swat" the insect mentioned, and returned to her sewing machine in lofty silence.

"What's the matter?" queried Lord Lovell, twinkling. "I hope you don't think I regard our son's metaphysical speculations in a spirit of levity?"

"I'm sure," remarked Nancy Belle, basting vigorously, "that Bertram Timothy is much more likely to be thinking of angels than of flies. If you ever watched him as I do—"

"Well, but about that frost," interrupted Mr. Lovell. "You'll admit, Nance, that it would be convenient, if we could tell just exactly—p'raps, there's a way of training 'em. We might educate him as the Human Barometer, and rent him out by the season. Well, I'm off. Time and the irrigation of an orchard wait for no man. You're not afraid to be left alone in the presence of the Prophet, are you?"

Happy days, indeed, did Nancy spend in the presence of the Prophet, busy about the duties of her shining house, hearing now and again her husband's whistle, up and down the orchard rows, as he went about the business of the little ranch, living from dawn to dark under the blue sky. Was ever a girl, Nancy asked herself, blessed with such a husband or such a baby? Bertram Timothy gave every promise, except for the crinkly yellow curls, of looking like his father; and Nancy Belle's cup of joy was brimming.

There is usually, however (to vary the metaphor) a fly in the amber. The fly in the amber of Nancy Belle's life appeared on the occasion of the celebration of the Prophet's first birthday, in the shape of the Prophet's godmother, returned from an eastern trip, and full of the importance of her duties regarding the Prophet's soul. Cecilia, or Cissy Gordon was, Bert Lovell argued, in every respect a perfectly good and worthy person. The fact that her aunt Anne was a Sister of Charity, and had something to do with a hospital, seemed, as far as he was concerned, a positive guarantee of Cissy's qualifications for the position of his son's godmother. Added to this there was, as he had frequently impressed on Nancy Belle, the fact that

Cissy herself had been to a convent school at some past period of her career. Yes, certainly, Cissy had all the necessary qualifications.

But Nancy couldn't see it. In the first place, Cissy was so perfectly ancient, she was thirty-five years old. How could Bert expect such an old maid to know anything about babies? And secondly, she didn't like Cissy, anyhow. Just because Cissy was a friend of Bert's sister Florence, did that prove that Cissy was going to come between Nancy and her very own baby? Godmothers, indeed!

But, with the arrival of the Prophet's birthday, Godmother Cissy rose inexorably above Nancy Belle's horizon. She came, amiably laden with rich gifts for the Prophet, expressing herself as delighted with him and extraordinarily pleased to see Bertram and Nancy, after her protracted absence. She ate what Nancy spitefully described later to her husband as "an enormous lunch," and settled down before the fire afterwards with her crocheting to discuss spiritual matters in general with the godchild's mother.

"You know," she observed, arranging herself in the big leather chair, "you must always keep in mind, Nancy Belle, the fact that God has made you the custodian of an immortal soul. The—"

"Mine, of course, you mean?" interrupted Nancy Belle.

"I beg pardon?" Cissy looked mystified.

"My soul?"

"Your child's, I meant, my dear. The infinite value of—"

"Then I have two of 'em to look out for, and not just one," remarked Nancy.

Cissy fixed her with a glassy eye. "Two?"

"Timmy's and mine. I have one, haven't I?" Nancy looked anxious.

"My dear Nancy, don't be absurd. Of course—"

"I'm so glad. I haven't been baptized, you know—not ever—but I'd hate to think a pagan was like Undine, don't you see, with not a scrap of a soul, or—and, good gracious, Cissy, there's Bert's, too!"

"Nancy, what in the world—"

"Why, Bert has one, you see; and that makes three, because he always says that his soul is in my keeping. So that's three souls, Cissy; and I think it's too many. I don't see how I'll ever manage three, and I don't think it's fair for God to expect—"

"And, Bert," said Nancy Belle,

solemnly, relating the conversation to Lord Lovell when he came in to dinner that evening, "she rolled up her crocheting and—fled. And I'm going to manage Timmy's soul myself. You aren't mad, are you?"

"N—no," responded Lord Lovell slowly. "But mouse, it is time to—er—to begin, don't you think? Cissy's right, after all—"

"Well, I'm going to begin. That's just what I'm going to do. And I don't need any old godmother. I just don't see the use of godmothers. I never did see the use, and I never will. I—"

"Well, darling, I didn't invent 'em," protested her husband plaintively. "I thought Cissy'd be a good specimen, as we had to have one, that's all. You mustn't forget that Cissy's been educated in a convent."

Having definitely taken upon herself the care of the rapidly developing soul of the Prophet Timothy, his mother forthwith mapped out her plan of action, and proceeded without delay to act upon it. The following morning she drove to the city with the Prophet beside her, securely strapped in. "I'll be back to get lunch, angel," she reassured Lord Lovell, who "stood at the castle gate a-combing his milk-white steed," preparatory to harnessing the animal to the harrow. "If I'm late, you'll run in and put the potatoes in the oven, like a dear, won't you? Just look at Timmy! He could drive, himself, if I'd let him get at the wheel. He knows. He knows everything."

The unfathomable depths of Bertram Timothy's eyes were more than usually inscrutable when his father lifted him out of the car two or three hours later. He bore, clutched in one little fist, a small green-covered book; and in the fingers of the other hand was tangled a circlet of blue beads, to which was attached a silver crucifix.

"He's held them all the way back," said Nancy Belle. "He simply froze to them, the minute I put them in his hands. He's just a natural born Christian, and he prob'ly knows everything, right now. Isn't it wonderful?"

"He likes the color of the book," remarked her husband prosaically. "And the beads are shiny. Don't you know the way he'll hold that silver rattle for hours and hours? And he never has been the throw-things-on-the-floor kind of a kid. He's got manners, has my son."

"Oh, of course," pouted Nancy Belle. "Of course you'd spoil it all. But just the same, a rosary is different from a

rattle, and a slippery book like that is very hard to hold, when his hands are so tiny. And I think there's something very queer about it. I don't care."

The Prophet's education began that afternoon. He woke from a long sleep and sat up in his day-bed near the window where Nancy Belle was at the perpetual sewing-machine. He was solemn and flushed; he looked at his mother thoughtfully; and, after a meditative survey of the room, he reached for the shining blue and silver beads, which Nancy had hung over the edge of the crib.

"Glug," he remarked, earnestly.

Nancy dropped her scissors with a clatter as she jumped to her feet, and bent over to sweep him into her arms. "Timothy—Tim, you mar-vel-ous thing!" she whispered. "I b'lieve—I b'lieve you do know you're a Christian!"

She set him on her knee and took the wee right hand in hers. "Timmy, dearest," she said, "listen hard to mother. Are you listening?"

Timothy's eyes regarded her with an unwavering stare, and Timothy's left dimple began to show ever so slightly.

"No," answered Nancy Belle, "you musn't laugh. This is serious. Listen. Mother read some in your new green book—" it lay on the machine, and she picked it up and held it before him an instant—"mother read in your new green book while you were sleeping, and mother will show you something lovely now, if you're really paying attention. You are, aren't you?"

Baby and child-mother regarded each other in silence for a moment. "See," said Nancy Belle; then, lifting the wee man's hand to his forehead where the rings of hair lay still moist from sleep, "see, Timmy, this is to show you are a Christian. 'Tis is what you must do, every day. 'In the name of the Father—and of the Son—and of the Holy—Ghost—Amen.'" Timothy's two fists, under the maternal guidance, came together, on the last word, crumpled and soft, the fingers of one doubling against the fingers of the other like a ball of crushed rose leaves. Bertram Timothy nodded in a satisfied manner, showing both dimples.

"I appreciate your efforts in my behalf," said Bertram Timothy, in effect.

Oh, he was an amazing person! At the age of seventeen months he made a trip, entirely on his own responsibility, from the fireplace at the end of the living room, across the treacherous

glaciers of the rugs and the crevasses between, through the haunted forest of the half-drawn *portieres*, around the monstrous antediluvian skeleton of the dining table, and brought up at last, panting and triumphant, against the sheer cliff of the buffet, at the base of which he sank in a heap, and turned to his breathless audience of two for applause. It was on the day following this unparalleled feat that Nancy Belle decided to take him to church.

"He's a gentleman growed," she said. "He can walk and talk and bless himself. He can so, Bert Lovell.—Well, maybe I just help him a little; and he doesn't do it exactly alike every time. But he knows what it means. And you see him kneel down to say his prayers, don't you? Why, last night I hardly had to hold him still at all. And now he's going to church and see the pretty Lady with a Baby just like Timmy, and learn to make genuflections and everything."

"He'll howl and disturb people," objected Bert. "You don't expect him to—"

"He wants to go," declared Nancy obstinately. "He wants to see the sweet Lady like the Lady in his picture book. He's going to say 'Hay-May' to her."

The church, to Nancy's great delight, was quite empty, when she entered, lugging the Prophet, who had preserved a religious silence ever since leaving home. Inside the doorway, she set him on his feet and pulled off his blue knitted cap.

"Timmy takes off his cap in the house," she whispered. "Whose house is this?"

Timmy looked preternaturally wise, but vouchsafed no information.

"It's God's house. Isn't God's house a nice, pretty house?"

"Pitty nish owsh," approved Timmy.

"And whose house is it?"

"Nish owsh." The Prophet dimpled entrancingly.

"But whose nice house, Timmy? Listen to Mother."

"Dod owsh?"—tentatively.

"Oh, Timmy, you mar-vel-ous! And you know who God is, don't you? Tell Mother?"

"Farver - neven. Nishe, pitty owsh." And filled with enthusiasm for the pretty house, the Prophet started rapidly down the aisle toward the high altar, where a red spark beckoned in the dimness.

Alas for the fervor of ambition! Pride, we are told, goeth before a fall;

and, as Nancy Belle stood watching the fearless progress of Bertram Timothy into the unknown, some lurking imp who must have slipped in through the door, when it opened to admit a pagan woman, reached out and grabbed the Prophet by the toe. He tripped; perilously, for a terrible moment, he tottered—then measured his plump length on the stone-tiled floor. Nancy Belle, regardless of propriety in the House of God, dashed to the rescue; but not ere the voice of the Prophet was lifted in lamentation.

He did, in truth, howl. He roared. He bellowed. His voice soared among the hovering shadows in the Gothic arches, in the wild raving of a desperate agony; it sank below the tiled floor to the cellar in lugubrious groans of lurid despair; it played about the intermediate space on lusty middle notes of plain tantrum temper. And Bertram Timothy kicked his heels on the tiling, and beat his rose leaf fists on it and expressed his opinion of it without any reserve whatever.

Nancy Belle, kneeling over the writhing form, tried vainly to still the tumult. "Oh, Timmy, darling, are you hurt? Timmy, do hush! My precious lamb, let Mother see! Oh, sweetie, please, ple—ee—"

A pair of hands descended suddenly from space, and the squirming figure of Bertram Timothy rose bodily into the air. Nancy Belle looked up through the faintly scented dusk and met the eyes of a young man in a dark brown robe, who smiled at her.

"Did he bump himself?" inquired the young man. "Poor little rascal!"

Bertram Timothy, arrested in mid-yell, stared into the face of his captor. His cheeks were red and wet, and his mouth was arranged for the next scream.

"Well," said the young man. "It was all a mistake, wasn't it?" He looked down at Nancy with a whimsical twinkle. "I think, with care, your child will live awhile," he observed.

Nancy scrambled to her feet. "Oh," she cried. "I'm so sorry. He hardly ever yells."

"Judging," returned the other soberly, "from the recently delivered specimen, one would infer a certain amount of practice. However, I'm willing to take your word for it."

Nancy glanced up shyly at the laughing eyes in the serious face. He was only teasing, of course.

"I—I was just going to show him the statues," she explained. "He's never been to church before—except

when he was baptized, of course. A Jesuit did it."

"Oh!" A slightly puzzled expression came into the priest's face. "You—" he stopped.

"I'm not a Catholic," said Nancy, divining the unspoken thought. She felt the color rising to her cheeks. The young man stood, with Timothy in his arms, watching her keenly, but put no further inquiry.

"He must have wondered," said Nancy, recounting her adventures to her husband over the dinner table—Bertram Timothy having traveled to the Land of Nod, and left his parents *tete-a-tete*. "I felt an awful fool, but I couldn't tell him the story of my life right there. He was so dear to Timmy. He put his head on his shoulder—"

"Wait," interposed Lord Lovell, between mouthfuls of steak. "Let me get it straight. Whose head was it? I get a sort of impression that your young man was a first-class contortionist."

"Don't be tiresome! Timmy's head, of course. He put it on his shoulder—"

"Who put it? You go so fast, I can't—"

"Timmy put the head of Timmy, the head owned, worn, and possessed by Timmy," elucidated Nancy Belle, making a seductive face across the coffee percolator, "on—the—shoulder—of—the—monk. How's that?"

"Clear as crystal. Only, you know, they're not monks. They're friars—Franciscan friars—at St. Giles."

Nancy stared. "How do you know? And what's the difference? Are Jesuits monks? He wore brown, with a white rope-thing around his waist. He was tall—as tall as you. What is a friar, anyhow? Who told you? How do you know?"

"Whew!" Bert mopped his brow. "A complete circle! This way, ladies and gentlemen, to see the human top—Nancy Belle, the only original—"

"Bert! I'll throw something! I will! I think you're simply mean! How did you know they were friars? Tell me this instant!"

Her husband laughed. "Dunno. I s'pose I've absorbed it from Cissy or somebody. A monk is a chap who sort of lives by himself, in a cell or something—like Carthusians."

Nancy gazed at him admiringly. "How clever of you!" she exclaimed. "Maybe Timmy's green book tells about it."

"I hardly think so. But there are

books that would tell. I s'pose Timmy'll be asking us things like that some day."

"And I s'pose, when he does, we'll have to say, 'go and ask godmother,' won't we?"

"We sure will," said Bert, cheerfully. "The evil day may be postponed, but the time is coming when the Prophet will need the services of an expert."

Nancy Belle, during a week or more following this conversation, thought a great many long thoughts, as she watched Bertram Timothy toddling about the house or playing with the puppy on the lawn or meditating in his high chair, his round eyes fixed uncanonically on space. She thought—a good deal—of another Mother with a Baby.

"She taught Him things," Nancy reflected. "He was a baby, like Timmy, and He had to learn to walk and talk. Maybe, inside His soul He knew who He was, but He was a baby, just the same. And she wouldn't have let any one take Him away from her, either."

"But who was He?" queried a small voice that had, of late, been following Nancy up and down the nights and days. "Who was He, silly Nancy Belle?"

"I am a silly," said Nancy to herself. "If I knew enough, I could get it all straight. Why didn't I learn while I had the chance? Mother would have told me everything if I had let her."

"I've some business in town, mouse," said Lord Lovell one morning. "Will you be lonesome if I don't get back to lunch? It may keep me quite a while."

Nancy looked up eagerly. "Why can't I go along," she proposed, "and do some shopping? I've been trying to get in for days, but there's always so much to do, or else you've had the car, or it's been out of order. Take me along."

"Right. Can you hurry?"

"Will you take me to lunch, at Carter's? Timmy'll be good as gold, and they have high chairs, you know."

Sitting beside her husband as they whirled over the smooth roads in the warm sunlight, Nancy fell into a deep well of silence. An idea which had just popped into her head was occupying her entire attention.

"I wonder," she was thinking, "if Bert'd be mad. I could do it easy; and of course I'd tell him later. He'll probably think I'm a worse silly than ever, but I don't care." She glanced at the profile under the tweed cap,

and the gauntleted hands on the steering wheel. "Bert's a man," she said to herself, "and men are so sensible. But—" Here she squeezed the placid Timothy, who was slumbering on her arm, "but Timmy's mine—mine—mine, and I won't have any old godmother poking around. I've just got to do something about it."

"Will you park the car?" she asked, as they swung into the heart of the city traffic, "or are you going to need it?"

"I thought I'd drop you at Mason's, and you can get through the shopping. Then, when you're finished, go on to Carter's and wait in the reception room for me. I'll get there as soon after one as possible. You can get something for Timmy, and put him to sleep. There's always a maid."

Nancy Belle hesitated. "D—do you need the car? Can't I have it?"

"What on earth do you want with the car? Carter's isn't two blocks off. And you can't park it outside of Mason's while you shop. Ten minute limit here, you know, during business hours."

"Well, do you need the car, Bert?"

"Sure I do. I have to—er—to see a man, clear up town."

"Can't you go on the tram?"

"Certainly not! Why should I go on the tram?"

"Then—then you won't let me have the car?"

"Nancy, don't be a goose. Here we are; hop!—Let me hold him, till you're down. S'long. Meet you at one."

Nancy stood with the Prophet in her arms as the coveted motor merged into the stream of traffic. She pouted a little, then giggled a little. "He must think me a goose," she murmured. "Well, I guess it's Nancy Belle for the tram. Here's the one now. I'm in luck."

As the street car rattled on its uptown journey, Nancy Belle, holding to the Prophet's patent leather belt as he surveyed the passing show, rehearsed a little scene in which she expected soon to act a part.

"I beg your pardon for bothering"—(no, for troubling, that's better)—"for troubling you, but I wondered if there was any way in which I could find out—" That sounds silly. "I would like to be instructed—" No, that's what they call it when you're going to be one. You 'go under instruction'; and of course, I'm not going to be one. I only want to find out things. 'Oh dear! I'll never know what to say. And how am I going to

(Continued on page 159)



Missions

THE FRANCISCANS IN NEW MEXICO

By FR. ZEPHYRIN ENGELHARDT, O. F. M.

CHAPTER XXVIII

Benavides's Memorial—Various Pueblo Tribes—The Piro's—The Teoa or Tigua—The Queres—The Tompiros—The Tanos—The Pecos—The Chartered Town of Santa Fe—The Teoas or Tehuas—The Jémes—The Picuries—The Taos—The Ácomas—The Zuñis—The Moquis

BEFORE proceeding with the narrative, it will be necessary, for the sake of clearness, to enumerate and locate the various mission centers as described by Fr. Alonso Benavides. With Bancroft we regret, however, "that the writer (Benavides) did not, as he might have easily done, give more fully the pueblo names and locations, and thus clear up a subject which it is to be feared must always remain in confusion and insecurity. . . . The work (Benavides' Memorial) is mainly descriptive, and has some special value as giving more definitely than any other the territorial locations of the pueblo group in the 17th century."¹

The Piro's

Coming from Mexico, and traveling along the Rio Grande del Norte north of El Paso, Benavides and the friars encountered the first group of Indians, the Piro's. "Although this is the first province of that country," he writes, "it was the last to be converted. It pleased God that its hour should arrive, and so, in the year 1626, when I was the Custos of these missions, I devoted myself to the Lord for the conversion of those souls, and dedicated their principal pueblo to the most holy Virgin of Help (Socorro). In that year, then, our Lord was pleased to favor me in such a manner that all were baptized, and are today very good Christians. I have founded in this province three *conventos*² and churches: one in the pueblo of Senecú, in honor of San Antonio de Padua; another in the pueblo of Pilabo in honor of the Virgin of Socorro; and the other in the pueblo of Sivilleta, dedicated in honor of San Luis Obispo.³

It is well that your Majesty know the beginning of the pueblo of Sivilleta. It was depopulated by wars with other

nations, which burned it. Our Spaniards called it Sivilleta. Its natives wandered scattered over sundry hills. With them I founded that pueblo anew, and gathered there many others, so that it is today one of the best pueblos your Majesty has there. Each of these three *conventos* has charge of other neighboring pueblos which the religious attend with great care and zeal.

This province of the Piro's extends up the Rio del Norte from the first pueblo of San Antonio de Senecú to the last, San Luis de Sivilleta, for fifteen leagues, where there are fourteen pueblos on both sides of the river. The population must be 6,000 souls, all baptized.⁴ As has been said, there are three *conventos* in which the religious, besides the instruction in the doctrines of the holy Catholic Faith, in their schools, teach singing, reading, writing, and all occupations, and how to live in a civilized manner.

The Teoa Nation

Ascending the same river for seven leagues, one reaches the beginning of the territory of the Teoa (Tigua) nation with fifteen or sixteen pueblos, where there may be 7,000 souls, in a district of twelve or thirteen leagues, all baptized. There are two *conventos*, that is to say, one of San Francisco at Sandia and one of San Antonio at Isleta.⁵ Here are schools for reading, writing, singing, and the playing of all kinds of musical instruments. The Indians are well instructed in the Christian doctrine, and they have some knowledge of civilized life. These two *conventos* betoken much labor,

and they are very neat, owing to the solicitude and zeal of the religious who founded them.⁶ All other pueblos likewise have very neat churches.

The Queres Nation

Advancing four more leagues, the territory of the Queres nation begins with San Felipe, its first pueblo. It extends for more than ten leagues, and has seven pueblos, in which there may be 4,000 souls, all baptized. There are three *conventos* and very beautiful and neat churches, besides the church which is in each pueblo. These Indians are very dexterous at reading, writing, and playing on all musical instruments; and they are clever at all occupations, which is owing to the great industry of the religious who converted them. The land is very fertile, and grows everything planted on it.

The Tompiras Nation

Leaving the Rio del Norte, and going toward the east ten leagues from the preceding⁷ nation, the Tompiras territory begins with Chilili first pueblo, and extends in that direction more than fifteen leagues, embracing fourteen or fifteen pueblos, in which there may be more than 10,000 souls, all converted, and most of them baptized. There are others under instruction. There are six *conventos* and very good churches; and there are training schools as in the other pueblos. The land is not very productive owing to the very cold spells and the lack of water.

The Tanos Nation

Turning northward, another ten leagues, we encounter the first and

¹San Augustin de Isleta, rather.

²It is a pity Fr. Benavides nowhere mentions the missionaries who effected the transformation. The number of souls is, of course, exaggerated.

³The Tigua.

⁴To this group belonged Unarac, to which place Fr. Salas persuaded the Jumanas to move, as the reader will know from the three preceding chapters. The Jumanas were the Indians claimed to have been visited by Mother Mary.

⁵The apartment of two or three rooms adjoining the church occupied by the missionary was so called; but there was no community.

⁶St. Louis, Bishop.

⁷The figures offered by Fr. Benavides, as likewise what he says about schools, should be accepted with a large grain of salt.

¹Bancroft, New Mexico, p. 103.

principal pueblo of the Tanos nation, whose territory extends ten leagues comprising five pueblos,* where there may be 4,000 baptized souls. There is one *convento* and a very good church. The (other) pueblos likewise each have their church, visited by the priest from one *convento* to celebrate holy mass. There are training schools for all trades, as in other pueblos.

The Pecos Nation

In the same northerly direction, another four leagues, one comes to the pueblo of Pecos, which contains more than 2,000 souls. Here there is one *convento* and a splendid church of particular workmanship and beauty, on which a religious[†] spent very much labor and care. Notwithstanding that these Indians are of the Jemes nation, yet being here alone and astray from their territory they are regarded as a separate nation, although they have the same language. It is a very frigid country, and little productive, although it yields the necessary corn for its inhabitants, because they plant very much. These Indians are well trained in all the crafts, and they have their schools for reading, writing, singing, and playing musical instruments, like the rest.

The Town of Santa Fe

Turning from the preceding pueblo seven leagues to the westward, is the Town of Santa Fe, the capital of this dominion, where reside the governors and the Spaniards, who may number two hundred and fifty, although only fifty can arm themselves, owing to the lack of weapons. . . . Your Majesty supports this garrison, not with pay from the royal treasury, but by making them (officials and soldiers) *encomenderos*[‡] of these pueblos under the authority of the governor. The tribute which the Indians pay them is for each house a *manta*, which is a yard of cotton cloth, and a *fanega*[§] of corn each year. With this the poor Spaniards maintain themselves. There must be about 700 (Indian) souls serving thus, so that, counting the Spaniards, halfbreeds, and Indians together, there may be about 1,000 souls.

The principal thing only was lacking the church; for the one they had was a poor *jacal*^{||} because the religious first attended to the building of churches for the Indians whom they converted, and to whom they admin-

istered, and with whom they lived. Hence, as soon as I came as Custos, I commenced to build the church and *convento* for the honor and glory of God, our Lord. This would shine anywhere. There the religious already teach the Spaniards and Indians how to read, write, play instruments, sing, and all the arts of civilization. Although cold, it is the most fertile spot in whole New Mexico.

The Teos Nation

Farther westward toward the Rio del Norte, begins the territory of the Teos[¶] nation. This province extends over a space of eleven or twelve leagues and contains eight pueblos in which may be 6,000 souls. This nation was the first to receive Baptism in this dominion, and on this they pride themselves very much. They are very friendly to the Spaniards, whom they serve more than ordinarily, and whom they accompany in all their wars. It has three *conventos* and churches, which are very neat, especially the one at San Ildefonso on which the religious who established it spent much care. All the pueblos have their churches, whither the religious go to celebrate holy Mass. The Indians are very well instructed in all the arts. The land is very fertile, because a religious has conducted water to it for irrigating what is planted. The Rio del Norte, which passes by, abounds in fish.

The Jemes Nation

Passing over this river westward at a distance of seven leagues, one reaches the Jemes nation. When I came as Custos, this nation had scattered throughout the dominion, and the tribe was almost depopulated by famine and wars, which were destroying them entirely. Most of them were already baptized, and had their churches, which was owing to the hard labor and care of some religious. I, therefore, endeavored to reclaim it and to gather it again in the same province, and I placed there a religious,[‡] who attended to it with care. We have collected it (the nation) in two pueblos, one of which is that of San Joseph, (which was still standing) with a very sumptuous and beautiful church and *convento*; the other is that of San Diego. . . . Although more than half of this nation have died, your Majesty, nevertheless, has more than 3,000 tributaries congregated there.

The Picuries Nation

Going back, then, to the Teoa nation from which we came to go to the Jemes, and ascending the river northward ten leagues, we arrive at the

pueblo of the Picuries, which must have about 2,000 souls, already baptized, with their *convento* and church, where they are instructed in the Christian doctrine. This has been the most indomitable and treacherous people in that dominion. Some religious have suffered very much from them. . . . Today, God be praised, they are very peaceful and well instructed. Although these Indians are of the Teos (Tigua) nation, they are regarded as a separate nation, because they are so far separated. . . .

The Taos Nation

Farther on in the same northward direction, another seven leagues, is the pueblo of Taos, of the same nation as the preceding, though the language varies somewhat. It has 2,500 baptized souls. It has its *convento* and church, which the two religious in charge of this mission have founded with much care. . . . The country is very cold, but abounds in provisions and livestock.

The Crag of Acoma

Retracing our steps to the territory of the Queres nation, and going about twelve leagues to the west of its last pueblo, Santa Ana, one arrives[¶] at the Rock of Acoma, which has cost so many lives of Spaniards and of friendly Indians. . . . Its inhabitants number about 2,000 souls. It pleased God that last year, 1629, we reduced them to peace, and today they have a religious who is instructing and baptizing them. . . .

The Zuñi Nation

Proceeding still farther westward, thirty leagues, one reaches the province of the Zuñis, where are eleven or twelve pueblos in a district of nine or ten leagues. Therein are more than 10,000 converted souls, who are being instructed and baptized. They have two *conventos* and churches. . . . The land is very fertile and abounds in all kinds of provisions.

The Moqui Nation

Proceeding westward thirty leagues more, one reaches the province of the Moquis, the towns of which are of the same character as those of the foregoing Zuñis. There are 10,000 souls, who are being instructed in the catechism and baptized. . . .

Such in brief are the various tribes that inhabited the districts named. The reader will now more easily follow the narrative of the great revolt which occurred in 1680. There is still a gap of fifty years, but it will have to remain such to a great extent; for little of what transpired during this period has come down to us.

*Which included San Marcos, Gallisteo, and San Cristobal.

†Fr. Benavides should have named this religious.

‡Given charge of the *encomienda* was a trusteeship over the Indians, one of the early devices of the great Indian policy of Spain. In return for his privileges, the *encomendero* had to teach and Christianize his (Indian) wards at his own expense. (C. F. Lummis). This arrangement was sure to be abused at the cost of the Indians, and led to the revolt of 1680.

§About one hundredweight.

||Shanty of clinked palisades. (C. F. Lummis).

¶The Tehuas.

¶Fr. Martin de Arvide, according to Lummis.

AN UNCROWNED KING OF THE CHIPPEWAS

By FR. ODORIC, O. F. M.

GREAT WARRIORS, statesmen, authors, and other distinguished men of the white race are immortalized in biographies and memorials without number. But where do we find the praises sung of our American Indians, those noble sons of a noble race? We often hear of Indian savagery and treachery, of warring and scalping; but how seldom do we hear of the nobler traits of the Indian character? Are the good Indians so few that they are not worth mentioning? In my missionary travels I have met many noble Indians, who could serve as examples to their white brethren in Christian virtues and heroic deeds. One of these who attracted my attention and gained my esteem at the very beginning of my missionary career, was Vincent Roy, of whom I made passing mention in a previous sketch. As Mr. Roy was a man of exceptional virtue, I am sure the readers of the HERALD will be pleased to hear a little more about him.

Vincent Roy, or "Kitchi Besan," (Big Vincent), as he was called by the Indians, was born at Fort Francis, a trading post, on the Minnesota side of Rainy Lake, about one hundred and forty miles north of Superior, in or about the year 1824. He was of mixed French and Indian blood, the latter predominating. His father was a trader, being a descendant of an attache of one of the early fur companies. In 1839 the family moved to La Pointe, on Madeline Island, in Lake Superior, then the leading settlement in this section of the country and the headquarters for fur traders and Indians.

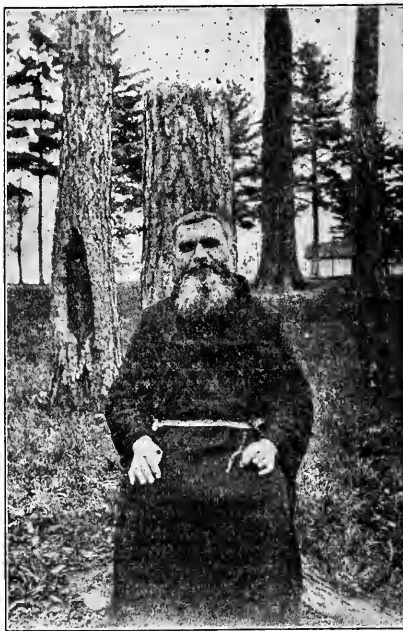
Mr. Roy, at an early age, showed great business ability, and for a number of years successfully managed the affairs of the firm Borut and Oaks and of the late Julius Austrian. About the year 1854, he came to Superior and assumed charge of Alexander Paul's fur trade; and when Mr. Paul sold out to Bradshaw Bros., he continued as their manager for many years. Finally, he went into business on his own account. He had a trading post at Vermilion Lake, near the present city of Power, where he engaged

in mercantile business until general debility forced him to give it up.

Under the treaty of 1854, made at La Pointe with the Chippewa Indians, Vincent Roy received scrip for eighty acres of land. With this he located a tract on Superior Bay, at the foot of Winter Street, which tract he later platted as Roy's Addition to Superior City. Mr. Roy was always a prominent figure in the history of the Lake

leading citizen in his community and foremost in every good work and public enterprise. Although he never attended school, he spoke and wrote English, French, and Chippewa fluently. When he was about fifteen years old, his father took him to La Pointe, where the saintly Father Baraga was laboring. The priest took his meals at the home of Mrs. La Combe, Vincent's aunt. The young boy became greatly attached to the missionary, and whenever Father Baraga was at La Combe's, Vincent would steal up to him and question him on difficult points of English orthography and pronunciation. In this way, he gradually mastered the language. French and Chippewa he learned from his daily intercourse with the Canadians and his own people.

Vincent Roy married Elizabeth Cournoyer, with whom he lived in true conjugal love, peace, and happiness. He was a model husband, kind, affectionate, industrious, and thrifty. He never touched intoxicating liquors; nor did he use tobacco in any form—virtues quite uncommon in an Indian. Mr. Roy's marriage was not blessed with children; but this circumstance, as Fr. Chrysostom Verwyst says, divine Providence made use of to make him the father, friend, and counselor of his poor countrymen. They came to him asking advice on how to build their houses, conduct their business, and cultivate their farms. He gave them work and clothing and was always most generous to the poor. His liberality was not confined to his people and country. When the dreadful famine visited Ireland in 1880, he contributed freely to the needs of the poor starving people. When an Indian died, and his relatives were too poor to provide him with a decent burial, "Kitchi Besan," like another Tobias, bought a coffin, dug the grave with his own hands, and assisted piously at the burial service. He had the loving, merciful heart of his patron, the great St. Vincent de Paul, and he was never happier than when he could perform some corporal or spiritual work of mercy. Daily he attended holy Mass (Continued on page 159)



Fr. Odoric, O. F. M.

Superior region. His advice was often sought by such men as the Hon. Henry M. Rice and by other original proprietors in Superior and Duluth in acquiring legal titles to their lands. Several times he visited Washington, D. C., to adjust differences between the Indians and the whites. He took an active interest in politics, being an ardent Democrat. At the national Democratic conventions he was a conspicuous figure.

Mr. Roy was a perfect gentleman, a



Fireside Talks & Tales Children's Corner

CONDUCTED BY ELIZABETH ROSE

SOME ODDS AND ENDS OF LENT

DO ANY of our Young Folk know when *Sitientes* Saturday comes, or *Lazarus* Saturday, or *Laetare* Sunday, or why Mass and Vespers are joined in one service on Holy Saturday; or on what Sunday of the year pink vestments may be worn; or why at the Pope's solemn Mass on Easter Sunday a certain Amen is never sung, and there is a moment of complete silence instead? There are a number of odds and ends like these we might talk about if the kind Editor would give us the whole magazine instead of one Fireside Corner; but as we can't well ask this of him, we will just look up a few.

Sitientes (Thirsty) Saturday is the Saturday before Passion Sunday and it is so called because the opening prayer or Introit of its Mass begins: "Ye that thirst come to the waters, saith the Lord, and drink with joy." A number of the other prayers said at this Mass speak of "fountains of waters" and the "water of refreshment" that God shall give to those of whom He is the shepherd. *Lazarus* Saturday is the eve of Palm Sunday, and gets its name from the gospel of the day, which tells how the chief priests wanted to kill Lazarus because the miracle of his raising from the dead caused many of the Jews to become followers of Christ. On *Laetare* Sunday, the fourth one in Lent, the Church suddenly throws off the gloom of the penitential season and keeps saying all through the prayers of the Mass *Laetare!* (Rejoice), in anticipation of the glorious Easter that is coming. On this day, she permits a change in the vestments worn by the

priest. In many churches, you will see pale rose, almost pink, instead of the usual color. In Rome, on this day, the Pope blesses the famous Golden Rose, a wonderful flower with stem, branches and leaves of gold, and a magnificent rose of the same metal crowning the whole. This is each year given to some distinguished Catholic who has done the Church a great service. In former days, a fine ruby hung from the rose as a bud, and stem and leaves were encrusted with

the altar, and why such quick changes of position were called for? The words date back to the first ages of the Church, and millions of Catholics have listened to and obeyed them during the long centuries that have since passed. In those days, nobody dreamed of sitting during Mass or, in fact, any service—it was either standing or kneeling with everybody. To the infirm or weak, a staff to lean on was permitted. At these Good Friday prayers and some others, the deacon

would turn to the people, telling them to stand or kneel as the case required. When, this month of March, you go to church and bend your knee or rise again as you hear the words, and perhaps think it a very long set of prayers in which you are taking part, think of those long-ago Christians who never got a chance to sit down once during a single ceremony, but rose or knelt at the word of command like the sturdy soldiers of Jesus Christ that they were.

By the way, did you notice that when the prayer for the conversion of the Jews is made on Good Friday it is said standing not kneeling as are the other prayers? This is to show the horror of

the Christian heart for the insulting mockery with which the executioners of our Lord knelt and hailed Him in derision as their king.

And did you notice that on Holy Saturday you assisted at both Mass and Vespers at the same time? That seemed a little odd, did it not? It never happens at any other time in the year, Vespers of course being an evening service. The explanation is very simple. In the early days, Mass and Vespers were so joined all through Lent, for the reason that

"WHO'S GOT EGGS"

"Who's got eggs?" cried valiant Freddy.

"Here am I with one all ready

Some one else's egg to nick."

Some one else his egg assailed—

Freddy sighed and Freddy wailed;

"Too eggs-cited was my venture, too eggs-cellent was his pick!"

"Who's got eggs?" the housewife queried,

With her marketing all wearied.

Seeking cheaper eggs in vain.

For on pinions rose their prices;

Gold could scarcely buy their slices.

"Too eggs-aspering!" cried she, "don't eggs-claim—I WILL complain!"

"Who's got eggs?" the hen repeated,

On her nest so quietly seated,

Watching all this misery.

"Foolish people, what a clatter!

I'VE got eggs—so small a matter!—

Just eggs-actly what they should be, just as I eggs-pected, see!"

precious stones. But both the Pope and the world generally have had to be more economical of late, in these H. C. L. days; so ruby and jewels no longer form part of the gift. So far, no American has received the splendid rose; but some day, perhaps, one of our Young Folks—who knows!

When you go to the Good Friday service and are told to get down on your knees (*Flectamus genua*), and then to get right up again (*Levate*), haven't you sometimes wondered why these directions were given you from

Mass was never said in Lent (except on Sunday, never a fasting-day) until three o'clock in the afternoon. As all good members of the Church had to fast until that hour, it brought them right up to Vesper time, with which the services were concluded. Now it is only on Holy Saturday that the two are joined, in remembrance; for the Church never allows any of her first customs to die entirely out.

Well, well, space is going already! Let us just take a step over out of Lent into Easter Sunday, and take a look at the Pope receiving the Precious Blood, not from the chalice, as do other ministers of God, but from a silver reed connected with the chalice. This he does only on three solemn occasions in the year, Easter Sunday being one, and his action is another survival of the ancient custom of the early Christians, who received under both forms, instead of only one as we do. For fear of spilling the chalice, these tubes of gold, silver, even of glass, were attached to the chalice, and all received the Precious Blood in this manner, in which there was no danger of accident.

At this same Mass of the Pope, is commemorated the angel's amen. This amen is the one in answer to the *Per omnia saecula saeculorum*, sung by the celebrant just before the Pater Noster in every Mass. The story runs that one Easter Sunday, centuries and centuries ago, Pope Gregory the Great, now a canonized Saint and one of the greatest Popes that ever reigned over the Church (by the way, he was very much interested in music and was the first to put the letters of the alphabet to the notes then in use, before our old friend Guido of Arezzo came along with his Do, Re, Mi) was saying Mass and paused at this place for the usual response, amen, from the choir. But before it could be made, a sudden unearthly beautiful flow of melody filled the church, and a band of angels appeared over the altar, making answer instead. From that time on, amen has never been sung in this place by any human voice, but a pause is made long enough for the unseen, unheard angelic choir to respond.

With this pretty last odd-and-end,

we will say Good-bye Lent and Welcome Easter!

HOW A LIZARD FOOLED A SNAKE

ONE of the 1000 varieties of lizards (how is that for a family connection?) lay basking in the sunshine, at peace with itself and all the world around that it could see. Its long tail was stretched lazily out, its little eyes opened and shut and blinked between times, too heavy with sleep to watch for the small birds or insects on which Master Lizard delights to feast rather than on the vegetables and

as the saying is. In his torpid little brain, Master Lizard was just passing in review the various "kills" he would commit if he ever made up his mind to rouse from his glorious drowse and go a-hunting, and the lands where a tropical sun so inspired, all worth while lizards that they formed their colonies by the thousands, instead of the limited number of these half-and-half-temperate climates.

He must have overslept; it didn't seem any time at all when his lazy eyes suddenly jerked up, almost without his own knowledge, to gaze straight into the two small malicious ones of a snake. Our poor youngster felt his time had come. He had no leisure in which to plan a defense; Snake was right at his head, his long mouth just in the act of opening—in another second that head would be down Snake's mouth, to be followed, in course of time, by his whole body—what, oh what to do?

Would you like to know how he met the situation? Why, he simply grabbed up his tail, quick as lightning, into his mouth and held it the tightest that anything was ever held; and when his enemy tried to attack and swallow him, he found in front of his snake eyes, where a moment before a fat little lizard had been lying, a hoop, a perfect hoop, to which there was neither beginning nor end in which to hook his cruel teeth. Glide around and around as he might, there wasn't an opening to be found. The whole mass was too big for even a hungry snake to get into its mouth; so at last, his patience completely worn out and his temper at 100 in the shade, Master Snake crawled off, no doubt mum-



No, you won't

grain so much more handy to get at, and with no life to be destroyed by the superior power. Not that the lizard hadn't his own troubles as well: there was a stronger power still and a more cunning, that sometimes dealt him out the same fate he allotted to his own victims. But this afternoon all seemed fair sailing, or rather sleeping, to our particular friend. Nothing of threatened danger; the heat was simply delicious—our lizard is a dear lover of heat, and simply will not live in a cold spot. If the atmosphere becomes too sharp, he just "dies on it,"

bling to himself—

If I was a lizard that wasn't worth eating

I never would do such contemptible cheating!

BILLIE WOODCHUCK

LITTLE Billie Woodchuck lived with his brothers and sisters in a small dugout, on the banks of the Raritan river, in New Jersey. No father or mother lived with the young family. Maybe they got killed by some cruel hunter, or maybe they got tired of

A FIRESIDE TALK

Dear Young Folks:

Now doesn't that Puzzle Corner begin to show what it can do? And from what different parts of the country do the answers come! Nothing but a little more courage needed to make it the finest Corner ever. Wake up still more, and make your puzzles as well as guess them. Mary Dailey, your Jams taste good. Send us some more. You western Puzzlers, don't let the East get ahead of you. Besides Mary Dailey, there are K. Murphy and Mary Cassidy, both of Maryland, trying their hands, so show what you can do for your part of the country. Do any of you keep scrap-books? It is a splendid habit, and one which will be of great help to many of you in the days to come.

There is many a bit one would like to remember as the years go by, and many a useless regret that it wasn't preserved at the right time. I wonder if any of our Fireside Tales will go in these chosen collections? For those who like jingle and perhaps may keep it for reference when needed, here is a fresh parcel in our Fireside mailbox, inscribed.

POLITENESS PACKAGE, No. 3

II. At Table

Still at the Table are we seated;
Not for discussion, much too heated
Or rude, unfriendly word or sharp;
'Tis not the place to quarrel or carp,
For at the board should ever be
A kindly, generous courtesy.
If one should seize on favorite dish,
Unheeded of another's wish,
How soon would just contempt arise
And show in every neighbor's eyes!
But many will all pleasure steal
And merriment from social meal,
By talk that clearly makes it known
Their thought is for themselves alone.
Let pleasant words alone and good
Attend the taking of our food.
From off the board your elbows keep;
Sit straight, nor slouch as if asleep;
Don't cram an eager mouth so full
That speech becomes impossible,
Nor cut your meat with so much
clatter

That one feels sorry for your platter,
Nor drink from cup so carelessly
That saucer grows a sight to see;
Nor on the table spill your salt;
'Tis no misfortune, 'tis a fault!
Still, if an accident at table
Occur, look not so miserable
That all around must wish most hearty
You were no longer of the party.

THE PUZZLE CORNER

Buried Jewels

1. A ripe pear lay on the table; 2. When I tried to rub your dress, it tore; 3. Edgar netted a thousand dollars from his real estate deal; 4. You will find a gate at the end of the lawn; 5. At the top, a zigzag path leads to the observatory.

Rhomboid

1. In rambler; 2, to deface; 3, a bird; 4, royal; 5, relating to the navy; 6, a kind of cake; 7, to allow; 8, in rambler.

Diagonal

The words contain the same number of letters. When rightly guessed and written one below the other, the diagonal beginning with the upper left hand letter and ending with the lower right hand letter will spell the name of a holiday which comes in the spring.

1. A masculine name; 2, a wonder; 3, to harken; 4, a city of New England; 5, a season; 6, an author.

What's My Name?

I'm in every beginning, I'm in every end;
I'm always in enemy, always in friend;
In hatred you'll find me, as also in love;
Below you'll perceive me as well as above.

I have no connection with warmth or with cold,
Yet in fire as in ice me you're sure to behold.

I know naught of air, yet am part of all breath;
I live not nor die, yet am in life and death.

I know naught of books, my knowledge is light,
Yet without me there's none that can read or can write;
In music or art I will ne'er bear a part,
Yet my name will be never forgotten in fame.

Answers to February Puzzles
Trees

1. Beech; 2, maple (may—pull); 3, fir (fir); 4, willow; 5, aspen; 6, walnut; 7, pine; 8, cedar; 9, spruce; 10, chestnut.

Did You Know How Funny You Were?

1. Your eyes; 2, your ears; 3, your nose (knows); 4, your two lips (tulpis); 5, your hair (hare); 6, your nails; 7, your cheek; 8, your teeth; 9, your lids; 10, your arms; 11, your palate (palette).

Broken Words

1. Good-will; 2, end-less; 3, nap-kin; 4, err-and; 5, rat-tan; 6, arm-ada; 7, loop-hole; 8, hare-bell; 9, ann-ex; 10, in-let; 11, golden-rod.

Correct Solutions of the February Puzzle

"Two Franks," Baltimore, Md.; Frank Heldorfer, Baltimore, Md.; Isabelle Baker, Casey, Ill.; Thora Lewis, Erie, Pa.; Margaret Galligan, Jersey City, N. J.; Lawrence P. Woehr, Chicago, Ill.

staying with their children. Billie never knew, at any rate. I don't know that he cared much; for he found later on the pleasantest kind of a home with a little girl in Bound Brook, the same state, says a writer to *Guide to Nature*. His relatives didn't stand the removal from their tunnel as well as Billie; they all "died on him," as I have heard boys sometimes put it. Billie was a game little fellow, however, and didn't propose to follow any such bad example one bit sooner than need be. He became an immense pet, and ruled royally over the family in which he condescended to reside. Emma, his mistress, used to dress him up in doll's clothes and take him walking with her, and a sensation he made! Billie liked it, and never objected to being "dolloed up." For the matter of that, he liked pretty nearly everything. He liked Emma and Emma's mamma and his fine clothes and, above all, the candy and cake he got—very likely more of it than was good for him. But he didn't like cats and dogs, and you may be sure he never went out when that's what it was raining! He was always ready for a fight with both these foes and generally came out victor; but sometimes a mean dog wouldn't play fair, and brought another to the fray with him. In such a case, Billie lost no time in retreating to a snug little hole he dug for himself underneath the back porch, and there he would stay until Emma called—"Coast clear, Billie!" Then up into her lap he would jump and tell her all about it in woodchuck language. There was another thing Billie didn't like—the cold weather. He had no use at all for it. Besides, he got so sleepy at that time of the year that he just couldn't keep his eyes open. As soon as it showed signs of winter, he would go around hunting up stray wisps of straw and odds and ends of rags, and soon a fine nest, made by his own "hands," would be ready or him. Then he said "Good night!" to his mistress and friends, and tucked away warm and snug until springtime, ever eating or drinking or opening his eyes, but sleeping as hard as he could. Then spring came again, out jumped Billie, as fresh and lively as ever. Billie was a dear little chap, and there as mourning indeed in his human unity when one day he shut his sharp little eyes and never opened them again. He was only three years old at the time. Nobody knew what was the matter, or what to do for him, although many medicines were tried. At brave little Billie made no moan. He simply put his small head down into his breast and went to sleep for good.

Miscellaneous

THOMAS OF CELANO AND THE "DIES IRAE"

BY FR. CONRAD, O. F. M.

PERSONS familiar with the history of Saint Francis are aware that he figures also as a poet. His "Song of the Creatures," more frequently called "Canticle of the Sun," is widely known. Among the followers of the Seraphic Saint a number were likewise favored with the gift of poetry. One of the most prominent of these is Thomas of Celano.

Thomas, who lived about 1200-1255, was an immediate disciple of Saint Francis. He wrote valuable prose works on the life of the holy founder. He is regarded also as the author of two hymns in his honor. One of these, "Sanctitatis Nova Signa," is used by the Franciscans as a sequence* in the mass for Saint Francis day.

Another hymn of which Thomas of Celano can be pretty definitely set down as the author is that which occurs as a sequence in the masses for the dead, the "Dies Irae." This hymn pictures the day of doom and voices the profound emotions aroused by that subject in the Christian heart. It is a masterpiece of poetry. Great literary men like Dryden, Johnson; Goethe, Scott, Macaulay, have expressed their appreciation of it. The hymnologist Daniel calls it "the greatest glory of sacred poetry, the most valuable treasure of the Latin Church." Saintsbury refers to it as "the greatest of all hymns, and one of the greatest of all poems." Surely, such a work is worthy of a little closer consideration. The Latin text is here given together with an English translation retaining the metrical form of the original*

1.

Dies irae, dies illa:

Solvat saeculum in favilla

Teste David cum Sibylla.

2.

Quantus tremor est futurus,

Quando iudex est venturus,

Cuncta stricte discussurus!

3.

Tuba mirum spargens sonum,

Per sepulcra regionum

Coget omnes ante thronum.

4.

Mors stupebit et natura,

Cum resurget creatura

Judicanti responsura.

5.

Liber scriptus proferetur

In quo totum continetur,

Unde mundus judicetur.

6.

Judex ergo cum sedebit,

Quidquid latet apparebit:

Nil inultum remanebit.

7.

Quid sum miser tunc dicturus,

Quem patronum rogaturus,

Cum vix justus sit securus?

8.

Rex tremendae majestatis,

Qui salvandos salvas gratis,

Salva me, fons pietatis.

9.

Recordare, Jesu pie,

Quod sum causa tuae viae:

Ne me perdas illa die!

10.

Quaerens me sedisti lassus,

Redemisti crucem passus:

Tantus labor non sit cassus!

11.

Juste iudex ultionis,

Donum fac remissionis

Ante diem rationis.

12.

Ingemisco tamquam reus,

Culpa rubet vultus meus;

Supplicanti parce Deus.

13.

Qui Mariam absolvisti

Et latronem exaudisti,

Mihi quoque spem dedisti.

14.

Preces meae non sunt dignae,

Sed tu bonus fac benigne,

Ne perenni cremer igne.

15.

Inter oves locum praesta

Et ab hoedis me sequestra,

Statuens in parte dextra.

16.

Confutatis maledictis,

Flammis acribus addictis,

Voca mecum benedictis.

17.

Oro supplex et acclinis,

Cor contritum quasi cinis:

Gere curam mei finis.

18.

Lacrymosa dies illa,

Qua resurget ex favilla

Judicandus homo reus:

Huic ergo parce Deus.

19.

Pie Jesu Domine

Dona eis requiem.

1.

Day of wrath and doom impending,

Heaven and earth in ashes rending,

David's voice with Sibyl's blending.

2.

Oh what fear man's bosom rendeth,

When from Heaven the Judge de-

scendeth,

On whose judgment all dependeth!

3.

Wondrous sound the trumpet flingeth,

Through earth's sepulchres it ringeth,

All before the throne it bringeth.

4.

Death is struck and nature quaking,

All creation is awaking

To the Judge an answer making.

5.

Lo! the Book exactly worded,

Wherein all hath been recorded,

Thence shall judgment be awarded.

6.

When the Judge His seat attaineth,

And each hidden deed arraigneth,

Nothing unavenged remaineth.

7.

What shall I, frail man, be pleading

Who for me be interceding,

When the just are mercy needing?

8.

King of majesty tremendous,

Who dost free salvation send us,

Fount of pity, Thou befriend us,

9.

Think, kind Jesus, my salvation

Caused Thy wondrous Incarnation,

Leave me not to reprobation.

*A sequence in its peculiar meaning, is a metrical composition occurring in certain masses between the epistle and the gospel.
*The translation is that of Dr. W. J. Irons, somewhat altered.

10.

Faint and weary Thou hast sought me,
On the cross of suffering bought me,
Shall such grace be vainly brought me?

11.

Righteous Judge, for sin's pollution
Grant Thy gift of absolution
Ere that day of retribution.

12.

Guilty now I pour my moaning,
All my shame with anguish owning,
Spare, O God, Thy suppliant groaning.

13.

Thou who Magdalen hast shriven,
And the robber promised Heaven,
Hope to me hast also given.

14.

Worthless are my prayers and sighing,
Yet, good Lord, in grace complying,
Rescue me from fires undying.

15.

With Thy favored sheep O place me,
Nor among the goats abase me,
But to Thy right hand upraise me.

16.

When the wicked are confounded,
Doomed to flames of woe unbounded,
Call me with Thy Saints surrounded.

17.

I entreat, bowed in submission,
Stirred within by deep contrition,
Help me in my last condition.

18.

Ah! that day of tears and
mourning
When from dust of earth re-
turning,
Man for judgment must pre-
pare him.
Spare, O God, in mercy spare
him!

19.

Lord, all pitying, Jesu blest,
Grant them Thine eternal
rest.

For a proper understanding of this masterpiece a word of comment is called for. First, it may be mentioned that in some copies of the work a few introductory stanzas are found prefixed to the usual text. They may have been part of the poem as written by the author; but they may also have been added by another. This matter is not of importance, however, for a general appreciation of the great production.

The first six stanzas of the poem in its usual form contain a description of the last judgment. The opening lines make the announcement:

"This world shall pass away. The great day of wrath shall come, and the earth shall be destroyed by fire. David and the Sibyl give testimony of this." David composed most of the psalms, and in these the end of the world is mentioned. The name may be taken, however, for prophets or biblical writers in general. Holy Scripture speaks of the burning of the earth, and of a new earth. The Sibyls are prophetic women mentioned in the histories of heathen nations. Some theological writers seem to have regarded them as persons specially enlightened by God. Saint Augustine treats this matter as doubtful.* Without assuming that particular point as established, we may take the Sibyl here as the representative of religious tradition among the gentiles, which, too, gives indication of the coming end of the world.

Stanza 2. (*Quantus tremor*)—How terrible it will be! The world will tremble. "The stars shall fall from heaven, and the powers of heaven shall be moved. . . . Then shall all tribes of the earth mourn: and they shall see the Son of man coming in the clouds of heaven with much power and majesty." (Mt. 24, 29-30.)

*De Civ. Del. 1, 18, c. 23 and c. 47.—See Gihl, *Sequenzen*, § 28, p. 247.

Stanzas 3-4. (*Tuba mirum Mors stupebit*)—A wondrous trumpet sound will ring out. Wondrous indeed it will be; for "the trumpet shall sound and the dead shall rise again." (1 Cor. 15, 52). All those millions will issue from the graves located in plains and valleys on mountain-tops and in the depths of the ocean. This resurrection is a stupendous miracle. Death and nature, personified here in the poem, are said to be amazed. And why are the dead summoned from their graves? To come before the Lord for judgment. "All nations shall be gathered together before Him." (Mt. 25, 32.)

Stanzas 5-6. (*Liber scriptus-Judex ergo*)—A book will be opened, in which everything is recorded by which the world is to be judged. This book may be taken to mean the knowledge of God. God has perfect knowledge of all men and of all their deeds, of the peculiar condition in which they acted, and so of the real value of each act, good or bad. And all this will be manifested before the whole world. No matter how secret any deed is now, it will then come to light. And every evil act not atoned for will receive its penalty.

After the description of doomsday there comes in the following stanzas an expression of the soul's emotions: fear, humility, contrition, and hope; the poem turns into a tender and insistent plea for mercy.

Stanza 7. (*Quid sum miser*)—The soul is seized with fear. In that strict judgment, where I can not plead for mercy, nor any one for me, how shall I, poor sinner, fare? The just man is hardly secure. This last statement may be taken to refer to the present life. Even the just can not regard their salvation as already assured.

Stanza 8. (*Rex tremendae majestatis*)—To the Lord, then, who on that day will be the 'King of tremendous majesty, I now cry for mercy.' He is the good God, "rich in mercy," "who will have all men to be saved." (Eph. 2, 4; 1 Tim. 2, 4.)

Stanzas 9-10. (*Recordare Jesu pie-Quaerens*



Sibyl Announcing Coming of Christ to Augustus

me)—A most tender and forceful appeal to the future Judge. He is addressed as Jesus, the Savior. The wonderful works of His mercy are recalled, His Incarnation, laborious life, and bitter death. May this supreme sacrifice not be rendered fruitless in my regard.

Stanza 11. (Iuste Judex)—The last day will be the day of judgment and justice; now is the time of salvation and mercy. O God, grant me remission of my sins before that day of reckoning.

Stanza 12. (Ingemisco)—In order to obtain pardon a penitent disposition is required. Hence the expression of sorrow, the admission of guilt. Filled with grief and shame I cry for mercy.

Stanza 13. (Qui Mariam)—The feeling of hope is expressed. The exceeding kindness of Jesus to Mary Magdalen and to the penitent robber on the cross, makes me, too, hope for pardon.

Stanza 14. (Preces meae)—My prayers are not worthy, O God; they give me no claim to pardon. But let simply Thy goodness save me from eternal perdition.

Stanzas 15-16. (Inter oves Confutatus)—When on the last day the good and the wicked are separated as sheep are separated from goats, when sentence of damnation and of benediction is spoken, may I be among the blessed.

Stanza 17. (Oro supplex)—With a humble and contrite heart I beg for help in my last condition, for a happy end. "My last condition" may mean my fate at the last judgment, the end of my present life, my death; for how each one will fare at the last judgment, depends on his condition at the time of death—whether he dies in the state of sanctifying grace or of mortal sin.

The remaining verses form a conclusion. It is not certain just how the poem originally closed. The usual termination, given here, was probably arranged when the poem was introduced into the mass for the dead.

Stanzas 18-19. (Lacrymosa - Pie Jesu)—Yes, sad will be that last day. Therefore, O God, be merciful to sinful man. The last two lines are a special prayer for the souls in purgatory. The main part of the sequence is a warning and a prayer for the living. But it occurs in the mass for the dead, and so there is a final plea for the souls of the departed.

Such is the import of the "Dies Irae." The form is worthy of the great theme. The meter, trochaic, is simple and earnest. The verses move along in grave and solemn rhythm. The rhetorical effect is heightened by the

rich full rime, dissyllabic, and forming, up to the conclusion, not mere couplets, but triplets. Other formal beauties have been pointed out; for instance, the suitable arrangement of the vowels. Thus Saintsbury calls attention to the wonderful variety of vowel sounds—whether due to careful design or happy accident—occurring in the line, "Tuba mirum spargens sonum." "After the 'Dies Irae,'" he declares, "no poet could say that any effect of poetry was, as far as sound goes, unattainable."

The various merits of the "Dies Irae" are thus summed up by Schaff: "The secret of its irresistible power lies in

the awful grandeur of the theme, the intense earnestness and pathos of the poet, the simple majesty and solemn music of its language, the stately meter, the triple rime, and the vowel assonances, chosen in striking adaptation to the sense—all combining to produce an overwhelming effect, as if we heard the final crash of the universe, the commotion of the opening graves, the trumpet of the archangel summoning the quick and the dead, and saw the 'King of tremendous majesty' seated on the throne of justice everlasting life and everlasting and of mercy, and ready to dising woe."

IN THE WORLD OF BOOKS

By PAUL H. RICHARDS

THIS month, unknown and speculative readers of this page, you will not hear of little books, pocket-size volumes of prose, poetry, or prayer. There are three large, heavy books before my mind and yours if you will—books in red, white and blue, American books in soul and spirit. Have you read these three books of the past two years: "Cardinal Mercier's Own Story," "Father Duffy's Story," and Rev. James A. Walsh's "Observations In the Orient"? If you have, you will know why I call them large, heavy, and red, white and blue. If you have not, I will tell you, by way of digression, reasons why you should read them.

It is not likely that the United States will ever be a book-making and book-reading nation such as England is. Our country is so vast and varied and undeveloped that centuries of action and history-making must naturally precede intensive book-culture. But Americans read, nevertheless, and some find time to read much. We read what our schoolbooks tell us to read; we accept the direction of critics whose purpose we know little of sometimes.

We read, for example, perhaps a diary, famous for some unique quality, which countless texts have told us all students of literature should know. The diary of Samuel Pepys is famous in the history of literature. But why? It gives a picture of eighteenth century times through the eyes of a man who, while he held an important position in governmental affairs of England, chose to show the vain, egotistical side of his character in a diary which represents him as a fop, a devotee of showy clothes and public appearances. Enough of this famous diary of somewhat turgid thought.

Cardinal Mercier is a Belgian, but his book on the war is American, because prompted by American demand and enterprise. He was too busy to supply a book on the war, so, as he tells in the preface, he thought of offering instead, his pastorals, letters and official documents that passed between him and the military general of occupation, Von Bissing, and others during Belgium's dark hour. The Cardinal's eloquence, suavity, courage, and earnestness are the groundwork of great literature; and these he threw into the letters and sermons with all the intensity of his patriotism, charity and faith in his country's survival. We are thrilled, as we read, by the apparent helplessness of his position, his seemingly losing cause, as he fights a battle of soul and will against the foe. We are astonished at his results, as well as at his perseverance in temperance, faith, and unflinching courage. These papers are a diary worth reading now as well as centuries hence when they will form a picture of a great historic period.

"Father Duffy's Story" is "another story." There have been books upon books written on the war; soldiers' diaries and verses, war-correspondents' books, officers' books, women's books on the war. Ayscough's "French Windows," Van Dyke's "Valley of Vision," Seeger's Diary and poems, Dawson's "Carry On," etc. Do you wonder if out of the maze of these, Father Duffy's name will survive? There has been only one Duffy famous in history—St. Brigid of Ireland. One of her descendants writes this book. It has been given to him to represent in letters the character of the American soldier. Chaplain, he is, and soldier too, himself, with his

seamed face and sunken eyes, victorious, and surviving. His story is a record of heroism—nothing else but heroism and its various ingredients—humor, cheerfulness, daring, intelligence, simplicity, love. When he describes cold, weariness, vigils, hardships of all kinds, he does so from the standpoint of a rugged, enduring man to whom such things are the breath of soul life. The edge is taken from the horror, the pathos, the sadness, the desolation, which have elsewhere been shown us. He speaks as the victorious soldier, who was equal to the task he undertook, who triumphed both in death and life. It is written with this end in view. Its tenderness appears in the careful mention of scores of names which will be remembered only by those who held them dear. It is a history of the Rainbow Division, typifying the American soldier on foreign fields. His book spells victory. It issues from action.

"Observations in the Orient" is a book proceeding from the greater war of the spirit—the battle for souls. No stir of drums, no blare of bugles summon to this far field. But the book itself trumpets a call to the indifferent, the selfish, the unchristian, to awake to the great things of our own time. This book, too, is of the nature of a diary, a jotting down of observations in a cheerful, businesslike zeal. You will know, as soon as you begin to read, that the author did not intend to borrow from the literary past, either style or theme, but that he believed in his pen as an able assistant to the missionaries. It will not remind of Thackeray or Shakespeare or Tolstoy—it will always remind us of its author and his interests. It tells of the movements, the life, the food, the hardships, the dangers and the enterprises of American missionaries in China, of their catechists, the children, the poverty, the opportunity and the need of soul-saving. It is a big book, because it deals simply with the great realities of the hour in the friendly, confident, cheerful style of an ardent American missionary. When we browse through public libraries and note on the shelves new books the records of Protestant church work, and Y. M. C. A. enterprise in China, the great modern religious objective, we shall not look in vain for a Catholic book on the same theme, in the same rack. There it stands, red, crisp, thick, and gold-lettered, awaiting American appreciation—and especially the appreciation of Catholic readers.

THE SOUL OF THE PROPHET

(Continued from page 149)
find the right man? I don't know his name. I'll have to say he's tall and dark and rather young. Oh, Timmy, darling—" Nancy Belle bent over to kiss the absorbed Timothy. "I almost wish I hadn't started. Maybe I'd better just go back to Mason's and do my shopping. Mercy, here's the corner.—Well, he was awfully sweet to Timmy, and Timmy did screech like a barnyard gone crazy. I'm sure Timmy's friar would be good to me. I think I'll go on. Maybe you could walk a little, lover; mother's arms are tired."

The stars in their courses were obviously fighting for Nancy; for, in answer to her ring at the convent, there stood on the threshold, as the door swung open, none other than "Timmy's friar." A smile broke over his face, as he recognized and welcomed her.

"Come in," he said, cordially. "Hello, laddie! Why, I believe he remembers me. Come in, and sit down." He flung open the door of a little room to the left of the passage. "Just sit down here. I'll be with you in a minute. I have a man across the hall, but he's just going."

Stricken dumb, and with clammy hands, Nancy sat on the edge of a chair, holding the Prophet on her knee. From across the hall, through the half-open door came a murmur of voices. A clock in a corner ticked the minutes off; and with their progress something began to worm its way through Nancy's preoccupation with that little scene she was still busily arranging—something strangely familiar. The tick of the clock receded, and another sound occupied the foreground—the sound of the voices across the hall.

Nancy's heart jumped suddenly. She listened a moment more, and then very softly she rose and slipped into the hall. A step or two, and the interior of the opposite room came into view through the glass-pannelled door. Sitting in conversation with "Timmy's friar" was a familiar looking young man in a familiar looking tweed suit. He turned his head, and his eyes met Nancy's through the glass door.

"Dad-da!" crowed the Prophet, in Nancy's arms.

* * *
"You poor little mouse!" said Lord Lovell, remorsefully, as he accomplished the perilous feat of turning a corner with only one hand on the steering wheel, "how did you ever get on and off the tram, with that mountain

of a kid? If I had dreamed—But never mind; it won't happen again. We'll go together after this, won't we?"

"Our instruction," dimpled Nancy. "Isn't it fun? Yes, precious, I know you're starved, but don't eat my finger. Daddy's hurrying, and you shall have some lunch in a minute. And Cissy and all her tribe shall be bound hand and foot, Bert, and cast into the outer darkness, and there shall be weeping and gnashing of—ouch!"

"Teeth," supplemented Timothy's father. "Did he bite?"

"Did he!—I b'lieve—let Mother look—I b'lieve the new one's through—It is! Oh, Timmy, you marvellous!"

BOOK REVIEW

The Way of Youth, by Father Alexander, O. F. M. This is a book especially for boys and young men. It is full of strong and tender counsel and encouragement. Confidence, courage, self-help are strong notes throughout. All of his examples are modern and just such as catch the fancy of youthful readers. To illustrate his points, he quotes from the choicest poetry, from Catholic and non-Catholic poets. He uses to some extent the language of young men, as in the chapter title, A Good Backing, by which he designates a good grounding in Catholic faith. This admirable book will serve many as a guide in social and business matters, in choice of education, in forming a taste for good literature, and in understanding the virtues necessary for strong character and true success.

Other chapters are, Facing the World, Self-Improvement, Duty, Thoroughness, Camouflage, and Social Work.

AN UNCROWNED KING OF THE CHIPPEWAS

(Continued from page 152)

at six o'clock, and he was frequently seen at the communion rail in St. Francis church.

His indeed was a golden character; but it had to be tried in the furnace of sickness and tribulation. Weakened from a complication of diseases, he was forced to give up his business; and before long he himself experienced the sting of poverty which he had so often relieved in others. But his soul was too great to repine under these visitations of Providence, and to the end he remained the "Kitchi Besan" he had always been, great in joy, great in sorrow, great in riches, great in poverty. His pious death occurred on April 2, 1896, and I do not doubt that his reward is great in heaven.



Franciscan News

Italy.—In commemoration of the sixth centenary of the death of the great Italian poet Dante, both the Franciscan and the Dominican Tertiaries of Ravenna, where the poet lies buried, have planned elaborate celebrations. These celebrations receive particular significance from the fact that this year is the seven hundredth anniversary of the founding of the Third Order. Dante was himself a member of the Third Order, and he regarded St. Francis as his teacher and guide.

Germany.—In the Franciscan convent at Werl, Westphalia, there died recently the famous missionary Fr. Eusebius Mueller, O. F. M. Since his return (in 1880) to Germany from the United States, where he labored for five years, he preached in different parts of the German Empire not less than 482 missions and 328 spiritual retreats. The Sacred Congregation of the Propagation, in 1895, of the Faith honored him with the title of missionary apostolic.

To commemorate the seventh centenary of the founding of the Third Order, a large convention of Bavarian Tertiaries will be held in Munich, on the last three days of August. The Most Rev. Archbishop of Munich, Dr. Michael von Faulhaber, has graciously accepted the protectorate of the celebration. Simultaneously with this national convention a number of sectional conventions will take place in seventeen cities of Bavaria.

China.—It was reported some time ago that a great grand-uncle of the present Sovereign Pontiff, Msgr. Bernardino della Chiesa, O. F. M., had died in China as Franciscan missionary bishop of Peking. His remains, lately discovered by Franciscan missionaries in a pagoda at Lintsinchow, were solemnly interred in the Christian cemetery at Sholitchuang. With the provincial governor's permission, secured after endless negotiations, Fr. Daniel and Faustini opened the grave and identified the remains. Besides the episcopal ring, they found a large brick, on which were plainly inscribed the name of Msgr. della Chiesa and the year of his death, 1721. The friars have sent the ring of his deceased relative to his Holiness.

Portugal.—In the little Franciscan friary of Villarino, Spain, there died on December 7 his Eminence Joseph Sebastian Cardinal Netto, O. F. M., Patriarch of Lisbon. He entered the Franciscan Order in 1875, and was for

a time missionary bishop and, during an interregnum, even Portuguese governor general of the two provinces of Angola and Congo. In 1883, he was named patriarch of Lisbon; and in the following year he was created cardinal by Pope Leo XIII. In 1907, Cardinal Netto gave a rare example of humility when he resigned his see and divested himself of all his high honors to resume the lowly life of a friar minor, in the convent of Varatojo. Here he edified all the inmates by his devotion, poverty and humility. He was the first to rise for midnight choir, and so thoroughly averse was he to all marks of honor that he was often found engaged in the most menial duties. He was accorded a magnificent military funeral by the Portuguese Government. The highest functionaries of Church and State were present to do him honor. King Alfonso XIII of Spain also was represented.

Indianapolis, Ind.—At the regular business meeting of the Sacred Heart fraternity, held on January 23, the annual report was read to the members. The outstanding features are: 65 new members, 40 professed, 9 transferred, 8 deceased—total 532. Over \$1,000 was collected for charitable purposes, and a number of altar linens, wrought by the Social Mission Circle, were sent to the Indian missions. After the business meeting, the annual visitation was held by Rev. Fr. Roger, O. F. M., of Cleveland. In a spirited address, he showed how the Third Order safeguards the home by deeply imbuing parents and children with lively Christian faith, firm hope, and enduring charity. Seven members celebrated their silver jubilee, and seven made their holy profession.

Milwaukee, Wis.—The various reports read at recent meetings of the German and English branches of the Third Order, showed a marked increase in membership and a steady progress in the good works carried on by these fraternities. The German branch shows an increase of 112 members, bringing the total to 1,098; while the number of English-speaking members, augmented by 82, now totals 538. Three of the members entered the religious state, and 33 passed to their eternal reward. Both fraternities assisted many worthy charities during the past year. The St. Francis Day Nursery harbored almost 10,000 children, cared for by 22 volunteer workers, under the able direction of the

nurse, Miss Elizabeth Heintz. The Nurses' Association, it was reported is on a solid basis, and it is now able to offer to sick Tertiaries the proficient services of a trained nurse. The topic of the national Third Order convention aroused universal interest. Delegates to the convention were selected; and the Tertiaries resolved to attend in a body the opening session on October 2. More than 500 volunteered to join this delegation. To help defray the expenses of the convention, a per capita tax of fifty cents was levied; and those wishing to contribute more were encouraged to do so. It was decided to complete the Students' Purse, and to this end "mite boxes" were distributed. On January 9, Mr. Antony Matre, K. S. G., gave the Milwaukee Tertiaries and their friends an illustrated lecture on Rome, the catacombs, and the last three Popes. In his own inimitable way, he described the principal points of interest in Rome and spoke of the Popes and their relation to the Franciscan Order. Mr. Matre knows well how to entertain and instruct his hearers, and his lecture did much to diffuse knowledge of the Third Order.

Joliet, Ill.—At a special meeting February 1, of the promoters of the Third Order, the plans for assisting at the national convention were published. After a discussion of the Holy Father's latest encyclical, resolutions were adopted to carry out the suggestions therein contained. Also, steps were taken to join hands with other agencies whose aim is to elevate "the greatest teachers and powers in the world today, the newspapers and the moving pictures."

New Orleans, La.—At the Poor Clares Monastery recently the Rev. Mother Abbess Mary Francis was unanimously reelected. The Most Rev. John W. Shaw, of New Orleans, presided. At the end of an eight-day retreat, conducted by Rev. Fr. Theodorus, of Teutopolis, Illinois, Sister Mary Magdalen, a young lady of the city, pronounced her vows amid very solemn and impressive ceremonies.

San Solano Mission, Arizona.—Fr. Augustine, active among the Pima writes to say that he has begun work on a new church and school at Cowh. He hopes to have it completed by September, so that everything may be ready for the dedication in October when three other churches—blessed, at Santa Rosa, Comobabi and Sells.

Franciscan Herald

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EDITORIALS

Official Censorship vs. Parental Vigilance

AT last it has come—a nation-wide campaign against indecent motion pictures. Right-minded men and women everywhere are awaking to the necessity of calling a halt to the shameful traffic in souls carried on by unscrupulous producers. Whether it was the effrontery of the latter placing the full responsibility for the character of their products on the public, or whether it was the shock resulting from the realization—brought home with terrible force by the reports from all sides of increasing youthful delinquency—that the growing generation is fast becoming debauched, the awakening has come none too soon. For so strong has the motion picture business become; so firmly entrenched in popular favor do the unprincipled producers deem themselves that they are actually defying all laws designed to protect the morality of the citizens and are flouting even the requirements of elementary propriety.

"As a matter of fact," says the latest bulletin of the Catholic Theatre Movement, "it must be acknowledged that, up to the present, the producers of moving pictures have held their own against whatever sentiment existed in favor of curbing their influence, in so far as that influence made for evil. The protest against the abuses of the Movies from the secular, as well as from the religious, press, and from those in authority who deemed it expedient to second such protests, only stimulated the producers to fresh and, in most cases, successful efforts to circumvent regulation or censorship. Indeed, the producers acted as if entrenched in popular favor, and their confidence seemed justified. Thousands of their Christian patrons, Catholics included, have condoned and excused what was demoralizing in the Movies. Evil had been so deftly mingled with what was pleasant and instructive that the young were unable to distinguish between vice and virtue and even their elders became insensible to attacks upon faith and morals."

But, as we have said, the awakening has come, and the cry for legal censorship of the "movies" is becoming more and more loud and insistent. The demand is justified, and sooner or later it will have to be heeded. Some day in the not far distant future

we hope every State in the Union will have its laws making it a penal offense to produce or distribute or exhibit any picture promoting immorality, irreligion, or lawlessness. But it is not to legislation after all that we must look for the salvation of American youth. There are a thousand ways of evading the law—as witness the failure of the Volstead act to enforce the eighteenth amendment—and there will be always found a sufficient number of prurient to make it profitable for the exhibitors to provide illicit attractions. The fact is, even where legal censorship has been in force, it has failed to suppress all objectionable pictures, and the results attained so far hardly warrant the belief that state or federal control will prove at all practicable—free from interference on the one hand of the advocates of puritanism in art and life, and of preachers of moral and social anarchy on the other.

When all has been said and done, there still remains for parents the very grave responsibility, from which no law or censor can absolve them—the duty to themselves and to their children to favor only clean and healthful amusement. There are plenty of moving pictures that are wholesomely entertaining, stimulating, and instructive; and very many more that, in Israel Zangwill's phrase, are mere "drivel and devil." It is for the parents to do the censoring as well as the policing. For it is they, and not the State, that have the souls of their little ones in their keeping. They owe it to themselves to make sure that their children see nothing that might corrupt their morals or vitiate their tastes. Eternal vigilance is the price parents must pay to keep them from contamination, and that is cheap enough considering the transcendent value of the treasures in their safe-keeping.

A Constructive Program

AS a supplement to the above remarks, we give the gist of a bulletin that has just come to our desk from the National Catholic Welfare Council. In this bulletin, the Council, through its motion picture department, calls on all pastors, parents and teachers, and organizations of Catholic

men and women to make a survey of the motion picture conditions in their respective localities; to urge local exhibitors, for their own good and for the welfare of the community, to protect the public against the purveyors of indecent pictures; to point out to local exhibitors of indecent films who are deaf to public complaint against breaches of taste and morals that they are bringing the entire motion picture business into disrepute and inviting legislation hostile to their own interests. The N. C. W. C. states expressly that it does not advocate the abolition of Sunday "movies," since the discipline of the Church permits wholesome Sunday amusement; and it disclaims all sympathy with blue law agitators. Its aim is to co-operate with the industry for the advancement of the screen, and it will advocate legalized censorship only in default of cooperation on the part of producers, distributors, and exhibitors.

This is a liberal, rational, constructive program, which should meet with the approval and support of all, regardless of creed, who are interested in safeguarding the morals of the nation. But the call is primarily to Catholics; and we hope that they will lend their aid and influence in carrying out the measures that the N. C. W. C. may advocate from time to time for the elimination of film pictures which constitute a menace to public morals. Third Order fraternities will do a handsome thing by volunteering their services to the local committees which the Council intends to form in every parish for the purpose of systematically and intelligently keeping in touch with the motion picture theatres in their respective localities and of taking such action against unwholesome pictures as the circumstances warrant. Nothing could be more in keeping with the spirit of their Order, and nothing would bring them greater honor and reward.

"The Most Pitiful Figure in History"

IN the last days of his administration, President Wilson was strongly urged by men of all shades of political belief to extend executive clemency to Eugene V. Debs, who is serving time for a political offense in Atlanta, Georgia. When the President refused to do so, the convicted Socialist leader issued a statement to the press in which he said among other things: "It is Woodrow Wilson who needs a pardon from the American people—and, if I had it within my power, I would grant him the pardon that would set him free. . . . There is not in my heart the slightest trace of bitterness or resentment. I am compassionate; I do not condemn Mr. Wilson. He is the most pitiful figure in history."

These words may or may not have been uttered without "the slightest trace of bitterness or resentment." Eugene Debs is known for the sincerity as well as the courage of his convictions. Yet the strong note of irony in the statement and in the whole situation—the prisoner compassionating the President—can not fail to strike even the casual observer. For

all we know, however, Mr. Debs may have been voicing the sentiments of the majority of the American people. We do not wish to anticipate the verdict of history. But judging from contemporary evidence, we think it may be safely said that Woodrow Wilson—whatever may have been his personal motives, which it is not ours to judge—owes a contrite and humble apology to the American people if for no other reason than for the autocratic use, or rather misuse, of the large powers they so generously and confidingly vested in him. It is this abuse of authority and confidence which more than anything else prepared the failure of his work and the consequent loss of popular favor and political power and of health. His fall from grace and power was almost as sudden as the physical collapse which overtook him at Kansas City on that memorable tour through the country which he undertook in defense of himself and his policies. He had been tried in the balances of popular opinion and found wanting by the American people, and so determined were they, who rightly or wrongly fancied themselves betrayed by him, to wreak dire vengeance on him that not even sympathy for his misfortune could save him from the most humiliating defeat that any political candidate ever suffered at the hands of American voters.

But now that their thirst for revenge has been slaked, we dare say that in the hearts of his fellow citizens there is no longer any feeling of bitterness or resentment toward him. He has retired to private life, and as plain Woodrow Wilson he will be nearer to their hearts than as President of the United States. For after all the American people are as compassionate as they are long-suffering. As time goes on, they will weigh his indisputable merits with his undeniable demerits, and their condemnation of his political conduct will be qualified by the remembrance of his very real services to the commonwealth, and softened by the tragic reverse of fortune which overtook him so suddenly when he was at the dizzyest height of power ever attained perhaps by any mortal. It remains for future historians to pronounce final judgment on this extraordinary personage. At present there are few of his countrymen, even among his bitterest opponents, who will not admit that he is deserving of sincere sympathy as "the most pitiful figure" at least in contemporary history.

The New Pilot

MR. WARREN G. HARDING, the new President, is not likely either to attempt the heights of power and greatness reached by his predecessor in office or to plumb the depths of chagrin and suffering sounded by Mr. Wilson. He has no vaulting ambitions or idealistic schemes of world reform. He is not troubled over his place in history or in the hearts of his countrymen. His is an ordinary personality, neither aspiring nor inspiring; and fortunately for himself and for the country, he knows his limitations and blushes not to ad-

nit them. He is determined to profit by the mistakes of his predecessor, and to cooperate with the other branches of the Government in solving the manifold and difficult problems confronting him. What we have been able to learn of the new President in the interval between his election and inauguration, gives us the impression that Mr. Harding is a kind-hearted, well-intentioned, humble-minded, hard-working, level-headed, even-handed, medium-calibered man, who, if he can be saved from his friends, will serve his country and his God to the best of his ability.

This impression is confirmed by the perusal of his inaugural address. It characterizes him as a man who, conscious of the magnitude and difficulty of the office to which he has been called from relative obscurity, is willing to play the part assigned to him with humility of spirit and singleness of purpose, trusting in the good will and cooperation of his fellow citizens and in the favor and guidance of God. "To do justly and to love mercy and walk humbly with thy God,"—this is at once the pledge and the motto of the new administration. Mr. Harding speaks the language of sincerity and humility, and that inspires confidence in his integrity. His repeated references to Almighty God show that, whatever other religious convictions may be his, he is not afraid to profess his belief and trust in the "Divinity that shapes our ends"; and in this respect he stands in marked and favorable contrast to so many atheistic statesmen of Europe who, as a famous Frenchman once said, "have no need of this hypothesis."

But when all has been said that can be said in praise of the new President and his first official pronouncement, it must still be admitted that both are disappointing. Viewed in the light of his inaugural speech, Mr. Harding is nothing if not reactionary. He faces backward. He seems to have been not greatly affected by the march of events. He is content to let well enough alone. Hence his rather fulsome praise of our institutions, and his assurance that the present capitalistic system must endure. "Our supreme task," he says, "is the resumption of our onward normal way." In other words, as a contemporary puts it, "It is to be hands off business with full steam ahead and the almighty dollar as the objective." "Reconstruction, readjustment, restoration—all these must follow," he thinks. He "would like to have them." What he intends to do to effect them, he does not disclose; he leaves the impression that he has no definite plans. As a matter of fact, lack of definiteness of purpose seems to be the principal weakness of the man and of his address. It is not our intention to criticize adversely either the one or the other; but we shall have missed our guess if Mr. Harding, to guide the ship of state aright, will not be in need of the prayers of every one who believes in Divine Providence and has at heart the welfare of his country. For any one with only half an eye can see that there are breakers ahead.

The Patron of the Universal Church

THE FEAST of St. Joseph reminds us that at the end of the year 1870 supreme honor was paid to the Foster Father of our divine Saviour by the then reigning Pontiff Pius IX, who, acting under the advice of the Sacred Congregation of Rites, solemnly proclaimed Patron of the Universal Church him who, by reason of the sublime dignity conferred on him as guardian and head of the Holy Family, has been, after the holy Mother of God, singularly honored and praised. This interesting event was undoubtedly one of the principal landmarks in the progress of devotion to our Saint, a devotion which, as soon as it had taken root, began to spread and flourish exceedingly, throughout all the countries of Europe, whence it passed to the most distant parts of both the Old and the New World. Following in the footsteps of zealous missionaries, it penetrated even to the depths of tropical forests, crossed trackless wastes, desolate, frozen spaces, and vast prairies, establishing itself wherever dauntless messengers carried the glad tidings.

It was fitting that the greatest act of homage to St. Joseph should have been performed by a Pope who was himself as illustrious son of St. Francis of Assisi, seeing that the members of the Seraphic Order of Friars Minor, not only introduced and propagated this devotion in western Christendom, but were mainly instrumental in bringing about the glorious proclamation already mentioned.

It must not be forgotten that the first life of the holy "Keeper of his Lord" was written by a child of St. Francis; the first feast in his honor was established by a general chapter of the Order, at Assisi, in 1300; and the first confraternity placed under his patronage was founded by a noted Franciscan preacher and missionary Bl. Bernardine of Feltre, in 1487.

In the life of the great penitent of the Third Order, St. Margaret of Cortona, written by her confessor, it is recorded that on one occasion rapt in prayer, she seemed to hear our Lord saying to her, "If thou wouldst do that which is pleasing to Me, do not let a day pass without offering some tribute of praise and admiration to St. Joseph."

St. Bernardine of Siena labored strenuously, both by word and writing, to propagate this devotion in every part of Italy. It is a fact, not perhaps generally known that his sermon on St. Joseph is used in the Roman Breviary for the lessons of the second nocturn, on the Feast of the Patronage.

The devotion known as the seven joys and sorrows of St. Joseph was begun by two Flemish Franciscans after a marvelous escape from shipwreck, for they attributed their safety to the power of his intercession, and desired, by the above mentioned devotion, to record their gratitude.

It is almost superfluous to add that the austere St. Peter of Alcantara was ardently devoted to St. Joseph, under whose protection he placed his famous Reform, or rather restoration of the First Order to the rigid poverty of the Seraphic Founder.

St. Leonard of Port Maurice, another illustrious preacher and writer, has left us works that prove how ardent was his veneration for St. Joseph.

In this the fiftieth anniversary of the proclamation of the Saint as Patron of the Universal Church, we hope the Franciscan Tertiaries, true to the tradition of their Order, will not allow themselves to be outdone by their forbears in manifesting their love and veneration for the head of the Holy Family. His powerful intercession and protection and the beautiful example of his holy life are as much needed in these days as ever they were in the past.

Who Is to Blame?

IN his recent encyclical on the Third Order, the Holy Father gives expression to his sorrow and horror over the shameless fashions of the day. "We can not deplore enough," he says, "the blindness of so many women of every age and rank who, seized with a mad desire to please, do not realize how greatly their insane fashions, not only displease every decent person, but offend God as well." His Holiness is evidently of the opinion that the hideous and scandalous attire, or rather want of attire, now in vogue among women is the result of the perverted notion on their part that the more daring styles of dress are likelier to please the men-folk. But, as the Holy Father says, these insane fashions are just as apt to have the opposite effect. They will cause the pure-minded to turn away in scorn and disgust.

The pity of it is, however, that the decent men seem to be not nearly sufficient in number to make any impression on the slaves of fashion. The majority of men, especially young men, not only tolerate, but actually encourage the excesses for which girls and women are receiving more than their share of blame. We do not mean to exculpate the latter. Before the bar of public opinion they are guilty of contributing very materially to the widespread moral degeneracy among the men and young men of the present day. But there is many a maiden who is refined and attractive enough to satisfy even the fastidious, who dresses becomingly, who can cook and sew and keep house and do all the other things required of a homemaker, but who would receive the shock of her life if she were invited out by some eligible young man of her acquaintance. The fact is that this type is not popular with the average young man of today. Such girls are too slow and old-fashioned for him. When he wants a companion for a pleasant evening, he does not ask them out; his choice falls on some "doll baby" with plenty of "pep"—one who can "step along lively." If the girl who is invited out to a dance or a show, did not wear a low-necked gown and high-heeled shoes, if she did not do up her hair in waves and muffs, if she did not paint and powder and pencil, in short if she did not "doll up," no matter what natural charms might be hers, her escort would feel very much disappointed and embarrassed or, to use his own language, "like a rummy."

If many women dress in a manner befitting the denizens of the underworld, it is not only because they desire to please, but because they know they will please a large circle of men. The latter encourage, yes, require them to do so. It is hard to tell which is guiltier; but on close examination we are sure it will be found that the blame is pretty evenly divided between the male and the female of the species.

Help!

FROM reports that have reached this country in the past months our readers are familiar with the terrible conditions existing in China, where 50,000,000 people are in imminent danger of starving to death. In a personal appeal issued on March 12 in behalf of the unhappy sufferers, President Harding says:

"I am informed that already a great relief work has been accomplished. Nevertheless, my information is that the means thus far placed at the command of these organizations are entirely inadequate to the task they confront. Since the beginning of this relief movement a much more accurate understanding of the grave situation has become possible. Through information received by the state department from its representatives in China, the picture of China's distress is tragic."

This would seem to indicate that the reports of missionaries describing conditions in the famine-stricken regions are not at all exaggerated, and their frantic cries for help well worth heeding. It is evident that under the circumstances mission work has become practically impossible. But the worst feature of the situation is that the missions themselves are threatened with extinction. It is not generally known that the Franciscan Fathers have charge of twelve vicariates in different parts of China; which means that they have as many missionary bishops in that country as a number of other religious orders and congregations have missionary priests. We say this from no desire to boast; but merely to call attention to the very extensive mission fields for the upkeep of which the Fathers must supply the funds. Since the beginning of the world war the missionaries have suffered great want, and the missions with them. Things have come to such a pass in some Franciscan vicariates that, unless help is forthcoming from this country very soon, these once flourishing missions must be relinquished. The missionaries are struggling bravely against very heavy odds. They are determined to save what can be saved, and not to leave their posts until all hope of succor has failed. If they should be forced to give up the field of labor to which they have devoted the best years of their lives, they will leave with the mournful reflection that they and their brethren before them for seven hundred years have but labored to prepare the way for the triumph of Protestantism. Will not our readers do all in their power to save these missions, which it has cost so much blood and sweat and treasure to establish?

Easter

O happy morn! Judea's
hills and mountains
Leap in the glow of that
first Easter day;
Thru earth and Heaven's
halls hosannas sounding,
The stone that seals His
prison rolls away.

Mother of Christ, joy waits
thee at the dawning;
Hast shared His woe, be-
hold His triumphing!
The glorious scars, the
struggle grim bespeaking,
Proclaim Him mighty
Lord, death-conquering.

Swift with the light comes
one, her Master seeking,
A voice drifts thru the gar-
den's fragrant gloom;
Thru tears she sees a face
in dreams invisaged;
Fair as the lilies flaming
round the tomb.

"Peace be to you!" They
hear the old-time greet-
ing,

The little band by fearsome grief opprest;
In voiceless joy around that loved Form
pressing,
John's youthful head a moment on His
breast.

Why yearn for scenes of vanished ages
olden?

For Judah's hills with rose and pearl alight?
Or envy Magdalen her Bridegroom greeting
Beside the tomb circled by lilies bright?



Even today He comes, His peace bestowing,
There gleams His altar radiant and sweet,
The spotless Host, the risen Christ
revealing,
His own in adoration at His feet.

Thus in Thy happy Resurrection sharing,
Sundered the winding sheet of self and
pride,
Rabboni, lift our souls from sin's entombing,
To rise with Thee this holy Eastertide.

—Catherine M. Hayes



Third Order of St. Francis

ENCYCLICAL OF POPE BENEDICT XV ON THE SEVENTH CENTENARY OF THE THIRD ORDER

Venerable Brethren, Health and Apostolic Benediction. To the Patriarchs, Primate, Archbishops, Bishops, and other Ordinaries holding peace and communion with the Apostolic See, upon the seventh hundredth anniversary of the founding of the Third Order Franciscans;

The Holy Father's Interest in the Occasion

WE DEEM it very opportune that held upon the seventh centenary of the founding of the Third Order of Penance; and the decided benefit which We hope will accrue to the Catholic world as well as Our own personal interest in the matter, impels Us to exalt the occasion in the eyes of Christendom with the sanction of Our apostolic authority. We fondly recall how, in 1882, when the enthusiasm of all the good people for the Poor Man of Assisi ran high on the occasion of the centennial celebration of his birth, We too, wished to be enrolled among the disciples of the great patriarch, and in due course received at Saint Mary's on the Capitol, the famous church in charge of the Friars Minor, the holy habit of the Tertiaries. Now, therefore, that God has placed Us upon the throne of the Prince of the Apostles, We gladly seize the opportunity, if only from our devotion to Blessed Francis, to exhort the children of Mother Church, wherever they may be, eagerly to embrace or earnestly to persevere in that institution of the great saint, wonderfully suited as it is to the needs of modern society.

The Real Saint Francis

First of all, however, let everybody bring to mind the true character of Saint Francis. For, the man of Assisi as pictured by certain more recent scholars—a product of the modernist workshop, little loyal to the Holy See, a would-be type of some vague and shallow religious idealism—has no right to be called either Francis or Saint. The Third Order came as a kind of climax to the illustrious and

immortal services which Francis rendered Christianity, and for which he was justly styled a pillar of strength given the Church by God at a critical moment; and nothing illustrates better the extent and the intensity of his burning zeal to promote in every direction the glory of Jesus Christ.

Genesis of Third Order

Stirred by concern at the evils which beset the Church of the day to undertake with incredible zeal the reformation of conditions according to the Christian standard, Francis founded two communities, one of men and one of women, who were bound by solemn vows to espouse the humility of the Cross; and not being able to receive into the cloister all who were drawn to him by the desire of profiting by his teaching, he conceived a plan to make the pursuit of Christian perfection possible to those who lived in the turmoil of the world, and so he founded the Order of Tertiaries, an order in the true sense of the word, not indeed bound like the other two by religious vows, but distinguished by the same simple life and practice of penance. What till then no founder of a religious order had thought of—to make the religious life common property—he was the first to devise and, by God's favor, successfully to accomplish, as Thomas of Celano happily says: "Excellent master indeed, for conformably to his example, rule, and teaching the Church of Christ is gloriously reformed in either sex, and a threefold army triumphs on the field of salvation." The testimony of this eminent contemporary, not to mention others, makes it clear how thoroughly and widely Francis stirred the masses, and how great and wholesome a change of conditions he wrought among them by means of the order. Now, as there is no room for doubt that Francis instituted the Third Order as well as the First and the Second, so was he beyond doubt the author of its very wise laws. He was greatly assisted in the task, as history tells us, by Cardinal Ugolino, who later as Gregory IX

adorned the Apostolic See. He, too, it was who, after being on terms of great intimacy with the Patriarch of Assisi during the latter's lifetime, enclosed his tomb in a most beautiful and magnificent temple. That the rule of the Tertiaries was duly sanctioned by the authority of Our predecessor, Nicholas IV, is a well-known fact.

Timeliness of the Rule of Leo XIII

We do not feel called upon, Venerable Brethren, to say any more on this subject. We are chiefly concerned to make known the nature and the proper spirit of the orders from which the Church expects no less signal benefits for Christendom in modern times, so hostile to faith and virtue, than in the age of Francis. To render the rule of the Tertiaries more suited to people of every station, Our predecessor Leo XIII, of happy memory, in his knowledge of the times and conditions, prudently adapted, by the constitution *Misericors Dei Filius* of 1883, their laws or rule according to the existing social conditions of society, by changing some minor points which were at variance with modern customs. "But let it not be thought," he insisted, "that thereby the nature of the order has been altered, for We wish it to remain altogether unchanged and intact." The entire modification, therefore, is concerned with externals, leaving untouched the inner nature of the order, which remains what the holy Founder intended it to be. Now, We believe that the spirit of the Third Order, thoroughly redolent of Gospel wisdom, will do very much to reform public and private morals, if only it is made to flourish as of yore when Francis preached everywhere by word and deed the kingdom of God.

Franciscan Scheme of Peace

For above all things Francis wished his Tertiaries to be distinguished, as by a special badge, by brotherly love, such as is keenly solicitous of peace and harmony. Knowing this to be the particular precept of Jesus Christ, containing in itself the fulfillment of the

Christian law, he was most anxious to conform to it the minds of his followers. By that very fact he succeeded in rendering the Third Order the greatest boon to human society. Burning with a seraphic love of God and man, Francis could not contain his charity within his bosom; he must pour it forth upon all within reach. Hence, though he began by reforming the private and domestic life of the members and adoring it with Christian virtues, as though he intended nothing else, still he had no mind to content himself with that. He employed the reformation of individuals as a means to arouse in the hearts of the people a love of Christian wisdom and to win all unto Jesus Christ. This plan of Francis, to have his Tertiaries act as heralds and messengers of peace amid the far-spread hostilities and civil upheavals of his age, We also entertained when recently all the world was aflame with a horror-laden war; and We entertain it still, for the conflagration is not totally extinguished, rather, its embers are reeking everywhere and in some places even flaring. Coupled with this mischief is an ailment in the vitals of our governments—brought on by long-standing oblivion and contempt of Christian principles—namely, class struggling so bitterly with class about the distribution of wealth that the world is threatened with ruin.

Tertiaries Needed

On this immense field of action, to which We as Vicar of the King of Peace have devoted special care and thought, we desire to gather the concerted efforts of all children of Christian peace, but especially of the Tertiaries, whose influence in restoring harmony of sentiments will be something wonderful, once their number and their enterprise have generally increased. It is desirable, therefore, that every town and village and hamlet should have many members of the order—not indeed slack members, content with the mere name of Tertiaries, but active and eager for their own and their neighbor's salvation. Why should not the numerous and various associations of young people, of workmen, of women, existing everywhere throughout the Catholic world, join the Third Order and inspired with St. Francis's zeal for peace and charity devote themselves persistently to the glory of Christ and the prosperity of the Church?

Mankind needs not the sort of peace that is built up on laborious deliberations of worldly prudence, but that peace which was brought to us by Christ when he declared, "My peace I give unto you; not as the world gives, do I give unto you." A man-made treaty, whether of states or of classes among themselves, can neither endure nor have at all the value of real peace, unless it rests upon a peaceful disposition; but the latter can exist only where duty, as it were, puts the bridle on the passions, for it is they that give rise to discord of whatever kind. "From whence," asks the Apostle, "are wars and contentions among you? Are they not hence from your concupiscences which war in your members?" Now, it is Christ who avails to har-



monize all that is in man, making him, not serve, but command his desires, obedient and submissive always to the will of God; and this harmony is the foundation of all peace.

Tertiary Peace

In the order of Franciscan Tertiaries, that power of Christ displays itself to wonderful effect. For since, as we have pointed out, the order has the special object of disciplining its members, though occupied with worldly cares, in Christian perfection—for sanctity is not incompatible with any mode or walk of life—it follows of necessity that, where a number of people live in keeping with the rule, they will be a powerful incentive to all their neighbors, not only to comply with every detail of duty, but to aspire

to a more perfect aim in life than the general law requires. The praise, therefore, which Christ our Lord bestowed on the disciples who followed him in a special manner, when he said, "They are not of the world, as I am not of the world"—this praise is well merited by the children of Francis who, observing the evangelical counsels with mind and heart as far as that can be done in the world, can truly say of themselves with the Apostle, "We have not received the spirit of this world, but the Spirit which is of God."

Tertiaries and Class Strife

Wherefore, keeping as far as possible from the spirit of the world, they will rather seek to introduce wherever they can effect an entrance, the spirit of Jesus Christ into everyday affairs. Now, there are two evils which predominate in the great moral subversion of today; a boundless craze for possession and an insatiable thirst for pleasure. It is these vices especially that attach to our age the shame and blame that, while making steady progress in all that pertains to the convenience and comfort of life, in a more important matter—the duty of good and upright living—it seems to be miserably backsliding to the infamies of pagan antiquity. Naturally; for the more clouded becomes man's vision of the eternal blessings laid up in heaven, the more do the transitory goods of earth entice and enslave him.

Once the mind has turned earthward, however, it is liable to become gradually weak and dull, and loathing things spiritual, ultimately to lose the taste for anything but the delights of passion. Hence we find that there is on the one hand no limit to the quest and the enlargement of fortunes, and on the other a lack of olden patience with the annoyances that usually go hand in hand with want and poverty; and to the strife already existing as We have said, between the proletariat and the wealthy, there comes on the part of so many the lavish care of the body, joined with absolutely base license, to render more keen the enviousness of the poorer classes.

Tertiaries and Fashions

In this connection, We can not deplore enough the blindness of so many women of every age and rank who, seized with a mad desire to please, do not realize how greatly their insane

fashions, not only displease every decent person, but offend God as well. Not content with appearing publicly in such apparel, from which most of them once would have shrunk in horror as being too repugnant to Christian decency, they are not abashed to enter church in it and to attend divine services; yes, they bear with them to the very Eucharistic Table, where the divine Author of purity is received, the trappings of shameful passions. We refrain from mentioning the forms of dancing, one worse than the other, recently fetched in from barbarism, to be the fashion with cultured people, than which nothing could be more apt to banish all modesty.

Call of the Age on Tertiaries

Let our Tertiaries give these matters their serious attention, and they will understand what the age expects of them as followers of Francis. It is for them to study the life of their Father; to consider his close and marked resemblance to Jesus Christ, especially in the way he fled the comforts of the world and undertook suffering, meriting for himself the name of the Poverello and receiving in his body the wounds of the Crucified; to show that they have not degenerated from his ideal, by embracing poverty at least of the spirit, by mortifying themselves, and by carrying their crosses. It is the special duty of our Tertiary sisters to be in their apparel and their whole manner of life an object lesson of holy modesty to other maids and matrons. Let them be assured they can render no better service to the Church or State than by paving the way for the reformation of corrupt morals. If the members of the order have organized various methods of benevolence to help the needy in their manifold wants, they will, like real brothers, surely not be guilty of withholding the offices of their charity from those who are in need of far greater than earthly things. Here We are put in mind of the words of Saint Peter, calling the Christians to be an example to the heathens by a holy life, that "they may by the good works which they shall behold in you, glorify God in the day of visitation." So shall our Franciscan Tertiaries by purity of faith, by innocence of life, and by cheerful zeal diffuse far and wide the good odor of Christ, and be to the brethren that have gone astray both a reminder and an invitation to come to a sense of their duties. This the Church asks, this she expects of them.

Appeal to the Clergy

For Our part, We trust the Third Order will receive a notable increase

from the coming festivities; and We have no doubt that you, Venerable Brethren, and all pastors of souls, will devote great care to revive the Tertiary fraternities where they may be declining, to establish new fraternities wherever possible, and to have them all flourish in observance as well as membership. When all is said, it is a question of opening to as many as possible, by following Francis, the path and the return to Christ, on which return reposes Our best hope of general salvation. The words of Saint Paul: "Be ye followers of me, as I also am of Christ," we may justly apply to Francis, who by following Christ has become his, most perfect image and likeness.

Privileges for the Centenary

Wherefore, that the festivities may prove the more beneficial, We do, at the humble entreaty of the Ministers General of the three families of the First Order, bestow the following bounties from the treasury of Holy Church:

1. In all churches where Tertiary fraternities are lawfully established, during the triduum to be held in commemoration of the centenary at any time throughout the year beginning on the sixteenth day of next April,

Third Order members may each day, and others may once, gain a plenary indulgence on the usual conditions; while all who with a contrite heart visit the Blessed Sacrament in such churches, may gain an indulgence of seven years *toties quoties*.

2. All altars of such churches shall be privileged during those days; also during the triduum any priest may there celebrate the mass of Saint Francis as a votive mass *pro re gravi et simul publica de causa*, observing the general rubrics of the Roman Missal as contained in the latest Vatican edition.

3. All priests attached to said churches may during those days bless rosaries, medals, and similar articles with the papal indulgences; likewise, they may bless the Crosier and Brigitine beads.

As a pledge of divine favor and a mark of Our benevolence, We most lovingly grant you, Venerable Brethren, and all members of the Third Order the apostolic benediction.

Given in Rome, at Saint Peter's, on the Epiphany of our Lord, in the year 1921, the seventh year of our Pontificate.

Benedict XV, Pope.

Two Pictures of My Mother

In all your youthful beauty you stand there,

No pain 'within the mirror of your eyes,

Only the sweetness of Love's Paradise,

And knowledge of Love's gift beyond compare.

And just as he, my father, thought you fair,

And was by all your loveliness enthralled,

So through the years your heart to mine has called,

Crowning my loves with high and holy prayer.

And gazing on this picture and on this

Of later years, when woes had made you weep,

And you looked far beyond Life's days for bliss;

I see in both the treasures that they keep—

For tell they not Love's olden quest of Love,

One of this earth, the other, of Heaven above!

—Charles J. Quirk, S. J.

THE NATIONAL THIRD ORDER CONVENTION

LETTERS OF APPROVAL

To the General Directive Board of the National Convention of Franciscan Tertiaries.

Dear Reverend Fathers:—

Your determination to convoke and to hold a National Convention of Tertiaries in commemoration of the seventh centennial of the founding of your Order, appears to me, to be at this particular time, a real inspiration from on high.

The sordid tide of self-indulgence and of short-sighted, earthly aims, stirred up by the war, is engulfing society in a flood of sin and crime.

The soldier's bayonet and the policeman's club may save us from destruction, but cannot bring us regeneration.

Perhaps, the radiant figure of St. Francis the Seraphic, given by God to the world at another time, may today, again help to restore to us a taste for higher and better things.

Let but humanity be brought to understand, that true happiness is inseparable from the Gospel of Jesus Christ, and we can safely look for a return of personal sanctity and social peace.

The life of St. Francis—so austere and yet so sweet—contains the lesson, that the world, at present, stands in need of.

I pray God, to bless the National Convention of Tertiaries and I wish them every growth.

Truly yours in Christ,
PAUL P. RHODE,
Bishop of Greenbay.

To the General Directive Board of the First National Tertiary Convention.

Dear Reverend Fathers:

The approaching seventh centenary of the establishment of the Third Order of St. Francis and the coming National Tertiary Convention to worthily commemorate this event in our glorious country is, I am sure, a source of great joy to every member of the illustrious Franciscan Family in the United States; for the Third Order in America I am convinced it will be an epoch-making event. A National Tertiary Convention owing to the new impetus and the increased interest it confers on the Franciscan Third Order must be productive of many graces for the faithful.

The Third Order of St. Francis is not necessary for salvation, but it is certainly true that it helps every loyal

member exceedingly to obtain eternal salvation more easily. To every novice of the Third Order on his admission to holy profession the officiating priest says in the name of Holy Church: "I on the part of God, if you observe these things, promise you life everlasting, in the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost. Amen." Oh, what a consolation for every member!

What are the "things" that must be observed to merit this thrice happy assurance of life everlasting? Nothing extraordinary, nothing exceedingly difficult is prescribed by the Tertiary Rule. The Third Order is not instituted for those who are giants in spiritual life, it is not for those who do things that are great and wonderful. The little ones in spiritual life and the humble are the favorites of St. Francis, of the Poor Little Man of Assisi. He loves those who, though solicitous about their soul's welfare, are nevertheless willing to admit that of themselves they are quite helpless. In them alone he finds the dispositions indispensable for all who would be his "Knights of the Round Table," and his "Minstrels of the Lord." They alone are fit to be "Heralds of that Great King," who left the glory of Heaven to be born in Bethlehem, a helpless child, in poverty and humility.

The things to be observed by Tertiaries are not, therefore, deeds that bring great praise or admiration from men; they are humble things that you must do for the welfare of your immortal soul; little things that for the greater part St. Francis himself most lovingly sought out for you from the Gospel; things that by the grace of Almighty God and the power of the Church bear fruit for you a thousandfold. We need not, therefore, be surprised that the Popes of our times do not tire in urging the cardinals, bishops and priests of the entire world to instruct the faithful regarding Tertiary obligations and to inform them how easily they can observe the Rule of the Third Order of St. Francis.

The obligations of the Third Order being so ordinary and so easy to observe, why is it that at the profession of a Tertiary novice the priest in the name of the Church speaks the solemn words: "I on the part of God, if you observe these things, promise you life everlasting?"

The first answer to this question is found in this that when making holy profession the member of the Third

Order promises to faithfully observe the Tertiary Rule until death. Nothing great, nothing heroic is promised; only "little things," ordinary Christian duties and practices, but we have the word of our divine Savior himself, that they who are faithful in little things shall not only be saved, but shall even receive a reward exceedingly great. If you observe the Tertiary Rule faithfully, God will say to you as He said to the servant in the Gospel: "Well done, thou good and faithful servant, because thou hast been faithful in little things, I will place thee over many; enter into the joy of thy Lord."

Moreover, by the wish of St. Francis and the will of the Church, every Tertiary through his profession is received into the Franciscan Family as a spiritual child for life and even for after death. The Tertiary, faithful to his little obligations as a member of the Franciscan Family, shares fully in the tremendous advantages and almost incredible spiritual help that accrues from the Franciscan Orders to every son and daughter of St. Francis. Thus, the Tertiary of good will is morally certain of eternal salvation on account of his own exertions and the help he receives from others. The observance of the Tertiary Rule is a pass to Heaven.

Who, therefore, can fail to see the innumerable blessings that flow from the Third Order? May God bless and prosper the work you are undertaking, so that it may lead to a grand crusade for the glory of God and the welfare of immortal souls. May national organization, united efforts, and renewed love and zeal for the Franciscan Third Order result from your National Tertiary Convention. I am with you heart and soul in your disinterested movement conceived in obedience and respect to the wishes of the Holy See, and I willingly assure you of my prayers and send you my cordial blessing.

Most sincerely yours in Christ,

J. M. Koudelka,
Bishop of Superior.

PRAYER OF ST. FRANCIS

My God and my all, who am I, a poor worm that Thou hast honored by calling to serve Thee? I wish to love Thee. I have given Thee all my heart and my mind, my every desire. If it be in my power I wish to do still more for Thee.



Fiction



THE OUTLAWS OF RAVENHURST

By L. M. WALLACE

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CHAPTER VIII

CASTLE RAVENHURST

IT was harvest time before the long journey ended. They had changed horses at the last inn, and the carriage rattled merrily along the Highland road. The tired boy had watched the haymakers, field after field, until he had fallen asleep. Sir Roger sat scowling, tapping his boot with his scabbard. Godfrey, who seemed something more than a servant, sat watching him.

"Three long years of labor, and the end a failure," growled the nobleman.

"Failure! Is it a lord of the house of Gordon who cries 'failure' when the first knot comes? We have the heir, and old Ravenhurst will yet be the greatest earldom in Scotland."

"The heir, we have him indeed; but what an heir. We would do better without him. Bred on the farm, he has the manners of a clown. Still he is learning. At least he can bow without falling down. Time and training will remedy his lack of culture. It is the papist faith in him which ruins all."

"The faith of a ten-year-old boy ruins all! Oh, Sir Roger, is this the spirit of a Gordon?"

"You see for yourself his stubbornness."

"Stubbornness! That is the best point in the lad. Do you think a weakling could ever win back the lands of Ravenhurst? Our work is to turn his strong will from his faith to what we wish."

"Very easily said, my good Godfrey; but it can not be done. What else have I striven to do since the day I found him? Right at this moment that red-bearded Shannon has more influence with him than I."

SYNOPSIS

Sir Angus Gordon, descendant of the Scottish chieftain Fire-the-Braes and son of Lang-Sword, has remained true to Mary Queen of Scots and to the ancient Faith. Forces of the king invade his castle Ravenhurst, while the inmates are attending the proscribed Mass. After a gallant fight, the old earl is overpowered. He is executed as a traitor. Of his grandsons James retains the Faith, while his brother Roger apostatizes and makes himself master of Ravenhurst.

"Sir Roger, it is a hard matter to skin a deer with the handle of a knife; the blade does such work much better."

"What do you mean by that?"

"I mean what I have said from the first: don't try to drive the boy; lead him."

"Lead him! A ship's cable would not draw that boy one step."

"My Lord, I said lead; I did not say draw."

"No more of your riddles, my good Godfrey, speak plainly."

"Sir Roger, fire and sword could not turn that boy from his faith now, while he loves it; but let him alone, and he will forget both Shannon and his teaching. Tell him of Fire-the-Braes and Lang-Sword till he longs to be as great an earl as they; nay, even the greatest of them all. Then, in later years, when it is a choice between lands, castles, and the king's favor, or the Catholic faith and poverty there may be a struggle; but the faith will go to the wall."

"Perhaps, and perhaps he will be a Huntly or an Errol and die in exile for leading some fool's chase of a rebellion."

"True, but he is only a child; a child's faith dies easily if it is not nourished. The one I fear is his mother. If you will follow my advice,

he will never see her, never even know that she lives."

"I need the mother's evidence that he is the heir. Lady Margaret will not dare to cross my will; she knows the penalty." Sir Roger's face grew very ugly.

"The Lady Margaret will not dare? Oh, have a care! Remember, that frail and gentle woman is a Douglas. Who ever yet has bent the will of a Douglas? Let her once speak to him, let her but once tell him of the old earl or of that fool—his father. Oh, have a care! It will be an easy task to lead the boy; but the boy with his mother at his back, aye that's another tale. She will have more influence with him than a dozen Shannons."

"Douglas or no, my lady will fare ill if she cross wills with me. There is such a thing as the will of a Gordon as well as that of a Douglas. I am no weakling to bend to a woman. Let her once dare open her lips about those 'martyrs' she may call them—fools they were! Let her once dare! I will execute the law to the fullest extent! Aye! Trust me for it! I will execute the very letter of the law!"

The sleeping boy stirred. Sir Roger's voice grew suddenly pleasant. "Ah, little nephew, you are sleeping at a strange time. We shall see the castle in a few moments."

"Yonder is the glen where Gordon, Fire-the-Braes, killed the great deer." Godfrey pointed to a glen leading into the heart of the mountain.

"Did you not tell me that the antlers are still in the castle?" The boy was wide awake now.

"They are in the old earl's room above the fireplace. You may see them tonight if you wish. Old Fire-

the-Braes was a great man in his day. It was he who raised Ravenhurst." Sir Roger looked at the eagle light in the boy's eyes and smiled at Godfrey. "Do you see that point of rocks jutting out from Ben Ender into the frith? That is the spot where Gordon-o-the-Lang-Sword landed when he swam the frith from shore to shore and carried the message for the king."

The little Gordon leaned forward eagerly. "Was there ever a greater earl than the Gordon-o-the-Lang-Sword? Godfrey has told me so many wonderful deeds that he did."

"Indeed he was the proudest of them all. The earldom reached its greatest extent in his days; but he died at Solway Moss, fighting for King James. There have been evil days since then. The good king, as he lay dying after the battle, said that they would come. A herald brought him the tidings that a daughter had just been born to him. 'Alack-a-day for Scotland,' moaned he. 'The Stuarts came in with a lass and no doubt they will go out with one.' Mary, Queen of us poor Scots, did the best she could, perhaps; but the days have been evil for the house of Gordon since Solway Moss." Sir Roger paused a moment to look at Godfrey, for the boy's face was all aglow. Then he continued: "Land after land was taken from us till, when I became regent, we had little more than the bare rock on which the castle stands. I have gained a good portion for you, and you must do the rest. I will do all that can be done until you are a man; but you must be the earl who raises Ravenhurst even higher than she was before she fell."

"I will try, my lord," The Gordon spoke very slowly. His square little jaw grew a bit more square. His eyes shone with a wild Douglas fire. Godfrey looked at Sir Roger and smiled.

The road made a short turn round a cliff. In the depths below, the water foamed among the rocks. Far off down the frith, five great gray towers stood out in the sunset. The slant rays lifting down among them touched here and there a battlement with gold and deepened the purple shadows. From the seaward tower came a puff of white smoke, and then a roar. Sir Roger rose in the carriage, lifting his lumed hat. Over the water, the sound of a great bell rolled. The rocks caught the echo, and many an lfn note made answer from crag and cliff and forest, far up even to the summit of old Ben Ender.

"What is all this noise about?"

whispered the lad. "Tell me, Godfrey, or I shall make a blunder."

"Will you never learn that you are the scion of the house of Gordon? The cannon and the bells of old Ravenhurst are welcoming you, my lord."

The road turned in, among the hills again. The castle was out of sight.

"Lowlanders have taken our lands and made my people slaves. You told me so long ago." The little Gordon spoke very slowly.

"But an earl as great as Lang-Sword could win it all back again. You must be that earl."

"I will do my best, uncle."

"There is just one thing standing in the way," Godfrey shook his head and frowned sharply. His lips said, "Not now! Not yet!" But they made no sound. Sir Roger continued in spite of the warning; he was as certain of victory now as he had been of failure. "One thing stands in the way. This one thing will ruin all if you have not the sense to give it up. You can not be a papist and win back to Ravenhurst her rightful place in Scotland. The king is for the new faith and will put down with fire and sword any noble who stands for the old."

"My lord," said the boy, looking straight into his uncle's eyes, "the earldom costs too much. 'There is nothing worth the buying if the price be the fire of hell forever more!' Daddy Shannon said so."

A chorus of shouts drowned Sir Roger's answer. "The Gordon! The Gordon! Hail to the little chief! Here's the carriage, lads! Aye! It's Sir James's son and no mistake!" It was a group of herdsmen watching from a cliff.

Another turn among the crags and he could see the road winding down to the castle, and the crowds of peasants, throng after throng, along the way-side.

"The Gordon! The Gordon! Aye, in very truth the earl's own son. God's blessing on his young head! The Gordon! The Gordon!" Right and left the lad threw silver pennies out among them as he passed on the long way down to the castle.

The great, gray drawbridge came clanging down across the moat. A double file of soldiers marched out, cheering as only soldiers can. "The Gordon! The Gordon! Welcome, little chief!" They crossed their blades and the lad walked on beneath a shining arch of steel. Straight across the courtyard, between the files, stepped the sturdy little figure. The castle doors swung open. Long lines of serv-

ants in the great hall bowed and cheered as he passed along the polished floor.

The massive, carved doors of the drawing-room slid back noiselessly. Someone in green and gold called, "Sir Charles Gordon, Lord Rock Raven—Sir Roger of Gordon." The boy looked about him in wide-eyed wonder. Never had he dreamed of such a place. Candles—it seemed to the boy there were a thousand—made the room as light as day. Pictures, great ones from floor to ceiling; statues, massive furniture, and rich tapestry. Ladies in crimson and ladies in gold, ladies in purple and ladies in blue; gentlemen dressed like peacocks, with gold lace and jeweled shoe buckles; here a plaided chief, and there an English noble; and from each one came the old, old cheer that had greeted the earls of Ravenhurst these hundreds of years: "The Gordon! The Gordon! Welcome, my lord; thrice welcome!"

Among them all the puzzled child saw one kind face. It was a little woman with snow-white hair, a face warm and thin, as if from much suffering, two dark blue eyes that looked straight into his own. He turned to her as to a friend.

"Aren't you somebody that belongs to me?" he whispered.

The woman took his face in her frail hands. She looked at him long and lovingly. "I am your mother, little Gordon, and you are welcome home."

"Ah! Lady Margaret, you must not keep his little lordship all for yourself. Let us kiss him, too," cried gay voices.

Sir Roger frowned. He had always feared that the boy would show his farm rearing by his clumsiness, and now at this all-important first appearance there he stood—timid, stammering, clinging to his mother's hands. Not one of those graceful bows, not one of those neatly turned speeches! Oh, how carefully he had trained him just what to do and say! The red flush brought out the tan and the freckles, too, and made him look so common. Sir Roger remarked nervously, "His lordship is browned by the voyage."

"Since when has a weathered face been a disgrace at Ravenhurst?" queried Lady Margaret gently. "In truth, there never was a carpet knight among the lairds, from old Gordon-Fire-the-Braes to your most noble brother."

The lad saw that his mother's words had angered his uncle. He saw, too,

with the quick insight that children have, that among all these great folk his mother had no friend. He put one arm about her, as if to guard her, and looked straight at them all. The bashfulness was gone; and there was in the boy's figure a certain dignity that marked the son of many a warlike earl.

"How much he resembles his father," said one.

"Ay, too much like the earl, I fear. God grant him a better end."

"But then," remarked a noble who seemed of some importance, at least in his own eyes, "—but then he has you, Sir Roger. You will do your duty. We need have no fear of the mother's proving unwise, while the uncle is at hand."

"I will indeed do my duty, your Excellency, both by the heir and by Ravenhurst," Sir Roger answered somewhat stiffly. "The Lady of Gordon will wisely remember that there are laws concerning the imparting of knowledge on certain dangerous subjects to the youth of our land."

The dark eyes of Lady Margaret looked straight into Sir Roger's. "I thank your lordship for your kindness. I am well aware of the laws of which you speak, and know how to conform myself to them." Her voice was sweet and low, but there was a ringing firmness in her tone, a light in the depths of her eyes. She seemed a mother eagle guarding her young.

CHAPTER IX

BY THE OLD FIREPLACE

"THIS IS the earl's room. It will be yours now," said nurse Benson, swinging open a great carved door. "May you have a good night's rest, my lord." The aged serving woman bowed and closed the door, leaving Gordon alone in a large room.

"Now, this makes two people here that I like. There's my mother and there's Benson. Nurse said she cared for my father when he was a 'wee bit bairnie.' That's why she gave me pigeon pie. He always wanted pigeon pie.

"Oh, what a beautiful fireplace!" Indeed, it was a fine piece of old French carving. Two yeomen standing on the hearth held the mantel on their spears. The shelf was bare, covered only with white linen. At each end of it, two knights stood crossing swords above a picture. High up, almost lost in the dusk near the ceiling, a great pair of antlers hung. "Those deer horns must be old Fire-The-Braes'. Uncle said they were in here. I wonder if that is his picture, too."

The boy held up the candle to examine it. The painting represented an old warrior, white-haired, but large and strong of limb, a kind old face that smiled at one, but thin, and the jaws square to ugliness. "It cannot be Fire-The-Braes'. He lived so long ago. Perhaps it is the Gordon-o'-The-Lang-Sword; but where in the world did they get that picture of me?" For a lad stood by the warrior's knee, who smiled from the canvas with a face Gordon had seen too often in the fishing pool not to recognize.

Then other memories came. He saw another fireplace, not so beautiful as this, but wide and low and very comfortable. Mary Shannon, at one end of the hearth, spinning with swift, sure fingers; Daddy, at the other end, with his pipe in the corner of his mouth, the zip-zip-zurr of his whetstone on the axe; while Joel and the other twins rolled over one another on the cabin floor. The boy leaned against the fireplace and cried, as he had not done since he saw the last bit of smoke from the Shannon cabin slipping behind the trees.

There was a gentle touch on his arm. "We never place anything on this mantel, my son," and a white hand raised the candle-stick. "Are you lonesome in this grand, old house?"

"I was just thinking of Joel and the folks at home. I couldn't even say good-bye."

Lady Margaret sat down in a wide armchair and drew the boy down beside her. "Who is this Joel, little son?"

"Joel, he's my twin. I mean, you know, we always thought we were. I didn't bid him good-bye." Then with a little wonder in his voice, "But you are not angry! Uncle Roger was mad at me, because I cried for my folks. He thinks being poor is a disgrace."

"Gordon," said his mother earnestly, "I should, indeed, be grieved if you had no love in your heart for that woman who, in spite of her poverty, took a homeless babe to her heart; and was so true a mother, that you never dreamed you were not her son; but you must do more than cry for them. Some day, if God gives you your rights, you must do great things for them; but all that we can do now is to write and let them know of your safe arrival. We shall do so as soon as I hear of a ship bound for Maryland."

"Oh, that would please them. Daddy couldn't read it; but they'll wait till Father Murphy comes."

"Father Murphy!" Lady Margaret's face lost all its gentleness. Her eyes were as stern as the old Douglas steel.

Poor little lad! Here was the old trouble once more. Oh, why did every one hate the faith he had been taught to love? But Mary Shannon's teaching was deep in the heart of the boy. His little hand gripped the arm of the chair till the knuckles stood out hard and white; yet he looked straight into those stern eyes and answered:

"The Shannons are Catholics, mother, and I am a Catholic, too."

His mother was not looking at him now. Her eyes were fixed on the old fireplace with a look of deepest joy. "Holy Mother of God," she was saying, "I thank thee that thou hast kept thy trust."

"Mother, if you are a Catholic, too, what made you look at me like that?"

"I wished to learn of what metal you are formed, my son. There is one weakness in the house of Gordon. Had you shown a spirit like Sir Roger's, had you will bent, because you feared me, I would have disowned you, my son, though it broke my heart. The Earl of Ravenhurst must stand for God and Our Lady, let the cost be what it may."

A gleam, almost a smile, came into Lady Margaret's eyes. "Now, your Excellency, Lord Warden of Scotland, now will the Countess of Ravenhurst conform herself to those laws of Scotland; ay, fit herself most snugly into this first opportunity. The good uncle is very busy talking about himself and all he has done, or maybe not done, in the Colonies. The wise and cunning Godfrey also is busy. He must needs open the chest and show the wampum, the tomahawks, also that foul scalp-lock, and even a great bear skin; though I doubt somewhat the truth of Sir Roger's tale of his great bravery in killing the monster."

"Killing the bear! He is not claiming my pelt, is he? He didn't have a thing to do with it. I killed that bear myself."

"You killed that beast? Did you more than help some hunter just a little?"

"The old bear had us treed. She rammed her snout right on the gun. I couldn't have missed her if I had tried. I was mad, because he claimed my pelt; that's all."

"My son, the future Earl of Ravenhurst, should make better use of the king's English; but I came here tonight to speak of things more important than a bear's belt."

There was that in her voice which made the boy look up with swift constraint of every muscle. Lady Margaret smiled, for she saw the war spirit that pulsed in his frame; and

she knew him to be worthy of her confidence though but a boy in hand and heart and brain.

"I have much to tell you this night, my son," she said, and her deep eyes seemed to read his soul. "Things of import—matters that could not be trusted to a coward. It was for this reason that I tried your mettle, boy; and your mother's heart was glad to hear it ring back—true Gordon steel. Of the things I tell you this night, speak nothing. You are yet a child and do not know friend from foe. Whatever be your need, put no trust in Godfrey Bertrandson."

The lad's brow drew up in a puzzle. "I thought you were going to say, not to trust Uncle Roger," he blurted.

Lady Margaret laughed, "Why should I warn where there is no danger? You have already taken the measure of Sir Roger; but I warn you, trust nothing to Godfrey Bertrandson."

Then suddenly after a pause, like an arrow shot from under a shield, the mother sent a question:

"What do you know about your father?"

The boy frowned a moment as if searching his memory, "Not much, Mother; I guess his name is all they told me."

She seemed relieved. "So, you shall learn of him from me, and that is well," she said; and there was in her eyes a look deep, unfathomable, as if a mingling of joy and pain. "I was an orphan in this house," she continued, "a child of Douglas blood, but penniless. James was Earl of Ravenhurst—not as it is today, but as it was in the bleak winter time of poverty and pain; yet there are gifts that gold and fame can never buy; for God alone has the giving of them. God gave to James and me a love that was blessed before His throne in Heaven. Here, standing before this fireplace, we were married. You smile, my son. Before this night is ended you will know that this great room in the seaward tower is the room of memories to all of Gordon blood, and this fireplace is a sacred thing to all that know its history. James and I had waited long for our wedding day, because no priest had come this way in many years. He was no longer young, nor yet was I; but we would have gone single to our graves rather than be wedded by any other than a priest of God's holy Church. God sent His minister to us, and the castle rang with mirth and song. Never was there a gayer wedding, nor was there one as bright and merry as this. Both bride and groom were young, and both had nothing but oat cake and ale to feast upon.

Poverty has its own joys, my son, and the fine food of the rich has often a bitter spicing.

"Three years God gave joy to James and me; and then He sent the cross, son. For it was ten years ago on this very night that the king's dragoons came for your father. James was standing by my side as I lay on the couch yonder. He thought me to be dying. We could hear the heavy boots of the soldiers tramping in the hall below. 'Courage, little comrade at arms!' he whispered. 'The battle lowers. The bugle of Christ calls 'Forward!' Shall we falter in the charge? We follow a Leader, crucified!'"

"Then came the clanking of their armor as they climbed the stairs. James took you from my arms, we bit of a new-born babe that you were, and carried you over to the fireplace. A little image of Our Lady used to stand there. He laid you down before it and prayed, 'Holy Mother of God, Margaret is dying. I am going God knows where. See, there is no one to guard the faith of our child. Holy Mother, we leave him in your care.' James brought you back to me. 'Fear nothing, Margaret,' he whispered. 'The blessed Mother never yet has failed those who trust in her.' Then he kissed us both and went out, and the dragoons took him; but, my little son, I would that you could know the joy in my heart this night when I saw how faithfully Our Lady had kept her trust. O little son, we shall cling to each other and trust the sweet Mother of God!"

"Where is my father now?" asked the boy, his bright eyes wide with wondering love.

"God alone knows," she answered. "I never learned what befell him. So many years have passed that I hope he is dead!"

"Hope that he is dead!"

"Yes, Gordon, I hope that my brave and noble James is dead; for if he is dead, he is with those other martyred Gordons who stand before the great white Throne; but if he is living, he is in some foul dungeon, suffering hunger, thirst, the rack, I know not what." Margaret was not weeping. She had borne her pain too long for that; but the lad knew now why his mother's hair was white, and in his childish way he strove to comfort her.

"Mother," the boy ventured, "perhaps—you see Father Murphy was so wise, I guess all priests must be—I was thinking next time we go to Mass—why maybe the priest could help us find out about father."

Lady Margaret smiled. He was so eager to comfort her, so powerless.

"My son, you have forgotten that we do not live in Mary's land beyond the sea. Child, I have been present at holy Mass five times in my life. Even should the holy sacrifice be offered near us, there would be small chance of our being there. Sir Roger watches like a hawk. I will tell you what I do. When of a Sunday I am longing to live in lands where Mass bells ring, I come in here and kneel beside the old fireplace. This is the sacred relic of the Gordon house. Many times in bygone years the priests of God made of this mantel an altar. Many times within these walls the angels covered their faces with their wings, saying, 'Holy! Holy! Holy! Lord God of Hosts!' Once did wicked men spill here the Blood of God. That silver spot upon the hearth marks the place where the Precious Blood drops fell, years and years ago. Therefore, to this holy room I come and kneel by the fireplace and pray awhile and kiss that little silver spot and beg the good Lord Christ to come to me in spirit since I can not receive Him in the holy Sacrament. You can do this, too; but we must not come together and we must not stay more than two or three minutes. If Sir Roger were to learn of it, even this small comfort would be denied us. We must be very wise, little son."

"Uncle Roger is mean to you!" cried the boy with sudden anger. "But now that I am here, if he dares say a thing to you, I'll—"

"You will keep your temper and say nothing. That is what you will do when things go wrong. If you fly into a passion, you will do great harm and no good. Keep this little thought to be your comfort at such times. Nothing Roger says can wound me. Only those we love can cause us grief. Let me see you growing up, day by day, such a son as the child of such a father should be; then your mother will be a happy woman, come what may."

Gordon felt the strength of her will across his own and the love in his heart for her deepened into reverence. They were silent for a time, and when his mother spoke again, it was of other things.

"You have not yet told me of those kind folks who gave you shelter in your childhood," she said. "How was it that they found you? There was something in her tone that made him wonder at her question. "I don't know much about it," he answered, and again he noted a look of relief in the depth of her eyes. "Daddy said that Father Murphy found me and brought me to them. They named me

George because I called myself 'Dor-die.'"

"Did you say anything else?"

"Only to ask for 'dunkie tee-wee,' but they had no tea to give me.

"Did they tell Roger that?" Lady Margaret's voice was swift and sharp.

"No!" said the child, startled at her tone.

"Thank God," she said, and smiled at the boy's troubled face. "It was not for tea you called but for your uncle Stephen. Well, indeed, would Roger know the meaning of your wait for 'Dunkie Tee-wee,' and one more nail would be driven in my poor brother's coffin."

The puzzled child stared at her. "You were lost a long time from uncle Roger; but you were not lost at all from your mother, my son. After the dragoons took your father; I was ill for many months. A year later, they again thought me to be dying. Even faithful Benson thought my last hour had come; and she sent a trusty messenger for my brother. Your uncle Stephen is one of our brave hunted priests that neither prison nor the fear of death can drive from the Scottish mission. He came at the risk of his life, gave me the last rites of holy Church, and took you with him, promising to find a home for you where your faith would be guarded. He passed out with you hidden under his long gray cloak. A trusty clansman rowed him to a sea-going frigate. I had supposed that my brother meant to take you to France and place you with our kinsman, Cardinal Beaton; but Stephen is a saint, child, and saints do not reason as we worldly people do. He considered your soul alone and placed you where he thought that pearl most safe. I was not pleased with his choice; but he said, 'Where was the only Son of the King of kings placed—in a castle or a cot?' I said no more, for Stephen is a saint."

"Why in the world didn't uncle tell Daddy Shannon, instead of just setting me down by the roadside? That was a queer thing to do."

"Rather it was a wise thing to do. Had this kind farmer known whose child he took into his house, Sir Roger would have put him in prison for helping to kidnap you. Neither did Stephen go to a strange land and set you down by a roadside and leave you to the hand of chance. He knew well the wisdom and charity of the good priest to whom he entrusted you. He waited till the old gray horse was almost at the spot before leaving you, and he remained in hiding a few weeks till he had learned what manner of man was the John Shannon in whose

care you were. Then, my son, when Stephen and our trusty clansmen thought the time was ripe for your return, we paid a seaman to give Sir Roger a clue that he might search for you and bring you back to us."

"But it is all so queer, mother. Now there is this picture of me you have over the fireplace. How did you get it? I never had a suit like that till Sir Roger gave me my Gordon plaid."

Lady Margaret laughed. "This is not your portrait. It is your father's, and it was painted long ago. Now, do you know why it takes but a glance to let any clansman know whose son you are?"

"And the old warrior, is he Gordón-o'-the-Lang-Sword?"

"Oh, no; that is your great-grandfather, Angus Gordon, commonly called the 'old earl.'"

The boy was a bit disappointed. "I thought he looked brave enough to be Lang-Sword. Godfrey said he was the greatest earl of them all."

"No doubt Godfrey thinks so; but I shall tell you of both these heroes tonight, and you shall say which was the braver knight. It is not titles and lands and gold that make a man great, my son." Lady Margaret smiled, and there was triumph in her glance, for in her son's eyes was confidence. His mother's heroes were to be his heroes. Then her look grew graver. "My child, I shall tell you many tales this night; yet, lest unknown need should catch you unprepared, I must give you one more word of warning. If you have need of help in any hour of trouble, call on Benson; failing her, old Edwin the Gate Warden is true; but, child, be watchful—sometimes walls have ears—and do not speak

unless your need is very great. Trust no one else within these walls. Should you be forced even to fly from the castle, you have loyal clansmen living in the fastnesses of Ben Ender's glens. Their chief and the best of them all is Muckle John-o'-the-Cleuth. A secret passage opens from this old fireplace—the same way by which you fled when Stephen carried you in his arms. It is not known to Sir Roger. There is a spring in the hand of the wooden soldier, on the right side of the mantel. Turn the sword twice to the right and press down; a panel on the left of the fireplace will slide back into the wall. This is the beginning of the passage. The end is in the woodland near Ben Ender. When once in the open, make your way to the frith and follow the shore to the glen—"

"But, mother," interrupted the boy, a look of apprehension darkening his eyes, "if we had to go away, you would be with me and you would know where the paths are."

Lady Margaret did not answer. The white fingers clenched on the arm of the chair, but only for a moment. Well she knew what the penalty for this night's talk might be. "It is not wise to face trouble till it comes," she said, with strange quietness. "Be brave and silent, little son. We shall trust to God and Our Lady, hoping that all may go well."

Then she spoke gently, almost gayly, telling her boy tales of the olden days, of Fire-the-Braes and Gordón-O'-the-Lang-Sword, of Sir Angus and Sir James, until the weary eyes of the boy lost their shining, and with his head upon her knee he slept.

(To be continued.)

RESURREXIT

A pearly dawn; night's unseen teardrops clinging
To bold rock, sacred with proud Roman seal;
Soldiers on guard; the first birds shyly singing;
Nature's voice hushed, some mystery to reveal.
Earth feels a thrill; the guards are prostrate falling,
Mutely awe-stricken, gazing at the sight
Of One, all radiant—Vision most appalling!
One lately dead, endowed with life and light.

Lo! brave men flee. Weak women quick advancing,
Bear precious ointments for the cherished Dead;
But towards the tomb with eagerness oft glancing,
See not their Lord; an angel fair, instead.
"Fear not," he tells them, "for Christ hath arisen."
A holy joy their loving footsteps speeds,
His words are true; no more the grave's dark prison
Their Lord enshrouds, for He is risen, indeed.

O souls, with alleluia still vibrating,
Have you, indeed, burst free from earthly chain?
Or with weak nature are you still debating,
Losing true peace, because you dread the pain?
Awake! awake! The Easter bells are pealing;
Doubt, fear, remorse, be in the cold tomb laid,
Chant your glad anthems, their deep beauty feeling;
Rejoice! this day our Risen Lord hath made.

—BALBUS.

THE WAY GOD DID IT

BY GRACE KEON

THE SUN was setting in a cloudless sky. The white sand made one's eyes ache. The patches of sagebrush looked gray in the clear light; and the gaunt arms of the cacti, like shriveled creatures, burned with the sun and darkened by the dry wind, stood erect, their fingers pointing to the heavens as if in mockery. Not a sound disturbed the quiet as Jerry Sheridan turned from the open doorway of the hut back into the room, where a young man, evidently in pain, was lying on a bed. Jerry had left the poor creature exhausted after a terrible fit of coughing, and had walked to the door that the lad might not be tempted to talk again until he had recovered his strength. Returning to the bedside now, he lifted the emaciated form, and held a glass of water to the parched lips.

"So you sent for me?" he asked, picking up the thread of conversation again.

"Yes. I saw you when you left the train yesterday—and my first impulse was to get away—I was ashamed. Afterward, when I got home here—I thought how foolish I had been."

"Of course," said Jerry Sheridan.

"Seems as if God just had to have pity on such a forlorn beggar—and He sent you. From home, too! Think of it! Sending me a decent chap like you from home—one I can trust, because—because we're the same in everything."

"Yes," said Jerry. "You can trust me, John."

"John!" he echoed, smiling faintly. "How good that sounds! They don't call me that—here. I'm Bart Healy."

"I know. They said Bart Healy wanted me."

"I did an awful thing when I—went away—but I couldn't face my father's eyes. That was the worst thought in my brain—his worried, loving eyes. They would have driven me mad."

"Yes," said Jerry Sheridan.

"I had a thousand dollars left," he went on, and his voice seemed to rumble up from the pit of his stomach. "I met Dean—and he and I went in on shares—and the thing happened. There was oil. They gave me half a million for my rights in it—half a million!"

"Yes?" again encouraged the brown young fellow who sat beside his bed.

"That—that—was a year ago—and I've been three years away. I—I should have gone home then—or sent—but I had left such disgrace behind me—and besides the devil was not dead. I could not believe in myself."

The listener nodded. The voice sounded so faint, as if coming from a great distance.

"I am telling you this, because I want them to know. I suffered, too. The gambling fever had had hold of me so long—and I was afraid to face the world until I knew it was broken. So I put the money aside and went down there—to the city. I tested myself. For six months I watched games—until I thought I'd go crazy if I didn't join in, and I've walked off. I went in, then, and spent just so much—a few dollars—tore out of it when that sum was gone. At first it was like giving one's heart to the knife—"

"Poor lad!" said Jerry, covering the hot, thin fingers with his own strong hand.

"Then I knew I could trust myself. Suddenly I hated the cards. Yes, hated them. Used to turn me sick to see them, as a certain kind of food or smell does some people—that was it. God, wasn't I glad! I went to confession to an old Father—a mission priest. I never was happier in my life, for I was going back again—with money—and the master of myself. That night—in the middle of the night—I had a hemorrhage."

Jerry Sheridan did not speak.

"It is not my lungs. There's something about a lump pressing on an artery. They can't help me. I've had the best—and now the end is here."

"If you could get home—"

A spasm of pain contracted the young man's mouth.

"Home! It was like heaven to see you again—someone from the old place! I rode my black Meg down into the city. I'll never sit on her again, and that was only yesterday. Seeing you was too much for me, I reckon. And now I want you—want you—to find them all—dad and mother and sis and the kid. The money's for them, and it will make up in part for all that's happened—but it won't take away the sore spot. I failed Dad—I failed Dad—and how he trusted me!"

"You mustn't think of that," said

Jerry Sheridan earnestly. "Don't think of that. If they could see you, they'd be only too glad to forgive you. You know that, don't you? You're sure of it, aren't you?"

"Sure of it! Why, I think they'd welcome me if I came crawling back—a felon—disgraced," said the dying man, a smile lighting up his eyes for the first time. "Dad was such a generous, big-hearted chap—and mother—such a darling little lady—just a little girl that I could pick up in my arms."

"I know," said Jerry Sheridan huskily.

"Can you remember the blue dress she used to wear to church?" went on the young fellow softly. "When you find her, tell her that in my dreams I used to see her in that blue dress."

"I'll tell her," said Jerry. He pressed the burning hand again, warmly. "Look here, John—you've an astonishing amount of will power. Couldn't you—couldn't you buck up a bit now—long enough to let me send for them? Couldn't you?"

Very slowly the man shook his head. "I'm going out with that," he said, pointing toward the sunset, a flame of red against the western sky. "I'd try—but I know it can't be done. When I saw you yesterday the whole burden shut right down on me and all I could see was the hurt look in dad's eyes. But what's the use?" Longing and love shone on his face. "At any rate you'll be able to comfort them. Tell them everything. Dad can stand it."

"Yes," said Jerry Sheridan.

And at sunset the wanderer went home.

Margaret Booth paused to draw breath as she reached the top stair in the small hall. A city flat, with the thermometer at ninety in the street, is not the most pleasant place in the world. She was at the end of the fourth flight. Her weary feet had dragged themselves so far and now felt as if they would never move again.

She reached for the nearest door and clung to it, gasping. Then, taking a deep breath, she turned the knob and entered.

It was a plainly but comfortably furnished room—a table in the center, a very small piano in one corner, an

easy rocker in the other, with a rack between, on which were books and magazines. At the window sat a woman in an invalid chair—a little, shriveled woman, worn by pain into an appearance of old age.

"Well, mother," said Margaret, cheerfully, "where's dad?"

"He's gone down street to get milk," said the mother faintly. "It's been warm today, Margaret."

"Yes—I know." The girl was removing her dress carefully. Clothing was an item. "But there seems to be a thunderstorm coming," she added.

"Anything to break the heat," said the mother in a listless tone. "If it lasts much longer—"

Margaret picked up a palm-leaf fan from the table, and the vigorous breeze stirred the older woman's hair.

"I'll pretend I run by electricity," said the girl. "But I must turn myself off until I get into an old gown." She ran into the other room. "What sort of breeze do you prefer?" she asked, emerging. "Slight, medium, or strong?"

The air of raillery brought a smile to the mother's pale lips.

"Well," she said, "if your dad and I didn't have you to come home to us every evening, we wouldn't want to live very long."

"One can't stop living when one likes, mother," said Margaret. She was still fanning. "What is there for supper?"

"Cold meat—and crackers—and you'll find some cake. The tea is fresh—there's dad coming now. Hear him?"

Both listened to the slow step—the faltering step of an old, old man. When he came in, he put a bottle on the table and wiped his face, which was wet with perspiration.

"Hello, Meg."

"Hello, dad."

"Hot, eh?"

"Sure—ly! You'll have your tea, mother?"

"Ye-es," said the invalid hesitatingly. She sighed again; turned her head so that her eyes rested on the row of red brick houses opposite, and closed the lids as if the sight hurt her. Margaret poured the tea and buttered some crackers lightly, placing them on a plate at her mother's elbow. Then she and her father took their places at the table in the center. The tea was hot and good. She drank it mechanically. The cold meat, bought at the corner grocery with the crackers, disgusted her. She drank a second cup of tea.

"You're not eating," complained John Booth in a voice scarcely above a whisper.

"It's too hot," said Margaret.

"You must eat or you'll get sick," said the mother from the chair at the window.

"Eat some of the meat," said the man, after a few moments of silence.

"No," said Margaret.

"Eat some more crackers."

"I can't."

"If your appetite fails you—"

"It won't, mother," she said.

"But it will," persisted the invalid, almost whimpering, "and what can we do then, your father and I, but go to the poorhouse?"

Margaret's lips trembled. To eat or not to eat—what did it matter? And their persistent hammering on the subject sent a hot wave of misery through her. She had come to this—their dearly treasured daughter: she was the wall between them and want, the arm between them and disaster. They clung to her with all their waning powers; and their hands had the strength that lies in the grip of death.

She had had a hard day. The weariness of it fell upon her, enveloping her. She had worked with throbbing head, forcing her will over her pain. She worked steadily, as she always did, daring weather—the winter cold, the summer heat. She worked with nerves raw as stripped flesh, sick down into the very heart of her. She came home to this. Loving them, yes, very dearly; but tortured by idle speech, by nagging, by complaints, knowing all the time that they idolized her, and conscious all the time that she would lay down her life for them.

So she sat looking at her plate now, her elbows resting on the table, her head on her hands. Then, glancing up, she found her father's eyes fastened on her—the dear blue eyes of him, with the look in them as of one hurt to the very soul—hurt grievously. But now there was terror in them as well.

"What is it, dad?" she asked.

"You're not well, Meg. You're not well," he mumbled.

"Indeed I am, dad—foolish dad! But it's been ninety in the shade all day; and I tell you I wouldn't want to jump over the roof at this present moment. If you saw Mrs. Bradish Bradburn walk into your parlor at 2:30, my dear—"

She mimicked the stately lady. A shade of animation crept over the worn face at the window. Margaret was their door, opening into the world. What she brought back with her from her daily toil, was all they cared to know of it.

"One of her sons was with her," concluded Margaret. "Richard Bradish Bradburn, I believe his name is. He was bored, and not at all respectful. He kept winking at me when she wasn't looking. She was dreadfully contrary today, and he seemed to think her a huge joke. Afterward, the young lady he is to marry—Miss Ward—came in for a fitting. She's worse than Mrs. Bradburn, but she was so sweet, so very, very, very sweet—my!"

She made a face, as if the sweetness had a little bitterness in it, too; and the mother smiled. This was better. This was what she wanted. Margaret's sense of humor was keen. Tonight it was forced, but they did not know that. Her father sat in his easy chair at one window, her mother at the other, and Margaret talked—talked with every word hurting her. She did not tell them all about Dick Bradburn. The mother, with her lofty attitude and posturings, her criticisms and superciliousness, had been an affliction. But the spoiled scion of her house had found the slim, auburn-haired girl good to look upon. His whispered proposal—to take her for a little drive to one of the beaches after hours—had been graciously refused, though her soul flamed with anger at his temerity. And to this she added a weary coming home, a weary climb up four flights of stairs to a weary, pain-worn mother and a father who was, as the neighbors put it, "a little off, poor chap." This was the home depending solely upon Margaret. Her labor provided it—respectable enough, not actually poor, but always on the borderline. The doctor's bills were high. Medicines were necessities—and so economy had to be practiced continually.

"I wish—I wish we could get back to the country," said the mother, when Margaret finally ceased. "I think I'd get well in the country."

"I wish we could, mother," said the girl.

"I'd like to see a real bird once in awhile," pursued the woman. "These sparrows with their eternal chattering and quarrelings—I'm tired of them."

"Yes," agreed Margaret. "They aren't very lovely."

"I begin to think how pretty green vines would look, covering those bare red walls over there—until my eyes ache," continued the invalid.

"Poor mother!" said Margaret. She went to her and knelt beside her. "Yes, yours is a hard day, too. But it will change some time, mother—soon."

The mother wept silently.

"I shouldn't bother you. You have

enough, and I can't help you. I have nothing to do but think of our lovely home in the old town; of John and what he did to father; of Robbie, poor lad, and his dying away from us trying to make his own living; of you and your lost music, your talents buried like this. If I were dead, Margaret—"

The girl patted her cheek and lifted her thin hand to her lips.

"My darling, you mustn't think. When you feel like this, it puts back your chances badly. We could live in the country, dear; but the doctor couldn't take care of you—at least, it would cost so much. If you keep on trying—he said after six months, mother, we could expect—"

There was a knock at the door—an airy rat-tat-tat.

"Who can that be?" said the mother after a moment.

John Booth took the pipe from his mouth and waited. None of the three moved. The knock was repeated.

Margaret rose and opened the door to the visitor. A look of consternation overspread her face, and for an instant she stood as if petrified.

"Mr. Bradburn!" she exclaimed.

The young man bowed.

"Yes," he said gayly. "May I enter?"

The girl hesitated. Then, with a curious smile, she held the door wide.

"You may enter, Mr. Bradburn," she said, and he did so. The girl wore an old house gown, open at the throat. It was a black gown, and her white skin against it gleamed like polished marble. Her auburn hair waved loosely about her face and ears, giving her a childish appearance. As she extended her hand for his cane and coat—there was no room here to be formal—the young man looked at her with a gleam in his eyes.

"You are a little beauty," he said under his breath.

"Won't you sit down?" she said, cordially.

"Is it the doctor?" asked John Booth, peering over his glasses, and without rising.

"No, dad," said Margaret, "it is not the doctor. It is Mr. Bradburn. Permit me to introduce him, dad—Mr. Richard Bradburn."

The young man extended his hand, advancing. The old man took it.

"I welcome you, Mr. Bradburn," he said, in his low whisper. "Margaret did not tell me you were coming. But I am most happy to see you here."

A gentleman, this, thought Dick Bradburn, in spite of that queer, worried expression, and those strange eyes.

"Thank you," he answered. He

looked at Margaret, who had turned toward her mother. Dick Bradburn, foolish, spoiled, selfish, who never refused anything to the only god he knew—himself—was rather taken aback at her apparent welcome. After her polite refusal, which had rather piqued him, he had asked one of the little finishers in the place for Margaret's address, and secured it. Could she have been told? She must have—else why this self-possession?

"How did you find your way here?" asked Margaret lightly. "And how did you like climbing to my attic?" The sight of the man on the threshold of her home had roused her. Her first impulse was one of anger—her second—

"I feel sorry for anyone who has to do the climbing day after day," he answered. "My car is downstairs. Will you come for a little ride?"

"Well," said Margaret, "perhaps. Let us talk awhile first."

"Of course," said Dick Bradburn. The little finisher must have told. Why, the little finisher may even have been given her instructions! That was it! He settled himself comfortably in the chair she indicated.

"You must pardon our cramped quarters," she said. "This is our library, living-room, dining-room, and parlor—all in one. Quite a suite of rooms, strung out like that!"

He laughed with her, then looked at her young face with its straight black brows and curling lashes—at the red lips that seemed made to be merry. She was a thousand times more attractive than the demure maiden who had evaded him that day. No wonder he liked her. Trust Dick Bradburn to pick out a good looker. In decent clothes this kid—

"Do you like to pretend?" he asked gently—and none of these thoughts were reflected in his voice.

"Why, yes. Mother has just been doing her share. She has been trying to see a bluebird or a wren in a yard full of chattering sparrows. Also, she has the brick walls opposite clothed in a mantle of living green—a much more comforting color to tired eyes. She is not used to the city. We came from the quietest of little country towns."

"You can pretend anything you like with me," said Dick Bradburn, "and perhaps—who knows—I can make it all come true."

"Very well," said Margaret. "To begin with, I shall make a nice cold drink of lemonade for all of us, and get some crackers—the kind that come in a paper box. And you're going to pretend it's champagne—and—who is the most fashionable caterer nowa-

days? I have been abroad so long that I have forgotten. At any rate, here are the crackers."

He smiled and watched her. She served them daintily.

"Champagne, dad," she said. "Excellent for you, mother." They were smiling at her merry jest. "And as for you, Mr. Bradburn—it's your favorite brand—of which, alas, I have also forgotten the name. Please drink it as if you appreciated the fact that it has just come up from my cobwebby cellar with the dust of years on the bottle."

He laughed genuinely this time. As he took the glass, she lifted the cover of the piano.

"You have the wine—this is the woman—and here is the song." There was a little mockery in her tones. "That is *your* combination, isn't it, Mr. Bradburn?" She ran her fingers lightly over the keys, breaking into a popular dance tune.

"Something else, Margaret," whispered John Booth. "Don't—play—anything—like—that."

"Getting old, dad," said Margaret. "Isn't he, mother? You like it, don't you?"

"I like everything you do or say—it doesn't matter what," said the mother gently. She had been watching the young man's face—and Margaret's. What was the matter with her Margaret? For the first time in years the world approached her through another channel.

"I am everything mother has," said Margaret, smiling. "Everything father has, too; but he doesn't show it or say it. Foolish folk, these parents, eh?"

"Not in this instance," said Dick Bradburn.

"Oh?" said Margaret. "But you see—my father is not well. My mother is an invalid. She never leaves her chair. They are old-fashioned people; they are not abreast of the times."

"I see," said Dick Bradburn.

"Do you?" smiled Margaret Booth. "I wish I did." She swung around on the stool. "Here is something father will like—he can understand it. And I need not apologize for it. Madame Rizzi sings it at the Garden next Sunday night. Go to hear her."

She sang "Annie Laurie." Her voice was a pure strain of music, soft, hardly rising above the whispered note. When it ceased he kept listening—listening—

"Why," he stammered, at last, "why—"

"You've got to live outdoors first," she explained, "listen to the birds singing—and notice how the sound dies. There is a rippling music to the water,

too. Did you ever hear it? You have to keep very quiet—and forget yourself—just let it talk to you." Her voice lingered as the last note of the song had done. "You see, that was another dream. Once there was a king—there he sits—and a queen—there she is. And they captured a songbird, and the songbird thought it was going to sing for its supper. But now it drapes dresses and sings after its supper."

"You shouldn't waste your time at the work you're doing."

"Waste my time!" echoed Margaret. "I think you can vouch for the fact that I don't waste any time."

"Well, you know what I mean. With a little coaching that voice—"

"Yes, of course! Meanwhile, the king hasn't any money to count, and the queen must have bread and honey. So, I'm hanging up the clothes." She laughed merrily, and he joined in her laugh, forgetting. Then she played again and sang, and a quiet, happy stillness fell over the group. It was half-past nine when she closed the piano and switched on the light. Dick Bradburn came to himself with a start.

"Really—" he began. "Really—"

"As I have another severe clothes-hanging day before me tomorrow," she said, "I think I shall offer you some more—er—champagne and send you home."

"But—"

"Yes—I know you never drank such stuff—and I know you may have to send for a physician if you take any more of it—"

"But—"

"One fond glass, Mr. Bradburn, and then we sever." She handed it to him as she spoke. After which he rose and said good-bye courteously to her father and mother, and she brought him his hat and coat and cane and followed him into the hall, holding the door close shut behind her. Over her face had come a change that boded nothing pleasant.

"Who told you where I lived?" she demanded.

"I asked—one of—the girls," he stammered. Her eyes, contemptuous and scornful, pierced him.

"Who was she?"

"I do not know her name."

"Never mind that, then. I'll take care of it. Why did you come here?"

"I wanted to see you."

"Why?"

"I wanted to talk to you—to take you for a little ride—"

"Why?"

He did not answer. Her eyes held him.

"I have a father, who is simple, and

an invalid mother. It takes every penny I can earn to support them. I have few pleasures—and I haven't any friends, for lack of time to cultivate them. My choice—and a man like you, with no brains and an unlimited bank account—do you think any girl would look at you for yourself?"

The scorn stung him as her music had thrilled him. Then all the manhood he possessed rose to the surface.

"I sincerely beg your pardon," he said. "I respect you from the bottom of my heart—please—I do. I want to thank you for—for the—for an evening I shall not soon forget. Will you forgive me?"

"On one condition."

"And the condition is—"

"That you will never attempt to do this or speak to me again, no matter when or how we meet."

"I shall not presume, believe me. But at least do not refuse to speak to me—" She looked at him. "I—I promise!" He held out his hand. She ignored it, going in and closing the door behind her. He stood there a few moments before he went down the stairs.

* * * * *

On Sunday night at the club, Dick Bradburn spoke to Jerry Sheridan.

"Where are you going?" he asked.

"Nowhere—now," said Jerry, adding, "I was to vespers at the cathedral this afternoon. So tonight is free."

"I'd like to hear Madame Rizzi. Will you come?"

"Yes," said Jerry Sheridan.

They rode down to the Garden and listened to Madame Rizzi. Dick Bradburn was much downcast, for some reason or other; and Jerry Sheridan felt a little sympathy for him. After the concert, they went to have a drink. "Plain lemonade," said Dick Bradburn.

"Do you feel sick—or anything?" asked his friend, with some concern.

"No, I've had an adventure."

"Another?"

"This one is different."

"Oh, well—"

"Want to hear about it?"

"Of course—if it will do you any good." He was willing to be bored; and Dick Bradburn told his tale.

"So you see—I bribed the girl—Justine, her name was—to tell me where she lived. And that evening I called on her—"

"Some cheek," said Jerry Sheridan. "You'd think so. She was—I can't tell you. She sang—and she had a merry voice. She sang 'Annie Laurie'—and gave me lemonade, pretending it was champagne."

Jerry Sheridan's lips twitched. In-

wardly he was consumed with laughter. Poor Dick and his numerous love affairs—and this one just another. Only this girl seemed a bit uncommon.

"Say, what about Annis Ward?" he suggested.

"Annis! Annis would throw me over tomorrow if she met anyone with a fatter bank roll," said Dick moodily.

"Strange to say, I think Annis is quite fond of you."

"I'd rather have Margaret Booth's little finger."

"Margaret—Booth's—little—finger!" said Jerry slowly. "Margaret—Booth's lit—Dick!" He sprang up from the chair and grasped his shoulder. "What did you say? What did you say?" he shouted.

Dick looked at him and noted the curious eyes turned toward them.

"For heaven's sake—Jerry—"

Jerry subsided. Then he took out his handkerchief and wiped his forehead.

"I want to hear all about it," he said, trying to control his voice. "She has a father—John Booth, and a mother, and a young brother!"

"There is a father and a mother—no brother," said Dick Bradburn. "I don't know any of their names, but, yes—there was John Booth on the card over the bell—I noticed that."

"Well," said Jerry Sheridan, "if I weren't so grateful to you, I'd kick you. I've been looking for Margaret Booth for two years."

* * * * *

It was Margaret who answered his ring. At first glimpse she thought it was her former unwelcome visitor. Then she saw smiling eyes that were puzzlingly familiar.

"Now, Meg," he said, cheerfully, "you might greet an old friend more warmly than this."

"An old friend!" She stared, but stepped aside, and he entered.

"Have five years altered me beyond all recognition?" he went on plaintively.

"Why!" said the mother, from her chair. "It's Jerry Sheridan!"

"Jerry Sheridan!" echoed Margaret. "Never!"

"Is that a compliment?" he asked, addressing the mother. And then, "Where is Mr. Booth?"

"Dad is there—at the window. He seldom speaks unless one speaks to him first. Dad, here is Jerry Sheridan—from home."

"Jerry Sheridan—from home!" The old man peered up into the young man's compassionate face. "Jerry

(Continued on page 191.)

THE CURIOSITY OF FRA BERNARDO

By MARY J. MALLOY

RIPPLE, ripple, ran the brook, worshipping God in its clear beauty and the fluteline plashing of its flow.

Ripple, ripple, ran the mind of Fra Bernardo, sorely a-puzzle and a-wonder with what might mean the words of the fair youth who had passed him smiling as he stooped by the pleasant waters to gather osiers for the baskets of Fra Egidio. "I go up before thee to thy convent on the hill, O Fra Bernardo, to ask of Fra Elias a question that better can I answer than he."

"Now what did the stripling mean?" Bernardo said half-indignantly to himself. "Is it not well known, very well known, indeed, that our Elias is a man of great knowledge? And shall this boy ask of him a question that he cannot answer? And why, forsooth, should a question be put to him for which the questioner hath already answer?"

Ripple, ripple, ran the brook.

Fra Bernardo looked up to where the strange youth fleet-footedly mounted the hill, and rubbed his eyes that the sunshine had surely gotten in; for behold, about the lad, as he went, shining wings seemed to swing and gleam for a moment, and then to melt into the glowing sunshine that lay on height and valley.

"Bernardo, Bernardo!"—he shook his wondering head at himself—"let the youth take care of himself—and how did he have my name so easy on his tongue?—Get thee to thy task and gather his reeds for Egidio, that he may carry his baskets to the town tomorrow, as he promised. Better is for thee this task than to ponder what will come of a saucy boy answering himself the question he goes to ask of our learned Elias!"

So putting his wonderment from him, he stooped again to the brook and resumed his gathering of the slender reeds that bound it about.

The moments fled swiftly by. From the town down below other *frati* began to return, as the sun sank slow behind its western bars and here and there a golden star slipped suddenly out in the mellow heavens. Bernardo, his bag full of reeds, turned homeward, too, with a sigh of satisfaction at duty well done and curiosity well restrained; for, indeed, there ran through his mind all the while, in spite of his resolve to throw the thought from him, what had the youth asked of

Fra Elias, and why he had asked when already he had his answer?

"*Ahi, ahi*, these young ones! What care they for the wisdom of an older head and the reverence due so learned a man as our Frate Elias? 'Twas not so in my young days for sure! But then why should I, Bernardo, care?—If Brother Masseo be at the gates, I know he will tell me what came to pass—*ancora, ancora!* there am I again! Bernardo, Bernardo, what affair is it of mine?—But still I wonder—"

Ripple, ripple, ran the brook.

Up the hill tolled Fra Bernardo, reaching the convent gate just as Fra Masseo came up from the garden without.

"Didst thou see?" and "Didst thou see—" cried the two together, and then stopped shamefacedly for such display of curious minds.

"Yea," said Bernardo, outspoken. "I saw the youth and spoke him, too, who came hither lately, and I declare to thee, Fra Masseo, that I can not sleep this night if I learn not his errand, he hath so destroyed my peace."

Fra Masseo laughed out heartily, a great inspiring laugh.

"Hast thou been here in my place, Bernardo, more curious still wouldst thou have been. He came, the slender stripling, and knocked most loudly; and when I did not come at once, again he knocked, and with such vim I wonder thou didst not hear it down there in the valley. So I said to him: 'Thou unmannerly! knowest thou not better than to knock down our hill with so much noise?' And he answered, unperturbed: 'T is the second time of knocking. For the first, thou didst not come.' So I said to him: 'Thou art a stranger. Now will I tell thee our custom, that our peace be undisturbed, and that our Fra Elias there within find quiet about him as he studieth in his mind a question he would fain resolve—'

"'Nay,' said the boy, 'go in to him and tell him that I have come to ask him that same question, albeit much better can I even now answer it than he.'

"'Thou impudent!' I wished to say, but somehow, Bernardo, my tongue went all awry, and I bethought me he

was but young and foolish, like to his kind, and so I but said:

"'Now do thou listen to me. Go down the hill again, *figlio mio*, and return slowly and knock once more. Then wait thee the space of a paternoster, which will much benefit thy soul, and give the brother porter time to answer thee without the fear of an awful visitation without that requireth uncharitably haste.'" He threw back his head and laughed heartily again, for a wag was Fra Masseo.

"And did he so?" asked him Fra Bernardo.

"So did he not! He spoke again that Fra Elias should come out to him at once and have the question—whatever it may be, I know me not, but great I begin to think it—put and answered. Then I waxed somewhat wroth, I confess to thee, Bernardo, and I said to him that Fra Elias was not for the demand of strange youths at will. 'Yea, more strange still may come to Elias,' he made answer, 'if he hear not my question and my answer better than his own.' I would have spoken more severely to him, Bernardo, on that, but—but—I know not just how to make it clear to thee, Bernardo—I went within and did as the boy commanded; and Fra Elias was angry, indeed, and sent me back more quick than I came with the message that he took no question from a mad boy, nor answered.

"'T is well,' said *Messire*, 'His question he can not answer, for he will not answer as it should be; and mine is the same as his own, and the answer I would make him is one he careth not to hear. Farewell, good *frate*.' And with that he was away down the hill—so swift went he that I scarce saw him depart before he was lost to view. And do you know—laugh not, I pray thee, Bernardo—but I fancied I saw two shining wings folding about him, swinging and gleaming for a moment in the twilight! Dost thou think—?"

"I think him an impertinent boy and no angel, indeed!" said Bernardo sturdily. "But what liketh me most to know, O Masseo, is what our Elias hath in mind, and what was question and answer?"

"Trouble not thyself, *frate mio*," answered Masseo. "For, indeed, never wilt thou learn from Elias. And why dost thou perplex thyself so? And why, O thou holy man, hast thou so much of worldly curiosity?"

He stopped, chuckling to himself at Bernardo's woe-gone expression of countenance.

(Continued on page 191.)



Missions

THE FRANCISCANS IN NEW MEXICO

BY FR. ZEPHYRIN ENGELHARDT, O. F. M.

CHAPTER XXIX

Among the Moqui Indians—Fr. Porras and His Companions—A Miraculous Cure—Proto-martyr of Arizona—Among the Zuñis—Fr. Letrado, Martyr—Avenging Party—Inscription Rock—Fr. Arvide at Picuris—Departs for the Zipias—At Zuñi—Hostile Indians—Lorenzo, the Traitor—Fr. Arvide, Martyr—Fr. Miranda at Taos—Murdered by the Indians

IT will be remembered that Fr. Custos Estevan de Perea, in 1629, had sent Fathers Francisco Porras and Andres Gutierrez and Brother Cristobal de la Concepcion as missionaries to the Moquis. In the company of twelve volunteers, the three friars reached their destination on August 20, the feast of St. Bernard. Although the Moquis at first proved hostile and treacherous, the gentle ways of the missionaries gradually rendered them more agreeable, so that Fr. Perea entertained great hopes for their conversion. He also realized that the Fathers were much aided by a miracle. What this was, however, he would not state, because he thought it not sufficiently authenticated. Benavides, indeed, reports it, but his wonted enthusiasm makes him a suspicious authority. But even Vetancurt speaks of the miracle; wherefore we deem it worthy of repetition.

Assisted by Fr. Andres Gutierrez and Brother Cristobal de la Concepcion, who both had been his novices, Fr. Francisco de Porras administered Baptism to many of the Moquis, who had been impressed by the untiring charity and exemplary lives of the missionaries. Fr. Porras in particular was very exact in observing the regulations of his Order. Even in the coldest winter he wore no tunic; but clad himself only in the habit and went about without sandals. He was much given to prayer and contemplation. It is well known, Vetancurt remarks, that God our Lord, through the intercession of his servant, worked various miracles, among which one is of especial note. The chief of the pueblo had a son twelve years of age, who was blind from his birth. One day he came to the venerable Father and said, "If

your God is as powerful as you say, ask him to give sight to this boy of mine." Fr. Porras fell on his knees and prayed fervently. Then remembering the blind man whom Christ our Lord cured, as is related in chapter nine of St. John, he in his simplicity and faith spat in his hand, made a little mud, and placed it on the eyelids of the blind boy, saying, "Epheta." Immediately, to the amazement and admiration of all, the blind boy could see. In consequence of the miracle, Vetancurt continues, about one thousand Indians were converted. With these Fr. Porras passed on to Oraibi and Gualpi, which are more than one hundred leagues distant from Santa Fe. In that entire region, Almighty God, through his servant, manifested his great mercy. Nor did he forget to concede to him the crown. Some of the old medicine men, incited by the enemy of souls, sought to kill the man of God. But, out of fear of the chastisement which the Spaniards would eventually inflict on them, they dared not openly take his life. They contrived to mix poison with the vegetables the venerable Father was wont to eat. Immediately after eating of the dish, Fr. Porras felt that the end of his life had come. He hastened to Fr. Andres Gutierrez and asked that the last Sacraments be administered to him. Thereupon, he made acts of love of God and began to recite the psalm *In Te Domine speravi*. On coming to the words *in manus tuas*, Fr. Porras returned his soul to its Creator, on June 28, 1633, at Agwatobi. Vetancurt, in his *Menologio*, under date of June 28, and those who follow him, Hodge and Defourei, have Fr. Porras asking Fr. Francisco de San Buenaventura to give him the Sacraments. They forget, however, that Fr. Fran-

cisco de San Buenaventura was neither a priest nor in the company of Fr. Porras when he set out for the country of the Moquis.

Some such wonderful manifestation as related by Vetancurt must have taken place. It explains how the missionaries succeeded in baptizing one thousand Indians, and why the medicine men proceeded against them as they did. Hence the facts may be taken as they are recorded. What became of the two companions of Fr. Porras is not known. Probably the Moqui medicine men were satisfied to have rid the pueblos of the district of the chief enemy and allowed the other two to continue on their way as well as they might. At all events, we learn no more of these Indians till about fifty years later.

Fr. Porras was born at Villa Nueva de los Infantes, Spain, but he entered the Franciscan Order at the Convento Grande de San Francisco, in the City of Mexico, on September 12, 1606. Here he was master of novices from 1623 to 1628, in which year he received permission to devote himself to the mission in New Mexico. Since the Moqui Pueblos were within the boundaries of Arizona, Fr. Francisco de Porras is justly regarded as the proto-martyr of that State.

The next to supply the Church with a martyr were the Zuñis, across the border in New Mexico. Fathers Roque de Figueredo and Agustin de Cuellar and Brother Francisco de la Madre de Dios had been stationed among these Indians in June, 1629. It is not known what became of these missionaries. In 1630, Fr. Francisco de Letrado, one of the thirty Franciscans who had come with Fr. Perea in 1629, asked to be assigned to the Zuñis. He was located most probably at Hawikuh. Here he

labored with the same zeal that he had manifested previously among the Jumanas Indians. But it seems that the "Old Men," as the medicine men were commonly called, had succeeded in alienating the Zuñis from the faith that Fr. Roque had taught them. At any rate, just a hundred years to the day before George Washington was born, as Hodge remarks, on February 22, 1632, which happened to be a Sunday in Lent, the Indians failed to come to holy Mass, which Fr. Petrado was about to celebrate. He waited, and gave the signals, but no one responded to the call. Finally he went out to see why the Indians were not coming. He met a few and invited them into the church. They refused; whereupon the missionary began to exhort them fervently. But this only angered them. At once the good Father saw that they had already made up their mind to kill him. Therefore he knelt down and holding with both hands the crucifix he wore about his neck, he recommended himself to God. In this attitude he was pierced with arrows, until he fell dead. After taking his scalp, the murderers carried the corpse away. Later they paraded the scalp in their pagan dances. Almost immediately steps were taken to avenge the missionary's death. Governor Francisco de la Mora Cegalloes despatched a small squad of soldiers under Tomas de Albizu together with a few friars. They stopped at what is now known as Inscription Rock, about thirty-five miles east of Zuñi, on the road to Acoma. One of the soldiers, Lujan by name, carved the following words on the rock: "Se parsaron a 23 de Marzo de 1632 años a la Benganza (venganza) de Muerte del Padre Letrado. (They passed on March 23, 1632, to avenge the death of Father Letrado.)" In 1912 Mr. F. W. Hodge found the inscription in a remarkably good state of preservation. On this occasion he made a paper impression of it.¹ When the soldiers reached Zuñi, they found that the entire Indian population had fled to the mountains.

The next missionary to die at the hands of the Indians of New Mexico at this early period was Fr. Martin de Arvide, a native of Puerto de San Sebastian, Cantabria. It is not known

where he entered the Franciscan Order. We learn from Vetancurt, however, that he made his profession in the Convento Grande de San Francisco in the City of Mexico, in June, 1612. Burning with ardent zeal for the conversion of the Indians, he asked for permission to pass over to New Mexico. He was assigned to the pueblo of Pécucris. There he learned that the Jemez Indians, having abandoned their pueblo, were roving about the sierras. Prompted by his zeal, Fr. Martin requested Fr. Benavides and Governor Felipe Zotoly to allow him to bring the stray sheep back. His efforts in behalf of the wandering natives were crowned with success. He brought them back to their pueblo and remained several years in their midst. In 1632 Fr. Martin heard of a tribe that dwelt in Arizona, west of the Zuñis. They were called Zipias, of whom as yet nothing definite is known. Fr. Letrado had asked for the mission among these Indians. But his request was not granted. Fr. Martin was sent instead. On his way, he visited Fr. Letrado at Zuñi. On leaving him for his station among the Zipias, Fr. Martin said, "Brother, if you should become a martyr here, you will be one where obedience has placed you. If I am chosen to become one, it will be on the road." With this he passed on, accompanied by the two soldiers, Bartolome de Amihibia, a countryman of his, and Roque Garcia, a Mexican, besides five Christian Indians and a young mestizo, named Lorenzo, whom the friar had raised from infancy.

A band of hostile Indians secretly followed the little party and one night, before reaching the Zipias, they fell upon the camp of the Christians. First they murdered the two soldiers. Meanwhile the Christian Indians fled. Fr. Martin, however, was beaten with clubs and left half dead, the savages not wishing to kill him entirely. On seeing this, Lorenzo, in order to ingratiate himself with the murderers, with a hoop sawed off the Father's right hand and head. "Oh, wickedness of this servant!" Fr. Vetancurt exclaims, telling of the butchery. "Oh, fearful martyrdom of this religious! With his own eyes he must witness

¹ Ayer's *Benavides*, p. 203.—Vetancurt, *Menologio*.

how his most intimate companion is the most inhuman; that he, who owed him his training, should inflict the deadly wound!"

The young traitor did not escape due punishment. His inhuman deed amazed even the savages. They delivered him up to justice; and he was hanged,—a form of death which even to a savage Indian is the most dishonorable.

It is not probable that the Zipias committed the slaughter, since they could not have known of the approach of the Father. It is more likely that Fr. Martin was murdered by the same band of Indians that had killed Fr. Letrado. According to Fr. Vetancurt, who doubtless had his information from official reports of the governor to the viceroy, Fr. Martin and his companions met their death on February 27, 1632, a date which we may presume to be correct. With regard to the locality where the murder took place, there is no certainty. It may have been within the present boundary of New Mexico or across it, in the State of Arizona.

Another martyrdom of this early period occurred in an altogether different part of the territory. Fr. Pedro Miranda belonged to the Province of the Holy Gospel. As Vetancurt relates, he was a man much given to prayer and known for his sterling virtue. Having been sent to the missions of New Mexico, he was assigned to the pueblo of Taos. On a very cold day, two soldiers, Luis Pacheco and Juan de Estrada, who were serving him as guards, went into the Father's kitchen to warm themselves. While they were there, a mob of Indians, doubtless incited by the medicine men, broke into the house and killed the soldiers. Then they searched for the missionary. Finding him at prayer, they immediately despatched him. This took place on December 28, 1631. Other details have not been recorded.

Truly, the dawn of missionary activity in New Mexico was such as to satisfy the longings of the friars who aspired to the crown of martyrdom. The years 1631 and 1632 will be remembered in the annals of the State. They are obscured only by the wholesale slaughter of 1680, with which we shall acquaint the reader in subsequent chapters.



EXPERIENCES, PLEASANT AND UNPLEASANT

By FR. ODORIC, O. F. M.

IN THE early eighties, there was much activity in and about Superior, Wisconsin, as two railroads were under construction between Superior and Chicago—the Omaha and the Air Line. As there were many Catholics among the workmen, mostly Irish and French, Fr. Verwyst advised me to do a little missionary work.

I readily agreed to his proposal and accompanied by an Indian guide, I set out for the woods on January 7, 1882. After tramping about thirty miles, we came upon a camp hard by the Amnicon River, where a good number of Frenchmen were at work. Preaching and hearing confessions in French was a rather difficult task; but I did the best I could, and the Frenchmen seemed to appreciate my efforts.

A little distance away was another camp, where about one hundred and fifty Irishmen were employed on the Air Line. Mr. Agnew, whose home was in Canada, was the contractor and manager. He was a zealous Catholic and his men likewise. I was sincerely welcomed, and the most comfortable living room a logging camp can afford was offered me for the period of my visit. No wonder I felt at home in their midst.

In the evening of the day of my arrival, the workmen assembled in the largest building in the camp, the sleeping shanty. Their faces were rubicund from unusually vigorous scrubbing and their hair was wet and slicked back in true camp fashion.

Did you ever see a sleeping shanty in a logging camp? This one was about seventy feet long and thirty feet wide. It was built of logs, piled one above another ten feet high, supporting a rough but tight roof. In the gable and at one end of the lower part of the building were windows that admitted only the faintest suggestion of light. On either side ran tiers of bunks, Pullman car fashion.

But, oh, the difference! No push button there to summon a servant with a silver tray bearing the matutinal urn of steaming coffee and linen-enveloped rolls fresh from the oven. No hot water to be obtained by the simple turning of a faucet. The morning call to "roll out" caused a precipitate rush for wash basins and the quick donning of heavy clothes to be ready when the mess horn sent its welcome blast echoing through the forest. The

meals in camp were excellent as a rule. I once counted eleven different kinds of cake. That venerable and appetizing staple, pork and beans, also was never wanting.

This big lumbermen's sleeping shack, then, was to be the church for the evening devotions. In absence of a bell, the horn called the worshipers, who assembled rapidly, some seating themselves on the rough benches, others crawling into the bunks, others dropping down on the floor of the shanty. When I greeted this manly congregation, I could not but recall the divine Master in the desert when, seeing the hungry people, He exclaimed, "I have compassion on the multitude!" Here were hard-working lads any gray-bearded men who labored day after day on the railroad, but seldom, or never, saw the inside of a church or received the holy Sacraments. They built railroads through Wisconsin, but they were not much concerned about the road to Heaven. I spoke to them of the peace of a good conscience and the torture of a bad one and pointed out to them the one way to recover lost peace and happiness—a good confession. The men listened attentively to the simple words, and the grace of God struck a chord of response in their hearts. Ninety went to confession that night; one after another they knelt to tell their story. It must have been close

to morning when the last had been absolved and told to go in peace.

No suggestion of a collection was made to the men, but before they started to work the next morning they presented a purse to me—and it was a good one, though they apologized because it was so small.

"Come soon after pay day next time," they admonished me good-naturedly.

This was the second Sunday after Epiphany when the Church reads the Gospel of the wedding feast at Cana. It chanced that the narrative on this occasion was commemorated by a marriage that took place in the grand temple of nature, the mighty pine trees towering above as witnesses, and snow spreading a dazzling white carpet under foot. There was no music; even the feathered songsters of the woods were silent in this forbidding clime.

* * *

You have been told that the Fathers took their meals with the workmen, who provided for them hospitably and kindly. A memorable incident, however, suddenly interrupted this custom.

One afternoon a stranger, about thirty-five years old, called on us, expressing his desire to enter the Franciscan Order. He told us, much to our joy, that he was a skilled cook. This good news was communicated to the



Sleeping Shanties

Very Reverend Father Provincial at St. Louis, who soon replied:

"As the candidate is a cook and you are in need of one, you may keep him, trying his vocation."

Good news! The candidate was received with gladness and installed. He was a likable fellow, tall, alert, entertaining, and a Frenchman with with whom the Fathers enjoyed to "parley." In his immaculate white apron and jaunty cap he would have been seized upon as a find by any of the desperate matrons of Fifth Avenue. He kept his utensils and the kitchen spotless. His contagious smile—and his viands—brought joy into the little home of the priests.

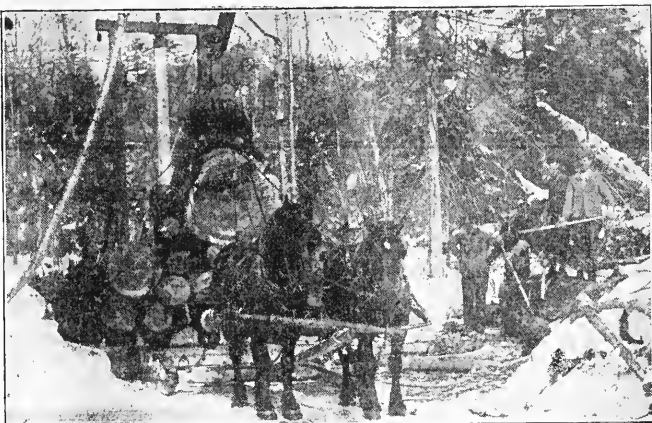
The Rev. Fr. Verwyst left Superior on January 24 to become a son of St. Francis in the novitiate at Teutopolis, leaving me all alone with this model cook. I went to Duluth weekly to hear confessions, and this I dreaded—not the confessions, but the walk of fourteen miles or in its stead a trip in a stage crowded with drinking and cursing rowdies. I was always glad when it was over. One morning, I told the cook I planned to go to Duluth the next day.

"Well, Father," he inquired, "why don't you go today; it is such a lovely morning?"

And with a hearty *bon voyage* from him I departed.

It had a double meaning, but I did not know it then. I returned from Duluth about 9 o'clock in the evening, walking over the ice. I found the door locked; I went around the house to the wood pile; no Monsieur Cartier. Finally, I got into the rectory by climbing through a window of the church. The house was dark, cold, gloomy, ghostly. Then I hastened upstairs to see if the money that had been taken in from a few Sundays' collections was still in the salt sack. No money, no salt sack, no Cartier. That WAS glorious! In a short time a neighbor brought the house key the cook had left with him and told me he had seen him exchanging a lot of small coins for paper money. He had left on the first train. *Bon voyage!* Monsieur Cartier.

Penniless I returned to my good friends and props in times of trouble—the boys, the workmen. They were sad to hear what had happened, but assured me they were glad to get their boarder back. News of the salt-sack robbery spread quickly to members of the congregation, and soon there was a procession of sympathizers streaming into the rectory. One after another they relieved themselves of a



Logging in Upper Wisconsin

few compliments for the fugitive cook and dropped a donation until the robbed bank was in better condition than before. To the credit of the people of Superior it must be said that they always had a loving regard for their priests and assisted them by word or deed. With fond memories I recollect how the aged and feeble Richard Bardon would call around and ask, "Father, can I do anything for you; do you need anything?" Such people are the joy and pride of their pastors. God bless them!

After this experience, I felt my patience ebbing. Seeking a balm for my affliction and loneliness I sat down and wrote a letter to Father Provincial,

telling him of the stolen salt sack and asking him to send a Brother who could cook. Soon a reply came. It said,

"In patientia vestra possidebitis animas vestras—In your patience you shall possess your souls."

Well, patience is certainly a virtue we need in the ups and downs of this troublous life, a flower to be cultivated with great diligence in the garden of the soul. Still it can not be denied that trying to keep pleasant is no easy task when from all sides the storms of misfortune launch their assault. Well may we cry out, "O Jesus, meek and humble of heart, make our hearts like unto thine!"

SUMMARY of INDULGENCES

Granted to the Three Orders of St. Francis

By a Priest of the Order of Friars Minor Conventual

Franciscan Tertiaries hardly realize the almost untold number of indulgences the Church has designed to grant them. They have not only the indulgences that from time to time were bestowed on their own Order, but participate in all those enjoyed by the First and Second Orders, except some reserved especially for persons living in the religious state. Aspirations that take but a thought, a few Paters and Aves said while Tertiaries are in a Franciscan church or have a moment or two of leisure in their daily tasks bring Tertiaries countless spiritual blessings, solely because they have embraced the easy Rule of St. Francis. Those who are not familiar with these heavenly treasures will find them explicitly and carefully set forth in the *Summary of Indulgences*.

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Fireside Talks & Tales Children's Corner

CONDUCTED BY ELIZABETH ROSE

SOME FAMOUS BELLS

*Gaudemus gaudentibus
Dolemus dolentibus,*

"We rejoice with the joyful, we sorrow with the sorrowful," is the inscription on a bell in an old church in Europe. But there are some bells that have done other things than these in the history of the world. There was the renowned Battle Bell of Florence, Italy, in the Middle Ages, that was rung for a whole month—think of it!—day and night, when the Florentines, who were very fond of fighting their neighbors, went to war with any of them. Rather nerve-racking the Battle Bell must have been to the stay-at-homes, who were out of the fighting but very much in the consequences. When the conflict actually began, the bell was taken down from its belfry and pushed to the front in an open car, from which the standard of the city waved gayly. On one sad occasion, in which our Florentine friends came out second-best, the victors tied both bell and standard to the tail of a jackass, and made him trail them through mud and mire to express their contempt for their beaten enemy. Hard on his poor tail, wasn't it? I imagine his feelings suffered more than those of the Battle Bell at this undignified performance.

Then there were the three hundred bells of the city of Avignon, in the south of France, all ringing at once when, in the same Middle Ages, it frequently became the residence of a Pope, obliged by his rebellious subjects to leave Rome for a time. Of one of these bells, a silver one, the bell of Avignon Cathedral, a curious legend is told. It is said that on the death of a Pope this bell would start to toll and keep it up for twenty-four hours without the aid of any human hand. This silver bell is still in existence; but if any of our Young Folks happen to be visiting Avignon when a new Pope succeeds our present Holy Father, there

is not the slightest doubt that they will find its melancholy strains are entirely due to human help.

Still another bell of legend, the Fig-tree Bell, is said to be "somewhere" in Chicago. This is quite a mysterious bell; for nobody seems altogether sure of its existence, and nobody claims to

count says. In spite of this tale, however, that Fig-tree Bell doesn't sound altogether genuine, does it?

A much more authentic bell, and of statelier history, is the largest bell in the world, the Emperor Bell of Moscow, Russia. It weighs 400,000 pounds! Hung in the year 1733, it fell a year later to the ground and lay there on its side for over three-quarters of a century, when one of the Russian emperors had it set upright again, but left it on the spot where it fell. It now serves as a chapel, and through the enormous crack in its side, made by the fall, people go in and out. (At least they did before this present terrible state of things in Russia. Nobody knows what is happening to the Bell Chapel now.)

More interesting still is the celebrated Joan of Arc Bell, still hanging in the magnificent church of Notre Dame in Paris, just as it did when it sounded the tocsin or alarm in 1429, when Joan of Arc and her troops listened to it, and went out against the English who were besieging the city. At the time of the French Revolution, every other bell of the church was destroyed by the mob, but Joan's

Bell, as it was called, was spared.

St. Patrick had a famous bell called by his name, which still exists in the Royal Irish Academy in Dublin. It is made of two plain plates of iron, bent into four sides and held together by big rivets. It is kept in a fine shrine of brass with gold and silver filigree, made for it five hundred years later. Any of you who live in New York City can see the models of bell and shrine in the Metropolitan Museum. This bell dates from 557, and it is said to have been given by St. Patrick himself to one of his Irish churches.

No need to tell you the story of our own Liberty Bell, whose home is in Philadelphia. There is a famous chime of bells in Charleston, South Carolina, which, perhaps, you know less about. These bells hang in the steeple of St.

A SPRING QUESTION

Why are you a-blowing,
Little April wind?
To start old Winter going,
And leave of all his showing
No trace behind.

Why are you a-showering,
Little April cloud?
To set the earth a-flowering,
All earth with beauty dowering
And joying loud.

Why are you a-blooming,
Little April flower?
To fill—sweet task assuming—
All earth with lush perfuming,
My fleeting hour.

have actually seen it—yet it has a neat little history connected with its name. (Maybe our HERALD will look it up for us!) The story that is told of it says this bell was sent to Columbus for the first church in the New World, that was erected in the city of Isabella, founded by him, and named for his patroness Queen Isabella of Spain by King Ferdinand, her husband. Isabella was destroyed by an earthquake one hundred years after it came into being. Some three hundred years after, in 1868, the story runs, a traveler, poking in the ruins of the place, discovered the bell buried deep in a tangle, or rather jungle, of vines. "A near-by fig-tree had thrust its branches into the ruined bell-tower and forced the bell from its place. It was of bronze with the initial F on one side," the ac-

Michael's Episcopal church, and were sent from England to this church before the Revolution. During the Civil War, these bells were pulled down by the Union soldiers under General Sherman and melted. After the war, the whole mass of metal was sent overseas again to the English town in which the bells had been cast. The original molds were found, after all those years; the bells were recast, and today their mellow notes ring out from their old Southern home once more.

Ah, there is one great Bell we must not forget—the bell of *Predicazione* (Preaching), made for Brother Elias, the head of the Franciscans in St. Francis of Assisi's own time, and still hanging in the Convent of Assisi. Over all the surrounding country, the voice in its brazen throat booms out, on every First of August the opening of the Indulgence of the Porziuncola, calling to Assisi thousands of pilgrims from all parts of the world to share in the treasures of grace granted St. Francis by the lips of Our Lord himself.

THE OLDEST CITY IN THE WORLD

DAMASCUS, in Syria, is supposed to be the very oldest city in the world. It was founded as far back as 1913 years before the birth of Our Lord; and it has always been, up to the present day, a place of note and the home of beautiful things. The fabric we call damask was first made within it, and so gets the name. Our lovely damask rose was brought from it to England by Doctor Linaker, the physician of Henry VIII of England—about the only pretty thing associated with the memory of that bad monarch. The city possessed the art of "damaskeening," which means the inlaying of wood and steel with gold and silver, and its fine and elastic swords and blades were famous throughout the world. The secret of their manufacture is now entirely lost. A crumbling old wall surrounds the city, and its streets are narrow and very crooked, one alone being "the street called Straight," as it is spoken of in the Acts, of the Apostles, when St. Paul, then Saul, the newly converted Christian, hid himself from his former

companions within it, after the light from heaven that blinded his eyes to the things about him for a time, had opened them to the knowledge of the one true God. Most of the houses are of mud outside, but palaces within, with courts of marble, trees and fountains and sparkling fountains in their enclosure.

A sad Franciscan interest attaches to this venerable city. In the year 1860 a terrible massacre occurred here. The Mohammedans of the place at-

tacked the scimitar of an assassin, till all were gone. Help from without arrived to the doomed Christians on the sixth day of the massacre, and so promptly did other Franciscans appear that the terrified Turks believed them the ghosts of those they had slain.

A sad record, indeed, for Damascus, "the Pearl of the East," as it is sometimes called, but a glorious one for those who "fought the fight, who kept the faith" within its walls.



The Dauphin, Louis XVII

tacked the Christians, and in five days ruined their whole quarter, burning and pillaging their houses and slaying them, to the number of 8500. Their first victims were the Franciscan friars, who had a convent in the city. Feeling there was no hope of rescue, these good men went into their chapel and knelt about the altar, awaiting death. The Turks burst in on them, and offered them their lives if they would renounce their religion. This, with one voice, they refused to do. One of the Turks rushed up into the belfry and began to toll the bell. At each stroke, the head of a devoted Franciscan fell in the chapel beneath,

deliberately gets in the newly-made grave and packs her eggs all around the lifeless form of its occupant. And what do you think? When these horrid little new beetles come to life, they use the poor tiny body for food! Wouldn't you hate to be a young Necrophorus?

COULD YOU SEW WITH THEM?

OLD Emperor William I of Germany, the grandfather of the Kaiser that was until the late war tumbled him off his throne, once paid a visit to a certain needle factory in his kingdom. He was shown all sorts

"ALLOW ME—MR. NECROPHORUS, YOUNG FOLKS"

PERHAPS the introduction is not needed? You may have already met him in your gardens, a good-sized beetle with two jagged yellowish-red bands across his black wings, Necrophorus, "burier of the dead." "He is in the undertaking business," says the *Popular Science Monthly*, although he charges nothing for his services. His tools are his two legs, and the most remarkably situated of noses—in his feelers. He can tell, ever so far away, whether a dead bird, bug, or worm has selected your garden to die in, and he never stops until he gets at it. He has a helper with him generally, and away they go to work. They crawl beneath the corpse and vigorously dig out the earth on which it lies, till all of a sudden there is a little cave-in, repeated until their "job" is finally down below the level, out of sight. Now the earth is scratched back, and a new actor appears on the scene—Mrs. Necrophorus, who

of wonderful things, of course, things that nobody would dream of displaying to just ordinary folk like you and me. Among these were quantities of peculiar needles—some so tiny that he could scarcely believe his eyes, so small that it seemed impossible they could be used. He said so, and was assured that even more wonderful needles could be made. Being a polite old king, he didn't exactly say he didn't believe this statement, but his looks must have told the story.

"If your Majesty will give me one hair from your head, I will make of it such a needle as was never before seen," said the borer, whose duty it was to put eyes into the steel. The Emperor promptly pulled his own hair and presented the workman with the desired filament. The borer placed it under his machine for an instant, then drew it out and gave it back, with a low bow. Not only was there an eye in that hair—imagine!—but from that eye hung a slender thread. I wonder if the Emperor ever tried his hand at sewing with this wonderful needle and thread?

Queen Victoria of England had an even more wonderful present of the same kind made her. It was an ordinary sized needle, but ordinary in no other way, for on its sides were engraved scenes from her own life. It took a microscope of course to make them out, but there they were. The needle could be opened, moreover, and inside were a number of smaller ones, each with pictures of the queen's career cut into them.

AN UNEXPECTED RESULT

A DEAR little puss in her basket lay curled,
Contented and peaceful with all the great world.

Furry and pretty and lusciously lazy,
She blinked and she yawned—sleepy, happy, and hazy.

A smart little puppy bounced into the room

And charged for the spot where, half-hid in the gloom

Of the dusk that was sweeping the daylight away,

Two wee bright eyes opened in startled dismay.

"Bow-wow!" said the pup, all afire with delight

At the thought of the very small try at a fight

Such a kitten could make. And oh, but what fun

To tip over her basket and see pussy run!

Now such a great scattering never you saw

As when Mr. Puppy felt pussy's sharp claw.

Then and there he made up his young mind in a trice,

Never, never again before he thought twice.

Pussy settled herself again down in her basket;

As to where puppy went, she never once asked it.

"Meow!" she remarked, as she curled herself up,

"The battle's sometimes to the weak, Mr. Pup."

POLITENESS PACKAGE, NO. 4

THE TABLE

Still at the Table are we sitting,
Our brows quite stiff with thoughtful knitting,

For fear some knotty point will rise
As yet concealed from searching eyes.

Well, all these rules that seem so "scary,"

Are really very ordinary.

One need not shy or nervous be

Lest he be held not "up in G!"

If to remember all unable,

At least—no elbows on the table!

No putting fingers upon food,

Or wriggling in your seat—that's rude.

If called upon a spoon to hand,

Or knife or fork, you understand

That always must of these each one

Lifted by middle be, alone,

And not by tine or bowl or blade

Their passage to your neighbor made.

And more—the handle you present

To him or her who message sent.

Don't crumble up your slice of bread

Or strew the floor beneath, instead

Of keeping cloth and carpet free

Of what was never meant to be

Wasted, or wanton flung away.

"Who wastes, will want another day."

Dear me! so many "don'ts" appear,

It seems to me to be quite clear

For the more pleasant "do's" 't is time

To take their place within our rime.

And now we've seen this Package

through,

Next month another we'll undo.



THE PUZZLE CORNER

DIVIDED WORDS

Divide wealth and get a preposition and melody.

Divide an animal and get part of a horse's harness and certain animals.

Divide to improve and get an article and to repair.

Divide unnecessary and get want and fewer.

Divide a remembrance and get to retain and cause.

Divide a flower and get a frolic and part of a horseman's equipment.

Divide in fact and get a preposition and an act.

Divide a spice and get the fruit of certain trees and a girl's nickname.

The initials of the first words will spell the name of a famous American.

CITIES OF THE U. S.

A period of time and a weight.

An animal and the shallow part of a stream.

A boy's name and a large village.

Recently made and a place of refuge.

A kind of tree and to come on shore.

A season and a grassy place.

To mock and a preposition.

To irrigate and to inter.

A structure over a river and a harbor.

A small vessel for holding liquids, and a measure of weight.

CUBE

1	1	1	1	1	2
5	.	.	.	6	.
.
.	3	.	.	.	4
7	8

From 1 to 2 the tissue which fills the bones; from 2 to 4 a marvel; from 3 to 4 closer; from 1 to 3 a kind of bird; from 5 to 6 a grain; from 6 to 8 annually; from 7 to 8 entirely; from 5 to 7 to obtain as a loan; from 1 to 5 a crowd; from 2 to 6 an adverb; from 4 to 8 a boy's name; from 3 to 7 at once.

HALF SQUARE

A precious gem
Safe from
To entertain
A goddess
A number
An abbreviation
A letter

ANSWERS TO MARCH PUZZLES

Buried Jewels

Pearl—ruby—garnet—agate—topaz.

RHOMBOID

mar
raven
regal
naval
layer
let
r

DIAGONAL

E d w a r d
M A F v e l
l i S t e n
D o s t o n
s u m m e r
w r i t e r

What's My Name?

The letter "e."

Correct Solutions

Lawrence P. Woehr, Miss Anne Schuch, Miss Margaret Connolly, Chicago, Ill.; Margaret Galligan, Jersey City, N. J.; Ethel Lakey, Ridgefield Park, N. J.; Vincent R. Tobin, Columbus, Wis.; Margaret Henrich, Forest Park, Ill.; Catherine Breen, Joliet, Ill.; Hortense Gallet, Pocatello, Idaho; "Two Franks," Baltimore, Md.; Isabelle Baker, Casey, Ill.; Philomena Schneider, Margaret Wand, Quincy, Ill.

Miscellaneous

HOUSES, REAL AND IDEAL

BY MARIAN NESBITT

SURELY we all, however prosaic we may be, give ourselves up sometimes to the pleasure known as "building castles in the air"—cloudy houses for our thoughts to dwell in—compartmented by the dear forms and faces of those separated from us by time or distance. It is in houses like these,

"Branched with corridors sublime,
Flecked with winding stairs,
Such as children wish to climb
Following their own prayers,"

that we set apart some secret chamber, whose bowered windows, near the wide spaces of the sky, look always toward the sunny south; whose walls are tapestried with fairest fancies, tenderest memories—a room where all our heart's best joys are enshrined; where the radiant glow of purest and holiest happiness lives forever; and where, directly we approach its door, a magic spell seems to fall upon us, turning sadness into good, as we turn the key.

It has been well and truly said:
"That the stories of hearts that may
not be revealed
In the hearts of the dead years lie
buried and sealed."

But how many stories are hidden in our cloud-houses—how many hopes, ambitions, longings and, perchance, regrets—how many lost illusions—how many broken ideals—how many deep thoughts, which, for want of listeners, are not said? Yet there is always the one secret chamber—best loved of all—whither we fly when too utterly discouraged and depressed by the worries and disappointments of daily life.

There, too, leaning in imagination from the airy casement, we look out towards the great forest and listen to the summer winds, that, like the Irish pilgrim harpers of old, are making enchanting melodies amongst the pine trees—melodies that seem played on golden strings, so purely sweet and soul-stirring are they.

But it is not only in our cloud-houses that we love to wander, hearing the music of our dreams. There are those

beautiful "God's houses," in which, at different times and under varying circumstances, we have knelt to pray. Oh, what solemn scenes, what countless glistening sanctuaries, what fragrant mists of incense rising up to heaven, what harmonies worthy of the choirs celestial, what moments of grace, too sacred for the touch of a word—the very mention of these holy places recalls. We walk once more with reverent tread through the dim spaces of some grand aisle and transept, exquisite grained archway and clustering fluted column—we see them again in all their grandeur, feel the thrill of wondering awe that fell upon us there. Or we stand, perchance, in a humble wayside chapel, or in a tiny

where the ceaseless thunder of waterfalls and the small isolated sanctuary dedicated to the sweet Mother of Mercy and of Hope, standing in the center of a picture so striking, combine to make a most vivid impression on the soul. For it matters not if one is alone or in a crowd when kneeling before such a shrine as this; the shower of blessings may fall as abundantly on the solitary pilgrim as on the vast throng of worshippers.

Or again, we fling our spirit backward and find ourselves in a stately church set in the midst of the most sordid surroundings that even a great manufacturing city can produce—a church frequented by devout multitudes, and blessed by the ministrations of brown-clad, brown-cowled friars, who go about like their Divine Master and their Seraphic Founder, doing good, and bringing comfort and peace to the poor homes around. Or we kneel in spirit before a small and lovely flower-decked altar; the crooning of wood-doves sounds "faint and far off, like the murmur of shells," whilst the south wind, whispering amongst the pine trees, fills the summer silence with melody indescribable!

Then, too, do we not seek to return in imagination to the rooms in which we played; to mount to that long chamber in the roof; and, leaning from its ivy-mantled casement, to gaze across the familiar landscape that surrounds our childhood's home? How quickly the eye of memory notices each favorite spot, sees again the soft descent of chestnut flowers, the golden rain of laburnums, the "rosy-tinted snow" of the May; watches the white sails of brig or schooner far out on the shining waters of the bay; and near at hand, the quaint gables and twisted chimneys, where innumerable glossy starlings used to sit and gossip in the sun. All our favorite books are on the shelves in this pleasant room, all the best loved toys, the dolls' house, the rocking-horse—he at least has remained the same, despite the passing of the years. Would that we could say



A Wayside Chapel

shrine set in some high and almost inaccessible spot, where not a sound is heard save the tinkling of sheep bells and the dull roar of torrents leaping from crag to crag, down the strong, terrible mountains that rise almost perpendicularly on every side, their dazzling snow-covered summits standing sharply out against an azure sky;

as much for those who once rode him so gayly, and that

"The women and men who were children then Could be as unchanged as he."

But time hurries on, and we hurry with it, swept far apart by the countless vicissitudes that make barren our lives. But in recalling the houses which have the greatest fascination for us, we must admit that it is not always because of their architectural beauties or the loveliness of their surroundings that they appeal so strongly to us; but rather because they possess the indispensable atmosphere of that "fairiest of fairy lands—the land of home!"

Yes; that is the first thing that strikes us about them—they are homelike; and they need not on this account be necessarily small and unimposing, as some persons would have us believe. Some stately, picturesque old Tudor dwelling, standing in sheltered peace amidst its wide-spreading door park, may have captured and held for centuries, along with its historic memories, the quality which above all others renders a house dear to us. There are myriads of feathered troubadours in this "high hall garden!"—

"Linnet and meadow-lark, and all the throng
That dwell in nests and have the gift
of song."

And the mullioned windows overlook as fair a scene as heart could wish, the



Quaint Gables

enveloping silence only broken, or rather accentuated, by the sound of a waterfall. Half hidden by the embowering trees, the house is set upon a gentle incline, scarcely steep enough to be termed a hill, yet sufficiently raised above the surrounding landscape to give a wide and unobstructed view of field and wood and valley. Its once red walls have been mellowed by the summer sun and winter snow to a warm subdued tone; and though its quaint paneled rooms, its echoing corridors, and unexpected little flights of

oak steps might hardly be considered in accordance with the latest canons of modern convenience, yet what a fascination there is about the place. A charm no words can give lingers in its every corner, causing us to exclaim the moment we enter its doorway, "Ah, here is an ideal home!"

But again, some very commonplace little suburban house may possess an equal charm. After all, with most of us, it is the *people*, and not the *place* or the building that make *home* for us: and looking back along the road of years, we recall just as tenderly rooms which the supercilious would term "impossible," but where we woke, perchance, to

"Days of a larger light than we ever again shall know" — days made so bright by some well-beloved presence, that, remembering them, we are fain to cry aloud in passionate regret:

"O for one of those hours of gladness,
Gone away, like our youth,
too soon!"

It is difficult, indeed often quite beyond our power, to explain why we like this house or that; but it is safe to assert that our real houses, like our cloudy ones, are usually dear to us on account of the memories they enshrine. The golden hours we have spent in them may have gone with the years that are gone forever—our dream castles may have fallen suddenly and hopelessly to the ground but radiant as climbing rose-tree—constant as evergreen ivy—our unchanging recollections cling round them still!

MY ROOM

Dear little room below the stars,
How did you guess my need of you
That long past day when just for me
Wide your loving door-arms you threw?

Bright little room, now gold with sun,
Now dusk with evening shadows long,
Your fireplace-heart with crackling beats
Told of a love that held me strong.

Gray little room, so still with peace,
Filled with the scent of roses blown,
Your window-eyes just searched the skies,
Then smiled a smile for me alone.

Where are you now, O little room?
Weary I am the long years through;
Ah to lie on your hearth-rug-breast
And slide my cares right off on you.

Lost little room of baby days,
Surely my quest will end at last,
I'll open some door, and there you'll be,
Clean and ready as in the past.

Maybe you wait, atop the stars,
Locked up tight with a golden key:
An angel room, all white with prayer,
'Neath the eaves of God's house, for me,
—ZELMA McDOWELL PENRY.

IN THE WORLD OF BOOKS

BY PAUL H. RICHARDS

BROTHER AZARIUS in his "Books and Reading," J. B. Kerfoot in "How to Read," John Burroughs the recluse, and other essayists have told us many interesting things about our relation to books and thought. When we are told, then we notice these facts in ourselves. For example, our taste in reading changes as we grow older—assuming that we grow at all.

We may not notice this unless we reread a book after a lapse of time; and even then we are apt to charge the different impression to the mere fact that we read the book once before. As few people do read books twice, our change of taste often remains unknown and unnoticed. Do you suppose that it makes no difference in our mental or spiritual growth which books we read at a given age? Is it all the same if we read Jane Austen's or Charles Lever's novels in high school days or at a later period in a special study of literature? Is catching up and patching out as good as a planned course and a natural submission to the impressions of books?

Such reflection makes us aware of our haphazard and free-lance reading. We depend on our local reading circle or study club or follow the advertisements and reviews of our magazines and papers for direction in reading, or else we submit to the commercial instincts of bookstands and booksellers.

From Catholic colleges and the Catholic magazines come most of our new Catholic books. The individual Catholic author and the publisher make slower work of book production. To be an alumnus of a college or a reader of a Catholic magazine is to have a proper guide in reading, insuring the best development, which a change of taste indicates. You will notice, if you follow the book lists and notices in these sources, that there is, too, an orderliness, a cooperation as of an army under one head, in the production of our new books. Some of the names you note oftener—so often that you remember to which religious order they belong and to which college or magazine staff they are allied—are Martin J. Scott, S. J., who puts out such books as "The Hand of God," "Credentials of Christianity"; Joseph Husslein, S. J., who writes on social, ethical, and economic themes; Rev. John A. Ryan, whose specialty is economics and whose "Living Wage," "Socialism," and other works are in full tilt with proponent works; Father

Coppens, Henry S. Spaulding, S. J., F. P. Donnelly, S. J., Thomas Werner Moore, C. S. P., and many others write textbooks which can be read also by the average man. A new historical novel, "The Loyalist," by Rev. James Francis Barret, just completed serially in *The Catholic World* and issued in book form, shows the response to a need for Catholic historical novels. Likewise, our juvenile writers and our poets are watching and supplying the need and the demand of the day. How often the book notices tell us of a new book by a professor of Fordham, or of the staff of *America*. To give a list of our chief Catholic authors of the present is almost to mention the names of contributors or collaborators of our magazines or of teachers in our colleges and universities. Few writers can be named who are not, or have not been, associated with a college as teachers or with a magazine or a newspaper as editors or contributors.

This makes it plain that from our Catholic educational institutions and our Catholic magazines and papers we have another poetry, then fiction, biography, history and philosophy. Some will may get direction for our reading, for the best development of our taste.

It will not hold, of course, that at one age we must read juveniles, at read philosophy from the first and never care for poetry or fiction. Some will cling to fiction through life. But we change our authors oftener than our subject matter, and we do this with yet little realization of the powerful shaping influences our authors have had on us.

Assuming that we read in the natural progressive order, with good matter enough to keep us growing and bad matter enough to yield experience and discrimination, what becomes of us if we run through all our possible changes and exhaust the influence of books? Does it ever happen? If the Bible, Shakespeare and a dictionary may take the place of all other books, then it seems it is possible to master books. What then? Such books, we know, inspire action. The time comes when a reader knows that books can do no more for him until he translates into action what books have already given him. Evidently, if the good reading prevails, the reader gets a vocation of some kind; he knows his mission, his message. Joyce Kilmer and other poets who went to the war

had reached this stage. Alan Seeger, the non-Catholic poet famous for "I Have a Rendezvous with Death," wrote in his diary that he could never afford to miss the experience which the war must hold for him.

Another instance of the development of an author, in a manner similar to the reader's development, is that of Condé B. Pallen, whose change from classical poetry to fiction of the moving-picture variety is better than it sounds. For his "Crucible City" and the other stories in which he has part-authorship, and which are now shown on the screen by the Catholic Art Association, are doing just the work which his fine poem "Awake, America!" sought to do. And the photoplays reach many more minds than would his excellent verse. It is not so much a change of taste, in his case, as a shifting of attack on evils of the time.

In the same spirit, but intended for those who shun "movies," is journalism (which becomes books presently), such as that article by Michael Slatery, LL.D., in the January *Queen's Work*, "Up, Catholic Men!" The author is executive secretary of the National Council of Catholic Men. He succeeds in making his readers aware that there is still a big fight on, and in realizing the importance of getting into it. Since the war, with the peculiar and wonderful changes of view which we have experienced, we know how greatly influenced we are by the daily newspapers. To fight these often harmful and seditious organs by means of a Catholic weekly or monthly requires great strength and spirit on the author's part and gallant response from readers.

RUTHLESSNESS

The eucalyptus darkly slim,
Goes climbing far,
The heights attained its tossing head
Brushes a star.
Drifts breath of aromatic leaves,
Sweet, night-touched things;
Splashing the dark like silver hail,
A mocker sings.
Black, serried battlements upstart,
Sierras grim;
Their silence shouting up to God,
A mighty hymn.
My soul is peace-embraced—a shriek
Shatters the air;
Ruthless the heart of night is stabbed
By a motor's glare.
—Catherine Hayes.

San Diego Mission (New Series, Local History), by Fr. Zephyrin Engelhardt, O. F. M.—In this handsome volume, the well known author of *The Missions and Missionaries of California* recounts in detail the history of the first of the twenty-one Franciscan missionary establishments that flourished in California more than a century ago. The learned author has spared no pains in making this volume both authoritative and attractive; and he has succeeded admirably not only in meeting and satisfying the demands of the historian, but also in exciting and sustaining the interest of the less critical reading public. Like his four volumes on the General History of the California Missions, this first volume of the New Series is critically compiled from the most reliable sources; for the greater part, from original manuscript material either preserved in the Santa Barbara Mission Archives or transcribed from such in the various archives of California and New Mexico. Hence the reader immediately realizes that he has before him a volume of history and not of fiction; that he is being told, not what the author imagines might have happened, but what the original documents present as having actually happened at the Mission of San Diego, from July 16, 1769, the day on which Fr. Junipero Serra founded the Mission, to June 3, 1846, the day on which Pio Pico illegally deeded into private hands its meager remnants and thus robbed its rightful owners of their God-given and hard-earned property. The gifted author speaks to his audience, not so much in his own language as in that of the original sources, a fact which lends to this work, as to all his others, indisputable authority and absorbing interest.

As especially noteworthy features of San Diego Mission we would designate the story of the timely and seemingly miraculous arrival of the relief ship *San Antonio*, which prevented Portola from abandoning California; then the blood-curdling account of the destruction of the Mission in November, 1775, by savage Indians, with all that attended and followed it; and finally the chapter telling how the Mission was confiscated and, how the United States Military endeavored to save from complete ruin what could still be saved. Besides numerous illustrations and plans, many of which appear here for the first time, the reader will find particularly interesting and valuable the various tables at the end of the volume, showing the spiritual and material results of missionary activity; also, the biographical sketches of the Franciscan Fathers who died at San Diego, or who from there eventually returned to their College in Mexico.

Those who have already invested in the author's four volumes on the General History of *The Missions and Missionaries of California*, will be glad to

learn that this first of the promised New Series on the Local History of the twenty-one missions is uniform with those four in size, binding, and general make-up. *Franciscan Herald* extends heartiest congratulations to its esteemed contributor, Fr. Zephyrin, and invokes Heaven's blessings on him for the ultimate accomplishment of the great and important task he has set himself. To our readers, already acquainted with Fr. Engelhardt through his valuable monthly contributions on *The Franciscans in New Mexico*, we heartily recommend this new volume on *San Diego Mission*. Orders may be sent to this office.

Evolution and Social Progress, by Joseph Husslein, S. J. Ph.D.—While agnostic scientists and writers are assuring themselves and us that Darwin and Huxley have been finally accepted by the modern educational world, and evolution, as they taught it is an established fact, comes Dr. Husslein's illuminating study and exposition of evolution in connection with "social progress." Questions which apparently had been settled, crop up in the wake of present startling world-events; and evolution now connects with Lenin, Trotsky, the war-profiters, the high cost of living, and the horrible atrocities that fill the daily press. Dr. Husslein improves the opportunity thus offered to show not only the false assumptions of the agnostic promoters of the theory of evolution, their design to hide or abolish God in the universe, but the outcome of false teaching and credulity, which is the false "social progress," the world disaster and confusion in which we now find ourselves. This volume, while suited to the student and scholar, is available also for the general reader who seeks to understand the relation between the teaching of universities and his daily life. The contention of this book is that man did not rise from lower forms of life, but from the first was endowed with the same capabilities which he has at present. This he proves from science, from Scripture, and from reason. The evidence of design and similarity in animal forms is not, he shows, proof of Darwin's theory. He sets forth fully the suppressed fact that no conclusive proof or evidence of the "descent of man" is afforded by agnostic scientists. At the same time, Dr. Husslein proves that this pernicious theory and teaching is at the root of the present distress and chaos of our times.

P. J. Kennedy and Sons, New York.

The Art of Interesting, by Francis P. Donnelly, S. J.—Today, for vital reasons, the lecture platform is used more extensively than ever before. With a daily press upon which we can place little reliance for truth,

with a torrent of bad literature pouring from the publishing houses, personal contact with an audience is sometimes the only means to gain a foothold against vicious propaganda. Not only men and women, but youths and children are today trained as speakers. It becomes as ordinary a duty and privilege to take the platform or rostrum as it once was to write a letter to a newspaper. Father Donnelly, who has done much for schools and students in his excellent rhetoric textbooks, now offers new inspiration in this book for speakers and writers. Here the author shows that it is, not only a gift, but an art which may be acquired,—to attract and hold attention whether by speaking or writing, whether in conversation, business, or correspondence. It thus becomes a book of interest to professional men and women and to every one who seeks self-improvement and culture. It is itself an interesting book in content and expression. The chapters on the tiresome speaker, the academic and popular styles, originality, imagination, and other elements of literary power abound in bright allusion and quotation, covering a wide range of thought. Father Donnelly's wide knowledge of books gives readers a condensed judgment of much popular and classical literature. All who read this book will feel themselves in the hands of a teacher of skill, knowledge, and successful experience.

P. J. Kennedy and Sons, New York.

The Palace Beautiful, by Rev. Frederick A. Houck—"True love seeks God and the real happiness of others; false love seeks self and cannot bear the acid test of suffering and self-renunciation for the sake of the beloved. . . . 'Philanthropy,' says Tardivel, 'as its name indicates, has for its sole object man. Christian charity, while it labors for the profit of man, springs from the love of God and has for its object His greater glory. Philanthropy busies itself with the material body, with the present life. Christian charity . . . provides . . . in an especial manner, for the infinitely more important needs of the soul.'"

These sentences from Father Houck's beautiful little book on the theological virtues and the building of the soul, are part of his contrast of philanthropy and charity, words which are used so loosely in public action today. Like all of this book, the chapter on charity will be refreshing to those whose thoughts are largely formed by journalism and the lecture platform, and especially now when calls for "charity" for the relief of suffering at home and abroad are so insistent. Father Houck has provided in "The Palace Beautiful" a piece of spiritual literature which may take the place of much journalistic rubbish,

in its sound sense, wisdom, and light, and also in the beauty of expression in which it is cast. Quotations from popular Catholic poets, philosophers, scholars, scientists are woven in his discussion of Faith, Hope, Charity as the basis of character, or soul-building, and in depicting Christ, the Blessed Mother, and the saints as our exemplars.

Frederick Pustet Co., Inc., New York and Cincinnati.

Our Community.—The development through seventy years . . . of the congregation of the Sisters of the Third Order of St. Francis of the Perpetual Adoration, of La Crosse, Wisconsin. By a member of the community.

One reason why we like to read biography and history in middle life is because it is then that we begin to see our own lives in perspective as to the past; and in the light of other lives, view our future or remaining years. The history of a religious community which began near our own doors and at so short a space of time past as seventy years, brings this home to us with great force. The history of religious communities, which are usually written by a religious or an alumnus of such community and its schools, is a vital part of our general history and especially of our history of education and of literature. When we have read such a number of these histories as to perceive the points of similarity and differences in them we are full-fledged students of biography and history. The lives pictured and the struggles related give us new strength and urge us to realize in like manner the clearer growing purposes of life. Mother Aemilliana, Mother Antonia, Rev. Michael Heiss and Rev. Killian Flasch (the two latter afterwards bishops), are in this narrative forceful figures amid many others with lesser parts in the drama. And now, when we witness, through printer's ink at least, so much destruction of what the past has built, it is restful and refreshing to read this brisk story of building—the building of a congregation, of its temporal shelter, and of the character of its pioneers, and their disciples. It is encouraging to reflect that vastly more power goes into the building than into the destruction of buildings. In this case, the foundation of a society for perpetual adoration of the Blessed Eucharist, conceived and carried out amid distressful and distracting circumstances, is modestly told. From these hours of adoration, obtained and instituted at such bitter cost by the founders, doubtless proceed the countless benign influences and works recorded for this community. The book is beautifully bound and illustrated.—St. Rose Convent, La Crosse, Wis.

The Paths of Goodness, by Rev. E. F. Garesché.—"When men or times lose reverence, they also lose their great

ideals. They became poor in heroes." Thus the author concludes one of the short talks which compose this book. It is the purpose of these many little volumes published by Father Garesché, to bring back reverence to the world, to formulate anew great ideals and to produce heroes. Father Garesché's ideal and the means to it, both are very simple—devotion to the Blessed Virgin. This sounds throughout his little books from the dedication to the conclusion. His method, of course, is largely indirect, for the author dips into a variety of the most interesting themes which in this busy age have often slipped from our minds. He unravels the meanings of some virtue which from the days of our catechism study has been little more to us than a word. He becomes a spiritual director to us. The main strength of his style lies in his clearness, his instinct for the thing to say which will open our minds to his thought and to the inspirations of God. Another attraction in the volumes is that each talk is so short as to be easily read in a leisure moment. One likes to be able to finish at least a chapter before putting down a book, and these talks are each complete.

A timely discussion is *Some Lenten Substitutes*. The point he makes is that not only should we refrain from certain pleasurable indulgences, but in the place of such, we should give ourselves to good works, such as almsgiving, teaching of catechism, and other works of charity, which, as a rewarding grace, we may continue from love of such work when the season of penance has passed.

When we read a secular magazine such as *The American Magazine*, with its crisp little prize papers on how to save idle moments, and similar topics, we have a field for utilization of such reading in Father Garesché's books. They are ideal for street-car reading if one does not wish to meditate or watch the billboards.

Benziger Bros., New York and Chicago.

THE CURIOSITY OF FRA BERNARDO

(Continued from page 179.)

"Yea, Masseo," said Bernardo humbly, "well do I know 'tis my besetting sin—"

In haste came Fra Elias to the gates.

"Call back that stripling who just hath left, Fra Masseo. I would hear his question at once and his answer thereto."

"He hath gone, *frate mio*. He was scarce clear of the gates when he vanished, as one might say."

Elias gave a groan. "I fear me," he cried, "I have sent away an angel of God!" Then he turned and walked slowly away, his head on his breast.

Masseo gazed after him open-mouthed; then he looked hard on Bernardo, equally amazed. Softly through the evening air the bell of the convent chapel began to ring, calling the brethren to prayer. Without a word, Masseo turned his steps toward the processional beginning to wend its way to the dimly lighted sanctuary. Bernardo remained behind an instant, alone in the soft twilight. He took his puzzled head in his hands and shook it gently between them, as he said to himself with a sigh—

"I must wait me for the next world to hear the story, for surely shall I never know it in this!"

And down below in the valley—

* Ripple, ripple, ran the brook, praising God.

THE WAY GOD DID IT

(Continued from page 178.)

Sheridan—from home. How is my boy, Jerry?"

A chill seemed to settle over the little room. A quick breath from Margaret—a little sigh from the mother, who turned her head away, her lips twitching with pain.

"Your boy," said Jerry Sheridan, in a gentle voice, not questioning or wondering how this poor old man knew he had news of him, "is well, I hope. He sent you his love, his dear love. He sent you his sorrow—and his repentance to be laid at your feet when I found you. I've been looking for you two years."

John Booth straightened up in his chair.

"You saw my boy?" he asked.

"Yes. I saw your boy before—he died." The words were low. The mother's hands tightened over her beads. "He said to be sure to tell you that he knew you would forgive him. He died peacefully and quietly and I was with him. Also, he had all the comforts of our Church before the end. And there is more—"

* * * * *

So the king went back, if not to his counting-house, at least to the home in the place he had loved; and the queen had a garden which was the envy of the countryside and which she shared with every neighbor within a mile of her. While the little maid who hung the clothes—

Dick Bradburn attended the wedding. She was married in her own church, from her own old home, in her own old home town; and she and Jerry lived happily forever afterward.



Franciscan News

Italy.—The Marchioness Patrizi, who has been appointed by the Holy Father head of the "L'Unione Femminile Cattolica Italiana," a national organization of Catholic women, is prefect of the women's section of the Third Order fraternity of Ara-Celi, in Rome.

On February 25, the Holy Father confirmed the decree of the Sacred Congregation of Rites approving the writings of the famous Belgian Franciscan Valentine Paquay, who died in 1905. His process of beatification is expected to open in the near future.

Other sons of St. Francis soon to be honored by the Church are the Swiss missionary bishop of India, Athanasius Hartmann, O. F. M., who died in 1866, in the odor of sanctity; Cardinal Archbishop Richard of Paris, the predecessor of the late Cardinal Amette; Msgr. de Segur, the famous French author and social worker, who died in 1881. The latter two were Tertiaries.

According to statistics compiled since the war, the Franciscan Order is divided into 98 provinces and commissariats, and it numbers 16,248 members in 1,565 establishments. If the number of friars is added who live in the so-called mission colleges and in other communities subject directly to the Father General, the membership will easily total 16,500. This figure proves that, in spite of heavy losses during the war, the Order is practically as strong as it was ten years ago.

In the fall of the year, the new Catholic University of Milan will be opened. The institution owes its inception to the initiative of the late Tertiary Cardinal Ferrari and to the indefatigable labors of the famous Franciscan friar, Agostino Gemelli, who has been largely responsible for securing the various professors and for gathering the necessary funds.

England.—The subjoined note, which came to us from the Franciscan Friary, London, is intended to correct a news item which appeared in the February issue:

"To mark the seventh centenary of the founding of the Third Order, the Friars Minor, at the request of Bishop Casartelli, Bishop of Salford, have chosen Gorton Manchester for the National Congress of Franciscan Tertiaries. In the Franciscan church and hall under the charge of the Friars Minor services and meetings will be held on June 4, 5 and 6. Fr. Egbert Carroll, O. F. M., Commissary Provincial of the Third Order in England, has

invited the Capuchins to attend the Congress so as to make a united effort to propagate the Third Order more widely. The late Archbishop of Liverpool, the Most Rev. Dr. Whiteside, a few days before he died, had promised to sing Pontifical mass. Like the present Bishop of Salford he was a zealous Tertiary and an old friend and patron of the Friars Minor."

The Rev. Francis Middendorf, O. F. M., writes to us from Nagasaki, Japan, en route to his mission field:

"While passing through Japan I stopped at Kobe, where I spent some time with the famous missionary, Father Villion. He has been in this country for fifty-four years, during which time he has not once left his mission field. He passed through the great persecution in the sixties, and he suffered in prison for four months. As I sat in conversation with Father Villion, he drew forth with evident pleasure his Third Order scapular and said, 'Oh, how glad I am to be a son of St. Francis!' He told me the story of his life, which was extremely interesting. Speaking of the Korean martyrs, several of whom were his fellow students in the Foreign Missionary Seminary, in Paris, he said, 'Ah, some of them were Tertiaries, too; Juste de Bretenieres, Louis Beaulieu, Martin Huin, they were all children of St. Francis.'

"May the members of the Third Order pray frequently and fervently for their Franciscan brethren in the Far East."

Canada.—The Tertiaries of Canada, 75,000 in number, are preparing to hold a grand national convention in the city of Montreal, on July 1, 2, 3. Preparations are making also for a pilgrimage to Assisi.

Milwaukee, Wis.—On February 14, the canonical visitation of the St. Fidelis Fraternity at the diocesan seminary was held by the Very Fr. Provincial Benedict, O. M. Cap. After a private meeting of the officers of the conference, the visitation ceremonies were held in the chapel, where practically all the students had gathered. The Third Order is very popular among the students, as may be seen from the fact that over two-thirds of the young men enrolled. On this particular occasion forty-nine received the cord and scapular.

San Carlos Mission, Arizona.—Fr. Gerard, the missionary among the Apaches, reports that he is again getting ready for Baptism and Communion five Indian children. This makes a total of twenty children since April.

Jealous of his success, the Lutheran have begun to build a church only three hundred feet from his own; and they have in the field six ministers whereas he is all alone without even a lay brother to assist him in the work.

New York, N. Y.—Senorita Lucrezia Bori, lyric soprano of the Metropolitan Opera Company, who lost her voice five years ago and who is now able to sing as well as ever, attributes her recovery to St. Francis, to whose shrine in Rome she made a pilgrimage for a novena to him. "At the conclusion of the novena," said Miss Bori to a newspaper reporter some days ago, "I prostrated myself on the marble floor before his statue and vowed that I would live my life as closely to the model of his as it is in my power to do. I knew he would help me more even than the doctors; and now here I am back at the Metropolitan again."

Santa Fe, N. M.—The Catholic Publishing Company of New Mexico is the name of a corporation lately organized under the laws of this state, for the purpose of launching a Catholic weekly newspaper and incidentally conducting a high-class publishing house. The newspaper is to be known as *The Southwestern Catholic*, and it is to be published in both English and Spanish. The board of directors of the company is made up of competent Catholic business men of the state, and is headed by the Most Reverend Archbishop Albert T. Daeger, O. F. M. We beg leave to congratulate His Grace on his spirit of enterprise and we sincerely hope the undertaking will prove a success, as it harbors untold possibilities for reviving and spreading the Faith in what used to be called "the kingdom of St. Francis."

Youngstown, Ohio.—Some time ago the Tertiary fraternity at St. Joseph's Church were visited by the Rev. Fr. Roger, O. F. M., Commissary of the Tertiary Province of the Sacred Heart and Guardian of the Franciscan Friary in Cleveland. After his address on the advantages of being a Tertiary of St. Francis, twenty-five novices approached the communion rail to make their holy profession, while a number of new members received the Third Order scapular and cord. The Tertiaries of Youngstown are to be complimented on the flourishing condition of their fraternity, due for the most part to their able and enthusiastic director, Rev. Father Klute, himself a Tertiary for over fifty years, having joined the Third Order in 1869.

Franciscan Herald

A Monthly Magazine edited and published by the Friars Minor of the Sacred Heart Province in the interests of the Third Order and of the Franciscan Missions.

VOLUME IX

MAY, 1921

NUMBER 7

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JUST A WORD

OUR READERS will observe that we have opened our columns to advertising matter. We feel assured that they will welcome this change in policy, and that they will appreciate the service we are rendering them in bringing to their notice firms worth patronizing and articles worth purchasing. We take the liberty again to remind our friends that by giving the preference to the business houses advertising in FRANCISCAN HERALD they are rendering us a very real service. We do not hesitate to assure prospective buyers of the reliability of the firms and the excellence of their wares.

* * *

THE TIMES are bad—very bad. We make this observation merely to let our readers know that we are in the same boat with them. If they find it hard to make ends meet, we find it not easy to pay our bills. If they are hoping for business to "pick up," we are praying for the speedy return of better times. If in the hopeful meantime they are endeavoring to make the best of a bad situation, we are trying to "bear it and grin." It may not do us much good, but we are sure it will do us no harm. There are some things, however, that afford us more pleasure than grinning; and one of these is receiving renewals of subscriptions. When a subscriber renews, it is a sign that he is pleased; and if he is pleased, why should the editors not be pleased? More than that, renewals make for stability in the magazine business. Without renewals it is impossible to build up circulation; without steady circulation it is impossible to make a successful magazine. Every month some seven thousand subscriptions to FRANCISCAN HERALD expire. If only half of these are cancelled, it means a dead loss to us of \$7,000.00. To this must be added another \$1,000.00, which represents the expense of dunning the delinquents. All the while we must pay our printers and contributors and office employees. The individual subscriber is apt to think that his subscription price is so small that the publishers will not miss it. This supposition might go unchallenged if there were not so many individual subscribers. We ask our readers, therefore, kindly to renew at once on receipt of the first notice of expiration.

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Editorials

The Nation's Loss

SINCE LAST we went to press, the nation has sustained a severe loss through the death of his Eminence James Cardinal Gibbons. To no other American churchman, Catholic or Protestant, has it been given so to grapple to himself the hearts of his countrymen as the late Primate of the American hierarchy; no other citizen has succeeded in holding so long the esteem of all classes of people, regardless of creed, color, or nationality. And seldom was affection and esteem so well merited and so well placed. Many honors came to the deceased Cardinal in the course of his long and well spent life, but none that he did not richly deserve, and none that his countrymen did not willingly and gratefully bestow.

His was the rare distinction to serve his Church and his country as a zealous pastor of souls for over half a century. No plan for the spread of God's kingdom but received his hearty co-operation. No movement for the betterment of the material, moral, social, intellectual, and religious conditions of his fellows but found in him a ready and active supporter. No danger threatening the Church or the Republic but was perceived and pointed out by him. No human misery but enlisted his warmest sympathy. No national vice or folly but elicited his outspoken strictures. No public achievement but won his unstinted commendation.

No wonder that such a man should be mourned by the whole country; and that Christian, Jew, and Gentile alike should feel that the country and the world are poorer for the loss of a life unselfishly spent in the service of God and fellow man. In a character so many-sided as that of Cardinal Gibbons, it is difficult to single out that quality for which he will be remembered the longest. The majority of those who shayed his citizenship admired him for his ardent patriotism. But whether this quality was "the greatest element in his godliness," as *The Providence Journal* says, is an open question. Some honored him as a great religious leader, a clear-voiced spokesman of the Church, a fearless defender of her rights and able expounder of her doctrines, a tactful harmonizer, a far-seeing statesman, a gallant champion of the working man, a generous patron of learning. Cardinal Gibbons could justly lay claim to all these titles. Whether individually or collectively they will suffice to place him among the world's immortals, time alone can tell. But anybody with a life so rich in noble deeds to look back on, need not worry over his place in history.

Readers of FRANCISCAN HERALD who are members of the San Francis Solano Mission Association will be mindful of the fact that the late Cardinal has a special claim on their grateful prayers as the Cardinal Protector of the association. May he rest in peace.

The Lutheran Quadricentennial

OWING TO the din and confusion of the world war, it was impossible to hold the festivities planned by German Lutherans and other Protestant denominations in commemoration of the birth of Protestantism. As such Protestants quite generally regard the affixing by Martin Luther of his ninety-five theses to the castle church door in Wittenberg, on October 31, 1517. This act of the standard-bearer of the Protestant Revolution was innocent

enough in itself. It was merely a challenge to an academic disputation, such as could be read almost every day on the church door, which served as a bulletin board for the neighboring school. Says the Protestant historian Beard: "Such disputations were regarded in the Universities of the Middle Ages partly as a recognized means of defining and elucidating truth, partly as a kind of mental gymnastic apt to train and quicken the faculties of the disputants." Nothing was further from Luther's mind at the time he posted his theses than an open declaration of war against Rome. Thousands before him had done the same thing without getting into conflict with Rome. Our Protestant friends have done well, therefore, to defer the quadricentennial celebration to the present year, which marks the four hundredth anniversary of the Diet of Worms (April 18) at which Luther openly renounced the old faith.

We do not wish to minimize the importance of this event. It was a turning-point in Luther's career, and as such it was fraught with heavy consequences. But we can not attach to it the significance that Protestant historians are wont to assign to it. We can not agree with James Freeman Clarke, for instance, when he refers to the incident as "the most momentous epoch in the modern history of man;" nor with Carlyle who says that "the world's future, Europe and the Americas, all lay there; had Luther answered otherwise all had been different." We may assert with the same right as these writers that, even if there had been no Martin Luther and no Diet of Worms, the course of world events in the main would have been the same as history records. The principal roles might have been played by other characters, but the world drama would have been essentially the same. The stage was all set for a great social, political, and religious upheaval; and Luther was simply projected into the foreground by the inexorable logic of events. Far from riding the whirlwind, as Protestant historians like to represent him, he was carried by it far beyond the limits he had set for himself. The forces of anarchy were already aligned against the existing order of things. "The elements of revolution," says the Protestant author Maurenbrecher, "were already at hand and only awaited the signal for an outbreak." "Luther was the hero of the hour," says the Cambridge History, "solely because he stood for the national opposition to Rome."

Protestant Vagaries

IT IS NATURAL for Protestant preachers and writers to surround their hero, particularly before the Diet of Worms, with a certain glamor. But nothing is gained by such exaggerations and misstatements as are to be found in an article contributed to *The Independent* (Vol. 105, No. 3766) by the Rev. Junius B. Remensnyder. An editorial "blurb" informs us that Dr. Remensnyder is president of the General Synod of the Evangelical Lutheran Churches in the United States and president also of the Peace Commission of the Churches of America. He is said to be the author of many books on philosophy and religion and to have occupied the pulpit for fifty-six years. One should think that a man with so many handles to his name would be more jealous of his reputation as a scholar and more cautious in his statements than he shows himself in the present instance. He goes even further than the writers mentioned above

when he says, "Perhaps no uninspired scene in human annals appeals more powerfully to mankind, more transfixes the imagination than that of Luther at Worms—a lone monk against a confederated world;" and again, "The scene was one of the grandest ever staged." The refractory monk was not alone against a confederated world. He had plenty of sympathizers in high places and in low, and he knew it. It was mere bravado on Luther's part if, as Mr. Remensnyder says, he declared before setting out for Worms, "Though there be as many devils in Worms as there are tiles on the roofs, yet will I go thither." According to the Cambridge History, "the devils on the roofs of the houses were rather friendly * * * than otherwise." Besides, the picture of the crestfallen Luther at the first meeting of the Diet pleading, "in tones so subdued that he could hardly be heard with distinctness in his vicinity," to be allowed more time for reflection, is not exactly calculated to "transfix the imagination." If his steadfastness asserted itself on the following day, it was because of the assurance that in and out of the assembly there were many that sympathized with him. Nor is it historically true that, as the author of the article asserts, at Luther's "bold defiance * * * a great din and confusion prevailed, in the midst of which Luther uttered so loudly as to be heard above the uproar, those immortal words: 'Here I stand, I cannot do otherwise. So help me God, Amen.'" Even Protestant writers, like Burkhardt, Elter, Maurenbrecher, Wrede, have long since exploded this fable, and it is passing strange that a man of Mr. Remensnyder's standing should still credit the ancient myth.

The Lutheran Legacy

THERE is one paragraph of the learned Doctor's article that deserves special attention. In it he enumerates the issues that were in conflict at Worms: "The teaching of the Gospel that men were saved by faith alone, and not by masses, penances and satisfactions; that forgiveness of sins could alone be procured by repentance, and not by indulgences sold for the building of St. Peter's Cathedral at Rome; that religion was a spiritual thing, a change of heart, and not a performance of outward works; that a man's supreme tribunal was his own conscience, and not an external order; that one must intelligently and conscientiously study and interpret the Bible for himself, and not take the interpretation of a priestly caste; that liberty was a personal possession (shown in Luther's remarkable pamphlet, 'The Freedom of a Christian Man'), and that no one could deprive him of his inalienable birthright; and above all, that Popes and Ecclesiastical Councils were not infallible and that their acts could be questioned. Such were the issues essential to the liberties and welfare of the human race, for which Luther stood on that immortal day."

Evidently the aged divine is somewhat hazy as to Catholic faith and practice. We wonder whether in all his long career as preacher of the pure Gospel he has ever troubled to examine a catechism of the Catholic religion or a child's history of the Catholic Church. We advise him to do so if he is really seeking enlightenment. The Catholic Church teaches that man is saved by faith and good works, a doctrine, by the way, which all good Protestants practice if they do not preach. That repentance is procured by indulgences, far from being a Catholic tenet, is rather a Protestant invention. In the Catholic sense, religion is the sum of duties or spiritual relations which man has to God. The doctrine of the free will of man is a specifically Catholic doctrine which the Church has had to defend against the persistent attacks of Luther and others. True, she rejects the principle of private interpretation and claims for the Pope and for Ecumenical (not "Ecclesiastical") Councils the gift of infallibility in matters of faith. She could not do otherwise without denying her right to the credence and obedience of

her children. She encourages them to search the Scriptures; but as the divinely appointed representative of Christ, clothed with the same authority as He and commissioned by Him to preach the Gospel to every creature, she must insist that all submit to her decisions in matters of faith and morals pertaining to their eternal welfare. Any other doctrine must lead to confusion and anarchy in faith, as is actually the case in Protestantism. Luther himself was forced to admit as early as 1525 that there were "nearly as many sects as there are heads."

The issues that he raised were rather destructive of "the liberties and welfare of the human race" than essential thereto. They led directly to anarchy in faith, which was followed by a decline in spiritual, charitable, and educational activities such as the world has seldom seen. That, and nothing more, is the world's legacy from Luther.

The Franciscan Spirit

WE WERE pleased to note that almost all our Catholic weeklies published in full the text of the Holy Father's encyclical on the Third Order, and that a number of them commented editorially on it. Among the latter we find that excellent Boston paper, *The Pilot*, which, by the way, has the best editorial page of all the Catholic newspapers coming to this office. We take great pleasure in reproducing from its issue of March 19, the following extract from a lengthy and well written appreciation of the Franciscan spirit:

"The cure for these two basic evils (love of riches and thirst for pleasure) the Sovereign Pontiff finds in the ideals of St. Francis, not of the St. Francis of modernist invention, the vague exemplar of a shadowy mysticism, but of the real St. Francis, the saint and reformer who wrought imperishable glory for God and the Church in one of the most troublous periods of history, which was marked by the same evils that afflict the world today. The inordinate quest for riches St. Francis combated with the spirit of holy poverty; the unquenchable thirst for pleasure he overcame with the ardor of Divine charity. With the establishment of his order of Tertiaries he soon had a vast organization in the world combined against the spirit of paganism that was surging through rich and poor. With all the strength of his authority the Holy Father recommends the spread of the Franciscan Tertiary spirit in our day. Against immodesty in dress, against pagan principles in life, against love of pleasure, against bitterness and hatred, it has been the consecrated enemy. The time is opportune for a revival of the Franciscan spirit. The Holy Father has given the inspiration in this notable encyclical. It remains for his faithful children spread throughout the world to heed his admonitions, and to carry out to the letter all his wise and holy recommendations.—*The Pilot* (Boston).

We ask our readers who are not yet members of the Third Order of St. Francis to ponder well these words; and, if they desire more information regarding the Order, its nature, purpose, obligations, privileges, method and conditions of admission to write to this office. The Holy Father wishes the Third Order to be established in every hamlet, village, and city, and he hopes that great good will come to the world from the centennial celebrations now preparing. Readers who already are members should do their part to help swell their numbers. We are in a position to supply them with the necessary propaganda literature. Only recently we have got out in pamphlet form the latest encyclical letter of Pope Benedict XV on the Third Order. This may be had separate or together with the two famous pronouncements of Pope Leo XIII. The smaller pamphlet sells for five cents; the larger for fifteen.

If any of our readers desire information regarding the Third Order, they will do well to write to this office.



Third Order of St. Francis

THE NATIONAL THIRD ORDER CONVENTION LETTERS OF APPROVAL

*To the General Directive Board
of the First National Tertiary
Convention.*

Dear Reverend Fathers:

There is today a great deal of talk and much activity for effecting a world-wide social reform. That this is a praiseworthy movement cannot be denied. The most potent means for accomplishing this laudable purpose will be found in accepting and putting into practice the divine virtues and heavenly principles, which St. Francis of Assisi so wisely and so strongly inculcated. The saint fully realizing that in union there is strength, and to make his work more effective, organized a society of lay persons now known as the Third Order of St. Francis, whose members adopted as a rule of life his teachings and accepted a code of rules diametrically opposed to the alluring and destructive maxims of the world. In consequence he brought about a healthy and marvelous reformation.

The conditions of society today are in many ways like those existing at the time of St. Francis. I hope that the seventh centenary of the establishment of the Third Order, commemorated next October, will strikingly call the attention of the world to this special organization, and that many men and women, who feel that they are not called to consecrate themselves to God in the cloister, will do so as tertiaries in the world. Such a truly spiritual movement will be more powerful to bring about social betterment and lasting reformation than all the laws and regulations made by the would-be social reformers of today.

May God through the intercession of the Seraphic Saint Francis prove effective in awakening the spirit of this servant of God in the restless and pleasure-seeking world of today.

Sincerely yours in Christ,

Henry Moeller,
Archbishop of Cincinnati.

*To the General Directive Board
of the First National Conven-
tion of Franciscan Tertiaries.*

Dear Reverend Fathers:

I sincerely rejoice at the good news that the seven hundredth anniversary of the founding of the Third Order of Saint Francis is to be commemorated in America by a National Convention to be held in the City of Chicago beginning on October 2nd, and ending on the Feast of the Seraphic Francis, October 4th.

If any words of mine can lend assistance in furthering the success of this convention, I am most happy to add this letter to the long list of testimonials of endorsement and encouragement you have received from so many members of the American Hierarchy and distinguished ecclesiastics even beyond the borders of the United States.

It is not necessary that I should labor in the effort to prove that the Third Order of Saint Francis is worthy of episcopal approbation and wide dissemination among the faithful in the United States. The fact is well known that for seven hundred years the Franciscan Third Order has received the never failing support of the Sovereign Pontiffs beginning with Pope Gregory IX, who vigorously defended it from its first and most powerful enemies, the war lords and barons of the Thirteenth Century, who sought to crush it, even while Saint Francis himself was still alive, because they recognized in the popularity of this non-militant order, with its spirit of true Christian Democracy, the downfall of the Feudal System which kept Europe in the perpetual ferment of petty warfare.

The three illustrious Popes, who have occupied the Chair of Peter in our own day, not only belonged to the Third Order of Saint Francis in person, but they have been its foremost propagators. Pope Leo XIII recast

the rule in order to accommodate it to the conditions and requirements of our own age and make it possible for all the faithful to join. In his great program of social reconstruction, Pope Leo regarded the Third Order as the providential instrument for saving society, and so described it.

Pope Pius X still further ratified and confirmed the work of his predecessor in propagating the Third Order and in a letter to the Minister General of the Order of Friars Minor, dated May 5th, 1909, declared it was his wish that the Tertiaries should understand "that nothing would be more pleasing and acceptable to Us, than that they diligently observe the precepts of their Order; for, in this way, they will greatly contribute towards that restoration of things in Christ, which from the beginning we proposed to Ourselves."

As for our Holy Father now happily reigning, Pope Benedict has recently addressed an encyclical to the Catholic Episcopate throughout the world on the occasion of the 7th Centenary of the Order, urging them to increase as well as to revive associations of Tertiaries everywhere, and calls attention to the fact that he himself is enrolled in the Order.

There is no country in the world that is more profoundly indebted to the Third Order of Saint Francis than America, and surely it ought to flourish in our land far more than it has hitherto done. Not only was Christopher Columbus himself a member of the Third Order of Saint Francis, but when he was turned down by the wise men of Ferdinand, the Spanish King, the Queen by virtue of her wearing the Cord of Saint Francis and under the spiritual direction of a Friar Minor, Francis of Calabria, an ardent supporter of the Genoese Navigator, was moved to provide the ships for the expedition, which, in turn, were largely manned by Tertiaries.

In the early days of American colonization the Third Order was every-

where spread abroad, and as late as 1686, Franciscan authorities state, there were over one hundred thousand Tertiaries in the United States. Owing to England's apostasy from the Faith in the Sixteenth Century, the Third Order suffered for a time an eclipse within the boundaries of the United States. But now, indeed, seems to be the providential hour for it to come out into its own again, and be widely disseminated throughout our favored land, whose original discovery we owe to Franciscans.

May God bless and prosper this approaching Convention, the First National Assembly of the Franciscan Tertiaries in the United States, and may it give a forward impulse to the Third Order which will hasten the day when once more it will be said as truthfully as wrote Emperor Frederick II about the year 1240: "There is scarcely a man or woman who is not a member of the Third Order."

Very sincerely yours,
Dennis Cardinal Daugherty,
Archbishop of Philadelphia.

To the General Directive Board of the First National Tertiary Convention.

Dear Reverend Fathers:

I received the invitation which you recently extended to me for the National Tertiary Convention to be held in Chicago next October. I thank you for it and beg to assure you that, if nothing arises to interfere, I shall be glad to attend the Convention and, in acceptance of your further invitation, to be celebrant of the Mass in the Cathedral on October 2.

No words of mine in praise of the Third Order can add to the commendation it has constantly received from the Roman Pontiffs ever since its foundation seven hundred years ago. The rulers of the Church, always solicitous for the welfare of its children, have never failed to recognize in the Third Order a powerful means of coping with the various evils of their times. We have an example of this in our present beloved Pontiff, Benedict XV, who in a recent encyclical on the Third Order points out the evils of our day, and recommends as an antidote the spirit of St. Francis.

In this encyclical, that should be read in every Christian home, our Holy Father pictures the world of today as a world to which peace has not been restored, a world that has given itself to an unrestrained love of pleasure, and which, in the pursuit of that pleasure, has, to a great extent, cast aside the laws of morality and decency. That this is a true picture nobody who has given any thought to prevailing conditions can

deny. And that the remedy for it is a return to the spirit of St. Francis is equally undeniable. For what was the spirit of the Poor Man of Assisi? He loved every creature of God and hated strife; he effectively inculcated ideas of the other world, ideas which turned the thoughts of the people of his time from the foolish ambitions of this passing life, and brought them back to the spirit of the Gospel causing them to seek first the Kingdom of God; he manifested an utter simplicity in all things, that is so badly needed in our day of pomp and vain show.

This spirit of St. Francis is the heritage of the Franciscan Friars, who, through the instrumentality of the Third Order, bring the religious life into the homes of the people, enabling them to place the stamp of holiness on all their actions, and, in the midst of the ordinary affairs of every day, to consecrate their lives to the Crucified Savior.

It is with great pleasure, then, that I recommend the Third Order of St. Francis. The efforts you are making to spread it everywhere throughout the United States are deserving of great praise. May the seraphic spirit of St. Francis and the aid of his powerful intercession be with you in your deliberations. I, for my part, shall not fail to pray that the Convention may have as a result the renewing of Christ and of St. Francis in this country.

Sending my blessing to all who will aid in any way in procuring the success of the Convention in its praiseworthy aims, I am,

Sincerely yours in Christ,
JOHN BONZANO,
Archbishop of Melitene,
Apostolic Delegate.

To the General Directive Board of the First National Tertiary Convention.

Dear Reverend Fathers:

I learn with great pleasure of your intention to convoke this year a National Convention of the Third Order of St. Francis, for the purpose of celebrating the seventh centennial of its foundation and of bringing home to our Catholic people its great religious advantages. Since that day when the whole population of a little Umbrian village threw themselves at the feet of St. Francis and begged to be enrolled among his disciples, the Catholic heart has cherished this saintly body of men and women who strive the world over to reproduce the teachings of the Gospel and to conform themselves, without reserve, to the life and death of Jesus Christ. Scarcely was it established when it poured a new courage and spirit into the hearts of the poor and lowly all over Europe, made

them conscious again of their Christian dignity and rights, asserted Christian liberty, and killed the cruel militarism of those days.

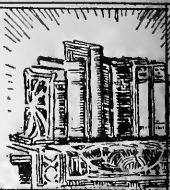
It was recognized at once by the papacy for what it is, the consecration to Jesus Christ of one's whole life, personal and social. Countless Popes have recommended the Third Order of St. Francis to the Catholic laity, and have enriched its rule and its works with spiritual treasures. It has flourished in the Church for seven centuries, and has opened the gates of paradise to a multitude of saints. Its rule, simple and human, but saintly and saturated with a pure Christian spirit, has called forth in the individual and the family perfect fruits of piety and charity, has sanctified again and again the social order, has begotten on all sides the love of God and one's neighbor, has kept alive in the world the spirit of poverty and humility, has set up a multitude of Christian works and institutions, has kept multitudes of men and women simple, cheerful, and contented amid wrongs and sufferings that would naturally breed savage hate and fierce revolt. Truly, the "little poor man of Christ" loosened for the Catholic laity of his day the pent-up forces of divine love laid up in Jesus Christ, and made them forever the common property of all who had the goodwill to follow in His footsteps. For seven centuries this holy current has not ceased to flow through the Church of God, and to enrich it with every virtue, blessing meantime and purifying in many places and times the social order itself, by its message of repentance and reform. What wonder that Leo XIII could say with the eloquence of truth: "My social reform is the Third Order." On its register appear popes and cardinals and bishops, emperors and kings, princes and generals, artists and scholars, philosophers and poets, the very flower of human grandeur. Dante and Columbus, Michael Angelo and Petrarch, St. Ignatius and St. Vincent of Paul were Franciscan Tertiaries and its rule and its spirit were disseminated through the New World by every missionary who crossed the ocean to spread the Gospel of Jesus Christ.

May this approaching Convention of the Third Order of St. Francis in the United States meet with the success it deserves, for the greater glory of God and the improvement of our moral, social, and economic conditions, and may the innumerable Franciscan saints of both sexes obtain for it abundant blessings from the Holy Spirit of light and wisdom.

Very sincerely yours in Christ,
THOMAS J. SHAHAN,
Rector of the Catholic
University of America.



Fiction



THE OUTLAWS OF RAVENHURST

By L. M. WALLACE

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CHAPTER V

My Friend Godfrey Bertrand-
son

HERE was a ray of light teasing Gordon's eyes. He turned sleepily toward the wall. "Mother must have put me in bed last night. I do not remember undressing myself at all. She was telling me things, wasn't she? All about my father; he is in prison somewhere, or perhaps he is dead; and the grand old earl who died for God; yes, I remember it all now. I must have gone to sleep while she was speaking. My, how late! It's broad daylight!"

Gordon turned the coverlet back, rolled over, stared a moment, began to rub his eyes, a puzzled look upon his face. "I am not in the same room. Yes, I am. The bed is the same, the windows, and the pictures; but the fireplace! That is not the fireplace I saw last night! It can't be the same room. Yes it is! There is the chair where we sat. There are the antlers belonging to Fire-the-Braes. Last night they were right up there on top, but not on top of that fireplace. I am all turned round." He sat still upon the edge of the bed.

There was indeed a great, carved mantel; a beautiful work of old-time art reaching almost to the vaulted ceiling. There were four pillars, two above and two below the mantel; but the two which rested on the hearth, were not yeomen of the guard; and the two above were not knights. They were oaken trunks round which a grapevine twined. Here and there clusters peeped temptingly from among the carved leaves. A beautiful work of brush and chisel; but not the fireplace beside which he had been seated while his mother spoke of long ago. There was a painting above the mantel, just beneath an arch of vines but not the one he had seen last night beneath the crossed swords. The same place, the same size and shape,

THE FORMER INSTALMENTS

Sir Angus Gordon, descendant of the Scottish Chieftain Fire-the-Braes and son of Lang-Sword, has remained true to the ancient faith and to Mary Queen of Scots. Forces of the king surprise castle Ravenhurst, while the inmates are attending the proscribed Mass. The old earl is taken prisoner and executed. Of his grandsons James retains the faith, while Roger apostatizes and makes himself master of Ravenhurst. James's infant son, Gordon, is taken by his uncle, Friar Stephen, to Maryland, there to be brought up in the Catholic faith before returning to Scotland as heir to castle Ravenhurst. His uncle Roger tries to gain him for the new faith and for his plans.

but not the same picture. It was not an aged warrior and a lad; but a kilted chieftain of long, long ago, standing with one foot upon a fallen deer. Below the gilded title shone in the sunlight Sir David Gordon, Lord Rock Raven, First Laird of Ravenhurst, commonly called "Old Fire-the-Braes." Lady Margaret had said the mantel was held sacred even now. Many odd trifles lay upon it—French knickknacks and shells from beyond the sea. The blackened hearthstone showed no trace of that silver spot. Nothing seemed the same.

The door opened framing Godfrey's smiling face. "Well, my lord, are you awake at last? If you had slept a little longer, you might have slept the clock around once more."

"It is real late, isn't it?"

"No, my lord, it is still quite early; two o'clock by the sun dial, sir."

"Two in the afternoon!"

"Aye, two by the dial, my lord."

"Why didn't Benson call me?"

"Benson? Pray who is Benson?"

"Don't you know Benson? She is the kind old woman who gave me my supper."

"Oh! You mean Betsy."

"No, I mean Benson!"

"Your lordship might call her Ben's daughter; though, if my memory play me no trick, her father's name was Tam. I think she will not take kindly to the name of Ben's son, but, call her what you may, don't say she is a good old soul. Betsy is a blooming lass, turned sixteen last Candlemas."

"She is old; and her name is Benson! I know, because she gave me my supper."

"Have your own will, my lord; but I would not take your word, not even your oath, for anything which happened last night. Aye, but you were one right royal sleepy head! The guests were scarcely seated, when down went your

head on your mother's silken knee; and there was no waking our little lord at all, though the great folk from miles around had come to see you. So Betsy was called and she led you away. 'My sakes, Master Godfrey,' she said to me later. 'I brought him a fine pigeon pie, but down goes his head on the table and off to sleep again, poor tired lamb. I led him to his room just now. Will you run upstairs and put him in bed?' So up I came; and here you were, standing with your head against the fireplace, sound asleep on your two feet; and asleep you've been ever since."

The puzzled child rubbed his eyes again. "I did have my head against a mantel, not that mantel, but it was my mother, not Godfrey, who found me; and we sat a long, long time in that great leather chair by the fireplace, not by that fireplace. Oh, well, I can ask my mother about it some time, when we are alone. It wouldn't do to ask questions." Then he spoke aloud, "What did my mother say when I was not there for breakfast?"

"Oh, dear me, she had no time this morning to trouble herself about so small a matter. His lordship, Sir

Roger, and all those great folk rode over to Lindsey Hall quite early. The young Lord of Bethune is to be married this day fortnight, and the gentle Lady Anne of Lindsey is to be his bride."

"Why in the world did she go so soon? The wedding is not to be for two weeks. My mother will not be away all that time, will she? What would she be doing?"

"Doing? What would any lady be doing? Dancing and riding out with the hunt, to be sure, having a gay and merry fortnight."

"I can not see why an old lady like my mother would want to dance so much. Dance and hunt for two whole weeks!" Gordon was lonesome even now. "And she won't come back at all till after the wedding?"

"Perhaps not then. You must have a bee in your bonnet for calling people old. It is well for you that Lady Margaret did not hear you say she is one who is no longer young."

"Well, she is old!" Gordon cried almost angrily. "Her hair is snow-white."

"Snow-white! The Countess of Ravenhurst is so old that she is snow-white! That would be a joke for her rivals! What a sleepy-eyed child you were last night! Your sweet mother is fair, very fair, my lord. As to her age, what sort of gray head have you that your mother must needs be aged?" Godfrey laughed merrily. "My little lord, 'twas just eleven years last Christmas, that the old bell rang out her welcome to Ravenhurst. Many a fine ballad was written and sung in honor of the gallant young Gordon and his bride, the White Rose of Douglas. Here you are trying to tell me she is old, aye even white-haired. Come, come! There are many who say the Countess of Ravenhurst is the most beautiful woman in Scotland. Her age, would you know it, is six and twenty; but, none would guess it."

"You have never spoken of my father before," cried the lad. It hurt him to hear Godfrey speak so lightly of his mother. They could not be the same—that frill, sorrow-worn mother of last night and this gay lady of the world; but, had his mother ever spoken to him? Godfrey had found him asleep with his head against this fireplace, not that other one. Could all the long, long talk of last evening be a dream? "You never spoke of my father before," he repeated. "Please tell me of him. Where is he?"

"You never asked before. I do not like to speak of sad things. He is dead, my lord. The old castle rang with hunt and song for two short years, and then

Lady Margaret was a widow. Your father died quite suddenly. A bit of a cold caught while hunting, was all it seemed at first, but he was gone in a fortnight."

The boy sat looking up at the fireplace with a troubled countenance. Was the brave father of last night only a dream? But it would not be wise to ask questions. He was sure of that, so he said nothing.

"Come, come! Let us talk of more pleasant things, my little lord. Now, if you wish Lady Margaret to be pleased with you when she returns, see how much you can learn in a fortnight."

How the little lad did study; but then what else was there to do? He had no playmates of his own rank, others were too far beneath his dignity as heir of all Ravenhurst. Poor boy, how he longed for the old free days when he had no dignity. So he put his whole soul into his studies; and every scrap of work he did was saved to show his mother. That little mother, he had known her but a few hours; yet how he loved her, more than Daddy Shannon, yes, more than Mammy, too. His little heart filled up when thinking of them, yet he knew he loved her more. "She is really and truly my own mother. That must be why. When she comes home, she will straighten out all the puzzles about that first night." So he thought as he stored away those treasures, sheet after sheet.

Gordon had been hard at work for three weeks. There was pride in his eyes as he placed his last page upon the others. Godfrey smiled. "Well, my lord, that pile in the drawer must be thick now. What are you planning to do with them? Build a monument or use them for the breastworks of a fort?"

"Oh! you like to laugh at me, Godfrey. You see, mother will come home in a day or two, and I want to show them to her."

"Show her the last two or three then. She would hold up her dainty hands in horror if she should see your first attempts."

"Uncle Roger would laugh at them, but she will not. She will know I did my best. Anyway, the last are better, for you used to say, 'How much paper between those blots?' and now it's, 'How many blots on that paper?' There is only one blot on this, just the place where that 'h' got its hump on the wrong side and I tried to turn it over."

"It looks as if you turned the ink-horn over and a spider took a stroll across the page, but never mind, you will be a scribe some fine day."

"O Godfrey! See where the road turns the point of the cliff! It's the carriage! O Godfrey, it's the carriage!

There goes the big bell!" and the boy was gone. Racing down halls, sliding balusters, banging doors, he arrived in three short minutes at the castle gate. Then he waited, and then he thought. He had been good, that is he had been quiet, for three long weeks; and now, just when it was almost over, he had been a wild man of the forest once more. Sir Roger would hear—oh, well, he was used to his uncle's sarcasm; but his mother? Would she be angry? The soldier just beside him—there was a twinkle under those bushy eyebrows—was he laughing? He had saluted most gravely; but, if he were laughing, then the heir of all Ravenhurst had disgraced himself before the soldiery. "You see!" the lad gasped, "You see, my mother is coming! You see, you see, I forgot my dignity. Please, I could not help forgetting. I want to see her so!"

The twinkle had grown till the grim old mouth was smiling also. "Lady Margaret is coming, is she? No wonder ye came on the wing. When ye bounded o'er the hedge yon, I could but just make my old eyes remember it was the young laird himsel' and no't the gay Sir Jamie o' the long ago."

"Sir Jamie? Oh, did my father ever forget his dignity? Wasn't he always still?"

There was a chuckle, low and rumbling, in the grizzled throat. "I dinna mind the day when he had a dignity to forget. Mayhap there was none left for him; since Sir Roger had a'there was to be found fra' the Orkneys to Lands End, and carried it a' the time; but Sir Jamie, bonny little Sir Jamie—bold and free as the wind o' Ben Ender. Your father was a soldier as were a' the lairds before him. Sir Roger will never make ye intil a knight o' my lady's feather. Ye will be as the earls that are no more, for ye are a splinter o' the old Gordon steel; and there's no a soldier in the castle but would lay down his life for you."

"Oh, but I ran in the hall and slid down the baluster."

"Dinna be worrying. None but the servants saw ye. Not one o' them would bring trouble on the little laird for many a penny, but I'll gee a breath o' wind to your shaft, laddy. Yon Godfrey will think ye have broken a' the plumes on your dignity, if he find ye talking with a common soldier. It comes to my mind it would no' be a crime if ye were found plucking a wee bit nosegay for your mother."

"Oh! thank you, soldier, thank you!"

"God's blessing on my little laird. Mind ye one thing, old Edwin's at your service. Hist! He's coming."

When the tutor came sedately down

the great stone steps, he beheld the heir of all Ravenhurst standing on the velvet sward gathering rosebuds. The old soldier—never a stone in the ancient gateway was more rigid than he.

The chains rattled and groaned as the drawbridge came creaking down across the moat. There was a hollow sound of horses' hoofs and the carriage rolled in. Sir Roger stepped out, alone. "My mother?" The little voice had a choking sound. "My mother? Did not she come? Is she ill?"

"Oh, no, Gordon, there was no need for her to leave the merrymaking. Matters of State brought me, but she may as well remain till the end."

"When will she come, uncle?"

"In a week or so, perhaps. Have you studied well?"

The days slipped away one by one. It was fully six weeks since Sir Roger's return. Still the pile in the drawer grew. Gordon was placing his last task upon the others. Godfrey laid aside the grammar. "Well, my lord, how soon will you need a new drawer for that collection?"

"Mother will come in a day or two, surely. The drawer will not overflow before then. She will be so disappointed if she can not see them all."

"Are you sure of it? I fear it is you who will be disappointed for your pains. When you carry that cartload to her, she will say, 'Run along, child, and do not trouble me with that rubbish. The maid must arrange my head-dress.'"

"Don't! Godfrey, don't! My mother is not such a woman! I would hate her if she were like Sir Roger."

"Your mother is a most excellent lady; but have a little common sense, do not trouble her with trifles. You have one grave fault, my little lord. You are a dreamer. You have built an angel in your mind and named her mother; then, forsooth, if the real lady fail to have golden wings, you will hate her. Have a care, your dreams may cause the loss of your head one fine day. You worship a dream-church even as you worship that dream-mother."

"No, Godfrey, it is you who are the dreamer. I think my mother is a true mother, just as Mammy Shannon was; but I know that the Church is true."

"My little lord, do you see the oaks over on Ben Ender? Last spring their leaves were tender green. They grew more beautiful with lengthening summer days. Now the glory of autumn is all but faded. A few more northern winds, and the oaks will be bare and ugly. They are a picture of your dream-church. Fresh and fair in her beginning; days of strength, days of glory came and went; now she is all but dead."

"Oh, no, Godfrey! Are the oaks dead, because the leaves have fallen? Neither is the Church of God dead! This is only a winter of persecution, and the spring will come again for us, too."

"Now, bravo! There is eloquence as

doubt if you see her again before reaching manhood. She has been chosen maid of honor by the queen, and must go to London at once." Sir Roger passed out, he seemed in fine spirits.

Gordon walked over to the window and stood there kicking his foot back and forth against the wainscoting, whistling—anything to conquer the tears. Then he walked slowly to the drawer, took out that treasured pile and threw it on the coals. He leaned against the mantel and watched them burn. A hand touched his shoulder. He started; the memory of that other hand came back strongly. "No!" he muttered. "No, she was only a dream. Such a mother would not treat me so."

Gordon raised his eyes and looked at Godfrey. "She does not care a thing for me, and I love her so!"

"Oh, yes, my lord, she does love you in a way. But, you can not expect her to care for you as other mothers do. She has seen you so seldom. Then, remember, a queen's wishes are commands."

The boy went back to his books. He worked even harder than before; but, he saved no more papers to show to one who would never care to see them; and there was a bitter, stinging spot in his heart for many a long, long day.

Winter winds raged down from the north-

ern seas till the waters of the frith beat themselves in foaming fury on the rocks below the great tower. Sleet, fog, and the clinging, stinging cold of the Scottish Highlands kept the boy almost a prisoner in the ancient castle. Alone with Godfrey Bertrandson, breathing in, day after day, the flattery-sweetened poison of his words; alone with bitter thoughts against his mother, which he kept even from Godfrey; it was winter indeed in the soul of the little Gordon.

At last March came. The lad stood by his window watching the sun rise. "Oh, how warm! It is really spring at last. I am going for a ride before breakfast. I have not been outside since I don't know when."

He ran out into the hall. Godfrey was there. "Good news, my lord, your tutor has good news for you. Sir Roger decided last night that he would send you to Glasgow to prepare for the Uni-



well as wit in that. Your brain will be as keen in argument as was Lang-Sword's steel in battle. Let your training be what it should; and, mark my words, the day will come when the House of Lords, aye even the king himself, will hang breathless upon your words. What reason is there to fear that such an intellect can be long enslaved by Romish fables!"

"Oh, it is not that I know how to argue; but you have the wrong side, Godfrey. The side that is not true always has a whole in it."

"Well, is this a lesson or a tale in which you are so interested?" Sir Roger was standing beside them, a letter in his hand. "Pardon the interruption, but Lady Margaret has sent good news. It will be of great benefit to you in time."

"Oh! Is she coming home tomorrow? What is it?"

"Coming home! Oh, no; in fact, I

versity. You will go in the fall."

"Oh, Godfrey! Are you going, too? And there will be all those football games!"

"Football is it? You must do more than play football. You must become a learned man, so that you can bring your earldom to its proper place."

"Oh, I know! I mean to study, but I have not played with a boy for almost a year."

"Yes, yes, I understand. I know how you feel, quite natural for a lad; but here comes your uncle."

"Well, my little Gordon." Sir Roger was smiling. "I thought I was the only early bird. A messenger brought this letter a few minutes ago. Read it, my dear. It is as much for you as for me."

The lad took the note, a dainty bit of parchment with an odor of roses about it. His mother was now in great favor with the queen. She had made a conquest, and was soon to marry the Earl of something or other. He could not make out the name nor the long title. There was not a word about himself, not so much as "my love to the boy." She had forgotten him. The bitter spot, which had been burning all winter, was almost past bearing. He did not ask if she were coming home. He wished never to see her again. Why should he? She had no love for him.

"Gordon," said Sir Roger, as he took the note from the boy's hand, "I am much pleased with your progress in study. You have a brain and use it. Now, I am going to give you the best education to be obtained in Scotland."

"Oh, thank you, uncle! When am I going?" The lad was thinking of football. "I do want to go so much; and I'll study, oh, I will study, uncle!"

"Godfrey will take you to Glasgow next fall; but, remember, you do not stir one step till I have your word that there will be no papistical nonsense while you are gone."

Gordon did not answer with the indignant "no" that had always come before. His heart was full of bitter, stinging anger. He was longing for boyish games, as only a lonely boy can; and the devil begins to fish when the water is muddy. The lad turned on his heel and walked down the hall with a quick, short step. Sir Roger would have followed, but Godfrey touched his arm. "Let well enough alone, my lord. Leave that dose to sink in."

CHAPTER VI

THE RUIN IN THE WOOD

THE HORSE had been in the stable for days. He would not stand still even while Gordon mounted. They were on the bridge before it was down and under the old arch in a flash. The steed gave a little snort and tossed his mane, then away he flew toward the wood. Gordon leaned forward. Away, away through the clear sunshine, over the hedges, over the ditches with a catch in his breath, dodging under branches just bursting into leaf—oh, what a glorious ride!

The horse stopped, panting, at the edge of the wood. God's sweet sunshine had put a better spirit into the

before him, mother kneeling by the cradle rocking it with her foot, father giving out the prayers, and all the little Shannons answering, "Holy Mary, Mother of God, pray for us sinners." He saw Daddy reaching one hairy hand to give little Which a cuff for tickling Tother's feet, but never pausing in the prayer. Then came the old log church. Father Murphy's solemn voice, but still the same sweet prayer that the angel said: "Hail Mary, full of grace." And the great day—was it only a year ago?—the great day when they made their First Communion, he and Joel. He thought of the joy of that moment when, kneeling at the altar rail, he saw the priest raise the Host above the chalice and the long awaited moment had come. He thought of the promises, boyish

promises, earnest, loving, whispered to the good Lord Jesus; and he remembered with a start that he had given no answer to Uncle Roger in the hall. Daddy Shannon seemed to be standing at the edge of the woodland and saying, "No man can lead you into sin if you don't follow him. Stand on your own two feet and be a man."

"I wasn't a man this morning, Daddy," he said as if in answer. "I wasn't a man; but I'll be one, even if I never do have a boy to play with in my whole life."

Suddenly the horse stood still. There was a wall of trees in his way. They were so close to each other that none had a chance to grow. Some seemed dying, others were dead. The row stretched out to right and left as far as he could see. "It looks for all the world like a hedge that has not been cut since the

dear knows when." Gordon turned to the right and rode along beside the hedge. He found an opening farther down and looked through. On the other side was a field with a strange row of trees running around it. "An oat field once, I guess, by those bunches of old straw among the weeds; but it must have been long, long ago. Look at those young trees."

A bush moved, and a deer sprang from it, head raised, ears alert and foot uplifted. A frightened sniff, a scamper of hoofs, it was gone. The horse, a hunter bred, dashed through the opening between the trees; and Gordon, dropping his head against the beast's neck, barely escaped the fate of Absalom. They bounded away across the field, over the bushes, and under the trees. The deer sprang through an open-

OUR MOTHER'S MONTH

The world is all alight and bright
With joy of May
Her moon and stars of lovely night,
Her suns of day.
Amid the children of the year,
Sweet May's to Nature's heart most dear.

Within her winds the scent quick springs
Of luscious bloom.
Her world is joy—for sorrowing
There is no room.
There is no beauty ever known
But May, sweet May, doth claim her own.

Because of her, immaculate,
His Mother blessed,
And that May Hers is consecrate
Of all the rest,—
God's smile hath rested on May's hours
And made of her the month of flowers.

—MARY J. MALLOY

boy. "Good ride, old fellow, good ride!" he cried, slapping the horse's shoulder. "Take it easier if you want to, you are getting hot."

A bird in the great larch above him set up a bit of spring tune, and Gordon whistled in answer. His hand was deep in his pocket, as boys' hands are sure to be. Something hard touched his fingers. He drew it out—only a little brown rosary. "I wonder how it came there. I haven't said it for a long time, and I meant to say it every day; because the folk at home in Maryland promised to say it for me. I wonder if they forgot. No, Daddy Shannon would not forget. Well, I'll say one for them now."

He slipped the beads through his fingers and the little brown things brought memories. The old cabin seemed

ing in the hedge. "I am not going through that place, old fellow," cried the lad, tugging at the reins. "Maybe you can get through there, but I want my head for a day or two more." Gordon had a good wrist for his age, but the horse had a good neck for his age. The animal was full grown, the boy was not. "Can't stop him," he gasped. "It's jump off or be raked off." Loosening his feet in the stirrups, he dropped the reins and jumped.

Gordon struck, rolled over a few times, and lay still until the dizziness of the fall had passed; then he sat up, rubbed himself and took stock of his injuries. "Kind of shaken up inside; head aches some; knee stings; nothing but a bruise and a skinned place; guess I'm all right."

The building just beyond had once been majestic, but fire and time had made of it a vast ruin. The cloister lay in blackened heaps, half covered with moss and vines; but here and there an arch yet stood, held more by the ivy than by its own strength. The gothic windows of the minster were broken and blackened, but the morning sun glinting through them, sent long, dancing prism lights across the weed-grown lawn. The lad crawled over a broken window sill. From the jagged pane above him our Lady, Queen of Heaven, smiled, twelve stars upon her brow, the Infant half hidden in the folds of her mantle. "My mother," Gordon whispered, "my mother, she is like Sir Roger, but you loved your Son. If I have you, I have a mother still—and I all but turned against the faith this morning."

Gordon dropped down into the ruined minster. The carved pews were about him. Many had fallen, some were half buried beneath parts of the roof, which had come down years and years ago. There were heaps of dead leaves on the moldering beams, plants growing upon them and many vines. A sapling oak leaned over the altar, slender, graceful. Beneath it the Tabernacle door hung open on one hinge. A robin, perched there, looked at the boy with frightened eyes. Her nest was in the holy place.

Gordon paused on the altar step, and the bird flew to a tree. He put out his hand to take the nest, but stopped with it in air. "I wonder which is worse, to leave the nest there or to put my hand in the Tabernacle?"

"Leave the poor bird in peace, Gordon," came a low, powerful voice. The boy turned with a frightened cry. Halfway down among the ruined pews stood a tall figure in a long, gray cloak. His face seemed but a yellow skin stretched across the skull; but the deep blue eyes were full of life. They were kind eyes,

and Gordon lost his fear as he looked into them. "See, you have frightened the little bird. She is doing no harm where she is. That place has not been God's altar for eighty years and more. How is your mother?"

"My mother!" All the anger of the morning burned in his voice. He spoke out wildly, spoke as he had never done, even with Godfrey, told it all—all that had been burning in his heart these long, bitter months.

"And you believed this—all this—poor, foolish little boy!"

"Believed it! Isn't it true?"

"Not one word of it!"

"Where is my mother, then?" A great hope was springing up in his heart. Perhaps he had not been dreaming; perhaps a real mother had sat with him beside the fireplace on that first night.

"I do not know where she may be."

"Then how can you say the story is not true?"

"Why do I know this wild tale is untrue? Little Gordon, I know Margaret of Douglas. Poor Margaret; how much she has suffered! And you, boy, how could you believe such things of your own mother? But, then, poor child, you did not know her."

"But Godfrey said so! Uncle Roger must have lied to him."

"Godfrey is your friend, the best friend you have, is he not?"

"He has always been kind to me, sir."

"Oh, yes! Very kind! He tells you what a bright boy you are and that you will be the greatest lord old Ravenhurst ever had."

"How did you know that?" The boy flushed painfully.

"Godfrey is Bertrand's son. A devil with the oil of flattery upon his lips is a double devil, boy." The stranger paused as if in thought. "So, Margaret has been gone for seven months. Did she speak to you about your faith or your father before she disappeared?"

Gordon was troubled. Had his mother really spoken to him on that first night? If that gentle, sorrow-worn mother were not a dream, she had forbidden him to mention the subject of which they had talked.

"You need not fear to tell me," said the stranger, seeming to read the lad's thought. "You know to whom you are speaking, do you not?"

"No, sir. Who are you that knows so much about my mother and me?"

"Stephen Douglas."

"Uncle Stephen? Dunkie Tewee?"

"You have changed much since you used to call me by that name. Did your mother speak of Sir James or of your religion?"

"Yes, uncle Stephen. That is, I don't know if she did or if I dreamed she did. I think she talked to me a long time

on the night I came from Maryland. Maybe she didn't, but I think she told me all there was to tell."

"Do you know what penalty she was to pay if she did so?"

"No, uncle. She did not say anything about that."

"Sir Roger told her, if she ever dared to speak to you of Sir James or of your faith he would execute the law to the fullest extent. Do you know what that means?"

"No, uncle."

"If a widowed mother persists in teaching the ancient faith to her children, any relative of the new faith may take her children from her. Roger said, if she went against his will, she would never see her face again."

"If she had told me—"

"It is not like Margaret to tell you. She is not selfish. No doubt Godfrey had an ear at the door. Your mother knew the risk and took it. Fearing you might get into trouble by some foolish attempt to rescue her, she did not tell you of Sir Roger's threat. That is Margaret's way. God grant the dastard had enough mercy to put her in a cell above ground. He knows what a dungeon did for his own mother."

"Where do you think she is?"

"Some place in the old castle, in or under the north tower, no doubt. The dungeons are there."

Gordon scraped his heel back and forth among the dry leaves. "She has been suffering all winter long, and instead of helping her, I have been thinking mean things."

"Let it be a lesson to you, then. Never allow any one to come between you and your mother, or between you and your God. Those two friends are true."

"Uncle, what does my mother look like? Is she a little, white-haired, frail old lady? Godfrey said I had been dreaming. He said my mother is young and very beautiful."

"Your mother is not old in years, a little past forty. She seems old because she has suffered so much. Her hair has been snow-white since that night when the dragons came for your father. Sir James cared for me while I was ill with the fever. You know I am an outlaw, child. To give me food or shelter is a crime punishable by death. I fear your father gave his life for mine. Could you but remember that night, you would know if your mother loved you or not. Toward morning her heart was so faint that Benson whispered to the other watcher, 'Begin the beads again, Jeanie, her soul is passing.' But Margaret's eyes opened wide. 'Pray!' she gasped. 'Pray that I may live. I cannot die. God helping me, I will not

(Continued on page 216)

THE LIGHT OF COMMON DAY

By ZELMA McDOWELL PENRY

THE USUAL rubber and damp woolen smell of a rainy Sunday pervaded St. Blase's as Andrea Grahame, wrinkling her nostrils in distaste, slid hurriedly into pew thirty-six, waved her third finger in the general direction of her forehead, breast, left and right shoulder, and then sagged into the attitude of extreme weariness proper to the "nine o'clock."

She shivered slightly and smothered a yawn as the priest came out of the sacristy, preceded by an unbelievably small acolyte. Then she smiled involuntarily as the thought struck her that not so many years would pass before Baby Dickie would be big enough to serve at the altar. She conjured up a mental vision of him, seraphic and chubby, his yellow ringlets forming a halo above a tiny surplice, tugging at the big book. But, how absurd—anything might happen before Dickie was big enough to take the place of one of the angels that surround the Stone of Sacrifice. And anyway, she must really keep from thinking too much about Dickie—she must begin to school herself against the year's parting. He would be a big boy when she got back—nearly four. It was so wonderful to think that aunt Margaret could come. She would never think of leaving her husband and baby to any one else. And aunt Margaret had certainly made a good job of raising Dick; what could be more ideal than that she should have a year with Dick Junior?

"In Nomine Patris, et Filii, et Spiritus Sancti. Amen."

She straightened herself as the vested figure before the altar began the first words of the Mass. A rosary clicked noisily against a seat near her, and with a sigh Andrea fished in her coat pocket and drew forth her own beads, which she dangled absently against the pew-back at her hands.

It was hard for her to realize that in a few more weeks all this world would be just a memory; St. Blase's, where she and Dick had been married, where Dickie had been baptized, and where the wee Andrea had lain for a few short minutes on her way to the place where she would await the angels' summons to rejoin her glad little soul which had darted off to heaven almost before her eyes had opened on earth—yes, even Dick and Dickie would be little more than a memory in the busy year to come. Her eyes became misty as she thought of it. Still, how foolish it would have been for her to refuse the wonderful offer—a concert tour under Sal-

dynsky's management. Refusal was simply out of the question. Dick had seen that himself. That was the comfort of having an artist for a husband. He understood the claims of art; and Andrea was certainly as much an artist with her violin and bow as ever Dick Grahame was with his brush and colors. Dick had been wonderful about it, even suggesting aunt Margaret as a possible substitute for her, when the question had risen. He had agreed that she owed it to the world not to hide her talent under a bushel. She preferred to forget the little wistful look in his clear eyes as he had assured her that he saw this. It wasn't as if her husband and son were going to be neglected—she smiled again as she thought of aunt Margaret's comfortable form.

With a start Andrea realized that she was giving herself up to her vagrant reflections, when her mind should have been directed heavenward. She was aware of a feeling of subconscious annoyance; and as she began to take account of her surroundings, she noted that there was sound proceeding from the choir loft. That accounted for the annoyance. How silly of her not to remember that nine o'clock was the children's Mass. They always sang—and it was awful! She wondered how Father Basil, himself a real musician, could stand it. Yet he did; and more, he actually played the organ himself for the children's choir. She could hear the firm notes of the instrument sounding very lightly in places, so as to remain subordinate to the straggling young voices which besought with varying degrees of tunelessness.

"Mary hel—pus, hel—pwe pray!"

She shuddered. Really, there was no sense in allowing such things. She should think that Father Basil himself would insist that they sing with some intelligence, if they must sing that kind of music. Father Basil, of all people, who was so earnest an advocate of pure Gregorian, who had battled so successfully to accomplish its introduction at the ten-thirty Mass, and who was bringing the choir of men and boys to a really high degree of excellence in the true music of the Church—that he could listen to this! And he did more than listen, he actually aided and abetted—"Sha-a-a-a—lip Heav—nall meet again!" bellowed the choir, getting into the swing at last, forging ahead with enormous fervor, and triumphantly outdistancing the organist by a full bar.

As the last notes died away, Andrea turned her attention gratefully to the

altar. It was certainly hard to be devout under the circumstances. She wished she had waited and come to High Mass with Richard and Dickie; but that time was such a good opportunity to get in some practicing. . . . She must get in to see Father Basil, and tell him about the tour. . . .

The sun had struggled out and was sending its radiance over the newly washed earth as the nine o'clock attendants poured out of the church, squeezing by the nine forty-five entrants. Andrea always loved the sight of the outgoing crowds meeting the incoming crowds—it made her heart swell with the pride of her Catholicity. She was smiling as she hurried homeward toward her husband and baby, who were probably enjoying their morning romp in the front yard of their cozy bungalow. Sure enough, the first sight that greeted her eyes when she came within seeing distance, was Richard, broad and bronzed, with what appeared to be a white woolly bundle on his shoulder, swinging along the sidewalk in her direction. The bundle developed legs, arms and a voice, however, and Andrea found herself the object of an uproarious greeting.

"Oh, you two infants," she laughed maternally, "you'll have the neighbors about our heads."

"We've been calling on the swans over in the lake," responded her husband cheerfully, tucking her hand under his arm as they walked along, "and the ducks do wag their tails, just as Dickie said—we verified that, didn't we, son?"

Andrea's brow clouded. "He's so crazy about those ducks," she said anxiously. "I almost wish the park weren't so close. It really worries me having that duck pond right across the street."

"Oh," comforted her husband, "he wouldn't go across the street by himself; and anyway, he's never out of our sight—one of us is always at his heels, poor little tyke. By the way, I've got to go into the city this afternoon; Hammond called me up; it's about that contest up at the Institute. I'll get back on the seven o'clock car tomorrow morning."

Andrea's disappointment was keenly evident. "I hate to have you away a whole afternoon, when my time at home is so short."

"Sorry, dear, but of course I had to say I'd go."

"Of course," she echoed, giving him a firm little squeeze. "I thought I ought to go in and tell Father Basil about the tour," she went on thoughtfully, "but it was too late after Mass."

"You could go over after lunch," he suggested.

"But Dickie——"

"Oh, take him along—or maybe Mrs. Patton would look after him for an hour."

"Ye-es," she assented a trifle ambiguously, "I could do that."

She knew that she wouldn't take Dickie along when she went to impart her great news—he would only distract her; but it wasn't necessary to mention that to Dick—men, even the best of them, were queer about some things.

Mrs. Patton, their next door neighbor, when approached that afternoon on the subject, professed her willingness to "keep an eye on Dickie."

Andrea had got in her hour of practice, and had hurried to be able to answer Dickie's invariable "tar'd," with a daintily appointed luncheon. For Andrea, unlike many artistic souls, was a thoroughgoing and capable housekeeper.

"The musician and the New England housewife in me are in a constant state of warfare," she would often laugh.

Richard had been safely hurried off to catch the one-forty train! Dickie had been tucked away for his nap; the luncheon dishes had been stacked neatly in the sink for Bessie, the little black maid, to wash in the morning; and now with the comforting knowledge that Dickie would probably sleep until her return, she had put her request to Mrs. Patton.

"Bless your heart, don't give the child a thought," her kindly neighbor had told her. "I'll keep eyes and ears open; and if he should wake up, I'll hear him and bring him over here." As the window of the little nursery faced Mrs. Patton's living room windows, and both were kept slightly open, Andrea felt safe in leaving her child to the motherly neighbor. She was just a little uncomfortable, as she knew that Dick would not approve of leaving Dickie alone in the house. Still, she told her conscience rebelliously, he had suggested Mrs. Patton; and, even though she supposed he had meant to take Dickie over next door, she could see nothing dangerous in leaving him within such easy hearing distance. Dick was really absurd sometimes about Dickie. So, with a final glance at the sleeping heir to the house of Grahame, she had set out for St. Blase's, and Father Basil's sympathetic understanding.

She had to wait a few minutes in the chilly parlor, as some other parishioners were claiming Father Basil's ear in one of the other cubby-hole rooms that opened into the bare entrance hall. The brown-robed brother who opened the door had told her to be seated and Father would be in presently. She smiled a little wryly as she reflected that "presently" might mean anything

from one to thirty minutes; but she obediently seated herself in one of the stiff, uncompromising chairs and looked about her with the sensation of acute disfavor which the room always inspired in her. It was so utterly cheerless and non-conducive to lofty religious emotions. Who on earth could be exaltedly pious on a damp chilly day, in a room with blank green walls, linoleum-covered floor, and ink-spattered deal table with its litter of almanacs, pew-rent receipt books, rusty pens, blotter and mammoth ink bottle? It savored in no way of the clean, bare austerity that one liked to think of in connection with religious houses. She could have glowed in a setting of scrubbed white wood floors, ascetic gray walls, and a dominating black crucifix—but this!

It was, it turned out, but a little over five minutes by Andrea's little wrist watch, when the callers in the other parlor took their departure and Father Basil came smiling into the room where Andrea waited.

"Sorry you had to wait. It's cold in here," he greeted her. "We've been having a consultation about whether a tally-ho with truck horses wouldn't be cheaper for the Third Order members to go to the funerals of their brothers and sisters, than the motor bus we've been chartering. So many have been dying off lately that the funds are getting decidedly low."

Andrea checked an incipient smile that the idea of the tally-ho was bringing out, for Father Basil's simple, casual tone evoked the sudden realization that the brown-robed friar was really quite as much interested in the matter of funeral conveyances for one part of his flock as he would be in a proposed concert tour of another part. The undoubted fact that Father Basil was interested in his sheep as sheep, struck Andrea with something of a shock. Somehow, for all that she had known him so long, she had never really understood it so well before. He had always seemed a little different—being a musician.

"I have some real news for you, Father," she began when they were seated at opposite sides of the ink-spattered table, and Father Basil had picked up a stray pencil and was making little meaningless drawings on the back of one of the receipt books. It was a way he had; and Andrea thought, as she watched him, that it must be easy to tell Father Basil anything so long as he drew those absurd little pictures—pictures worthy of Dickie: wobbly square houses with crooked steps leading to nothing; square, disproportionate chimneys with very square smoke coming from them. They seemed to bring him down to earth and set him comfortably

on a level with the least talented of his suppliants. He very carefully put a final square puff onto a grotesque smoke cloud before he spoke; and when it had been completed, he surveyed the finished product with an air of apparent satisfaction. Andrea watched him with a badly suppressed look of wonder; whereupon Father Basil smiled quizzically and nodded toward the object of her scrutiny.

"Hardly art," he conceded laughingly; "still, my pictures are uncommonly useful to me. I wouldn't give up drawing them for the world. But—your news—I think I've already heard something of it. In fact, I've heard from no less than six distinct sources this morning that you are going on a concert tour, and Saldynsky is going to manage it. That's it, isn't it?"

"Why," she replied protestingly, "I didn't dream that the word would fly so fast. I wanted to be the first to tell you. I'd have come in right after Mass if I'd had any idea——"

"The doings of a personage are public property," he teased her. "But I'm in a receptive mood for inside facts—the reports varied from a three-year contract at a fabulous sum to one concert in a middle-west town, with a percentage of the door receipts. Tell me all the sensations of having such an offer—and did you think anything about taking it up?"

Her eyes widened. "Think about it?" she echoed. "Why, Father, you didn't imagine for a minute that I'd turn a chance like that down, did you?"

The smile died away from Father Basil's lips. "Well, to be perfectly candid," he admitted, "I hadn't given serious thought to the possibility of your turning it up. What about Richard—and Dickie?"

"Oh, Dick doesn't object at all," she hastened to assure him. "His aunt Margaret will come to look after him and baby. She brought Dick up, you know, after his mother died—and it's only for one season." Her eyes pleaded for approval; but Father Basil was most annoyingly constructing some crooked four-sided clouds as a background on his drawing.

"I—I just couldn't let the chance pass," she went on, a tinge of defensiveness creeping into her voice. "I've hoped for it all my life. I owe something to the world, too,—and Dick doesn't make much by his landscapes. We can use the money. Oh, Father Basil, you of all people in the world couldn't advise me to give up this opportunity."

He raised his eyebrows questioningly. "Why I of all people?"

"Oh, you know what music means—and you have to stand that awful chil-

dren's choir, and—and this." She waved her hand around at the green walls and littered table.

Father Basil looked surprised, and then the humorous twinkle reappeared in his eyes. "Why," he responded, "Mrs. Garrity was just saying in the other room that it must be a blessed relief for me to listen to music with some tune to it at the nine o'clock Mass, when I had to stand the queer stuff the big choir was singin' these days.

"Still," he went on, becoming serious again, "I admit that I should like to have everything strictly liturgical. But it took a long, long time to build a certain place called Rome. And, too, I sometimes wonder if our best efforts mustn't sound to God, much as the children's choir seems to you."

Andrea frowned with a touch of impatience. This was not in the least what she had come to hear. "I might think so, if the children were devout and simply didn't know any better," she explained carefully, "but they're probably throwing things at one another when your back is turned. It sounds that way, anyway," she concluded vigorously.

"And so," he resumed in his casual tone, "you have decided to let Richard and Dickie stand for a while, so that you can devote yourself to the world's need of your music."

She looked sharply at him to detect a trace of sarcasm, but the priest's face was serene and serious.

"There's another reason, too," she said hesitatingly. "I—I know you'll think me terribly wicked, Father,—evidently you do already. But I sometimes think I should never have married. My art is more to me than—my husband and baby. Oh, I love them"—she hurried on, noting the stern set of his mouth,—“but I don't love the deadly drab incidentals: shirts and stockings and rompers that must be kept clean and mended. I'm not going to leave them neglected. Aunt Margaret is a much better mother than I am, anyway."

Father Basil added a second chimney to the roof of his house, and carefully squared off the beginning of a smoke puff before he answered. When he did speak, it was to call her attention to his work.

"Do you like this?" he queried, regarding it with creative fondness.

Andrea stared amazed. "Why—why—"

"It isn't much like one of Richard's, is it?" Now she knew he was joking, but it wasn't like Father Basil to be so unpleasant as to joke over really serious things. Her chin went up a little aggressively. But suddenly she became aware that the priest was speaking earnestly.

"I really wonder if you've ever thought what a wonderful work of art a child is, Andrea. Just looking at it in that light—a baby is a tiny bit of modeling clay placed in the parents' hands by the Infinite Designer of the Universe; and on that clay He has invited two special persons to work hand in hand with Him. There is the exquisitely fashioned body, the plastic mind, the jewel more precious than all else, an immortal soul, which has been given into the keeping of two especial pairs of hands. In the case of Richard, God took the one whom he had set apart to guide him, and in her place He sent aunt Margaret. But he hasn't taken you, Andrea, and I don't believe any aunt Margaret would take Dickie's mother's place. Besides—you *did* marry, and you had your music before that. You *did* marry, and there are responsibilities—"

He got up suddenly, and stood looking down upon her.

"I took a pencil and made before your eyes a crude, meaningless daub. Your husband could take the same pencil and create a thing of beauty. Now, in exactly the same way, the beautiful body, the eager, receptive little mind, the immortal soul itself of your child might easily, deprived of the one God has appointed to guide it, be made a mere daub on the eternal canvas. You are right; I do understand art—I appreciate it—but similarly, by the grace of God, I have some understanding of the thing called vocation; and I think I can say without fear of error that you did not miss your vocation when you chose marriage."

Andrea's eyes were cast down and she trembled a little.

"I am to understand that you decidedly disapprove, then," she said coldly.

"It's God who disapproves, and I'm sorry to have to be the one to tell you about it," he answered. "I'd like to say go, with His blessing; but after all I have some responsibility toward you—and Richard and your baby. Anyway, think it over some more, child, and pray about it—before you send for aunt Margaret, wont you?"

"I'm sure it wouldn't make a bit of difference, Father," persisted Andrea, rising and turning a little wearily toward the door. "I—I never dreamed you'd look at it that way. And I think you are making something too serious out of it. It's only for about eight months. I wouldn't do it if I thought it was wrong. I'm sorry if you are disappointed in me. But I—I just couldn't give up that tour—I simply couldn't."

"It amounts to laying aside the claims of an inferior art—that is, a certain part of those demands, for you do a great deal with your music right here—

in favor of the claims of a vastly superior art—the preparation of a soul—or souls for God, the supreme goal."

"I can't do what you ask," she whispered stubbornly; "I can't do it."

"And remember," the quiet voice went on unheeding, "a true artist always suffers in the realization of his art."

With these words ringing in her ears, Andrea walked slowly homeward.

She was wholly unconvinced, but vaguely troubled; and a little sparkle of indignation showed in her dark eyes. He was just—narrow-minded—Father Basil of all people! She had expected enthusiastic approbation from him. He talked of vocation. Anyone would think that she'd talked of divorcing Dick. Many women went away for that long, just for pleasure.

She had reached the bungalow and was turning the key in the door. The next thing would be to get Dickie's supper and answer his interminable questions and then get him ready for bed. She found it hard to get any time for practicing. An early darkness was falling, and the little living room looked gratefully cozy as she drew the chains of the softly shaded electric lamps and their warm glow suffused the room. It looked more charming than usual—after that cheerless parlor at the Father's residence. She wondered if Dickie had waked; she tiptoed toward the nursery door and looked in. In the dusk she could see the place where the little body had indented the bed clothing. But Dickie was evidently safe next door, with good Mrs. Patton.

Andrea passed on into her own room, removed her hat and coat and was drawing off her gloves slowly as her mind reverted to the disturbing interview. She wished now that she hadn't gone to see Father Basil; she could have had a good long practice—but now—

"Mrs. Grahame!"

Her neighbor's voice, hushed but distinct, sounded just outside the window. Andrea crossed the room.

"Yes, Mrs. Patton," she called, "I was just coming—"

"Hasn't he waked up?" the voice went on. "The blessed lamb never so much as let out a cheep while you were gone. You certainly have the best—"

"Never! Why, Mrs. Patton, haven't you got him?"

"Got him? Why, no, I tell you. He never made a sound—I thought—"

Andrea put her hand to her throat, where her heart seemed to have leaped at her neighbor's words.

"He— isn't—in—his—crib!" she gasped with painful distinctness.

Mrs. Patton was up the two steps at a bound and in through the side door which Andrea had left unlocked for her entrance. It had blown slightly ajar;

and as she pushed it open, she encountered Andrea running blindly for the nursery door. They reached it together; and as Andrea switched on the light, both pairs of eyes sought the empty crib.

Andrea's usually vivid face was gray and drawn and her eyes burned like pools of black flame.

"He must be somewhere around," soothed the other, her voice, despite her efforts to control it, shaking oddly. The same thought had sprung to the two minds.

"The door?—"

"It was a little bit open, but—"

"And that duck pond—over in the park. He was always begging to go over to see the d-ucks w-ay their tails. Oh, my baby, my baby!"

The older woman rallied her wits. "Now, that won't do, Mrs. Grahame," she said sharply. "That's most unlikely. He's probably somewhere in the house."

"No—he'd make straight for the duck pond. We always have to keep an eye on him to—Oh, why did I leave him? Dickie, Dickie!"

Mrs. Patton stopped to assure herself that the child was not in the house before she followed the distracted mother out of the house and overtook her in the little park across the street. Andrea was calling frantically on Dickie's name as she ran through the trees, sobbing and praying brokenly between calls. But the little spot was, as usual, quite deserted; and her agonized calls brought no response except the intermittent quack of the ducks on the surface of the little lake. The older woman's experienced eye showed her that Andrea was rapidly reaching the point of hysteria. Accordingly, she laid hold of her arm and marched her purposefully back across the street.

"We'll go over to my house and tell my husband. He'll know exactly what to do, and he'll probably find Dickie so quick it'll make your head 'wim," she told Andrea briskly.

But by the time Mr. Patton had been apprised and had gone out into the dusk, leaving his wife to quiet Andrea, who was shaken by great anguish, raking sobs, the very air was impregnated with the certainty of torturing loss. Then, fifteen minutes later, he came back, late and stern, with the suggestion that he would do no harm to notify the police department, Andrea had lapsed into stony composure, only her tightly interlaced fingers and grayish pallor giving evidence of her grief and fear.

"We'll go over to the bungalow at my phone," she said colorlessly. "It's better to be there."

They followed her across the lawn and into the softly lighted living room. Once in that familiar place, her strength seemed to desert her for a moment

she dropped weakly into a low chair, burying her face in her slender, tapering hands.

"It's my punishment," she choked. "But why should it come to Dick, too? He didn't do anything to deserve it. I didn't deserve to have a child. It's a just punishment. But oh, my baby. Dickie! Dickie! Dickie!"

There was a sudden stir in the curtained recess below the window seat on the other side of the room.

"Muvver?" queried a sleepy little voice.

The three grown-ups started forward in a rush.

"Baby!" Andrea's voice rang out in a glad cry.

The curtains parted, and out from among the coats, robes, and cushions that formed an improvised nest, appeared a flushed little face surrounded by a halo of tumbled yellow ringlets. Dickie, observing his mother's guests, smiled up at them enchantingly.

"Tarb'd," he remarked conversationally.

"Bless his lovely heart," sobbed motherly Mrs. Patton in an ecstasy of relief. "He shall come right over, and his mamma, and have some supper with us. You poor child," she added, putting an arm around Andrea, who had picked Dickie up and was holding him as if she could never let him go again, "you certainly could use a good hot cup of tea."

That night, in the peace of her own room, with Dickie sleeping quietly in the nursery, Andrea fought the end of her bitter combat. She knew at last that she could not leave her home. She marvelled that she had never realized the impossibility before. Never, as long as she lived, would she be able to forget the soul-sickening moments in which she had seen Dickie limp and wet in the bottom of the duck pond—Dickie's blue eyes distended, his rose-lace face blackened and swollen. She shuddered as she recalled the picture her imagination had called up. No, not for the world would she leave him for that concert tour. It was still hard to give it up; but give it up she must. She left the window where she had been standing, watching the warm moonlight fall across the lawn, and with a sudden longing tiptoed to the nursery door and went in.

Pink, white and golden lay the exquisite bit of modeling clay that the Master had entrusted to her care. The radiating warmth of the little body, the soft dampness of the clustering ringlets, and the rosy flush of sleep lay about him like a mantle. A shaft of light touched him, and Andrea started and answered back. Was it moonlight, or was

it the heavenly brightness of Dickie's angel?

With a swift movement she knelt beside the crib and pressed her forehead against her clasped hands. It was good to feel grown-up and really responsible at last. All the artificiality, the restless strivings of girlhood, slipped away from her, leaving a serene richness of potent maturity.

"Oh, dearest Lord, make me worthy of Thy trust," she whispered, and in that moment of calm joy, Andrea fell asleep.

The sky showed the first streaks of dawn as she opened her eyes and looked about her. She was stiff with the early morning chill, and the little room looked gray and dim; but her mind was singularly clear, and the light of her newfound joy was still with her. She got up and moved toward her bedroom, after assuring herself that Dickie was covered warmly; but with a sudden impulse she changed her mind about going to bed. Dick would be home by seven o'clock. Why shouldn't she surprise him by being up, fresh and ready for breakfast with him. He would enjoy her news so much the more. She would have a real surprise for him.

Two hours later she heard him turn the key in the lock and come into the living room.

Andrea looked out at him from the breakfast-room door. She was crisp and dainty in her white morning gown. Her husband looked startled.

"Why, Andrea, you up?"

"I haven't been to bed, really," she answered.

"Is Dickie—" he took a quick step in the direction of the nursery door, and Andrea had a poignant stab of realization of what this hour would have meant to her husband if Dickie had really "gone to find where the ducks lived."

"No," she said quickly, "nothing is wrong with Dickie."

"Are you—"

"Nor with me. In fact everything is most beautifully right with your family, Dick—much righter than it has been for some time. I—I've just finished a letter to Saldynsky, telling him that I've changed my mind about the concert tour."

"Why Andrea!" But Dick's eyes held a light that paid his wife for any last shreds of regret. "Whatever made you change your mind?"

"A woman's privilege," she replied lightly. "You see, I suddenly discovered that I'm a grown-up woman, with a gorgeous baby, and the most perfect husband in the world—for my purposes, anyway—and a home that a hundred Saldynskys couldn't drag me away from."



Missions

THE FRANCISCANS IN NEW MEXICO

By FR. ZEPHYRIN ENGELHARDT, O. F. M.

CHAPTER XXX

A Bishop Proposed for New Mexico—Reasons Therefor in a Letter to King Philip IV—Benavides's Exaggerations Again—Result—Governors of New Mexico—Hopeless Confusion—Lament and Petition of Francisco Gómez—Don Luis de Rozas's Term and Cruel Murder—Another Letter of The Spanish King—Rt. Rev. Juan de Palafox, Visitador General and Viceroy

IN CONSEQUENCE of the enthusiastic *Memorial* which Fr. Benavides in 1630 had addressed to the King of Spain, strenuous efforts were made to have a bishop appointed for New Mexico. The story is best told in a royal decree issued on the subject. It is here published for the first time in English, I believe, and reads as follows:

"*El Rey* (the King) to the Marquess de Cerralvo, my Kinsman, Viceroy, Governor and Captain General of New Spain, or the person or persons in whose charge the government might be:

"Fr. Francisco de Sosa, Commissary General of the Indies¹ and Secretary General of the Order of St. Francis, has represented to me that it is of much importance for the education of the natives in the dominion and province of New Mexico, and for its continuance in our holy Catholic Faith, that a bishop be selected and constituted, because after more than thirty years since which Christianity began there, there are now more than 500,000 Indian converts². Of

these more than 86,000 are baptized³, and their conversion is aided by more than one hundred religious⁴ of the Order. No other religious, nor any secular priests, have entered the territory⁵. Besides the convents, which this sacred Order possesses, there are more than one hundred and fifty pueblos, and in each one of them there is a church where holy Mass is celebrated and the holy Sacraments are administered⁶.

"There is also a good-sized town of Spaniards, besides other stations and ranchos inhabited by them. Furthermore, this land is very far away from New Spain; and the missionary district, which the above-mentioned religious have erected, is more than 400 leagues distant (from Mexico City). They traverse in carts through innumerable enemies, so that more than a year will pass during which time it is not possible to procure the Holy Oils. Indeed there have elapsed five and six years before they were obtained. Another reason (for having a bishop there) is that they are deprived of the Sacrament of Confirmation, which is so necessary to fortify the souls of the faithful. These hardships would cease if a bishop were there who would consecrate churches and ordain priests from among the native Spaniards of that country, who have learned the language of the land. In this way, much expense now incurred by my treasury in sending religious there would be saved. There would be some one there to administer ecclesiastical

justice and grant matrimonial dispensations. Furthermore, the erection of this diocese can be effected without expense to the treasury, and it can be supported by means of the tithes contributed there, which are daily increasing, the more so now that very rich silver mines have been discovered to the benefit of many Spaniards who are flocking thither. In addition, agriculture and stockraising will thrive, so that in the beginning other wealth than that which the country affords will hardly be necessary. Inasmuch as those missions are in charge of the religious of St. Francis, who are so indifferent to human interests, and whose Order has been the one which has put the shoulder to missionary work among the natives of the Indies, the kings, my predecessors, took cognizance of this and bestowed the first bishoprics upon the friars. I am now petitioned, in order to remedy the drawbacks mentioned, to erect a diocese and to appoint a bishop for the dominion and province of New Mexico. Having considered the matter in my royal Council of the Indies, and having deliberated on what my fiscal said and maintained, because I want to know what is expedient or inexpedient for this erection, I command you to inform me on the subject, so that, having full knowledge, I may dispose what may be most expedient.—Dated at Madrid on the nineteenth day of May, 1631.—I, the King."

The project dragged along for five years, and then another royal order, but much shorter, addressed to the viceroy, Marques de Cadereyta, and dated at Madrid, June 23, 1636, called for more information⁷. Thereafter, the plan seems to have been dropped. At all

¹ Literally "Commissary of the Court," because he resided there. This office was created in 1572 and, at the request of the King of Spain, it was approved by the Holy See, in order to avoid the interminable delays which resulted from the necessity of having to apply to the Superior General at Rome for permission to labor in the Missions of the New World. The first Commissary General was named by King Philip II, at the request of the Most Rev. Superior General Fr. Cristóbal de Capiteontium in a letter dated at Paris April 7, 1572. The King named Fr. Francisco de Guzman, formerly provincial of the Province of San Miguel, who served until his death in 1582. The title of this Commissary was Most Reverend, and his Superior was the General of the Order only. He could not select the missionaries, but they had to receive their commission from him. *Gobierno de los Regulares de la America*, by Fr. Pedro Joseph Parras, vol. I, nos. 32-34; vol. II, no. 466.

² *Mas de quinientas mil Indios*. "The record of five hundred thousand conversions and eighty-six thousand baptisms mentioned in (Commissary General) Santander toward the close of his letter (to Benavides's Memorial) doubtless refers to the missionary work that had been accomplished in Mexico." (Hodge.)

³ Mr. Hodge (Ayer's *Benavides*, p. 6) tries to save Benavides, the author of all these preposterous figures, by saying that Fr. Santander doubtless refers to missionary work in Mexico. In that case the figures would be far too small. The King is referring plainly enough to New Mexico.

⁴ Forty religious would be nearer the truth.

⁵ The King clearly means New Mexico.

⁶ 150 pueblos, each with a church! No wonder the King hesitated and called for exact information.

⁷ *Archivo General*. "Reales Cédulas," tomo I, no. 73, 1609-1642.

⁸ *Archivo General*. "Reales Cédulas," tomo I, no. 171, 1609-1642.

events, New Mexico never had a bishop of its own until two centuries later.

According to Bancroft⁹, hopeless confusion prevails regarding the various governors of New Mexico after Don Felipe Zotzly, who left the territory in 1629. From Fr. Estévan de Perea, we know that Don Francisco Manuel de Silva Nieto succeeded Zotzly¹⁰. Governor Nieto was at El Moro or Inscription Rock on August 9, 1629, as the text of the inscription evidences¹¹. Nieto must have governed until 1640, for no other is named previous to that year. Documents of this period are extremely scarce; any scrap may throw light on the situation. For that reason, the following paper is reproduced. It really is a petition for the reappointment of a governor, whose name is unfortunately not given. It reads as follows:

"Letter to the Viceroy by the Sergeant Major Francisco Gómez in the name of the soldiers of New Mexico, October 26, 1638.

"Most Excellent Sir: For forty years I have served his Majesty in these provinces, from the time of Governor Don Juan de Oñate, for which services his Excellency, Viceroy Marques de Cerralvo, honored me with the position of Sargento Mayor of these provinces". I now give to your Excellency an account of the condition of this country. It is, Señor, that the hostile Apaches are as turbulent as they have ever been; but being well chastised, it seems that at present they are discouraged and have retired. The land is more extended through the discoveries which our captain general has made. The opening of the dominion of Quivira has been unbelievable, because it was always understood that a greater force and expense were necessary. Although all the generals (governors) whom we had here, desired to make this discovery, no one ventured like our captain general, who attempted it and succeeded. It is no wonder that in his military exploits and regulations he has proved himself very much a soldier and has labored like one. Yet the religious here annoy him with their disputes (which are so common with them), and they are nevertheless called just; for with them there is no commandment but to follow custom. With all this they keep the country so poor and afflicted that the soldiers are desperate. This state of things is well understood, for the religious are the masters of the wealth of the land, and there is no civil judge. The ecclesiastical judge whom they have here, is expected to throw the mantle over their

defects. Those whom they have in this dominion have no care for the country; and they do not punish more severely than with a reproof, if perchance they send it. Hence they are the masters of the land as well as of the wealth thereof. With their claims they aim to use both jurisdictions. It is unfortunate that instead of having to reward a governor, he is molested, especially at present when he has governed and still governs, doing much in the service of his Majesty. He also bestows much credit on these poor soldiers with so much affability and familiarity in giving supplies that all are consoled and encouraged. Therefore, in the name of all, and with the order from all, I humbly supplicate your Excellency to do us the favor to continue him in this office, that in it we may receive favor.—Santa Fe, October 26, 1638.—Francisco Gómez."¹²

It is pretty clear from this lament that the soldiers and their chief were disgruntled, because they found their desires to exploit the Indians curbed by the missionaries. It is amusing to see Gómez declare that the poor friars were masters of the wealth of the land, when in reality they had but the use of the church, a room or two, and a little garden in which they raised vegetables for themselves so as not to burden the Indians.

The petition to continue the governor in office appears to have had no effect on the viceroy, if various modern writers may be believed, who make Don Fernando de Argüello governor in 1640, and have him succeeded in 1641 by Don Luis de Rozas. To the letter of Francisco Gómez, however, is attached, like a postscript, the following *Extracto*, which in English reads: "Extract. He gives account that, although the native Apaches are restless, they have been well chastised, and the land is more extended because of the discoveries made by Governor Don Luis de Rozas, and in particular of the dominion of Quivira, in which he demonstrated his bravery and the character of a true soldier; but all that is spoiled by the proceedings and rivalry of those religious."¹³ There is no date given. It purports to be a sort of synopsis of Gómez's letter, and is important only for the mention of the name of the governor, who was Luis de Rozas. Don Luis de Rozas, therefore, must have been governor in 1638, when Gómez addressed his petition to the viceroy, and he continued in office till 1641, when he was jailed to await the result of a review of his official acts. From the letter of Gómez it is clear that the situation in New Mexico was any-

thing but edifying. "Criminations and recriminations between the governor and the priests were the order of the day in detriment of the Spanish and Indian settlements."¹⁴

A letter of the King of Spain addressed to the viceroy throws more light on the deplorable state of affairs in New Mexico. Therein the king informs the viceroy that the Bishop of Puebla, Visitor General of the Tribunals of the City of Mexico,¹⁵ had written to him a letter dated July 25, 1642,¹⁶ in which the bishop informed his Majesty that the condition of affairs in New Mexico was the same as had been reported and even worse; that he (the bishop) had received a package of despatches from Nueva Vizcaya which inform him that the governor of New Mexico held as prisoner a man who had in jail stabbed Don Luis de Rozas, the former governor and captain general of that province. The man claimed to be a wronged husband¹⁷ whose charges the king thought revealed nothing but vile trickery against Rozas.¹⁸ The king directs that the viceroy call four men from each of the two contending parties to present their grievances, but to ignore all previous excesses. He was to have the Commissary General of the Franciscans also call three or four of the most troublesome friars to Mexico, and then to dispose everything in accordance with justice and the service of the king. The viceroy was likewise directed to inquire into the causes of the death of Rozas and to report the outcome to his Majesty.—Tarragona, July 14, 1643.¹⁹

¹⁵ Read, *Illustrated History*, p. 250.

¹⁶ This was the celebrated Bishop Juan de Palafox of Puebla.

¹⁷ Palafox was also viceroy at the time, reigning from June 10 to November, 1642.

¹⁸ "Con ocasion de que le habia hallado con su mujer."

¹⁹ "Siendo asi que se tiene por cierto que pusieron alla la mujer para tener ocasion de matarle tan alevosa y cruelmente."

²⁰ *Archivo General*, "Reales Cédulas," tomo II, no. 11, 1643-1647.

Have You Read the Latest?

Encyclical of Pope Benedict XV on the Third Order

Just the thing to gain
new members for the
Third Order.

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Franciscan Herald Press

⁹ *New Mexico and Arizona*, p. 164.

¹⁰ See *Franciscan Herald*, October, 1920.

¹¹ Ayer's *Benavides*, pp. 209-210.

¹² *Sargento Mayor de Provincia*, a kind of lieutenant governor.

¹³ *Archivo General*, "Provincias Internas," tomo 34, folio 28.

¹⁴ *Ibidem*.



Fireside Talks & Tales Children's Corner

CONDUCTED BY ELIZABETH ROSE

THE DANCE OF THE BLESSED SACRAMENT

IN THE famous old Spanish city of Seville, on the banks of the beautiful Guadalquivir, there takes place every year a celebration of the feast of Corpus Christi—which falls this year, you know, on May 26—that can be seen nowhere else in the world. Seville is a grand city. An old proverb—a German one, too, by the way, says, “He whom God loves has a house in Seville.” It has a Cathedral that is one of the most magnificent churches in the world, second only to St. Peter’s in Rome, and in some respects surpassing it. Think of its holding 45,000 people within its walls at one time! Its altar is of solid silver, its tabernacle of silver and gold; and in one of its side chapels lies the body of Christopher Columbus, moved there from Havana in 1898, at the time of the United States’ war with Spain about Cuba. But most extraordinary of all the sights it presents is the one which I am going to tell you about.

On the feast of Corpus Christi, and on every day during its octave, takes place the famous “Dance of the Blessed Sacrament.” Every evening at Benediction, when the vast cathedral is thronged with worshipers and the sanctuary filled with priests and acolytes, there appear before the altar, just at the *Tantum Ergo*, ten little boys, the oldest not more than thirteen years of age. All are beautifully dressed in the costume of court pages, white knee breeches, hose and slippers, and blouses of alternate blue and white stripes; while a broad sash of white crosses the breast from shoulder to waist. Advancing to the foot of the altar, they gracefully doff their caps, adorned with long drooping feathers, to Our Lord, enthroned before them. Then, turning to the Dean of the Cathedral, they drop on one knee, asking permission to dance. This given, they rise, and to the music of an orchestra, perform their solemn and beautiful dance, which is really a slow stepping in time to the music, making at the same time a number of religious symbols by these movements, such as the cross, the letters S. S. (the initials of *Santissimo Sacramento*—

Most Blessed Sacrament), etc. These little dancers are chosen for their fine voices; and all the time of their dance they sing hymns of praise to “*Su Majestad—His Majesty*,” as the Spaniards call Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament. Every now and then the orchestra stops, and the boys go on with their dance to the music of their castanets. The whole performance takes about twenty minutes. This dance is many centuries old; nobody knows now when or why it was started. Objections have often been raised to it, but never after it has once been seen. Then no one ever feels anything but admiration for the dance of the Blessed Sacrament and the little dancers.

QUEER NAMES FOR MONEY

IF SOMEBODY were to offer you a handful of money from different countries for your choice, which would you take—an angel of old English money, with the figure of St. Michael upon it, a sovereign or crown from its coin of today, a piece-of-eight from Spain, an Augustus from Saxony, a Frederick from Prussia, a William from Holland, a Maximilian from Bavaria, a Louis from old French money, a Christian from Denmark, or just a plain nickel, dime or dollar from our own United States? But all our names for money are not so plain as these last. We once had a strange one in Massachusetts, about 1642 or so. She had quite a good trade with the Dutch at that time, and one of their coins was called a ducat, which our state was well pleased to get hold of. But she changed its name to suit her own ideas, and called it a ducatour instead; and the piece-of-eight (equal to our dollar) which she accepted from Spain in her trade with that country she named a royal-of-eight. Why, except perhaps to show those old countries that the new one intended to have a say of her own about everything, nobody knows. On our side of the water, there was a coin that went far ahead of those foreign ones named after kings and crowns, for it was an eagle, soaring above the rest in value as well as reality; our eagle stands for a much larger amount of money than any of these named; and

long may he flap his wings over our pocketbooks!

Did you ever hear how our dollar came to be named? Centuries ago, there was a fine silver mine over in Bohemia in a place called St. Joachim’s Valley (Joachimsthal). The coin made of this particular silver was of such good reputation that it held a place of honor in all the countries of Europe; and many of them adopted the name in their own currency, only shortened to thaler, which is easily turned into dollar, as you may see. The name of our dime comes from an old French word no longer used, *disme*, meaning ten. The “s” is left out in pronunciation, and there you have your dime! You all know that a nickel gets its name from the metal of which it is made; but who among you own a fugio or shinplaster? If you have either of these curiosities of American money, hold on to them, for few people nowadays can boast of their possession. A fugio was the first coin ever issued by the United States, in the year 1787, and it was of copper. On the adverse, were thirteen circles, linked together, to represent the thirteen colonies of the time, with the inscription “We Are One,” and the denomination. On the reverse, was a dial with the hours marked upon it, and a sun above, on one side of which was the inscription “Fugio” (I flee), on the other the date, 1787. Below the dial, ran this pleasing piece of advice—“Mind Your Own Business!” Now, what do you think of that? I imagine the fugio did not make a very favorable impression, with its exceedingly rude remark. Anyhow, it has long since made way for politer forms of currency.

Now about that shinplaster. There was a great financial panic in the United States in the years 1837 and 1838, when there were very few small coins to be had any longer, so people who wanted sums of five to fifty cents gave little notes of their own for these sums to the merchants of whom they were buying. After awhile, the Government took this up and issued these small notes itself, thus making shinplasters into real money. About fifty years ago, after the Civil War, these shinplasters came in again.

HOW JACK SAVED HIS LIFE

"JACK, you've got to save your life yourself," said a sad young English soldier to his faithful terrier. Out of work, with no prospects, after doing his best over in France and giving to his country all he had, down to the possible loss of his own life. Jack's poor master took it very hard indeed that his country demanded the sacrifice of his dear little dog, because he hadn't the money to pay for a license for him. But Jack didn't know anything about that. He frisked and jumped and showed in every dog way that he could his delight in getting his beloved master back home again. How could he dream that the want of a few coins meant a parting that would be for good and all?

A bright thought suddenly struck the young soldier.

"Come on, old boy," he said, "let's see if we can't do something after all!" So he took him to a certain street corner in London where many people passed during the day, and fastened him to a post on the corner, with a tin can around his neck on which was fastened a card saying:

"Please help me to save my life—I can't buy my license!" Of course, everybody stopped and everybody read and everybody dropped something in his box, with a pat besides. In an hour or so Jack was a rich little dog, for he had more than enough for his license; and it would be hard perhaps to guess which was the happier as soldier and dog went off home together the closest of friends and the most loving of "buddies."

A HOLY FAN

SACRUM FLABELLUM is its name of ceremony, which sounds much more imposing than "Holy Fan," doesn't it? What do you think it is, and have you ever seen one? I am very sure you will say no to that last question, because there are none to be seen in this part of the world. But, if some day you go to Europe where many of these relics of past times are kept in the old cathedrals and churches, or to the East, where they are still in use at Mass, you will see fans such as you never thought of before. These holy fans were in the early days of the Church used in hot countries at Mass, from the Offertory to the end of Communion, by two deacons, standing on either side of the altar, gently fanning away from priest and altar all flies and winged insects so common in those countries. You know that even in our more temperate climate a hot day will bring all sorts of flying things about, gnats, mosquitoes, and so on. Now in the warm lands of Europe

and Asia, these pests might easily prove a serious distraction during divine service. At least so thought the good Christians of the time, and provided their deacons with fans that were not only useful, but real works of art. Generally made of parchment, linen, or peacock's feathers, they were often, however, fashioned out of pure gold or silver, beautifully worked and carved, and all had long handles of ivory attached to them. There were even church regulations about them. "Let two deacons stand on both sides of the altar holding small fans of parchment, peacock's feathers, or fine linen," says an ancient Book of Rules for Mass, "and keep away with gentle motion, flies, that they fall not into the chalice." A fan still used by the Christians of the East is a round disk of silver or brass, with little bells all around the edge. How pretty the sweet tinkle must sound! But I should not imagine it did much real work, that fan. Another of these fans is made in the shape of an angel's face, with wings on either side. Did you ever see a picture of the Pope being borne in procession on his chair of state (the *Sedia Gestatoria*, it is called)? On either side of him, walk two guards, carrying immense fans of peacock feathers, mounted on long handles of ivory. These fans are waved gently to and fro by guards as they pass along. I don't know whether the Holy Father particularly cares for this part of the ceremony or not, because you know everybody doesn't like being fanned—but his magnificent *flabella* are extremely ornamental and set off his snowy robes to great advantage.

Just one word more about our holy fan—you know that everything used in the service of the Church is a token or symbol of something much greater. These *Sacra Flabella* are said to represent the "breath of the Holy Spirit, driving away all vain and distracting thoughts during the sacrifice of the Mass from our minds."



Age of Innocence

THINGS FOR WHICH YOU WILL BE GLAD

When the years have slipped by and memory runs back over the path you have trod, you will be glad you stopped to speak to every friend you met, and left them all with a warmer feeling in their hearts, because you did so.

And you will be glad that you were happy when doing the small, everyday things of life, that you served the best you could in life's lowly round.

You will be glad that people have said all along your way: "I know I can trust her; she is as true as steel."

You will be glad there have been some rainy days in your life. If there were no storms, the fountains would dry up, the sky would be filled with poisonous vapors, and life would cease.

You will be glad that you stopped long enough every day to read carefully, and with a prayer in your heart, some part of God's message to those He loves.

You will be glad that you shut your ears tight against the evil things people said about one another, and tried the best you could to stay the words winged with poison.

You will be glad you brought smiles to people, and not sorrow.

THE FIRST SCHOOL IN AMERICA

DID you ever wonder when the first school in America was opened and where, and who were its first teachers and pupils, and if they studied just what you study nowadays? If you have never heard its story before, you will be rather surprised to find that this first school was not in our United States, which we so proudly think of as "America," without making any account of other parts of the Western Hemisphere which also bear the name. It is Mexico that claims the honor; and when you read the history of its foundation, I am sure you will agree with me that it was the most wonderful school ever opened. And never forget that its founder was a Franciscan friar called Fray Pedro de Gante (of Ghent). He was a man of royal birth, cousin of the famous Emperor Charles V of Germany (the father of that splendid Don Juan of Lepanto renown, of whom you read in the story of Rosary Sunday). But he left all the luxuries and pleasures of court life to become a Franciscan lay brother, and accompanied Cortez to the New World. When he landed among the Mexican Indians, he did not, of course, know one word of their language, or rather their different languages, because there was so many dialects among them that they didn't always understand one another. They were pagans, too. Unfortunately, more harm than good came to them from acquaintance with the followers of Cortez. Was it not a seemingly hopeless task for good Fray Pedro—the Christianizing and educating of these poor creatures? But he did it. By means of signs, at first, then by picture writing, which was their own method of putting down events, by picking up a word here and there of theirs and giving them in return the Spanish names of things around, he finally managed to make them understand him a little. Then with the help of some intelligent boys among the children, he gradually learned more and more himself, and taught them more and more, too. After awhile, he, with two other good Franciscans, started a little school, teaching in Spanish and a mixture of their own dialects. The Our Father, Hail Mary, Creed and Salve Regina he taught the children in Latin, as is the custom even now in Catholic countries. This is all old in a few words, but imagine the time, the patience, the courage it took to do it. The blessing of God was with Fray Pedro's work. It grew and prospered wonderfully. He succeeded in teaching these poor children not only the ordinary branches of the education

of the day—reading, writing, etc., but Latin, music, various trades, and even what we call the fine arts, such as painting, sculpture, carving, and so on. It was not very long before the grown people, too, came to him for instruction, desiring to share in the privileges of their children. It was not long, either, before he was bringing souls to God and spreading the light of faith all around.

The number of friars with him increased with the years. Other schools were opened, churches and chapels were built, the first printing press on the Western Continent was put up by them, eighty-three years before the one erected in our country at Cambridge, Massachusetts, in 1639. When Fray Pedro died, fifty years after his coming to Mexico, he left behind him, besides a number of churches built under his direction, a hospital, a college (the first in the New World), a High School (called the High School of San Francisco), and numerous smaller primary and free schools. Remember, all this was while in our part of America education was scarcely known except among the very best classes of settlers; and remember, too, that it was the work of a humble Franciscan lay brother, undertaken, in the face of difficulties that seemed impossible to overcome, for the love of God and his fellow creatures, and successful as such work alone ever is. Fray Pedro's name is almost unknown, except among Catholic readers of history. Unfortunately, too many of these even do not take interest enough in stories like his to become familiar with all that Catholics and especially our grand priests, monks and sisters, have done toward the making of history in our country. But tell me, don't you think that, after all, Fray Pedro was one of the greatest men who made America?

A LEAF THAT SAYS ITS PRAYERS

SUPPOSE you were walking along a road and saw such a fine looking tree that you stopped for a second glance; and suppose that just as you stopped, a dry, brown, withered leaf on it jumped deliberately up in the air and then sailed down to the ground, right at your feet—wouldn't you be astonished? Why, it would almost seem as if it were alive, and doing a little circus act for your benefit! Well, it is alive, sure enough, and makes its acrobatic feat intentionally. That leaf is a very lively insect, known as the Mantis. Now the Mantis family

is quite a large one and has numerous branches, and the "leaf" that stayed on that tree waiting for you to come along so that it could show off its jumping powers, belongs to one of these branches. His name is Phyllium Siccifolia. He has a shorter name in English, however, the "dry leaf" insect. He is also called the "prayer," because he has a fashion of resting on his hind legs and folding his front ones over his breast, looking for all the world as if he were piously saying his prayers. Don't have too good an opinion of him, for all that! Those same devout legs of his are remarkably strong weapons, exceedingly dangerous to his fellow insects. Friend "Prayer" is a ferocious fighter. If a fly or other small creature comes too close when Mr. Phyllium Siccifolia is at his devotions, the arms so reverently folded uncloseth like a flash, and woe to the victim! It seems to me that if our gentlemen's praying qualities were less deceptive, he would be held in higher estimation by his brethren of both human and insect creation.

ST. FRANCIS'S CAPTIVITY AT PERUGIA

ONCE, when there was war between Perugia and Assisi, Francis, with many of his fellow-citizens, was taken prisoner, and was kept with them in captivity at Perugia. However, as he was of noble bearing, he was imprisoned with the Knights. One day, when his fellow-prisoners were gloomy, he, being of a naturally cheerful and merry disposition, seemed not to be gloomy, but to be in some sort rejoicing. One of his companions chode with him for this, and told him he was behaving like a madman to rejoice even when in prison. Francis replied with warmth: "What is it you think about me? I shall be adored all over the world."

And when one of the Knights in whose company he had been put had done a wrong to one of his fellow-captives and on that account all the others were refusing to associate with the wrong-doer, Francis alone did not deny him his company, but urged the others to act likewise. At the end of a year peace was once more made between the two cities, and Francis and the other prisoners returned to Assisi.—3 Soc. 4.

MAKING HIS MARK

YOU all know that when the law requires the signature of a person who can not write, he must put this mark X to his name, written by someone else for him. But do any of you know why this particular letter of the alphabet is used for the purpose? There is a story back of it—a story full of meaning. That X stands for the name of Christ, the Greek form, where X represents our C, and also for His cross. Don't you all remember that St. Andrew the Apostle was crucified on a cross of this shape?

Long ago, far back in those centuries we call the ages of faith, when there was but the one true religion for the followers of our Lord, every man, from king down to humblest peasant (the kings in those days weren't always as well educated as one would suppose!) put an X after his name signed to any paper. This was to declare publicly that on his faith as a Christian man and by his reverence for the cross of his Redeemer, the statement he made was a true one. So you see, this X, used now only by illiterate people, was at first the very highest testimony a man could give of his good faith and truthfulness. That one little letter stood for an act of belief in God, of dependence on Him as a witness who could not be denied, and a pledge of Christian homage and reverence. Some of our young folk who study algebra know x as the sign of an unknown quantity. But there was no unknown quantity about Christian, his (X) mark—was there? On the contrary, it was packed full of meaning.

FRIENDSHIP

You will like the following definitions of friendship:

"Friendship is to be valued for what there is in it, not for what can be gotten out of it. When two people appreciate each other because each has found the other convenient to have around, they are not friends; they are simply acquaintances with a business understanding. To seek friendship for its utility is as futile as to seek the end of the rainbow for a bag of gold. A true friend is always useful in its highest sense."

"Every man should keep a far-sized cemetery in which to bury the faults of his friends."

"True friends visit us in prosperity when invited, but in adversity they come without invitation."

"Our friends see the best in us and by that very fact call forth the best in us."

"It is best not to try to get the best of your best friends."

A FIRESIDE TALK

WE DON'T need any fire, though, do we? Here it is May, beautiful May, Our Lady's month and the month of flowers and pleasant airs and spring-time feeling all about. I hope all the Young Folks are going a-maying and I wish that Elizabeth Rose could go with every single party of them! But then there are so many of us and so widely separated. The Puzzle Column shows us that every month. From Maine to California, up spring the Young Folks of the FRANCISCAN HERALD. How about some of you writing an account of your maying for others who may not have been so fortunate as to get that pleasure? Try your hand at it, anybody who wishes, and see how your story will look in print. And tell me, too, how you like the little Packages you get each month, and how your scrapbooks are getting on, and anything else you want to talk about. And as the Fireside is the pleasant place of all to chat in, we will get up from that Table this month with just a few *Do's* instead of the *Don'ts* we've been considering.

POLITENESS PACKAGE No. 5

AT TABLE—III

Of course, you know you should not take The last piece on the dish of cake, Or fruit or bread, or anything Others, as you, are coveting. If, uninvited, this you seize, Most sure your manners will not please! But if this piece is *offered* you, The proper thing for you to do, If you desire it, is to take And with no worry eat your cake. Your hostess then will not feel sore At noting you have doubts of more. O no! far rather let her see Faith in her generosity, Trust that there's more for other guests No doubt upon that matter rests! When handing up your plate at table Be sure, as trim as you are able, Your knife and fork upon your plate To put as one, not separate. Some people keep them both in hand— They don't our fine point understand! You're not the guest who cool demands What not upon the table stands, So on this point we'll take no thought— You always do just what you ought, Remembering, though it may be bother, Etiquette means thought of another; For others' comfort is each action, And thus one's own real satisfaction.

* * * * *

Our meal was good, our manners too— So now to Table an adieu.

THE PUZZLE CORNER

A SHIELD

1. One of the Waverly novels
2. A city of Georgia.
3. Sports.
4. To lament.
5. Very large
6. A kind of lily.
7. To talk idly.
8. Part of a piano.
9. Thin.
10. A girl's name.
11. A letter.

The central letters, reading downward, will spell the name of an American patriot born in 1722.

A TRIANGLE

- 1 to 2—A member of a certain Catholic order.
 - 1 to 3—A thinking sound.
 - 2 to 3—In that place.
- The central letters, from 1 to 4, will spell the name of a general who figured in the recent war.

PI

Eht cevio fo noe how soeg ferboe, of keam Heth santh fo nuje remo nbutaleu, si neith, Tewes ayim!

A RIVER PUZZLE

What English river is a letter of the alphabet?
What English river is a grain?
What English river is a Spanish title?
What English river is a kind of cloth?
What English river recalls our first parents?

A Mix-up in the Garden

1. Yill; 2. Nacrantol; 3. Thinahye; 4. Ppopy; 5. Ptlut; 6. Qjnouil; 7. Xipoh; 8. Sero; 9. Svoltel; 10. Dagrneal.
- Mary Cassidy, Baltimore, Md.

A Musical Puzzle

- 1—For fish;
- 2—for reporters;
- 3—for tired people;
- 4—for prisoners;
- 5—for feeble walkers;
- 6—for animals;
- 7—for weathers;
- 8—for locksmiths;
- 9—for a foundation;
- 10—for fishermen;
- 11—for people who need room;
- 12—for wheels.

ANSWERS TO APRIL PUZZLES.

Divided Words.

For-tune, Rein-deer, A-mend, Need-less, Keep-sake, Lark-spur, In-deed, Nut-meg.

Cities of the U. S.

Dayton, Hartford, Jamestown, Newark, Oakland, Springfield, Taunton, Waterbury, Bridgeport, Canton.

Cube	Half Square
o a r r o w	d i a m o n d
b a r l e y n	a m u s e
o t e e d	m u s e
r i a e e	n e
r n e a r e	n e
o o l o	d
w h o l l y	

Correct Solutions

Louisa Knapstein, Sappington, Mo.
Frances Whiting, Dyersville, Iowa.
Margaret Galligan, Jersey City, N. J.
Isabelle Baker, Casey, Ill.
Horense Gallet, Pocatello, Idaho.
Aloys Vath, Reading, Pa.

Miscellaneous

THE MADONNA IN ART

By ANNETTE S. DRISCOLL

TIME WAS when misconception of the true nature of the honor paid to the Madonna caused many to disregard her share in the great scheme of the redemption. A friend once told of his mother's consternation at his bringing into the home a picture of the Madonna; but today it would be hard to find a home or a school without at least one such representation; and many, no doubt, in gazing upon the lovely features depicted by the skilful hands, and inspired by the loving reverence of the great masters, have been moved to cry out with Longfellow:

"If our faith had given us nothing more
Than this example of all womanhood,
So mild, so merciful, so strong, so good,
So patient, peaceful, loyal, loving, pure,
This were enough to prove it higher and
truer
Than all the creeds the world had known
before."

To help our non-Catholic friends to a proper understanding of the Catholic

attitude towards Mary, we must inspire them with new thoughts about her. Who does not love the silver radiance of the moon? Yet who, while bathing in her soft refulgence, forgets for one instant that it is but the faint reflection of the splendor of the glorious orb of day, so infinitely greater and more brilliant? Since, with even a moment's thought, we must admit that the combined homage of all who have ever lived would be incomparable to the honor paid to Mary by the Creator, when He chose her to be the Mother of the Redeemer, let us say to our friends, with Dante—

"Raise your view
Unto the visage most resembling
Christ."

A popular book published under the title of this paper, states that the Madonna was introduced into Christian art in the fourth century; but we have indisputable evidence from the important discoveries of the Chevalier de

Rossi, the famous archaeologist, of the existence of a veritable Madonna painted on the wall of the most ancient chamber in the catacomb of St. Priscilla, before the martyrdom of SS. Peter and Paul, under whose benediction St. Priscilla had been taken from her home to the catacomb chamber. This picture represents the Mother "with her Divine Son on her lap, nourishing Him at her breast, from which He turns as if to listen to the prophet Isaiah standing before them and pointing to a star, typifying the star which Balaam had predicted should rise out of Jacob, and now reposing in His Virgin Mother's arms." It is said that this picture not only sets forth the theology of the Incarnation, but that it has the grace and infantine simplicity so char-

acteristic of Raphael's Madonnas. Yet this remarkable Madonna is only one of many in these subterranean chambers. From that early period to the present time, this theme has been a favorite with every great artist; and while not all have risen to the sublimity of their subject, many masterpieces have been bequeathed to us which seem almost divinely inspired.

Perhaps the best known as well as the greatest of these is the matchless Sistine Madonna, of which Mrs. Jameson, the author of an exhaustive and most delightful treatise on the Madonna in art, speaks thus:

"There she stands—the transfigured woman, at once completely human and completely divine; an abstraction of power, purity and love, poised on the empurpled air, and requiring no other support; looking out, with her slightly dilated sibilant eyes, quite through the universe, to the end and consummation of all things; sad, as if she beheld afar off the visionary sword that was to reach her heart through Him now resting as enthroned on that heart; yet already exalted through the homage of the redeemed generations who were to salute her as Blessed. Six times have I visited the city made glorious by this treasure, and as often, when again at a distance, with recollections disturbed by feeble copies and prints, I have begun to think, 'Is it so indeed? Is she indeed so divine? Or does not rather the imagination encircle her with a halo of religion and poetry, and lend a grace which is not really there?' And as often when returned, I have stood before it, and confessed that there is more in that form and face than I have ever yet conceived."

The sister arts of music, poesy, and painting are ever in truest harmony; and well may we fancy it was the study of this great picture that caused Wordsworth to exclaim:

"Mother! whose virgin bosom was uncrossed
With the least shade of thought to sin allied!
Woman! above all women glorified;
Our tainted nature's solitary boast!"—



The Virgin

Carlo Dolci

or Shelley, to address the Virgin Mother as

"Sweet Benediction in the eternal curse!
Veil'd glory of this lamplless Universe!
Thou Moon beyond the clouds! Thou
Star above the storm!

Thou Mirror, in whom, as in the splendor of the Sun,

All shapes look glorious which thou gazest on";—

and quite possibly also, we may owe to this same picture the inspiration which led Robert Browning to say:

"There is a vision in the heart of each,
Of justice, mercy, wisdom, tenderness
To wrong and pain, and knowledge
of their cure;

And these embodied in a woman's form
That best transmits them, pure as first
received

From God above her to mankind
below!"

In making a study of Christian art in general, and of this branch of it in particular, we are confronted with many striking proofs that the artists of the early and the Middle Ages possessed a surprising knowledge of the Sacred Scriptures long before the invention of printing had made it possible for the laity to possess their own Bibles. Be it said in passing that a certain period has been commonly called the Dark Ages; but if it is still sometimes referred to in that way, it is, perhaps, as a modern writer says, because so many people are still in the dark in regard to it. Modern research has shown that this period has been greatly misunderstood and misrepresented; and we of the present day may well shudder at the thought of the impression our own times will certainly produce on coming generations who may chance to read some of our current literature and the so-called representative dailies of our great cities.

These proofs of familiarity with the sacred writings are found in the delineation of the many types of the Virgin mentioned in the Old and New Testaments. Among these are the sun and the moon—"a woman clothed with the sun, having the moon under her feet, and on her head a crown of twelve stars"; the star, Stella Maris, Star of the Sea, being one interpretation of the Jewish name, Miriam or Mary; the rose and the lily—I am the rose of Sharon, and lily of the valleys"; the enclosed garden spoken of in the Song of Solomon; the closed gate mentioned in Ezekiel; the burning bush beheld by Moses, which burned and was not consumed; the ark of the covenant which contained the Logos or Word; the rod of Aaron which blossomed miraculously; Gideon's fleece, which received the dew of heaven while all was dry around.

Many similar examples might be given. Eve, Rachel, Ruth, Judith, and Esther are all regarded as types of Mary, and are represented in many paintings of the Madonna.

So great is the accumulation of Madonna pictures that critics deem it necessary to have some method of classification in order to aid in the study of them. It will suffice to make the two simple divisions of the Virgin without the Child and the Virgin with the Child.

In the first of these divisions, we find her represented as "the second Eve, the mother of all suffering humanity; the Woman of the primeval prophecy, whose issue was to bruise the serpent's head; the Virgin predestined from the beginning of the world, who was to bring forth the Redeemer of the world;" and in an endless variety of ways which there is no time even to mention.

But it is probably when depicted as Mother of the divine Child that the Madonna is most widely known and loved, as the sweet and holy bond of motherhood is the one above all others which appeals to every heart. Even those whose thought goes no deeper, are touched by the beautiful examples of this branch of the subject of the Madonna. Who can gaze unmoved at any of the exquisite creations of Raphael, Da Vinci, Bouguereau, Correggio, Titian, Bodenhausen, Dürer, Botticelli, Murillo, and the hosts of others who have given us all these inspiring types of both the Mother and the Babe?

Mrs. Estelle M. Hurl thus concludes her charming book "The Madonna in Art":

One more picture remains for us to consider. Had we mentioned it first, nothing further could have been said on the subject. The Sistine Madonna is above all words of praise; all extravagance of expression is silenced before her simplicity. Hers is the beauty of perfectly developed womanhood. The perfect poise of her figure is not more



Raphael.

The Sistine Madonna

marked than the perfect poise of her character. Not one false note, not one exaggerated emphasis jars upon the harmony of body, soul and spirit. Confident, but entirely unassuming; serious, but without sadness; joyous, but not to mirthfulness; eager, but without haste, she moves steadily forward with steps timed to the rhythmic music of the spheres. The child is no burden, but a part of her very being. The two are one in love, thought and purpose. Sharing the secret of His sacred calling, the Mother bears her Son forth to meet His glorious destiny. Art can pay no higher tribute to Mary, the Mother of Jesus, than to show her in this phase of her motherhood. We sympathize with her maternal tenderness, lavishing fond caresses upon her Child. We go still deeper into her experience when we see her bowed with sweet humility before the cares and duties she is called upon to assume. But we are admitted to the most cherished aspirations of her soul, when we see her oblivious of self, carrying the Child forth to the service of humanity. It is thus that she becomes one of His 'witnesses unto the people'; it is thus that 'all generations shall call her blessed'."

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"FOR OUR LADYE'S LOVE"

By MARIAN NESBITT

IN MAY, when our thoughts naturally turn to special practices of devotion to God's holy Mother, it is surely of interest to find how our Lady was honored during the Ages of Faith.

Perhaps we may not all be aware that fasting on the Vigils of the Feasts of "St. Mary" was strictly enjoined; and if we care to trace the history of this pious custom, as it reveals itself to us in ancient documents and statutes, we shall see that according to the Canons of Aelfric it was ordained that "all the nation should fast before the Mass-days of St. Mary and of the Holy Apostles." This was toward the close of the tenth century.

Even as far back as the days of King Alfred, that great and good and wise ruler decreed that freemen should be held exempt from servile work—not only on Sundays and Holidays, but for twelve days at Christmas, seven days before and seven days after Easter, also "the whole week before St. Mary Mass in harvest" (i. e., the festival of the Assumption).

Again, the laws of St. Ethelred, A. D. 1008, run thus: "Let all St. Mary's feast-tides," he says, "be strictly honored, first with fasting, and afterwards with feasting."

In Anglo-Saxon times, only four feasts of our Lady were observed in England; viz., the Purification, the Annunciation, the Assumption, and September 8th, her birthday. But, in 1287, the Synod of Exeter extended the obligation to the Feast of our Lady's Conception. So, too, did a Provincial Council of Canterbury, in 1328; whilst in Scotland, six feasts of the Blessed Virgin were kept, with fasting on the eves. Moreover, it may be noted here that, in some places, "even the feast of the Assumption itself was kept as a fast," out of profound reverence for the mystery of the Incarnation.

How firmly established this custom of fasting had become, we see from the records of that great Franciscan prelate, John Peckham, Archbishop of Canterbury, who in the year 1283, thus writes: "Since the whole life of Mary was a fast, and since she made use of food to sustain life, not to minister to the palate and her continual abstinence had made her like a column of incense as-

cending upwards,—to honor her, and to imitate her example, our holy father St. Francis used to keep a perpetual fast from the Feast of the Holy Apostles (SS. Peter and Paul), to the Feast of her Assumption. We, therefore, applauding the example of our pious father, to the honor of this great Empress and trusting in her overflowing merits, grant to all Christ's faithful, being truly penitent, who shall fast the whole of the forty days preceding the Feast of the Assumption, ten days indulgence for each day." It is scarcely necessary to state that the Archbishop himself, being a true son of the Seraph

was not forgotten that this Saturday fast was sometimes quaintly called, "drinking with the duck and dining but once."

St. Peter Damian speaks of the "beautiful custom which has grown up in some churches of celebrating Mass in Mary's honor, unless some feast or feria in Lent prevent it."

The same Saint did much himself to promote devotion to the "Mary Mass," as well as to encourage the recitation of the Little Office of Our Lady and the fast of Saturday.

Pope Urban II, at the Council of Claremont, A. D. 1094, decreed that the Little Office must be recited daily, together with the Divine Office and celebrated with solemnity on Saturdays; and it is interesting to find that he introduced the Preface of the Blessed Virgin in the Missal.

As time went on, we know that, not on Saturdays alone but daily, it was the custom in most of our cathedrals, collegiate churches, and abbeys to sing the Mass of Our Lady, "which was celebrated at an early hour and quite independently of the festival of the day"—the priest appointed for this particular duty being known as the "Seynt Mary Priest"—a title constantly recurring in old wills.

As regards the observance of Saturday, it is beyond question that, even prior to the eleventh century, this day was considered to be specially dedicated to the Mother of God. Not the least interesting among the many indubitable proofs furnished by old records, is the reference to it made by St. Columbkille in his touching farewell poem to Aran.

Another practice, singularly in keeping with the devout spirit of bygone days, consisted in giving an extra portion to the sick on Saturdays. Thus we find Geoffrey, sixteenth abbot of St. Albane, A. D. 1119-1146, endowing the infirmary with the church of St. Peter in the town, in order that the refectory of the infirmary might be supplied with "a charity" of wine, or meat, every Saturday; or, "on another day of the week, instead of Saturday, when the commemoration of our Lady was kept."

At the Premonstratensian Abbey of Shapp, in Westmoreland, on every Saturday an alms of a loaf of bread—



Madonna

Sassoferato

of Assisi, kept this "Lent" of his Order for Our Lady's love. He also granted the above indulgence to those whose health would not bear the strain of so long a fast, if they undertook to fast on occasional days.

Old records prove that voluntary fasts in honor of the Blessed Virgin, were also undertaken on Saturdays; and by some, on Tuesdays and Thursdays. Others again, fasted on Wednesdays, out of love for Our Lady of Mount Carmel. Saturday was held in the greatest veneration; and on that day, we learn, women, especially, "were most devoutly content with one refec-tion of bread and water only." It must



Fra Filippo Lippi.

The Virgin with the Child

called "Saynte Mary's loaf"—used to be given; and we read of a generous Bishop of Norwich, Walter de Suffield, that he left sundry articles to his nephew, on condition that the latter, as long as he lived, should feed "one hundred poor on the Assumption of the Blessed Virgin, and also give a dinner to a poor person every day in the year."

Again, it was the pious custom of Archbishop Winchelsey, of Canterbury, on the four solemn feasts of St. Mary and on the feast of her Conception, to distribute one hundred and fifty pennies to an equal number of poor persons, "in praise of Our Lady."

Royal personages also gave alms on these feasts. It is sufficiently evident, therefore, that, while those full of health and strength chastised their bodies by vigorous self-denial in the matter of food, even this was not enough; but they must needs show their devotion to the Queen of Heaven in yet another "eminent good work"—viz., almsgiving.

In England, among other corporal austerities practiced in honor of Our Lady, a very favorite one appears to have been the wearing of a hair shirt. These shirts were made of horse-hair twine, netted—some of them having sleeves. It would be difficult to imagine a more painful form of mortification. From the biographers of the glorious Martyr, St. Thomas of Canterbury, we learn that he clothed himself "with hard hair, full of knots, which was his shirte, and his breche was of the same." Nor were

women less courageous in this matter, for history records that the pious mother of St. Edmund of Canterbury, "wore hard hair for *Our Lady's Love*."

In conclusion—for such examples might be almost indefinitely multiplied—it should not be forgotten, especially in these days, when everything in the nature of penance has been so greatly mitigated, that Blessed Thomas More, when "he was about eighteen or twenty years old, used oftentimes to wear a sharp shirt of hair next to his skin, which he never left off wholly—no, not when he was Lord Chancellor of England." He added, also, we are told, "to this austeritie, a discipline every Friday and high fasting days."

But enough has been said to show how sincere was the veneration paid to her who was called by an old writer "that star that succoureth mankind in the troublous sea of this world and bringeth her lovers to the haven of health."

SALUTATION OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN

Hail, holy Lady, most holy Queen, Mother of God, Mary who art ever Virgin, chosen from Heaven by the most Holy Father, whom He has consecrated with the most holy beloved Son and the Ghostly Paraclete, in whom was and is all the fullness of grace and all good. Hail thou His palace! Hail thou His tabernacle! Hail thou His house. Hail thou His garment! Hail thou His handmaid! Hail thou His Mother and all ye holy virtues which by the grace and illumination of the Holy Ghost thou infusest in the heart of the faithful, that from infidels ye mayest make them faithful to God.

ST. FRANCIS.

THE OUTLAWS OF RAVENHURST

(Continued from page 202.)

die. I must live for my son's sake, And you, boy, you could let that smooth-tongued Godfrey make you hate her! No, no, those words were too sharp! Forgive me, child! You are only a lad. How could you know the depths of your mother's love?"

Gordon's eyes were full of misery. "Uncle Stephen, mother said you are a priest."

"Well, I am, child."

"Then couldn't I—couldn't I—go to confession to you here? I can not keep these awful sins upon my soul. And, uncle, I am fasting. Perhaps—that is—there any way for me to receive Holy Communion? Maybe then I wouldn't be so bad any more."

Father Stephen took the little, tear-stained face in his hands. "I have frightened you overmuch, my child. You have been sorely tempted, but I do not think that you have sinned grievously. If Sir Roger were to hear that you had received the sacraments, he would be angry."

"He often gets angry. I shall not mind that."

"This will be a very different sort of anger. He is cruel, as all cowards are. There will be no one who will dare to defend you."

"He could not make me suffer more than Sir Angus suffered. My father suffered, and mother is suffering now."

There was joy in the soul of Stephen Douglas. Many were the prayers he had said, many the penances offered that this day might come. "So you are ready, little Gordon, ready to take your first step on the path of those who suffer for God. Then come, and God bless you." Taking a cloth, he began to bind it over the boy's eyes.

"Why are you covering my eyes?"

"It is not wise for you to know where the good Lord is hiding."

"Do you think I will tell?" cried Gordon, cut to the heart. "Oh, bad as have been, I would not do that!"

"No, no, child! You would not tell! I did not mean that, but Godfrey will ask sharp questions and judge by your face when he finds the truth. Bertrand's son is cunning, child; but he can no learn from you what you do not know. So, you will go with the bandages over your eyes. There is a long walk before you. Say your prayers as you go."

A long walk it was indeed, with many turns and twists. At last Father Stephen spoke. "Be careful now! We are to go down steps." Down, down they went, and then on again. It was damp and cold. Gordon knew it was a cellar; but never thought the prudent friar had led him about in the wood only to take him into the same ruin from which he had brought him. At last Stephen turned a key in a lock, opened a door, and removed the bandages. They were in a place so dark that Gordon could scarcely see. A little, trembling light burned red through the darkness. The enemies were too many. Only the holy stillness spoke of the Guest Divine, and the little Gordon knelt to adore.

(To be continued)

IN THE WORLD OF BOOKS

BY PAUL H. RICHARDS

I HAVE a strong affection for book-stalls, and had much rather buy a book at one than in a shop. In the first place it would be cheaper; in the second place it would be a little worn, and I should become the possessor not only of the volume but of its associations with other lovers of books who turned over its leaves, reading here and there, envying the future purchaser. For books, as long as they are well used, increase in value as they grow in age.

Who would wish to read Hamlet in a volume redolent of printer's ink and binder's glue? Who would read a clean new copy of Robinson Crusoe when he might have one that had seen service in a circulating library or had been well thumbed by several generations of adventure loving boys? A book to me is like a hat or a coat—a very uncomfortable thing until the newness is worn off.

"My Unknown Chum," from which this passage is taken, is a new book, and yet an old one, newly reprinted. Its author, who hides under the pen name Aguecheek, the original title of the book, tells us that he was a child when George Washington died, and that his book was written in his gray and out years. By such references we may fix its birth at about 1850. Its recall from long oblivion is due to the enterprise of a providential admirer, Mr. Henry Garrity, of the Devin-Adair Company, who writes the foreword. He claims that its conversational charm, its culture and wisdom will make it a hum to the new readers. His enthusiasm carried us along, till we have at least discovered why authors, book-keepers, and scholars will treasure the book as a chum. The unknown author as a complete classical education, rounded by travel, social experience, reading and piety. He makes countless quotations, allusions, figures of speech, points of taste and preference which establish intimacy between him and any readers. We quickly note that his gift for quotation is remarkable, an evidence of a well-stored and orderly memory as well as wit and wisdom. He is full of "whims" such as the preference for old, marked books—a trait in which humorous, lovable personages as Joyce Kilmer and R. L. Stevenson. Even we ourselves prefer a clean new copy of "Crusoe" and like to do our own marking first, we easily get his point, remembering Kilmer's clever essay, "A bouquet for Jenny," drawn fromarked copies.

His allusion to the familiar classics

takes this form, in the sketch of Ancient Rome:

"His vague notions of history assume a more distinct form. The twelve Caesars pass before his mind's eye like the spectral kings before the Scotch usurper. The classics which he used to neglect so shamefully at school, the historical lessons which he thought so dull, have been endowed with life and interest by that one glance of his astonished eye. But if he loved the classics in his youth—if the wanderings of Aeneas and the woes of Dido charmed instead of tiring him—"

But we must leave this passage to glean other good things. The author is safely out of range of the horrors of our day, and has a perspective which shows us the tendencies which now have climaxed the great perils. Education, blue laws, beggars and moral cant are but a few of the modern live topics he shrewdly disposes of. His praise of the Catholic Church is constant; thus, in Modern Rome:

"For myself I am not inclined to complain either of the beggars or of the merciful government which refuses to look upon them as offenders against its laws. On the contrary, it appears to me rather creditable than otherwise to Rome that she is so far behind the age, as not to class poverty with crime among social evils. I have a sincere respect for this feature of the Catholic Church; this regard for the poor as her most precious inheritance, and this unwillingness that her children should think that because she has organized a vast system of benevolence, they are absolved of the duty of private charity. In this wisdom which thus provides for the exercise of kindly feelings in almsgiving, may be found one of the most attractive characteristics of the Roman Church."

Revealing himself constantly in part, the unknown author retains his charm of mystery which whets our curiosity. "My grandfather was a lover of books and possessed a good deal of general information," he tells us. It recalls O. W. Holmes' requirement for the making of a gentleman—several generations and a large library in which to knock around as a child. At times one suspects the author is not a Catholic, but merely an admirer from without. Again one fancies he may be a religious, writing in light vein. Again delightful flippancy is found in the chapter on Shakespeare and his Commentators, in which with much wit and humor he attempts to prove satirically that Hamlet was of Irish parentage. The phil-

osophy of cant presents some of his most forceful utterances. His quotations and allusions, which have ranged through Shakespeare, Dickens, "The Arabian Nights," "Crusoe," "Mother Goose," Adelaide and Jane Taylor's nursery rhymes, here change to reference to Scripture, St. Francis of Assisi, and St. Thomas Aquinas whom in wholly Catholic language he calls the Angelic Doctor.

"My Unknown Chum" is certainly a book for rereading. From the first reading we take a memory of many things suggested and presented which will require time for meditation to be fully appreciated. Its tone and style emphasize the change which has taken place in society and in literature in the last fifty years. It is especially a restful book for today, a book best appreciated by readers in good health and vigor of soul and body.

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A SPRING PRAYER

Give me the joy of spring
That comes before the flowers,
The breeze that melts the snow
In darkling hours,
The softening of the wind,
The crow's first call,
The genial sunbeam's warmth
That blesses all.

Bring me the joy of spring
That dawns before the leaves,
The stirring wind of grace
In soul that grieves,
The urge of hope in a heart
Dull as a clod,
The lift of faith in a soul
Remembering God.

Bring me the grace of spring
Oft and again,
Sweet is the gift of tears
As April rain,
Sweet is the faint far call
Of deeds that wait,
Sweet to praise God for spring
Early or late.

—Catharine McPartlin

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BOOK REVIEWS

California Trails—An Intimate Guide to the Old Missions, by Trowbridge Hall.

Tourists who visit the Old Missions of California will find this volume an entertaining and sympathetic companion. Following the ancient missionary route, known as *El Camino Real* (The Royal Highway), the author takes the tourist to each of the twenty-one missions that extend along the Pacific Coast for a distance of six hundred miles, from San Diego de Alacala in the south to San Francisco Solano in the north. Though not all he says will pass muster as history strictly so-called and though a number of statements will elicit a smile from Catholic readers, Mr. Hall brings dates and figures quite accurately and all in all writes sympathetically of the Franciscan friars who more than a century ago toiled and prayed and suffered in California for the spiritual and temporal uplifting of perhaps the lowest type of American Indians. With the keen perception and deep feeling of a real poet, he describes the famous *Camino Real* so richly garbed in all the charms of natural scenery. To the credit of the publishers he said that, as to illustrations and general make-up, the volume will prove an ornament as well for the parlor table as for the book case. Those who contemplate a tour through the Land of Sunshine and a visit to its twenty-one old missions, will do well to provide themselves with a copy of Mr. Hall's "California Trails." While perusing its pages as they travel from mission to mission, they should bear in mind, however, that the author does not pretend to offer them a complete documentary history, but only, as he himself says, "such historic facts, chit-chat and fable as will be of interest even to the casual reader and traveler."

Life of St. Leonard of Port Maurice, O. F. M.—By Fr. Dominic Devas, O. F. M.

"Precious metals, rich seams of gold, are laid bare only with difficulty . . . but stones of real value must be sought for on the rocky crests of high mountains," says St. Leonard of Port Maurice, the story of whose life has been recently retold by Fr. Dominic Devas, O. F. M. The above words, uttered by the noted Franciscan missionary, in his sermon preached on the occasion of the erection of the Stations of the Cross in the Colosseum at Rome, remind us that such servants of God are in truth only to be found on the summits of sanctity. How brilliant is a pearl of great value

set in a golden ring," exclaims St. Leonard, in the same discourse, referring to the beautiful devotion which he labored so strenuously to propagate; and every detail in Fr. Dominic's narrative goes to prove that St. Leonard was not the least precious of the pearls set in the shining circle of Franciscan Blessed Ones, who form "a golden ring" round their glorious Founder. Leonard was, moreover, a very human saint, endowed with a liberal amount of wisdom, sound sense, and judgment, combined with a loftiness of aim and singleness of purpose, that in addition to his intense humility and rigid observance of his holy rule, made him a model friar.

All this is very pleasantly and clearly set forth in the book before us, not the least agreeable portion of which is the account of the "Solitude of St. Mary of Incontro;" for, like most of the Saints, Leonard was moved by an overmastering desire for, and a firm belief in, the immense spiritual strength to be derived from an occasional complete withdrawal into some silent sequestered spot, there to spend each day in prayer, "gazing upon the eternity of God." But perhaps his character and temper may be best described in his own words—words which so plainly indicate the object of his special devotion. "I wish all I do from Mass to Compline," he says, "to be so many acts of thanksgiving for the great benefit I have received; and from Compline to Mass, to be all in preparation for this august sacrifice." Some attractive illustrations adorn this volume.

Burns, Oates & Washbourne, Ltd., London. Benziger Brothers, \$1.75 net.

Children of God—By Mark Moeslein, C. P.

Bound in paper and comprising 225 pages, this little book is "a summary of Catholic Doctrine for busy people." Says the preface: "The purpose of these pages is to unfold Catholic teaching about man's coming from God and his destiny to be a member of God's family of adopted children both in time and in eternity . . ." The fruits of the teaching of Darwin's theory of evolution are today becoming more apparent than ever to the average mind. It is not every one, however, who when beset with the confusion attending this realization, will turn back to the catechism studied in childhood. Hence, freshly written books such as "Children of God" supply an urgent need of numbers of men and women today. Its chapters have continuity in their interest, and the

author supplies in the brief space abundant quotation from Scripture. Besides a complete exposition of Catholic doctrine, the explanations touch upon many difficulties and doubtful points, queries and reflections which will arouse the reader's mind to fruitful thinking. The spiritual appeal of the book is deep and strong. It impels to practical Catholicity, to the earnest and constant consideration and practice of the truths which we may already know but which have lain fallow in the mind for a long time. Points often brought out in "The Question Box" in Catholic periodicals are included, together with brief, scholarly discussion of deeper matter.

The C. Wilderman Co., New York. 50 cents.

The Catholic's Manual

This prayer book is without doubt one to be recommended. A glance at the table of contents will convince any one that it is eminently useful both at home and in church. It contains prayers suitable for every occasion that may arise in the life of the average Catholic. Taken mostly from the ever new and beautiful liturgy of the Church, they are replete with thought and unction. The brief instructions in the beginning of the book and at the head of each chapter serve to awaken devotion. Though it contains more pages than the average prayer book, it is less bulky. The type is clear, the binding excellent, the price quite reasonable.

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Franciscan News

Italy.—Count Pietromarchi, who has been appointed by the Holy Father President of the Popular Union, is a Franciscan Tertiary and Prefect of the fraternity of the Immaculate Conception in Rome. The Italian Tertiaries are foremost in every movement for the betterment of the social conditions of their countrymen.

The whole world is preparing to celebrate the sixth centenary of the death of Dante Alighieri. In Italy, France, Spain, Switzerland, Holland, Czechoslovakia, Germany, North and South America committees have been formed to commemorate the event in a manner worthy of the greatest of Christian poets. Dante belongs to the whole world; but in a special manner he belongs to the Franciscan Order. Not only did he glorify the Seraphic Saint in immortal verses, but he wore his garb; and vested in it he was laid to rest in the church dedicated to the Saint at Ravenna.

The ancient basilica of St. Sebastian together with the adjacent catacombs outside the city walls has been entrusted to the care of the Friars Minor of the Roman Province of Araceli.

Spain.—The new Bishop of Strassbourg, Mgr. Ruch, himself a member of the Third Order, is very much interested in establishing associations of Tertiary priests in the principal centers of his diocese.

Fr. Lucio M. Nuñez, Commissary General of the Third Order in Spain, has announced the following topics for discussion at the national convention of the Third Order in Spain: missions, press, dress reform, stage, moving pictures, social activity of women, labor, democracy. A national pilgrimage of Spanish Tertiaries has been organized to arrive at Assisi in time for the great international convention.

Palestine.—One of the most noted lecturers on archeological questions of the Orient is Fr. Gaudencio Orfali, O. F. M. He has recently held a series of lectures on the ruins of the synagogue of Corozain and of the church of Gethsemane, which was unearthed some time since.

A new magazine *Tierra Santa*, published by the Franciscans of the Custody of the Holy Land, in the interest of the sacred places, has made its appearance. It consists of twenty-four pages of excellent reading matter in Italian, Spanish and French.

China.—The Franciscan missionary Hilary Arrieta has received from the Chinese Government, the "medal for distinguished service," a distinction re-

served for the greatest heroes of the Republic. The decoration was conferred for valor displayed in saving from pillage at the hands of brigands Sienning, the principal city of the territory in which he labors.

Ecuador.—On December 24 the country will observe the first centenary of the birth of the great Ecuadorean patriot and statesman, Don Gabriel Garcia Moreno. The martyr President, who died with the words on his lips, "*Dios no muere—God does not die*," was a member of the Third Order.

Canada.—The Canadian Tertiaries have sent to the Treasurer of the International Third Order Congress in Assisi the sum of one thousand dollars. They intend also to contribute toward a fund to be used for restoring the tomb of St. Francis, which is beginning to show the ravages of time.

Chicago, Ill.—On March 23, the Franciscan Province of the Sacred Heart lost one of its most honored members in the person of the universally beloved Rev. Fr. Francis Albers. Born in Dorsten, Westphalia, Fr. Francis received his elementary schooling and college training in his native city, and was ordained to the priesthood in the historic cathedral of Muenster, May 20, 1863. After laboring with great zeal for the salvation of souls as a secular priest, he entered the Order of St. Francis at Warendorf, in 1867.

Burning with the spirit of sacrifice in the service of God, he asked to be sent to the foreign missions, where the Order had but recently laid the foundation for a new province in the central states. Here Fr. Francis was active for some years as professor in St. Joseph's Seminary, Teutopolis, Ill. He was then transferred to the Franciscan monastery in St. Louis, Mo., to lecture to the clerics on Theology. His great love for souls would not allow him to confine his activities to the class room; preaching, catechizing, and hearing confessions was to him a delight as well as a necessity. To give full scope to his desire to bring sinners back to Christ, Fr. Francis was appointed chaplain of the Illinois State Prison in Joliet, where he succeeded in leading many a lost sheep back to the Fold. Later, his superiors removed him to St. Louis, where for twelve years he directed with remarkable success the spiritual and material affairs of St. Antony's parish. Chicago was destined to be the scene of the zealous priest's last labors in the vineyard of the Master. As assistant pastor of St. Augustine's Church, he was free to carry on his favorite works to his heart's content and to the great benefit

of immortal souls. Daily he visited the sick and the dying. Countless hearts bowed down with grief and burdened with cares, he consoled and taught to utter, "Father, thy will, not mine, be done!" Countless sinners knelt penitent at his feet. A popular preacher, a brilliant theologian, a prudent counsellor, a true son of St. Francis, a faithful friend, a promoter of all that is good—simple, guileless, affable, genial, pious obedient—this and more was good Father Francis. In fine, a priest after the heart of God, loved and revered by all with whom he came in contact.

In 1913, Fr. Francis had the pleasure of celebrating his golden priestly jubilee and on October 24, 1918, in the eighty-second year of his age, he passed this fiftieth milestone of his religious profession in the Order of St. Francis. Owing to his enfeebled condition, this latter event was not marked by a public celebration as the former had been but the venerable jubilarian was made the recipient of heartiest felicitation from his countless friends throughout the country. The last two and a half years of his life, Fr. Francis spent in the Alexian Brothers Hospital, Chicago; and this forced inactivity was without doubt, the heaviest cross the could have been placed on his shoulder. But he bore it patiently and even joyously. Like a sturdy old oak that has withstood the storms of ages, finally sinks to the ground under its own weight, this saintly priest gradually grew weaker and weaker, until at last laden with the fruit of countless good works, he sank into the grave. The solemn obsequies were celebrated on Monday, March 28, and were attended by a large number of the clergy and laity. Rev. Fr. Martin, of St. Louis, assisted by Rev. Fr. Vincent, of Bartholomew, officiated, while Rev. Fr. Timothy, pastor of St. Augustine's, delivered a stirring panegyric.

In the passing of this noble priest FRANCISCAN HERALD has lost one of its earliest friends and staunchest supporters. When it made its first timorous bow to the journalistic world, it was cordially greeted by Fr. Francis and it proved the sincerity of his friendship by personally securing for us thousands of subscriptions. And as the years rolled on, his interest waxed stronger and he hailed the HERALD's monthly visit with the joy of a child meeting a dear friend. Now that he is gone from our midst, we shall not fail to remember his kindly interest in our welfare, and we feel that with his going, the HERALD has secured a powerful advocate at the great White Throne above.—R. I. P.

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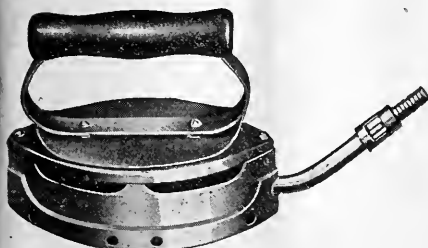
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OUR READERS' PAGE

THIRD ORDER CALENDAR

5. Ascension of Our Lord. (Gen. Absol.—Plen. Ind.)
11. BB. Julian, Ladislaus and Vivaldus, Confessors of the I and III Orders. (Plen. Ind.)
13. St. Peter de Regalado, Confessor of the I Order. (Plen. Ind.)
14. Bl. Petronilla, Virgin of the II Order. (Plen. Ind.)
15. Feast of Pentecost. (Gen. Absol.—Plen. Ind.)
17. St. Paschal Baylon, Confessor of the I Order. (Plen. Ind.)
18. St. Felix of Cantalicio, Confessor of the I Order Cap. (Plen. Ind.)
19. St. Ives, Confessor of the III Order. (Plen. Ind.)
20. St. Bernardine of Siena, Confessor of the I Order. (Plen. Ind.)
21. Bl. Theophilus, Crispin and Benvenutus, Confessors of the I and III Orders. (Plen. Ind.)
22. Trinity Sunday. (Gen. Absol.—Plen. Ind.) BB. John Forest, John and Peter, Martyrs of the I Order. (Plen. Ind.)
23. BB. Bartholomew and Gerard, Confessors of the I and III Orders; Bl. Humiliana, Widow of the III Order. (Plen. Ind.)
24. Bl. John of Prado, Martyr of the I Order. (Plen. Ind.)
25. Dedication of the Basilica of Assisi. (Plen. Ind.)
26. Corpus Christi. (Gen. Absol.—Plen. Ind.)
27. Bl. Anne of Jesus, Virgin of the III Order. (Plen. Ind.)
28. BB. Stephen and Raymond, Martyrs of the I Order. (Plen. Ind.)
29. St. Ferdinand, Confessor of the III Order. (Plen. Ind.)
31. St. Angela Merici, Virgin of the III Order. (Plen. Ind.)

Besides the days indicated above, Tertiaries can gain a Plenary Indulgence:

1. Every Tuesday, if, after Confession and Holy Communion, they visit a church of the First or Second Order or of the Third Order Regular of St. Francis while the Bl. Sacrament is exposed and there pray for the intention of the Pope. If Tertiaries live at a great distance from a Franciscan church, they may visit their own parish church.

2. Once every month, on any suitable day. **Conditions:** Confession, Communion, visit to any church, and some prayers there for the intention of the Pope.

3. On the day of the monthly meeting. **Conditions:** Confession, Communion, visit to any church, and some prayers there for the intention of the Pope.

4. On the first Saturday of every month. **Conditions:** Confession, Communion, some prayers for the intention of the Pope, and besides some prayers in honor of the Immaculate Conception of the Bl. Virgin Mary.

General Absolution, also called Indulgent Blessing, can be received by Tertiaries on May 5, 14, 22, 26. This Absolution may be imparted to Tertiaries also in the confessional on the day preceding this feast or on the feast itself or on any day during the week following.

OBITUARY

The charity of our readers is asked for the following deceased readers of Franciscan Herald and friends of our missions:

His Eminence James Cardinal Gibbons, Cardinal Protector of the St. Francis Solano Mission Association.

Chicago, Ill.—Fr. Francis Albers, O. F. M.; Ashland, Wis.—Fr. Patrick DeGra, O. F. M.; Trenton, N. J.—Sister Mary Rose, O. S. F.; Philadelphia, Pa.—Mrs. Blake; Baltimore, Md.—Mr. Regan, Marie; Dryos; Olyphant, Pa.—Michael Klusak, Mr. Privet; Louis Parylla, Lawrence Parylla; Troy, N. Y.—Bessie Adams; Castleton, Vt.—Mrs. K. Carroll; Brooklyn, N. Y.—Bridget Hardiman; Binghamton, N. Y.—Mrs. Bridget Maloney; Newark, N. J.—Nic Spaccianto; Milwaukee, Wis.—Mrs. J. Dougherty, Lauretta Woychick; Louisville, Ky.—John Vogt; Huntington, Ind.—Mrs. E. Peter; Oakland, Calif.—Thomas Kuehler; Riverside, Calif.—Fidel Leura; Los Angeles, Calif.—Thomas Conneally, Mrs. Emma Jenkins, Mrs. Jennie Fortime; New Orleans, La.—Dr. Philip Berge; Chicago, Ill.—Mrs. Barbara Hazard, Members of Fitzgerald family, Mr. Flewa, Mrs. Kiasen.

LET US PRAY—Eternal rest give unto the soul, O Lord. And let perpetual light shine upon them. May they rest in peace. Amen.

INTENTIONS

The following intentions are recommended to the pious prayers of our readers:

For a speedy recovery from accident. For recovery of a sick soldier son. For cure from drink habit. For relief from nervousness (3). For relief from eye trouble (3). For relief from insomnia. For cure of an ulcerous throat. For recovery of lost money. For a new home (2). For successful sale of property (3). For employment (2). For peace at home and with neighbors (2). For return to religious duties (5). For success in new position. For a happy conversion (5). For success in business. For success in studies. For protection of a hotel in Belfast. For a safe delivery (3). For relief in worry. For aid in overcoming all temptations. For settlement of law-suit out of court. For special intentions (10). For God's special blessing on a large family. In thanksgiving to the Sacred Heart, our Bl. Mother and St. Antony for securing employment. For our holy Father the Pope. For the spread of the Third Order. For the success of the National Third Order convention.

LET US PRAY—Let the ears of Thy mercy, O Lord, be open to the prayers of Thy supplicants; and that Thou mayest grant them their desires, make them ask such things as please Thee. Through Jesus Christ, our Lord, Amen.

THE ST. FRANCIS SOLANO MISSION ASSOCIATION

was established by the Franciscan Fathers of the Sacred Heart Province for the purpose of arousing interest in their missions and of securing financial aid for their maintenance. His Eminence Cardinal Gibbons has graciously consented to be the Cardinal Protector of the Association, while His Excellency, the Apostolic Delegate, Most Rev. John Bonzano, the Most Rev. John J. Glenn, Archbishop of St. Louis, Mo., and the Right Rev. J. Ryan, Bishop of Alton, Ill., have approved it.

APOSTOLIC DELEGATION UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

1811 Biltmore Street, Washington, D. C., April 2, 1919.
Very Rev. Samuel Macke, O. F. M., Provincial of the Sacred Heart Province, St. Louis, Mo.

Very Rev. Dear Father:

I am informed that the Fathers of your Province have established a society, known as "The St. Francis Solano Mission Association," for the purpose of gathering funds to help support the India Missions and particularly those of Arizona which are entrusted to their care.

This is indeed good news, for the object of the Association is none other than to help the illustrious Order of St. Francis continue that excellent work which it began so soon after the discovery of America and which was for so long a part of the history of the Church in this country. Long before the landing of the Pilgrims at Plymouth Rock, those faithful and zealous sons of St. Francis, your worthy predecessors in the Order, already braved the hardships of the desert, the mountains and the wilderness in order to bring the light of the gospel to the Indians of New Mexico and Arizona. The ruins, still to be seen of the numerous churches and monasteries built by them in those early days give abundant evidence of their missionary labor in the great Southwest.

It affords me great pleasure, then, Very Rev. Father, to be able to assist you and your Father in the continuation of this glorious work by signing a word of approval in behalf of your Association. I heartily commend it and sincerely hope there will be a generous response to my appeal for help.

I am, Very Rev. Father, with expressions of best wishes,
Sincerely yours in Christ,

JOHN BONZANO,
Archbishop of Melbourne,
Apostolic Delegate.

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2. They participate as benefactors in more than 300 Masses said every month by the Franciscan Fathers of the Sacred Heart Province.
3. They share in all the prayers and good work of the missionary Fathers, Brothers, Sisters, and their charges, benefited by this Association.
- N. B.—Members may apply their share in the Missionary Masses to the souls of the living or deceased, merely by making the intention to do so.
4. Members may gain an indulgence of 100 days every time they recite three Hail Marys and contribute to the support of the mission.
- N. B.—For members of the same family or missions, or by encouraging others to these pious works.
5. They may gain a Plenary Indulgence three times a year: viz., on the feast of the Immaculate Conception, St. Joseph, and St. Francis Xavier, or on any day within the octave of the feasts. The conditions are: Confession, Communion, and prayers for the intention of the Pope.

CONDITIONS OF MEMBERSHIP

Adults must subscribe yearly to FRANCISCAN HERALD, official organ of the Association, and contribute an annual alms (no definite amount specified) to the work of the Association.

N. B.—For members of the same family or subscription and one alms is sufficient.

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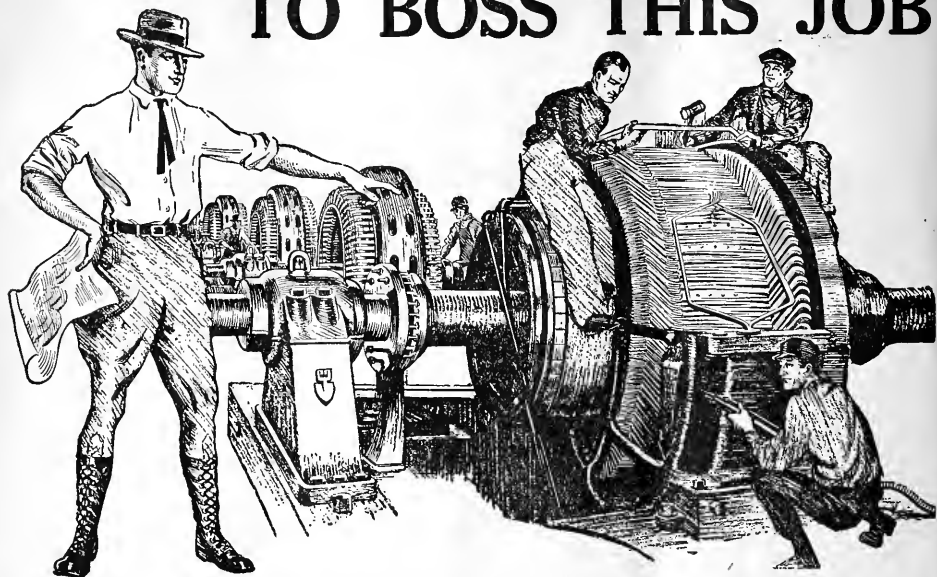
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A monthly magazine edited and published by the Friars Minor of the Sacred Heart Province in the interests of the Third Order and of the Franciscan Missions.

VOLUME IX

JUNE, 1921

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JUST A WORD

FOR REASONS best known to themselves, a number of irresponsible persons, including agents of several magazines, are spreading the report that FRANCISCAN HERALD is owned by a company of laymen in the East, in whose interest the Franciscan Fathers are editing and publishing the magazine. We wish to state most emphatically that this report is utterly false, and that FRANCISCAN HERALD has always, and is now, owned, edited, and published by the Franciscan Fathers of the Sacred Heart Province, with headquarters in Saint Louis, Missouri, and that every cent of money that is left over after the operating expenses have been paid, is devoted to the support of the Indian missions in Arizona, which, by the way, are wholly dependent on charity for their existence.

* * *

MAY WE ask you, gentle reader, to take notice of the red slip you will find tucked away between the pages of your HERALD? It is a notification that your subscription has expired, and that there is danger of your missing the next copy unless you act at once and send in your renewal. We have already informed you how necessary your renewal is for the continuance of our work. We wish we could make you understand that we are almost wholly dependent on *your* subscription—not on Mr. Smith's or Mrs. Jones', but on *YOURS*. If you feel you can not renew your subscription at the time it expires, please write to us immediately after the first notification, and, if agreeable to you, we shall gladly extend your subscription term until such time as is convenient. If you are unable to send the entire price, perhaps your neighbor will be glad to pay part of it for the privilege of reading the HERALD every month. Have you ever tried the fifty-fifty plan?

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Editorials



Peace

AFTER the seven years' debauch in which it has indulged, the world needs nothing so much as peace. Although peace was formally declared between the principal belligerents over a year ago, the relations between them are as strained as ever. In the camp of the victors, there is a certain powerful clique of militarists and imperialists who seem to dread nothing so much as the return of mankind to the pursuits of peace. Blinded by insane hatred and childish fear of the enemy and a thirst for military glory and territorial aggrandizement, these harlequins and manikins in the great game of international high finance are ready at a moment's notice to plunge the world anew into the sea of blood and tears from which it is slowly and laboriously emerging. As long as men, so heedless and reckless, remain in control of the destinies of nations, it is vain to hope for a return to peace. There is only one hope for suffering mankind, and that lies in the common sense of the common people of all nations who, weary of strife and slaughter and bickering and dickerings, are earnestly seeking to undo the mischief which folly and iniquity of the nincompoops posing as statesmen and defenders of democracy have brought on an all too patient world.

It is well known that the Holy Father Benedict XV has missed no opportunity, during his incumbency as the Vicar of the Prince of Peace, to use the influence of his exalted position in the interest of world peace. He has left nothing undone to prove that he is the common Father of Christendom. It must be admitted that the rulers of nations have shown little disposition to co-operate with him, and that for this reason his efforts have not always been crowned with success. Possibly it is on this account that the Holy Father, in his latest encyclical on the Third Order of St. Francis, calls on the common people, and foremost among them Franciscan Tertiaries, to make concerted efforts for a real Christian peace of conciliation. The Sovereign Pontiff thinks that there is no society so well adapted to bring about real "harmony of sentiments," upon which all peace must be based, as the Third Order, and he wishes its members to be today what they were in the day of St. Francis, "heralds and messengers of peace amid the far-spread hostilities and civil upheavals of his age." To the end that the Tertiaries may be successful in their mission, he hopes that their number and their enterprise will generally increase, and that "the numerous and various associations of young people, of workmen, of women, existing everywhere throughout the Catholic world join the Third Order, and inspired with Francis' zeal for peace and charity devote themselves persistently to the glory of God and the prosperity of the Church. "Mankind," he continues, "needs not the sort of peace that is built up on the laborious deliberations of worldly prudence, but that peace which was brought to us by Christ when He declared, 'My peace I give unto you; not as the world gives, do I give unto you.' A man-made treaty, whether of states or of classes among themselves, can neither endure nor have at all the value of real peace, unless it rests upon a peaceful disposition; but the latter can exist only where duty, as it were, puts the bridle on the passions, for it is they that give rise to discord of whatever kind. 'From whence,' asks the Apostle, 'are wars and contentions among you? Are they not

hence from your concupiscences which war in your members?' Now, it is Christ who avails to harmonize all that is in man, making him, not serve, but command his desires, obedient and submissive always to the will of God; and this harmony is the foundation of all peace."

It is precisely because the Third Order "puts the bridle on the passions" and in other ways fosters the Christian spirit that, wherever it flourishes, it is a potent factor for the spiritual regeneration of the masses, which is the only true reconstruction work. But there is another reason, if we may venture a guess, why of all the lay organizations in the Church it has been singled out for the task of uniting the peoples in the bonds of Christian charity, and that is its international and democratic character. The Third Order harbors men and women of all nations and stations. At the international convention of Franciscan Tertiaries in Assisi will be gathered children of St. Francis from every country of the globe—except perhaps our own. (Let us say, by way of parenthesis, we think it a great pity that our country, which since the armistice has done so much to restore mutual good feeling among the peoples, shall have no official representative at the great international love feast of Assisi.) But we hope that even without our co-operation some plan will be outlined for an international movement to re-unite the peoples of the earth in that true Christian charity and harmony of sentiments that will give to the world the peace for which it is so ardently longing and without which it will again be turned into a shambles.

Disarm!

THE ADMINISTRATIVE committee of the National Catholic Welfare Council has lately issued a statement setting forth its position on the subject of disarmament. According to a press bulletin, this statement was well received by the members of Congress, possibly because it is extremely cautious in tone and asks nothing of Congress that it is not likely to grant. The committee declares itself in favor of disarmament only on condition that our government secure "the definite, binding agreement of the other nations to a similar policy." Any other plan it characterizes as "foolhardy" and "vitally harmful to America's safety."

It is evident that for America to strip herself naked "while the other nations are sustaining or increasing their armament," would be the height of folly; but it is patent also that unless some nation takes the first step toward universal disarmament, the movement will never be set on foot. As the statement says: "The leaders of the world recognize that peace is the first necessary condition of the nations' and the world's well being and happiness. The different governments are of themselves unwilling to take the first step. Yet everyone knows the first step must be taken if war is to be made very improbable and almost impossible. That first step is postponed in waiting for some other government to take the lead."

But which nation, if we may ask, is to take the lead in this most important matter? Can Britain, threatened with dissolution, be expected to weaken her power of resistance? Will France, busy as she is with her imperialistic and coercive enterprises, desist long enough to take a side step in

favor of disarmament? Is it probable that Japan will reduce her army and navy so long as there is any danger of her being forced to surrender even so insignificant a part of her rich booty as the isle of Yap? The only other great military power left is the United States, and to her an anxious world is looking to take the first step in the direction of disarmament. Hers is not only the high privilege but the sacred duty to inaugurate the movement for the reduction and abolishment of armaments. We agree with Congressman Mondell that "if an agreement is not reached for the limitation of armaments and warlike expenditures in the near future the fault will be that of America, as in former days the fault was that of Germany. The fault will be ours, because, as we are the only great nation which could maintain enormous establishments on land and sea without bankruptcy, without being condemned to bear indefinitely and add to today's frightful load of national debt, it is our duty to lead the way toward relief from a present and future burden of warlike expenditure which, irksome and oppressive to us, would be unbearable to other nations. More than that, it is our duty to lead the way, because, strangely enough, we are the only great nation that since the World War has officially taken the position favorable to the increase rather than the decrease of armaments and warlike expenditures, and the one nation in which, I fear, there is a really dangerous sentiment in favor of increases rather than decreases of military establishments."

This is the plain, unvarnished truth; and it will be well for the world if Mr. Mondell's colleagues in Washington give respectful heed to it. Will they do so? We fear not, unless their constituents, the plain people of these United States, bring the weight of popular opinion to bear on their "representatives" so-called. "They will act only," says The Nation, "if the popular demand is so overwhelming and so insistent that they dare not disregard it. That demand ought to be rolling in to Washington today in tones of thunder from every city and hamlet in the land. There is no reason to wait for any other nation. Ours is the privilege and the duty to make the beginning."

Whether this beginning should consist in inviting to a conference the representatives of the leading nations for the purpose of discussing general disarmament or in reducing our own monstrous military establishments, is a debatable question. Personally we think that nothing would go further to convince the nations of the altruism of our aims in inviting them to a disarmament conference than if we halted our own military preparations and disavowed our all too patent imperialistic designs. But a congress of nations for the purposes of disarmament must take place sooner or later if the peace of the world is to be finally established. "Such a congress should be the object of our earnest prayers, our active work," says the committee's statement. "For in so working, we promote the gospel of the Prince of Peace upon earth and so strengthen that message which our Holy Church has ever sought to declare unto the nations."

Franciscan Tertiaries have been lately called by the Supreme Pontiff "heralds and messengers of peace." What active work do they propose to do to render themselves worthy of this honorable title?

"Industrial Joy"

IN THE midst of all the warfare and demands and unrest going on all over the world, the joy of work has been lost. And when that is lost the very heart of labor has been torn out of it. Where are the men today who sit down to a bench or stand in front of some machine, and glow all over at the joy of creating or producing something that mankind needs for its comfort or its very existence?

The mass of the workers of the world do not know the joy of work. They say the work is too hard, or too poorly paid, or too monotonous to be joyful. But from whatever cause, it is a sad and almost universal fact that during the 'Industrial War' now being fought around the world, the 'joy' of life has departed. Poor old Industrial World! Dependent on the movie for its entertainment instead of getting it out of its day's task! Industrial Joy! There isn't any. Plenty of warfare, unrest, strife, dissatisfaction—but Joy? It is lost out of the world of labor. And the heart of labor is gone."

Such is the sad lament of a non-Catholic contemporary. There is little merit, however, in pointing out an evil without suggesting a suitable remedy. Many beautiful things have been written on the dignity and utility of labor. Perhaps its most rapturous eulogist in modern times is Thomas Carlyle. But his gospel of labor is of the earth earthy; it confines itself to the purely economic and natural order, and in consequence it does not satisfy the nobler part of man's being. A far higher conception of labor was entertained by St. Francis, who might be styled the philosopher of Assisi with the same right as he is called the Poor Man or the Seraph of Assisi. True, he did not bequeath to the world ponderous tomes on a variety of intricate social questions; but he gave to posterity the benefit of his stainless life and of his institutions, which have done more to right the wrongs of the world than all learned disquisitions and elaborate reform programs of sociologists.

Paganism regarded labor as a disgrace. Christianity not only removed from it every stigma of dishonor, but made it an honor and a duty for all. Every duty, however, has something onerous and distasteful to man so long as he regards it merely as a duty. For St. Francis the commandments of God, which the ordinary man often finds so heavy and insupportable, lost their weight and became as wings which carried him with swift and sure stroke to the highest heights of sanctity. Even the command to work held nothing onerous for him. To him it was rather a grace and a blessing. In his rule of the First Order he says: "Let those brothers to whom the Lord has given the grace to work, labor faithfully and devoutly, so that in banishing idleness, the enemy of the soul, they do not extinguish the spirit of holy prayer and devotion, to which all temporal things must be subservient."

This is a saying worthy of a St. Paul or a Thomas à Kempis. It is a rule applicable to people living in the cloister as well as in the world. So long as man works only to procure for himself and others the means of subsistence; so long as he toils merely for temporal gain with one eye on the clock and the other on the pay check, he will not derive from his exertions that measure of joy which the Creator wishes to be his. It is only by looking on his life work from the spiritual point of view, by making the temporal order subservient to the spiritual; it is only by regarding labor as a grace and by combining it with prayer that the laborer will receive the full measure of this reward, which includes also a certain amount of "industrial joy."

St. Francis recognized in labor a special grace, because it is a means of avoiding sin and atoning for it and of gaining merits for heaven. If every Christian wage-earner would assume the same attitude toward labor, how much better it would be for the industrial world. True, so long as the laborer is merely a wage-earner and nothing more, it may be not easy for him to "glow all over with the joy of creating or producing;" but until the present wage system is superseded by something more equitable and honorable for the workman there can be no "industrial joy" for him unless he comes to regard labor, not as a distasteful duty, but as a divine grace and inestimable blessing.



Third Order of St. Francis

THE NATIONAL THIRD ORDER CONVENTION LETTERS OF APPROVAL

To the General Directive Board of the First National Tertiary Convention.

Reverend and Dear Fathers:

To the eloquent and timely words of high praise of the Episcopate anent the gathering of the Tertiaries of St. Francis, I would add my approval and my promise of hearty co-operation.

Our Holy Father pointed out at Christmas time that the world is in disorder because it will not recognize the authority that God has placed to rule the lives of men.

The Holy Father also saw no hope for permanent peace if men continued to hold in their hearts the hatred engendered by the war.

And, finally, he saw no remedy for the ills that press mankind if men, following the path of ease and luxury, indulging in the passions that sway to and fro the human heart, are unwilling to work and make sacrifice for the higher things of life.

The Third Order of St. Francis, across the centuries, has had in view subjection to God and to legitimate authority, love of our brothers after the example of Christ, and a noble spirit of sacrifice for the great ideals of human life.

I can but pray that the national gathering may deepen these feelings in the hearts of the Tertiaries and enroll in their numbers thousands of Catholics who, imbued with the spirit of St. Francis, could help so much in the regeneration for which we pray.

Again begging a blessing upon your work, I am, dear Fathers,

Ever devotedly yours in Christ,

EDWARD J. HANNA,
Archbishop of San Francisco.

To the General Directive Board of the First National Tertiary Convention.

Reverend and Dear Fathers:

I am glad to know that this year is to be marked by a National Convention of the Third Order of St. Francis.

We need the simple beauty of the conversation of St. Francis about God and His love, to meet the blasphemies, so boldly spoken in the name of science and learning. We need the perfect poverty of St. Francis to meet the greed and fever for money and what it can buy, which lies so close to the root of unhappiness and distrust in the world.

We need the constancy of St. Francis to bring back those who are finding hard sayings in the Savior's Message and who are turning to walk no more with Him.

God bless and strengthen the influence of the Tertiaries.

Yours faithfully in Christ,
C. E. BYRNE,
Bishop of Galveston.

To the General Directive Board of the First National Tertiary Convention.

Reverend and Dear Fathers:

We of California, and Southern California in particular, owe a very great deal of gratitude to the Sons of St. Francis for the noble work they did in bringing Christianity to our land, and in leaving to us a noble tradition of service and zeal of sacrifice.

It is fitting that you should keep the Seven Hundredth Anniversary of the establishment of the Third Order of St. Francis in a solemn manner. You do well in bringing the philosophy of St. Francis, as exemplified in the establishment of the Third Order, before our people. The Third Order of St. Francis will find today, as in the thirteenth century, a great mission to perform in the world. The world will find in the school of St. Francis a remedy for irreligious, for social unrest, for irreverence and riotous extravagance, and for stability of home.

In your desire to propagate in this country the blessings of the Third Order, you are but following the direction of Pope Leo XIII, Pius X, and Benedict XV. I do hope that every blessing will accompany your undertaking, and that the convention may

meet with a generous support, that the spirit of the noble Saint of Assisi may walk once more among us.

Yours very truly,
JOHN J. CANTWELL,
Bishop of Monterey and Los Angeles.

To the General Directive Board of the First National Tertiary Convention.

Reverend and Dear Fathers:

The needs of the modern world in its religious, moral, political, and industrial life are many and pressing. The agency to supply these needs has been named by two Sovereign Pontiffs. Pope Pius X declared that the Third Order of St. Francis is wonderfully adapted to modern needs. Pope Benedict XV assures us that the Rule of the Third Order is naught else than the Gospel applied to every-day life. Where can be had endorsements stronger than these to promote the worthy celebration of the seventh centenary of the great organization which the most lovable of God's saints founded?

Sincerely yours in Christ,
PHILIP R. McEVITT,
Bishop of Harrisburg.

To the General Directive Board of the First National Tertiary Convention.

Dear Reverend Fathers:

I learn with very much pleasure and interest that you propose to commemorate the seventh centenary of the foundation of the Third Order of St. Francis by holding a National Convention of Franciscan Tertiaries in Chicago next October. Nothing could be more in keeping with the expressed wishes of the Holy Father or better calculated to spread the knowledge and increase the membership of the Third Order among our Catholic people.

Like so many of his predecessors, the Holy Father has again most earnestly recommended the Third Order as a means for the personal sanctification of its members and as a remedy against

the many evils of the present day. There is no doubt that the spirit of the Third Order is the spirit of Christ Himself which alone can offset and overcome the evil spirit of the modern world and save human society from the many dangers that are threatening it.

I most heartily recommend the Third Order itself and the coming convention and I earnestly pray that it may be successful in every respect and productive of most blessed results.

Most sincerely yours in Christ,

C. VANDEVEN,
Bishop of Alexandria.

**To the General Directive Board
of the First National Tertiary
Convention.**

Reverend and Dear Fathers:

May the Lord bless your undertaking and may the conferences at the convention make lovable St. Francis better known, and give new fervor to his children.

Truly in this day do we need the spirit of St. Francis in all walks of life. St. Francis loved in a special way Jesus Christ and Him Crucified. Our watchword must be "back to Jesus Christ."

Wishing the convention true success and promising to join in prayer towards this end, I am,

Very truly,

R. J. MULDOON,
Bishop of Rockford.

**To the General Directive Board
of the First National Tertiary
Convention:**

Dear Rev. Fathers:

The movement to have a National Convention of the Third Order of St. Francis will evidently meet with unanimous support and encouragement. It will not fail to awaken a wider interest in the Order, and will do much to diffuse the beautiful spirit of St. Francis abroad in the world. The charity which shone so conspicuously in that glorious saint, the world today sorely needs, and what better means could be adopted to spread such charity, than a general convention of all those who have become his children and disciples in a special way through the instrumentality of the Third Order.

I am certain that such a National Convention will do good in many ways. It will not only encourage charity, but will stimulate faith and piety, and give a special impetus to all religious works. I am,

Faithfully yours in Christ,
Alexander J. McGavick,

Bishop of Marquette.

**Prayer to Saint Antony for Peace
of Mind**

MOST dear and faithful servant of Christ, Blessed Saint Antony, to whom God has granted such favors that, through thy intercession, lost temporal goods are restored, pray for me, a sinner, that I may acquire and preserve peace of mind, with light and knowledge to discern good from evil and truth from error, so that being delivered from all evils, scruples, darkness, and uneasiness of mind and conscience, I may faithfully serve my God and Savior, who is worthy of all honor and glory, with peace of mind, purity of conscience, and justice of life. Through Jesus Christ, our Lord. Amen.

**Prayer to the Infant Jesus in the
Arms of Saint Antony**

O Sweet Infant Jesus, Thou best and only hope of afflicted souls, I prostrate myself at Thy feet and beseech Thee, through Thy immeasurable love and grace whereby Thou didst visit Thy Blessed servant St. Antony and comfort him and embrace him, to come to me at his intercession, and let me taste how sweet Thy Presence is to those that trust in Thee.

TO SAINT ANTONY

Dearest Saint in praise unending,
Let me thank thee for thy care,
At thy feet, thy love befriending,
Dare I hope the Lord will spare.

For the Christ Child, who once sought
thee,
In thy loving arms who lay,
So much of His Heart has taught thee
That he can not say thee nay.

Ah, while earth is still my dwelling,
Every day be thou my friend,
Fill my soul with bliss, foretelling
Perfect bliss that hath no end.

Third Order Calendar

1. BD. Herculanus, Felix and John, Confessors of the I and III Orders. (Plen. Ind.)
2. Bl. Humillana, Widow of the III Order. (Plen. Ind.)
3. Feast of the Sacred Heart of Jesus. (Gen. Abs.—Plen. Ind.)
7. Bl. Andrew, Confessor of the I Order.
7. Bl. Baptista, Virgin of the II Order.
8. Bl. Pacificus, Confessor of the I Order.
13. St. Antony of Padua, Confessor of the I Order. (Plen. Ind.)
15. Bl. Jolenta, Widow of the II Order.
16. El. Guy of Cortona, Confessor of the I Order.
20. Bl. Michellina, Widow of the III Order. (Plen. Ind.)
24. Nativity of St. John the Baptist. (Plen. Ind.)
27. Bl. Benvenute, Confessor of the I Order.
29. SS. Peter and Paul. (Gen. Abs.—Plen. Ind.)

Besides the dates indicated above, Tertiaries can gain a Plenary Indulgence:

1. Every Tuesday, if, after Confession and Holy Communion, they visit a church of the First or Second Order or of the Third Order Regular of St. Francis while the Bl. Sacrament is exposed and there pray for the intention of the Pope. If Tertiaries live at a great distance from a Franciscan church, they may visit their own parish church.
2. Once every month, on any suitable day. **Conditions:** Confession, Communion, visit to any church, and some prayers there for the intention of the Pope.
3. On the day of the monthly meeting. **Conditions:** Confession, Communion, visit to any church, and some prayers there for the intention of the Pope.
4. On the first Saturday of every month. **Conditions:** Confession, Communion, some prayers for the intention of the Pope, and besides some prayers in honor of the Immaculate Conception of the Bl. Virgin Mary.

General Absolution, also called Indulgent Blessing, can be received by Tertiaries on June 3 and 29. This absolution may be imparted to Tertiaries in the confessional on the day preceding these feasts or on the feasts themselves or on any day during the week following.

The Soul

The gleam of a flash of golden light
Darting its swift course on through the night,
A flame is kindled; it glows; it burns;
The tender heart of a mother yearns;
A look of radiant joy and mild,
And into the world has come—a child.

The day is ended; the shadows fall;
A few glowing embers—that is all.
The flame that leaped with the break of day
Now with its close is dying away.
A last faint flicker; a blackened coal,
And to God's presence has gone—a soul.

—Zelma McDowell Penry.



Fiction



THE OUTLAWS OF RAVENHURST

By L. M. WALLACE

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CHAPTER XII

The Tender Mercies of a Coward

SIR ROGER and Godfrey stood talking for a good half hour. There was so much to be planned now that the heir was won—oh, it would soon come—won from the errors so dangerous to the earldom. Both were in fine spirits.

"I wonder where my little nephew went?" Sir Roger asked pleasantly.

"He was about to take a morning ride when I saw him, my lord."

Sir Roger stepped toward the door of the old earl's room. "It is time he is returning. No doubt I can see him from the window."

"The hall window has a good view, my lord," said Godfrey uneasily.

"No, I think the old earl's is better," he said as he walked on.

Godfrey turned and hurried away, muttering as he went, "Now the fat goes into the fire. I have managed to keep him out of the room for a long time. Tut! The blaze is bound to come. It might as well be on this day as on any other—better—he will not spoil a victory, all but won. His temper will blind him while it lasts. I shall keep out of sight until it cools. Talk to him for a few minutes and he will agree with me—not a hard task. I wish it were as easy to influence the young lord; but I have done that, I have done that!" Godfrey chuckled. "I made Gordon think he was dreaming, a wise trick and well played. Sir Roger will see the point, the necessity of it. He can understand that at least, poor dunce. It is queer how he holds to his mother's wishes in regard to the old fireplace. The ancient faith lives in his heart yet, weakling, but he shall not spoil the victory."

Sir Roger was seldom in so good a humor. He was humming a snatch from an ancient ballad as he opened the door of the old earl's room. One glance at

THE FORMER INSTALMENTS

Sir Angus Gordon, descendant of the Scottish Chieftain Fire-the-Braes and son of Lang-Sword, has remained true to the ancient faith and to Mary Queen of Scots. Forces of the king surprise castle Ravenhurst, while the inmates are attending the proscribed Mass. The old earl is taken prisoner and executed. Of his grandsons James retains the faith, while Roger apostatizes and makes himself master of Ravenhurst. James's infant son, Gordon, is taken by his uncle, Friar Stephen, to Maryland, there to be brought up in the Catholic faith before returning to Scotland as heir to castle Ravenhurst. His uncle Roger tries to gain him for the new faith and for his plans.

the fireplace, the smile died. With a hiss of fury he turned toward Betsy, who had just begun her morning duties.

"How comes this!" he roared.

"Please, my lord? What, my lord?"

"The fireplace! Here are the remains of a fire on the hearth and the carvings and painting! Who dared?"

"Please, your lordship, the young gentleman just rose, now—I mean the time for the room to air—you see, my lord." Betsy was in tears and stammered more than ever. "There was no time—I mean—I'll have it tidy. Oh! my lord, don't look like that! I had no time to clean it yet. I—"

"No time to clean it! You know well you had no right to have a fire on it! Every servant in this castle knows that it is forbidden to use this fireplace!"

"Please, my lord, we thought you changed your mind, my lord, after it was fixed up all new, my lord. We thought it was your lordship's orders."

"My orders! Who said it was my orders?"

"Master Godfrey, my lord!"

"Godfrey? Godfrey Bertrandson told you I gave such an order?"

"He didn't just say so, my lord!"

"What do you mean? Make an end

of these tears, girl, and us your wits. Lies will not men matters."

"It's God's truth I'm telling your lordship. Master Godfrey—"

"Said I gave the order!"

"No, my lord. He just told us to do it, my lord. We thought it was your lordship's—"

"Bid Godfrey come to me. Yes, my lord." Poor Betsy hurried away.

Sir Roger walked up and down restlessly. He seldom came into the old earl's room. It had memories. "This not because I have any Romanism in me," he said as excusing himself to some one "I am not a papist. I never was a papist, at least not since

my reason was that of a man. It was my mother's wish. She made us promise, standing by her deathbed, that nothing should harm the sacred stone. Sacred Oh, no; there is nothing holy about it no reason why it should not be used none at all—just a whim of my dying mother's; a man must respect his mother's wishes. Every gentleman does that. The stone—no, it is nothing—a little wine fell on that years and years ago only a little wine. If some people had seen my anger, they might have thought—but people are always thinking. Godfrey did not see it. I am glad of that. If he should bring it to the ears of the Lord Warden—but he would not do that; no, he would not do that. O well, only Betsy knows I lost control of myself—not exactly control. A gentleman never loses his self-command but just indignation. A gentleman should show just indignation where servants—"

"Please, my lord, Godfrey has got out, my lord." Betsy was trembling then she smiled, seeing that the story had past. "I will arrange everything just as it was before. The tree trunk was only slipped over the soldier. They are not broken or—"

"Sir Angus had them made for a di

guise—um—to disguise the fireplace when—um—in the days of Queen Mary, papers—um—and plate were kept there for safety. No harm is done to the carvings by covering them, but—um—clumsy. They disfigure the apartment."

"Things will look better when I get them back again, my lord, the way they were before, my lord. I always did say the soldiers were prettier, not so heavy like." Betsy was bustling about while she talked. "And the stone you always liked to have kept so clean—it has not been soiled, my lord. We placed another stone on top of it."

"The stone should be kept clean—um—not for itself—um—but the mantel is an heirloom, specially dear to the countess, my mother—an heirloom—and therefore not to be used." Sir Roger walked out muttering. "Cleverly turned, I must say so. Should she repeat my conversation, no one will suspect—um—no one will think—um—there was anything unusual." Poor Sir Roger, the faith that is sweet strength to the faithful believer—oh, how it burns in a sinful soul! But it never dies!

Seated in the library, the gentleman read perhaps five minutes, sent for the butler and stormed at him, called for his horse and discharged the groom because he saw a tangle in the animal's mane, went down at last to his breakfast—it had been waiting his pleasure for almost an hour—fumed at everything before him; in short, acted as such a man will at such a time.

Slamming the door behind him, he came into the hall again. Some servants near the head of the stair were talking excitedly. "It is the horse his young lordship rode," cried one.

"Sure, I knew it would end in a fall!"

"Riding without a groom!"

"Scarce more than a bairn!"

"I told Ben not to give that colt to him. Frisky! Why, he wouldn't stand still even while the lad mounted!"

"Like enough it is dead he is!"

"Ben will take the blame! I told him!"

"Sure, what could I do? The young gentleman ordered him!"

"Hist! There's Sir Roger!"

"Tell him!"

"Do it yourself!"

"It's Ben's place! He's to blame!"

"An' he's clapped in the tower! Not such!"

"Some one has to do it. I will—"

Old Edwin stepped forward. "My lord, we fear some harm has befallen little Lord Gordon. His horse has just come out with an empty saddle."

"Master Godfrey bade me say, my lord, that he waits in the courtyard. He has your horse and a couple of dogs," returned Ben.

Sir Roger hurried away. A few mo-

ments later the horsemen clattered out through the great gate. The dogs found the scent and started toward the wood. A dozen grooms followed, poor Ben leading Gordon's horse.

Suddenly Godfrey raised his hand to shade his eyes. "There he is now, my lord, just at the edge of the forest."

"He does not walk lame. I wonder how he was thrown."

"Perhaps he was not thrown. I do not like his step, my lord."

"He does not limp."

"I did not mean that, my lord. He walks as if he had his mind well made up."

"He has come to our way of thinking. Now that is good, that is good!"

"Perhaps so, but I think not. Look at the set of his jaw—all the will of the House of Gordon, and a fighting mood at that. I wonder if he could have come across one of those outlaws from the Cleuth. If he got off his horse to speak to that Muckle John, it could have broken away very easily."

"Perhaps Stephen Douglas? He comes down about the old ruin once in a while," said Sir Roger thoughtfully.

"Stephen Douglas! D—n him! No doubt that's it. He has spoiled more plans of mine than any man living. D—d cutthroat of a friar that he is! If Gordon has seen him, there will be no doing anything with the boy for a year."

"If we can find out where the lad saw him we can track Douglas with the bloodhounds, and we'll do it. As for not being able to do anything with the Gordon for a year, that boy will learn before he is an hour older with whom he is dealing." There was an ugly look on Sir Roger's sallow face.

"Have a care, my lord, have a care. Don't try force. It would be the worst thing you could do," pleaded Godfrey.

"Don't try force! Don't try force! That's the tune you're always singing! Much good, smooth ways have done!"

"You saw this morning the effect of smooth ways. Some one has been talking to him of those martyrs—fools—of the Gordon line. He is heart and soul set to follow them. I'll see Stephen Douglas on the scaffold yet. But don't try to force the boy now. It won't do. You will only raise all the stubbornness in him. The Gordon will be up, my lord. Have a care! If he has seen Friar Douglas, he has received the sacraments and—"

"So you've faith in papistical sacraments?"

"No, but they have effect on those who do believe in them. If Gordon has received them, we shall not be able to do a thing with him now. Let him alone for a few months. Boys forget easily. If you will take my advice—"

"Take your advice? Whose fault is it that he went into the wood alone?"

"My lord, spilt milk is spilt milk. There is no use fussing over it. I should have remembered that it is near enough to Easter for some d—d priest to be hanging about, but it can't be helped now. Why make a bad matter worse? Let the boy go, my lord, and call out every man and dog in Castle Ravenhurst to search the wood for Douglas."

"I'll put the bloodhounds on that outlaw—you need not doubt that—but as for letting the boy alone—" Roger's face was white with fury—"I'll teach him one lesson this morning. Let him go a month or two for open-faced rebellion! Let him go because he is stubborn! He will not be stubborn with me again!" Driving the spurs into his horse's side, he galloped forward.

"Oh, have a care, my lord!" pleaded Godfrey. "Remember the blood in his veins! Remember the will of the House of Gordon! Neither you nor any other man can break his will. Oh, think, sir! Have a care!"

"And of what blood, of what house do I come? Am I not a scion of the House of Gordon? Neither can you break my will! You forget your place, Godfrey."

"The weakling of the House of Gordon!" muttered Bertrandson, but the sneer was too low for Sir Roger's ears.

Little Gordon had seen the horsemen. He was coming straight toward them—a slim, boyish figure in the shadow of the ancient trees. His square, little jaw was set—the iron jaws of Fire-the-Braes and Lang-Sword; the firm, almost ugly, ones of the old earl and Sir James—the jaw that for centuries had marked the lords of the House of Gordon; but the eyes were Lady Margaret's deep blue, almost black, and the old Douglas fire burned in them. "Bell-the-Cat" would have been proud of the lad had he seen him. But to the boy it was Daddy Shannon's cabin that rose before him, and the rough backwoodsman at the edge of the clearing. The child whispered as if in answer to the words of a year ago:

"We're going to fight it out right now; and, Daddy, this time—God helping me—I'll play the man."

Sir Roger drew up his horse with a jerk that turned the foam red from the points of the bit. "Where did you see Stephen Douglas? Where did he give you the papistical sacraments? The truth, sir, or it will be the worse for you!"

Amazed, the boy stared at him. How could Sir Roger have learned so soon?

"No words are needed. Your face speaks for you." Godfrey laughed unpleasantly. Gordon's tongue was never made for cunning speeches. It was al-

ways yes or no with him. Tell a lie? He never had. Tell the truth. Betray Uncle Stephen? Not while the breath of life stirred in him! So he said nothing.

"You went to confession in the old ruin!" Godfrey cried sharply.

The boy's face brightened. "Guessing wrong this time." The flashing thought had scarcely passed through his brain.

"Not at the ruin, aye! Where then? At the cave among the cliffs? The cavern by the frith side? The hollow back of Ben Ender?"

There was joy in the lad's heart. What he did not know, could not be learned from him.

"Answer, will you?" snarled Sir Roger springing from the horse.

"The Gordon does not know, my lord. Can you not tell it from his face?" cried Godfrey, "Friar Douglas often binds the eyes of children whom he thinks too young to trust."

"You can answer like a gentleman, whether you know or not. Answer, answer, will you?" Sir Roger struck the boy with his whip. There are few things that hurt like the sting of a fine, supple lash. Gordon sprang back with a sharp cry. A narrow, red line rose up across his face. "Answer, will you? You dare to be stubborn with me?" The whip rose again.

"Don't, my lord; don't!" Godfrey cried. "The child does not know, I tell you!"

"Keep your place, Godfrey Bertrandson! You have done enough harm by interfering, enough harm and to spare! Gordon would have had this lesson long ago but for you. Stand aside! You dare to step in my way! This boy shall learn with whom he is dealing. Open-faced rebellion! Receiving treasonable sacraments! Talking to outlawed priests! Refusing even to answer when spoken to! Much good your religion does you, young gentleman! Did you ever hear of the Fourth Commandment?"

"Fourth Commandment says, 'Honor thy father and mother.' Doesn't say one word about uncles."

"You can find your tongue soon enough when you wish to give impudence with it. You will know whether

or not you must obey uncles, when I finish with you! Stephen Douglas is not your uncle, I suppose? But you do his bidding! Young upstart!" Sir Roger struck quick, sharp blows while he spoke. The supple lash hissed through the air and writhed around the little body again and again. The child staggered this way and that from the force of the blows. Once or twice, when the burning line just falling crossed too

weakening. The light of victory shone in the blazing Douglas eyes. There was new courage in every line of that little body, still staggering under the weight of the blows.

The look in Gordon's eyes stung Sir Roger's pride anew. Yield? Godfrey had seen everything. Yield? Even the groom would sneer. He tried to strike with the same force as before; but his arm was weary, positively aching. The whip dropped. He had not the courage to give what the lad had the courage to take. "You may be thankful that I am too merciful to give you more." Then a thought occurred to him.

"But you deserve no mercy. Go at once to the castle and, without pausing, go straight to your room. You will stay there without food or water till you tell me all that happened this morning; yes, and until you promise to quit the papacy once and for all." Now Sir Roger was in great glee. Here was a punishment that could be carried out to the bitter end. It would cost himself no pain. Oh, the tender mercies of a coward!

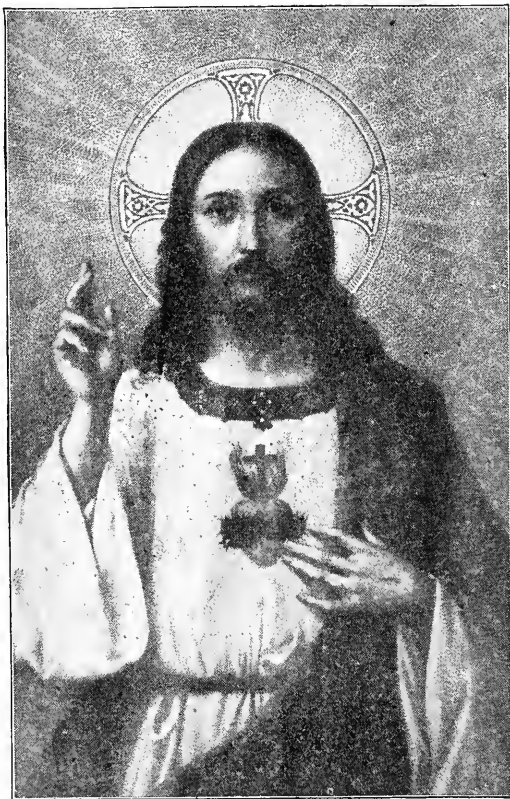
"Godfrey, give the young gentleman his horse." But Gordon had mounted before the tutor reached him. He rode quietly with them over the fields to the castle, the clear sunlight of the first spring day glinting on budding thorn and heather—just a touch of chill in the veering wind.

Betsy was wiping the last suds off the hearthstone when Gordon walked swiftly into his room, then stopped in amazement, for the fireplace was before him not the fireplace of the last few months, but the one beside which he had sat with his mother on that strange first night. "Betsy, why Betsy, what happened to the fireplace?"

"Land's sake! Now, I do hope your lordship won't be put out about it! Sir Roger, he would have it changed back again like it used to be."

"Put out? No indeed, but how did it happen?"

"God bless you, my little lord, 'tis a sweet temper you have. You never fuss about things at all; but his lordship Sir Roger? My, what a temper he flew into when he found it was changed. Master Godfrey gave us the orders, and we did



many that had fallen before, there came a quick, sharp cry. That was all. He did not say one word.

Sir Roger's arm was growing tired; but the square little jaw was still set, and the blue eyes looked straight into his. He began to realize that the boy's will was stronger than his own. "Weakening of the House of Gordon," that taunt had been thrown at him since childhood; and now, here was a boy with a will stronger than his own. Pride stung him. The whip fell again and again, but Gordon saw that the coward was

it whilst you slept. 'Twas the first night. He bade me play off that I was Benson. 'Land's sake!' says I to him, 'Benson and I don't look alike; she's old enough to be my granny,' but he would have it." Betsy twisted the rag with a snap. "But for the Lands o' Joshen! What's happened to your face? Sir Roger—no one else would dare—he didn't put the blame on you? The vile emperer! Hist! My little lord, you won't tell that I wasn't respectful! But I'll run for some salve!"

"It's nothing, Betsy; never mind!" "Don't you suppose I know how that things? I'll go right now, my lord. A brave little man, you are!"

"No, Betsy, no! I'd rather ask you something. You know some—I mean do you know where my mother is?"

The girl dropped her rags and brush to stare. "My lord!" she gasped. Then after a pause. "There is nothing I would not do. You—you—but the risk isn't just to me. My old mother, she's a widow, my lord. The few pence I make is all she has. I—I can't lose my place."

"You do know something. Tell me, Betsy. No one shall ever find out from whom I learned; but I want to and my mother," pleaded the boy.

"Well, 'tis little enough, my lord. Only none of us servants ever believed that Lady Margaret went gallivanting off to London—not but what she would earn an honor even to the king's court, at the tale did not fit. Some things do not fit with some people. The countess is gentle, my lord; kind, very kind and merry always, but not merry like nor any. She was always planning things for the poor and sending little comforts to this old granny or that down in the village. The tale that she was running from one frolic to another did not fit and not one of us believed it. From that time Godfrey began to get two extra portions from the cook. He always feeds the prisoners, and that made us think."

"Prisoners! Where are they kept? never saw one."

"Oh, there are always prisoners in great castles like this. They are kept down in the dungeon under the north tower. My little lord, you had better and your eye today. Don't cross Sir Roger when he's in a temper; he would soon put you into one of those black holes as eat his supper. I am fearing you are in trouble with him now. No one else would dare to strike your lordship. I'll run right now and get something to take out the pain."

"But don't you know anything else?" "No, my lord, nothing more," and creaking up her pail and brush and rubbing rags, she hurried out. A heavy step came down the hall.

The key turned sharply in the lock, and the steps went away again. A few moments later Betsy tried the door, whispered her comfort through the keyhole and went back to her work. The long hours began to drag. "It must be past noon. I am so hungry. Will the everlasting stinging of these welts never stop?" It was one thing to bear the blows as they fell, when his nature had risen for the battle, but quite another to endure the never ending smart of the wounds which the lash had made. He walked up and down with quick, impatient steps—flung himself on his bed, only to spring up again in restless misery. The old wag-at-the-wall, steadily ticking all day long, told minutes that seemed to be hours. Still no one opened the locked door. Thirst had come with the fever, and the new torture drowned, without lessening, the other two.

By and by, the restless tramping paused near the fireplace. Was the martyr Gordon smiling at the lad? It seemed so to him as he sat there beneath the crossed swords; and that square-jawed boy by the earl's knee was looking straight into the little Gordon's eyes. "You held out to the end and it was the rack, the dungeon, the scaffold. I'm a coward if I give up, and I won't! Only, God help me, this is nothing to what you bore! I'm a baby! But I haven't cried yet, and Uncle Roger won't see any tears on my face when he comes in; and I won't—but you had better pray for me—I won't ask for water! I'll stand, as you stood, for God and our Lady!"

The words were brave, but the little head was bowed on the mantel, the square jaw set, and the brown fist clenched by his side. Then the shining silver spot on the hearthstone caught his eye, and he knelt down beside it. "The Precious Blood fell here long, long ago," the lad whispered. "Father Murphy said it fell on the stones all around where they scourged You! Oh, how it must have hurt! Uncle Roger brought the blood only a few times on me, and You were covered with blood all over." Gordon stooped down and kissed the spot on the hearthstone. A strange, deep joy came trembling through his soul, and he knew that it is sweet to suffer for the Lord.

Evening had come. The wag-at-the-wall agreed with Gordon at last and chimed its slow-toned angelus. The shadow of old Ben Ender lengthened across the meadows. From lane and field, the tinkle-clinkle of returning herds floated up to the weary child. It was evening, but never had so long a twilight followed so long a day, never since the world was made.

The boy stood by an open casement. The wind blew about him cold and

damp, bearing the mist from the sea on its wings. He opened his lips and drank in deep draughts, vainly hoping the cooling air might do what cooling water would; but the raw wind only made the bruises ache with a more sickening throb, the fiery thirst burned on. Gordon turned and walked back to the fireplace with a restless, yet lagging step. Then he stood as he had done a hundred times that weary day, fists clenched, head bowed upon the mantel, staring at the silver spot on the hearthstone. Strength came with that appealing look—strength, not joy. Young as Gordon was in the way of those who suffer for God, he had learned—perhaps that sweet touch of the Sacred Heart had taught him—not to expect anything but strength in answer to prayer, yet to know that this would come. Joy had been given once that he might have courage to fight the battle. This was a day on earth to win heaven—not heaven come down to earth.

"Jesus." Faith had grown in the land of pain. The boy seemed looking into those eyes beneath the thorn crown, filled with blood and dust and tears. "Jesus, I am tired, Jesus. Uncle Roger means what he said, I must stay till I give up—till I die. If it was only die and be done with it—but I shall live for days. Oh, it is not too much! I did not mean it that way, but I am wearing out, Jesus, and if I slip—oh, I don't want to go back on You!—but if I slip, if the thirst gets more than I can stand. You won't let me say those words, Jesus, You won't let me fall."

A drop of blood splashed on the silver spot. Gordon started, opened his hand and looked wonderingly at a nail-cut in his palm. "I didn't know my fist was shut so tight." Then he stooped to wipe away the blood drop. As he did so, a dim thought floated through his mind—faint, uncertain. "That first night—she said—my mother did say—if I should be in trouble—seek—seek whom?—old Tam's grandson—John—Muckle John o' the Cleuth—and he lives?—oh—I remember it all now—the secret passage ends near his home—and Uncle Roger doesn't know about this passage that begins at the old fireplace. How to open it?—oh, I remember now! But my going would leave mother alone. Well, I can do her no good as things are. Perhaps—or surely—this John o' the Cleuth would help me. I'll go."

Gordon drew a chair toward the mantel and climbed on it. "The soldier on the right hand," she said, 'and twist the handle of the sword twice,' but it won't move. Perhaps it was broken during that changing. The blade went farther down into the handle before. There is the mark. Why won't it slip down?"

(Continued on Page 238)

NEXT OF KIN

By MARIAN NESBITT

I ALWAYS called her "Cousin Adelaide," though, as a matter of fact, between myself and the beautiful Marquise d'Argentcourt there was not even the remotest relationship, I being merely the ward of her husband, the Marquis, my father's greatest friend. No mother, however, could have been more tender to the orphan child whom circumstances had committed to her care; and my life in the ancient castle, above a rushing river that flowed through one of the fairest and greenest valleys in Southern France, was happy in no ordinary degree.

Every room in the chateau wore a dignified, old-time air that made a strong appeal. At Argentcourt the wheels of the domestic machinery ran with unprecedented smoothness; no jars, family or otherwise, disturbed the graceful quiet of our existence, where refinement, culture, and the evidences of a very sincere, if unobtrusive, piety were plainly visible.

It was, in truth, an ideal home—a home, moreover, made perfect for me by the presence of Antony, Cousin Adelaide's only child, a boy a few years older than I, who was being educated in England, but who spent all his holidays at the castle. He was not, nor ever could be, heir of the broad and sunny lands surrounding it. They would eventually belong to Raoul, the son of Monsieur le Marquis by his first wife—a taciturn, olive-skinned man of over thirty, whom we seldom saw, and certainly never missed; whilst Antony, or Nino, as he was affectionately called, was the light not only of his mother's, but of his step-father's eyes, and the acknowledged idol of the entire household.

At the time when the first dark cloud of disaster appeared above our clear horizon, he was a tall, slender boy of nearly twenty with a grace of movement and winning charm of voice and personality which it would be utterly impossible to describe. It was not that he was handsome; his features were by no means perfect. The sensitive, laughing lips belonged to a mouth which captious critics would probably have pronounced a shade too wide; whilst his oval face was decidedly too thin and his form too slight to come up to the generally accepted standard of masculine beauty. Nevertheless, his bright, yet

dark brown, hair fell softly and thickly over a broad and thoughtful forehead, and his finely marked brows, bent downward at the corners, and long-lashed blue eyes that one moment sparkled so merrily—the next glowing with high hope and generous enthusiasm—shone with tenderness or deepened to sadness, as their owner's singularly sympathetic temperament responded, like some delicate instrument, to the calls made upon it—all combined to render him attractive and lovable in a way which written words have no power to convey.

I think I have said that he was almost twenty, and I just a little over sixteen, when one still, grey day in November the Marquis was brought home dead, killed by a fall from his favorite horse, which, putting its foot in a rabbit hole, had thrown him. His head had struck a stone, and death must have been instantaneous, for he lay as he had fallen, till some passing laborers found him.

Who can picture the grief and consternation of the household at the loss of its kind and courtly seigneur—a man dear alike to equals and dependants on account of his liberal, cheerful disposition and boundless hospitality? Who can tell the dreadful sense of desolation and dismay when the break-up of such a home had to be faced? Even now I can never willingly recall that time.

Cousin Adelaide was completely overwhelmed. She was deeply attached to her husband and the circumstances of her life had made her singularly dependent upon his devotion, for, on his account, her father had disinherited her and made her an alien and a stranger.

The head of the great banking firm of Olney, Sanderson and Co. had been intensely proud of his beautiful daughter, upon whom he lavished all that wealth could give and the most luxury-loving nature desire. But wealth, as wealth, had little attraction for Adelaide Olney. Refined almost to fastidiousness, intellectual, cultured, capable of deep and tender affection, her father's hard-headed, commercial spirit and a certain inherent coarseness of character jarred upon her at every turn. She did her duty for her dead mother's sake; but she and her father had not a single thought, feeling, or interest in common; and when, at one of those big country house parties, where the famous financier's

daughter was ever a welcome guest, she met and captured the lonely heir of the courtly Marquis d'Argentcourt, she seemed to have found, embodied in human form, the realization of all her youthful dreams. His religion, too, appealed strongly to one brought up as she had been.

Such a marriage, however, had never entered into the calculations of Ow Olney. "A foreigner and a Papist," he cried, violently. "I won't hear of it. If you marry the fellow you leave my house forever. And penniless mind you; for neither you, nor child of yours, shall inherit a farthing of my money!"

Adelaide knew that expostulation and entreaty would be equally unavailing, and his fulminations left her cold. She quietly made up her mind to take her own way, and did so, with the result that her married life had been one of almost unclouded happiness. Before the birth of her son, she had become a sincere and earnest Catholic, and the years of her English girlhood seemed ended like a tale told. For her father she had, to all intents and purposes, ceased to exist, and when some years previously, his death placed his nephew Richmond at the head of the firm, only a notice in the English papers had acquainted her with the fact. Now, however, this complete severance of all family ties had begun to make itself felt. On going into the affairs of the Marquis, she found that, owing to certain unfortunate investments, she and her son would be practically penniless.

Raoul, who had, of course, been instantly summoned, stepped into his position as head of the house with callous alacrity and absolute disregard for the feelings of those around him. He discussed his father's lack of business capacity with a contemptuous bitterness that aroused Nino to an indignant protest. But there was nothing to be done.

For myself, I possessed a small income of two hundred a year, the control of which was in the hands of trustees till I should reach my twenty-fifth year—an eternity to look forward to, when I was longing to place every thing I had at Cousin Adelaide's disposal. But what, after all, was such a sum wherewith to face a world that has little sympathy to spare for any save the prosperous?

"I fear there is no alternative but to write to my cousin Richmond," the Marquise said to me about a week after the fatal accident, as we sat in her sunny boudoir—sunny, even on this November morning. "We can not remain here; and I have Nino's prospects to consider. For his sake I will

humble myself as I could never do, were I alone in question. Then there is yourself, dearest child. Some plan must be arranged for you. Some suitable friend who, later on, will chaperon you when you go into society. I know you are generous enough to wish to share our fallen fortunes; but, at your age, you need the joy of youth—its happiness and freedom from care."

"But how could I be happy away from you and Nino?" I cried, protesting. "No, Cousin Adelaide; whatever happens—whatever we have to bear—we must all bear it together."

Nearly two years passed away—uneventful and to me very dreary years—during which Cousin Adelaide continued to live in France, though not at the Chateau d'Argentcourt; whilst Nino, to whom his cousin had offered a subordinate post in the bank, was in New York on business for the firm.

Richmond Olney had answered his aunt's letter immediately and in a more gracious manner than she had dared to hope. He expressed pleasure at hearing from her, promised to do all he could to further Nino's interests, in condition that he consented to begin as one of their clerks, and he alluded to a meeting at no distant date. The days and months, however, had drifted on, and he had not yet put in an appearance. Cousin Adelaide, to my surprise, seemed quite satisfied with his letter and with the arrangement for Nino. Broken down by her grief and loss and the parting from her peaceful home, lesser trials apparently had no power to touch her. Even Nino's prolonged absence, which, to me, left "life a blank, and made tomorrow dead as yesterday," scarcely pushed her to more than an occasional word of regret. At length, one summer morning, when I was approaching my eighteenth birthday, a letter arrived which put an end forever to what, in my impatience, had termed the painful monotony of the previous months. Richmond Olney wrote to say that he was raising Nino's salary on account of the great ability he had shown, and that there was a house in Berkshire which he would gladly place in Cousin Adelaide's disposal if she would make it convenient to come to England immediately.

I was delighted. We should have lived with us once more and be amid fresh scenes and totally different surroundings; yet all the while I was aware of a sort of fear and distrust of Richmond Olney, which it was as impossible to account for as to deny. His letters, with their profuse expressions of sympathy for the Marquise, never

seemed to me to ring true, and I had a rooted, if irrational, conviction that I should never like him. I determined, however, that not even to Nino would I confess these feelings. It was all important that the present friendly relations between him and his cousin should remain undisturbed. Moreover, the agreeable excitement of settling down in our new home soon occupied my thoughts to the exclusion of all else.

The house was beautifully situated. Surrounded on three sides by pine woods, which sheltered, but did not shade, its charming garden, it faced south at a point where the trees fell away, revealing a wide expanse of open country, with far, blue distances and sun-kissed, ling-covered spaces, where gorse and broom blazed golden in the hot, clear air, and dainty harebells and every variety of heather rang their fairy chimes for all who chose to hear. How I grew to love every nook and corner of the dear place, the indescribably, soul-thrilling music of wind in the pine tops, the great bushes of rhododendrons, pale pink, deepest crimson, and purest white, that, like huge bouquets, bordered the winding shrubby paths, were Nino and I used to walk in the long, delicious summer evenings; the silvery sand, warm beneath our feet; the voices of the wood doves crooning softly above our heads.

Have I said that Richmond Olney was a constant visitor? I think not. Neither have I described him. Let me try to do so now. A man between forty and forty-five, somewhat above middle height; pale, with light, gold hair, and features that were generally pronounced handsome; a manner enthusiastic and affected; a voice that had the unnatural pitch of the would-be cultured, and aroused in me a feeling of aversion that my previous sense of distrust did not lessen—such was Richmond Olney.

Nor did he improve upon closer acquaintance—at least, not in my case—though Cousin Adelaide, and even Nino, found him interesting as well as agreeable. He certainly did all he could to make himself pleasant. With Nino he adopted an irritatingly intimate tone, walking about with arm linked in his, and an ostentation of coarsely regard; whilst his exaggerated consideration for and deference to me filled me with a repugnance I found it hard to hide.

The summer, however, had given place to autumn, and autumn to winter, without anything having occurred to justify my prejudice. Then, one afternoon a week before Christmas, when

Cousin Adelaide was shopping in Windsor, and I was enjoying a book by the library fire, I was told that Mr. Olney was in the drawing-room.

"What can he want; he was here to dinner only yesterday evening?" I thought, as I rose reluctantly and took my way across the hall.

"Miss Carnforth—Christine!" he exclaimed, coming towards me with hand extended, directly I opened the door. "Forgive me for disturbing your peaceful solitude; but my mission is urgent."

"Nino!" I cried, involuntarily. "Is he ill—or hurt?"

"No, indeed, no. Pray do not distress yourself; my business has nothing, I trust, of an unpleasant character." He spoke quietly, reassuringly, and smiled as he drew me to a cozy, cushioned lounge near the fire.

Nevertheless, despite the honied sweetness of his tone, I had seen a look of intense annoyance flash into his eyes at the mention of Nino's name. In truth, it was not so much a glance of annoyance as of a fierce, uncontrollable anger that for the moment so distorted his features as to make him almost unrecognizable, though it passed so swiftly that, even before he sat down beside me, he was once again his ordinary pleasant self.

"Can you not guess why I have chosen a moment when, from something my aunt said yesterday, I knew I should find you alone?" he asked, dropping his voice persuasively.

"No," I replied; but, even as I spoke with studied curtness, a disagreeable suspicion darted through my mind. I drew myself rigidly back into my corner. Whatever he meant to say, I was determined he should have no encouragement from me. "Please press that bell near you," I added. "It is a cold afternoon, and you must be longing for a cup of tea."

"Tea!" he cried, dramatically. "Tea! Christine, do not mock me. You must be aware—every true woman is aware—when a man loves her as I love you. I beg you to be my wife. I will give—"

"Oh, Mr. Olney!" I broke in, really distressed. "What you ask is quite impossible. I could never care for you in that way."

"Do not decide too hastily," he answered, bending forward and taking my unwilling hand in his. "Give yourself time. Believe me, I am content to wait. And I think, if you will consider the matter carefully and dispassionately, you will see the many advantages to be derived from a union with me."

Even in that moment, annoyed and

uncomfortable as I felt, I could not help smiling inwardly; "union" was so exactly the word for Richmond Olney to use. "He talks like a penny novelette," I thought, trying to withdraw my hand; but, laying his other upon it, he continued, suavely:

"Listen, my dearest girl. You have beauty, birth, and brains. I have wealth. I am a power in the financial world. I shall make money and yet more money, as I have done in the past. Married to me, you would enjoy a positively unique position; for if you are highly connected, I have the gold, without which nothing can be done in these democratic days."

"I assure you I am not blind to the benefits you propose to confer," I said, trusting that I did not show how his innate vulgarity of outlook revolted me. "I can, however, only repeat what I said just now—I do not care for you."

"Quite so—quite so," he interposed, easily. "But the feeling will come. Believe me, it will."

"No," I cried, thoroughly roused at last by his persistence and self-satisfaction. "It never will."

What more I might have said I do not know, but, fortunately, at that instant the door opened, and Cousin Adelaide came in.

Early in the New Year we received a visit from Mr. Sanderson, who arrived just as the Marquise and I were going in to luncheon.

"Dear lady," he said, bending over Cousin Adelaide's hand, "you see I have taken you at your word, and ventured to trespass uninvited upon your hospitality. Ah! Miss Carnforth, I am very pleased to find you looking so well."

He was a fine, handsome, white-haired man, of venerable aspect, and manners of a silky smoothness. Never ruffled or hurried; always urbane, dignified, and calm; he was, in actual fact, the moving force—the real ruler of the firm, though Richmond Olney was nominally its head, and his influence with his senior partner was practically unbounded. He conversed delightfully. His social gifts made him a general favorite.

"May I look at your flowers?" he asked, when we rose from the table. "No, my dear Marquise, do not trouble, I beg. Our young friend will go with me." So saying, he followed me towards the conservatory, whither I felt compelled to take him; for I guessed, though Cousin Adelaide evidently did not, that, for some reason, he intended to speak to me alone. Rather mystified, but not in the least disturbed, for he had always been particularly kind to me, I led the way,

calling his attention to my own special favorites, and pointing out any little improvements we had made since his last visit.

"You have done wonders," he remarked, approvingly. "Really wonders. It is marvelous how you and Nino have accomplished so much in so short a space of time. "Then, wheezy suddenly round upon me: "Why did you refuse Richmond Olney?" he said, with startling abruptness. "No, do not be offended; I take a deep interest in your welfare, and you must allow me an old man's privilege."

"You are very kind," I answered, coldly; "but it is not a subject I care to discuss, nor is it one that I should have supposed Mr. Olney would have mentioned to you."

"There are no secrets between us," Enderby Sanderson said. "As David was to Jonathan, so is Richmond to me. His is a most beautiful character, Miss Carnforth, and you will do well to pause ere you lightly cast from you the love—and, in so doing, destroy the happiness—of such a man."

"I trust Mr. Olney's happiness rests on a firmer basis," I returned. "But in any case, from my own point of view, I should be doing him a far greater wrong if I consented to become his wife. Possibly he is all that you believe. That, however, does not alter the fact that I have not even the esteem for him which, after all, is a poor substitute for real affection."

The instant the words had left my lips I regretted them. Was it not most unwise to run the risk of offending one upon whom so much of Nino's ultimate success in life must depend? I tried to speak, hoping to retrieve my error, but Mr. Sanderson silenced me with a gesture.

"I quite understand," he said, in an ominously gentle tone. "You are, I perceive, my dear young lady, hopelessly in love with Antony d'Argent-court."

The hot blood mounted to my cheeks. "How dare you suggest such a thing?" I cried, indignantly. "Whatever your solicitude for your friend's feelings, at least you have a right to respect mine." And I walked out and left him alone.

"Christine, are you there?" asked Nino's voice at my door about a fortnight later. "I want to speak to you."

I had just finished dressing for dinner, and was wondering why he was so late. Hurrying into the corridor, I found him standing there with a look on his face I shall never forget.

"Come in here," he said, drawing me through the curtained archway that led into a small ante-room at the head of the staircase. His usually clear

tones were hoarse from suppressed feeling and changed almost beyond belief. Dropping wearily into a chair by the table, he covered his face with his hands. "God help me, Christine!" he murmured. "How shall I tell my mother? I have been dismissed!"

"Dismissed!" I echoed, dully. "Why, what possible reason could they give for treating you so shamefully—so unwarrantably?"

"No less a reason than the charge of falsified accounts," he answered, bitterly. "They confronted me with my books, and there is no denying the fact. I must have some secret enemy—someone who has a spite against me, though, for the life of me, I can't imagine who. I'm on the best of terms with all my fellow clerks. Olney sent for me to his private room, showed me the books, and asked me for an explanation. I said I could not give one; that the accounts had been tampered with, but that I knew no more than he who had done it. I never dreamt for an instant that he would doubt my word or my honor. But, to my astonishment, he got very excited; said it would be only the worse for me if I tried to brazen it out, and ended by working himself into a violent rage. Then Sanderson came in and tried to pour oil on the troubled waters, urging me not to be obstinate and short-sighted, but to admit that I had, in a weak moment, succumbed to temptation. If I would do this frankly and freely, he said all would be forgiven and forgotten. The affair would be hushed up, and a fresh chance given me for my mother's sake. When I continued to indignantly repudiate the charge, he and Olney both declined to listen. 'The subject is closed,' Olney added, furiously. 'And you are dismissed with a stain upon your character that time can never efface!' Unfortunately, this is only too true, for though it sounded melodramatic, as so many of his utterances do, the fact remains. My career is ruined at the very outset. To all intents and purposes, they have broken me as effectually as if I were indeed guilty. You must see this for yourself, Christine."

"No, no," I cried, passionately. "It is shameful, wicked, unjust to the last degree; but right must prevail in the end. Your innocence can and must be proved." But even whilst I spoke, my heart sank, and a dreadful supposition took root in my mind. Were these the means by which Richmond Olney intended to punish me for my rejection of him? I had heard whispers of his relentlessness if once his anger were thoroughly roused, still more if his self-love were wounded; and to strike me through Nino would be the

surest way to hurt me, far surer than anything else he could do to me. Nevertheless, in my ignorance and simplicity, I determined to make an appeal to him.

I begged Nino to say nothing definite to his mother for a day or two, and the next morning, on the plea of shopping, I escaped alone to London.

Having reached my destination, I was shown with fluttering heart into the senior partner's private room. But what need to describe that interview? Entreaty and expostulation were alike of no avail. Stripped of the thin veneer of courtesy with which his words and acts were hitherto covered, Richmond Olney stood revealed in all his meanness—a man with no sense of honor or just dealing when his own personal feelings were in question; with no delicacy, also—for he told me plainly that if I would reconsider his proposal and consent to marry him, Nino should be reinstated in his position.

Then at last my self-restraint broke down.

"How can you talk of reinstating him?" I cried, passionately. "You know as well as I do that he is absolutely incapable of the action imputed to him. The charge is a false one—a mere conspiracy to wreck his career. Yet you insult me," I continued, unheeding furious endeavors on my listener's part to interrupt—"you insult me, I repeat, by suggesting that I should become your wife in order that his name may be cleared."

"Leave my sight, Christine Carnforth," shouted Richmond Olney, trembling with rage. "Leave my sight, and never dare to speak again to me of this matter. Are you aware that, if you had made these monstrous accusations in the presence of a witness, I could have obtained an action against you for libel?"

"I think not," I retorted, with a calmness I was far from feeling; and, walking slowly toward the door, I opened it and passed out.

I will not write of the seven years which followed—those years that the locust hath eaten. Once more our home was broken up, and we became wanderers on the face of the earth. For Nino's sake I tried before we left England to obtain another interview with Richmond Olney. Short of marrying him, I would have done anything to propitiate him; but my letters were returned unopened; and when I went to the bank, I was told that the senior partner was not in. Mr. Sanderson, however, condescended to pay us a visit before we left Berkshire; but though he was full of regrets for the past and hoped that the "painful mystery" would be cleared up in the near

future, I felt little confidence in his sincerity.

Wherever we went, misfortune seemed sooner or later to follow us. The only gleam of brightness in those dark days was Nino's radiant courage. Never murmuring at the cruelty of his fate, full of high hopes and unflinching patience, he was a constant source of edification to me. His winning charm remained undimmed; his sweetness of disposition unembittered; but—and I noted it with an aching heart—his health became increasingly delicate. The constant strain of long hours and little pay; the frequent soul-sickening disappointments; for either negotiations fell through, or when a post had been obtained, after a few months, some reason on the part of his employers necessitated a change—were enough to break down the strength of the strongest.

This went on, as I have said, for seven long years, till at length we had drifted to a picturesque old university town in the Black Forest, where, for some time past, Nino had held an appointment as librarian and secretary to a Grand Duke, liberal as to salary, and unexact in his demands upon his secretary's strength. In this peaceful haven, we were beginning to feel happier and more secure, when Nino's health failed utterly. A severe chill was followed by long, weary weeks of serious illness. Our slender resources were at their lowest ebb. Cousin Adelaide, with all her kindness and tenderness, was helpless in such an emergency, and, as I stood by the window of our pleasant sitting-room, high up in a dear old gabled house, one lovely summer evening, I felt completely cast down.

"Christine, you are looking worn out; do go and lie down," said Nino's voice from the couch.

"I was thinking of running across to the Cathedral," I answered. "That is, if you can spare me for a little while."

"Of course I can spare you," he answered, quickly. "You have devoted far too much time to me lately. What a beautiful night it is. Just the sort of night to hear we were wanted as 'Next of Kin.'" This was a long-standing joke of his; whenever things seemed at their worst, he would always laugh and say that his words would come true.

"Ah, if they only would!" I thought, as I arranged his pillows and prepared to depart.

Inside the Cathedral—that exquisite red sandstone Gothic pile, whose slender openwork spire sprang up into the cloudless sky—the shadows were already gathering, and I knelt down

amid a little group of market women, in quaint, hooded cloaks, who were praying before our Lady's altar.

I longed for the humble enduring faith of Nino, whose childlike belief sustained him in all trials. I felt almost despairingly sad as I looked up at the familiar statue of the Stainless Mother, ever clasping her divine Child.

When I went back about twenty minutes later, I found an English newspaper and a letter in an unfamiliar handwriting, both addressed to me, lying on the hall table. With little interest and less curiosity, I took them up to my room, having looked in on my way upon Nino and discovered him fast asleep.

I opened the newspaper first and noticed with surprise that it bore a date more than six years and a half ago. Running my eyes over the pages, I saw a blue pencil marked paragraph: "Next of Kin—Wanted, Adelaide d'Argentcourt, only daughter of the late Owen Olney, Esq., of Hurstcote Manor, Surrey, and Aldersgate Street, E.C., or her heirs. Kindly communicate immediately with Messrs. Wilkington and Wills, solicitors, Fen Court, Fenchurch Street, London."

As I started to my feet, intending to seek the Marquise, I suddenly remembered the letter. I had better read it, for it might throw some light upon the mystery of the paper having been sent to me, when she and Nino were the persons concerned. I was not, however, left long in doubt. The document, for it was far too important to be termed a letter, proved to be nothing less than a written confession from Enderby Sanderson. He began by telling me that he had been very seriously ill, and went on to say how he and Richmond Olney had made that false charge against Nino, and by means of their wealth and influence had caused suspicion to fall upon him wherever he went. Then came the inquiry for Cousin Adelaide as next of kin to an old aunt of her father's; but whilst concealing their knowledge of her whereabouts from the lawyers, they pretended to be doing all in their power to trace her. So the time went on, till at last remorse seized upon Enderby Sanderson, and he had given our address to Mr. Wilkington, from whom we should hear at once concerning a fortune of £70,000 bequeathed to the Marquise, or, failing her, to her son.

How I rushed in to Cousin Adelaide, and flew down to Nino; how we discussed the delightful news till far into the night, only to go over it all again with fresh zest in the morning, need not be chronicled here.

The end of the month found us back

in England; by the middle of July we were established in our new home—and such a home!—a wonderful old timbered house, built on an island, in the midst of the sunny western sea.

It had been the rich Miss Olney's whim to buy herself this rocky islet and to transform it into a tiny earthly paradise. Steep, inaccessible cliffs protected it on the north, east, and west; but southward the land fell away gradually to a golden, shell-strewn strand. On this side, also, were richly wooded slopes and a luxuriance of flowering shrubs and semi-tropical plants.

The beautiful old house, its quaint gables and twisted chimneys covered in creepers, was as comfortable as every modern contrivance could make it. The gardens were perfectly planned, and glorious with summer blossoms. To the right, across the water, lay the mountains and valleys of Wales; on the left, the picturesque coast-line of Somerset and Devon.

It was, in truth, an enchanting spot, and in its pure and balmy air, amid these wide spaces of sea and sky, Nino would surely regain health and strength. I thought I could already detect a marked improvement as we walked up and down the wide south terrace at sunset about a week after our arrival.

It was a magical scene. Purple shadows stole down the rugged cliffs, and lost themselves in an amethyst sea that changed from violet to palest lavender, whilst the lavender again gave place to the most exquisite shades

of rose and gold, where, away in the west, the sun was sinking in a splendor that no words can describe.

"Are you tired?" I asked, as he paused, and, leaning upon the stone balustrade, stood looking out across the shining waves.

"No; I was only thinking that, in all my wildest imaginings, when I used to joke about the 'Next of Kin,' I never dreamt of anything so charming as this. If I get well, Christine," and he took my hands in his, "will you marry me, dearest? I have never told you of my love. How could I under the circumstances? But now, at last, I may honorably speak."

"Why did you wait so long?" I cried. "Oh, Nino, did you not guess that I loved you all the time? That poverty, illness—even apparent disgrace—were nothing so long as I could be with you."

He drew me nearer, and then, in that silence which means so much more than speech, we stood with hands close clasped, and watched the sun sink slowly behind the mountains, sending a broad pathway of golden light to our very feet.



(Continued from page 233)

The lad twisted the handle sharply, then pushed the blade downward. It slipped into place with a metallic click. "That's it! Now round it goes, one, two." Springing from the chair, he ran to the left side of the fireplace. The panel moved under his fingers, sliding silently into the wall and disclosing a black, cobwebbed hole.

Running back again, Gordon pushed the chair into its place, wiped the dusty footprint from the seat, straightened the rug, and looked about him. "There is nothing to show them what I've done, so far as I can see. Uncle Roger will spend some time tomorrow guessing how I got away. If I can find this brave John, he will help me get mother from the dungeon; and God speed me on my way."

Then the lad hurried to the passage and climbed through the opening. His fingers sank in powdery dust, a thousand cobwebs clung to him. Beyond, the hole seemed full, and the must in the air choked him. Gasping, he thrust his head into the room again to draw one more deep breath. "Well, it's go! Find John, get mother and—oh surely—there will be some little stream near the outlet in the forest. That means a drink. I would go through anything for one drop of cold water." Drawing back his head, Gordon slipped the panel over the opening. The last ray of light died. His groping hand touched a bar; as it slid into the socket, he heard the lock click far up in the soldier's hand.

(To be continued)

JUNE

June, June, the loveliest of old Time's twelve daughters,—

Month of the glowing rose—

The heaven blue upon thy flowing waters,

The emerald upon thy earth that grows!

The sweetness of the winds that blow around thee,—

Month of God's perfect care—

All Nature sure hath hailed thee and hath crowned thee

Queen of the year, Mistress exceeding fair.

Beauty divine lies in thy shades of even:

Beauty divine, apart,

Lives in thy light of day, afire from Heaven—

Month of the Sacred Heart!

M. J. Malloy



Missions

THE FRANCISCANS IN NEW MEXICO

By FR. ZEPHYRIN ENGELHARDT, O. F. M.

CHAPTER XXXI

Disputes Between Missionaries and Military Officials—Causes—Fr. Andrés Suárez—Bandelier's View—A New Band of Missionaries—Arrogance of Governor Mendizábel—Governor Peñalosa—Violates Church Asylum—Imprisons the Fr. Custos—Consternation in the Province—Fr. Posadas Released—Peñalosa Recalled—Sentenced to Banishment—His Mythical Expedition to Quivira—Effect of Scandals on Indians

IT WOULD be more agreeable if we could confine our narrative to the activities of the individual missionaries; but, as already intimated, the thirty-eight years preceding the Great Revolt of 1680 are almost a blank so far as the missions are concerned. The records that have been saved deal almost entirely with the personal conduct of government officials and show that the disputes between the governors and the Fathers Custodes continued in consequence of the usurpations of the military and civil authorities. Non-Catholic writers on New Mexico have but too eagerly seized every fragment that could be made to tell against the Catholic Church and her ministers. H. H. Bancroft by no means stands alone. Since Bandelier, Hodge, Lumis, etc., entered the territory and investigated, the clouds of misrepresentation that rested over the missionary efforts have been dispelled. Authors now write with more caution, at least for the general public, on the affairs of this portion of the Great Southwest. No historian who cares for his reputation desires to expose himself to the charge of supine ignorance or of obstinate bigotry. For all that, some can not help exhibiting their innate prejudice even in our day. When, in the course of our narrative, the assertions of such writers come to the surface, they will be duly dealt with.

True it is that the half century which really paved the way for the Great Revolt, except for short periods, was anything but edifying to either the Indians or the white people. Could greed and ambition, the twin vices of the Spanish officials and soldiers who were inflicted on New Mexico, have been excluded from the territory, no such scandalous events as disgraced this period would have to be recorded.¹

"The governors of New Mexico,"

writes Bandelier, "frequently did very much as they pleased, for they knew that their term of office was short, and the salary not in proportion with the uncomfortable life they were called upon to lead. Consequently, they tried to make as much of their position as could be made. * * * This exposed the Indians to a number of local and temporary vexations, the severity of which varied within a very short lapse of time, and often alternated with periods of great benefit to the native, according to the character of the magistrate who represented the Crown. * * * Sometimes several governors in succession were tyrannical towards the Indians. Fr. Andrés Suárez, writing to the king on October 26, 1647, says: "Of the thirteen governors which New Mexico had so far, ten have given an account to God, our Lord. I knew them all except the conqueror of this land. I speak only of the three who are in these provinces, although two are now leaving, one as prisoner for having sold the powder of Your Majesty, the other for bribes, etc." The two governors about whom Fr. Suárez complains bitterly were Fernando de Argüello and Luis de Guzmán y Figueroa. "Such individual instances of arbitrariness and actual disregard for the laws," Bandelier continues, "may be found frequently, and how could it be otherwise when the central authorities were so far away?"

Now let the reader bear in mind that "in connection with the Indians the

¹ "Anglo-Saxon" (so-called) writers and others who point with contempt to such conduct of Spanish officials are advised to open the well-known records of the purely English colony of Jamestown, Virginia. There they will discover the exact counterpart of this period in New Mexico. Nay, worse, for the Indians in Virginia were gossiped out of existence by the godfearing (?) English, whereas the Indians in New Mexico continue in possession to the present time.

² Final Report, I, p. 224.

clergy (here the Franciscans) were bound, and by positive royal orders, to watch the civil officers and to report any abuse committed by them. Such reports * * * were acted upon by the king himself." Under such conditions, the governors, particularly those of an avaricious and tyrannical disposition, naturally felt themselves ill at ease with the missionaries who were compelled to report any abuse of power, and dissensions were therefore unavoidable as far as the missionaries were concerned. Bandelier instances the term of Governor Martínez Baeza's rule. "From the documents in my possession, dating from the years 1635-1639, he writes, "I must conclude that the Governors Don Francisco M. Baeza and Don Louis de Rozas were in the wrong; that the former especially was in principle opposed to the Church as protector of the Indians, and that, while the Custodian, Fr. Cristóbal de Quiros, was a very energetic and even naturally violent man, he was fundamentally in the right. Many of the colonists were on the side of the clergy (Franciscans) when the tumult broke out in 1642. When Governor Rozas was murdered, he was in prison for "Residencia" (i. e., awaiting the review of his official acts), a fact that speaks strongly against him. The assassination was charged upon the Franciscans. * * * Still it appears that the Franciscans were afterwards fully exonerated."

That such dissensions, added to the oppressions the poor Indians suffered at the hands of the civil and military rulers, contributed greatly to the uprising of the Pueblos, was but natural. Another most scandalous and distressing case of arrogance and usurpation, which must have amazed even the sto-

³ Final Report, I, p. 225.

⁴ Bandelier, Final Report, I, p. 228.

ical natives beyond expression, occurred less than twenty years after Roza's death. "On December 24, 1658, Don Bernardo Lopez de Mendizábal, newly appointed governor of New Mexico, left Mexico City for Santa Fe. Accompanying him were the *Custodio*, Fr. Juan Ramirez, Fr. Nicolas de Freytas, Fr. Miguel de Guebara, and sixteen other Franciscan missionaries. * * * * En route to New Mexico there were many quarrels between Mendizábal and the religious. Mendizábal made many claims to extraordinary powers, and even pretended to have secret instructions from Viceroy Albuquerque to strangle or hang the religious or to banish them ignominiously from the province. In July, 1659, Mendizábal and his retinue reached Santa Fe, where he was to exercise the duties of governor until the latter part of 1661. During this period Mendizábal completely alienated all classes save a few of his own favorites and appointees. Especially did he antagonize and persecute the religious. So serious, in fact, was his persecution of this group that he came to be called Attila by every one, and within a year after his arrival the missionaries had decided, provided no relief should be forthcoming, to consume the Sacrament in all the churches of the province and depart therefrom."

The many complaints at last resulted in the recall of Mendizábal and the appointment in his stead of Diego Dionisio de Peñalosa, who reached Santa Fe early in August 1661. About four months earlier, April 28, 1661, a new *Custodio* also arrived in the person of Fr. Alonso de Posadas.* With Peñalosa came from Mexico Fr. Nicolas de Freytas, who had come up to New Mexico in 1658, but who had in person presented to the viceroy the complaints of the missionaries and others against Mendizábal. Though only twenty-four years of age in 1658, he was given charge of the pueblo of San Ildefonso on the upper Rio Grande. It would have been well for him had he attended scrupulously to his flock there; for, if we may believe the authorities Professor Hackett cites for his statements, "the warmest affection had developed between Peñalosa and Father Freytas. Soon after his arrival, Freytas said in a sermon that God had brought Peñalosa to take the Church out of the power of a heretic. Freytas served as the governor's confessor and lived and dined regularly with him, the two playing cards in the government building to while away the time." There are

stranger doings reported by Hackett, which seem not sufficiently well based to warrant repetition. To recite them all would take us beyond our limits as they would require elucidation, which, not having the originals before us, we are not able to give. The fact, however, that Fr. Freytas and Fr. Guebara associated with the notoriously wicked schemer Peñalosa, instead of minding their Fr. *Custodio* is sufficient evidence that the pair had forgotten their priestly dignity and religious vocation. Fr. Posadas, of course, by no means approved the conduct of the two friars. Furthermore, a long struggle began "between Father Posadas, on the one hand, and the governor, supported by Fathers Freytas and Guebara, on the other, over the general question of ecclesiastical jurisdiction. * * * One of the most serious disputes connected with the whole subject of ecclesiastical jurisdiction arose in the following way: Don Pedro Durán y Chávez, lieutenant-general of the province, was arrested by order of Peñalosa, and was being carried in chains to Santa Fe when he escaped from his guard and sought asylum in the church at Santo Domingo. As soon as he was advised of this, Peñalosa sent soldiers to Santo Domingo, who, Sunday, August 23, 1663, after demanding the keys and being refused them, forcibly took the refuge from the church. Claiming that he had authority from the pontiff to do so, Father Posadas promptly threatened to excommunicate Peñalosa unless Don Pedro was returned within twenty-four hours to the church in which he had sought refuge. Thereupon Peñalosa replied that with all due respect to the pontiff he would arrest Father Posadas, and this he promptly set about to do.

"On Sunday, the last day of September, 1663, after all necessary precautions had been taken to safeguard the undertaking, Peñalosa placed himself at the head of twelve mounted and armed citizens of Santa Fe and set out for the nearby pueblo of Pecos," the doctrina (mission) at that time administered by Father Posadas. At an unseasonable hour that night, while Father Posadas was walking up and down the corridor reciting the rosary, Peñalosa entered. Indulging in the most undignified personalities, Peñalosa charged Father Posadas with having tried to instigate a revolt in the province, and chided him for not having, from the standpoint of his own interest, tried to serve the governor's pleasure,

"instead of dealing with attachments by the Inquisition." Fr. Posadas was then placed under arrest by Peñalosa and carried to Santa Fe. There the priest was locked up in one of the rooms of the governor's palace, the window was closed with adobe and pieces of timber, guards were placed outside the room, and two pieces of artillery were loaded and trained on the principal door of the hall leading to the plaza.

"The arrest of the Father *Comisario*" created consternation among both laymen and ecclesiastics, who all alike pronounced it an unprecedented act. At Pecos, Fr. Nicolas Enriquez ordered that the Sacrament should be consumed forthwith, for he feared some forward or contemptuous act from Peñalosa, who had already threatened to kill him. At Santa Fe, the (Fr.) Guardian closed the church, ordered the Sacrament consumed, called upon other churches throughout the province to do likewise, and expressed a determination to retaliate with an interdict."

The religious tried to have their venerated superior released and they approached Peñalosa, who finally caused it to be understood that he was "weighted down, perplexed, and exhausted" on account of having arrested Fr. Posadas. After a long conference on October 7, 1663, in the room in which Fr. Posadas was a prisoner, the seven religious present agreed to take an oath of secrecy concerning the affair, after which Peñalosa accompanied Fr. Posadas to the door and set him at liberty. Despite the efforts of the governor to hush up the matter, the news in due time reached the tribunal of the Inquisition in Mexico City. On February 7, 1664, formal charges were made against Peñalosa and his arrest was ordered. His property was attached, and a sufficient part of it was sold to pay the guards who should bring him a prisoner to the capital. It was held that "any less a demonstration would not be fitting retribution for such unmeasured impudence." At the same time charges were issued against Fathers Nicolas de Freytas and Miguel de Guebara, the abettors of Peñalosa, who at the subsequent trial admitted that, together with Fr. Freytas and Fr. Guebara, he had intrigued against Father Posadas. On February 3, 1668, after having been imprisoned for more than three years, Peñalosa was formally sentenced by the Holy Office to perform a public penance, to receive a public reprimand, to be fined \$500, and in addition, which was the most painful part of the punishment, the Court decided: "We also de-

* Prof. Charles W. Hackett in *The Missions of the Franciscans in New Mexico*, 1919, p. 318.

* Ibidem, pp. 320, 321.

* We have in vain tried to secure copies of the papers quoted.

* This action of itself incurred excommunication. It was also against the laws of Spain. Fr. Posadas merely threatened to publish the excommunication.

* Hardly nearby, except as distances count in the Southwest. It is eighteen miles south-east of Santa Fe.

* Fr. Posadas was commissary of the Inquisition, and Custos of the custos or custody of Franciscans and their missions.

* Hackett ut supra, pp. 325-330.

ALONG UNTRODDEN TRAILS

BY A TRAILER

drive him perpetually of the right to hold political or military offices, and we also exile him from these kingdoms of New Spain and the Windward Islands forever; and we command that this sentence shall be executed within thirty days following after the pronouncement of the sentence."¹²

Peñalosa's utter worthlessness, not to speak of his immoralities with which we do not wish to soil these pages, may be gathered from his subsequent conduct. Unable to interest the viceroy and the king in some of his ambitious schemes, he went to London and Paris in 1671-1673, and attempted to organize a grand enterprise of conquest against his former sovereign, freely resorting to falsehood, and claiming for himself the title of Conde de Santa Fe, with several others, to which he had no claim.¹³

Peñalosa, furthermore, drew up a narrative of an expedition which he asserted he had made to the country of Guivira in 1662 and had Fr. Freytas' name printed on the title page as the author of the story. Strange to say, Dr. Gilmory Shea accepted the story as genuine, and had a Spanish reprint published in New York in 1882. This "Relacion," a copy of which lies before us, when published aroused much suspicion. The *Real Academia de la Historia* in Spain ordered an investigation with the result that it was discovered, first, that Peñalosa did not make such an expedition at all; second, that Father Freytas did not write the *Relacion*; and third, that Peñalosa forged the work, adding the name of Freytas when he moved to Paris in 1773.¹⁴ If any doubt remained as to the authenticity of the work, Prof. Hackett, in his splendid contribution to the *Mississippi Valley Historical Review*, has removed it effectively.

"Nothing is available," says Hackett, that would throw any light upon the later career of Father Freytas or of Father Guebara. In 1665 Father Posadas was still serving as Franciscan *custodio* and as *Comisario* of the Tribunal of the Inquisition in New Mexico. Apparently his relations with the new governor, Juan de Miranda, were altogether cordial.¹⁵

Unfortunately, the conflicts between the civil and religious authorities, especially those raging between 1640 and 1663, made an indelible impression upon the natives. They could not fail to lessen the respect of the Indians for the missionaries, and thus they nullified all efforts of the most self-sacrificing friars to instill Christianity in the hearts of

(Continued on page 244)

THE California missions are well known. Many can be seen from the parlor cars of our railroads; while automobile driving on the beautiful California roads, especially on the *Camino Real* or King's Highway, which passes most of the missions, is a popular pastime. But he who loves the byways and the less trodden trails, should go to northern Sonora and Lower California, where in the midst of ruins of ancient Indian villages he will find beautiful edifices which easily compare with, and often surpass, our California missions. These trails have seldom been trodden by tourists since the days of the Padres; and for this reason the missions along the road still contain all their old relics—bells, paintings, and fixtures—which at the better known missions are so often found destroyed or removed by sacrilegious hands.

Lower California has a chain of missions which are very inaccessible and mostly in ruins. The Texas missions are better preserved, and so are the churches of the Pueblo Indians in New Mexico. The few missions of Arizona, however, are only the end of a great chain of missions which begins far down in Mexico. The tourist knows very little of them. Travelers are held back from crossing the boundary by a fear, mostly imaginary, of Mexican bandits; and even when they cross the border, they find desert roads through sandy washes and rocky hills, and without a good guide they will hardly find the missions.

Almost all of the existing missions are Franciscan in their history, either built upon the ruins of former Jesuit churches or remodeled after the orig-

inals to more pretentious proportions. But what makes these missions a unit and gives them an interest of their own, is that they are the chain of missions built by the famous Father Kino, that remarkable Jesuit Father who inaugurated the great missionary movement in these parts. For years he labored untiringly in the desert country—a sturdy old man, who thought nothing of traversing the entire region on foot or horse-back, only to set out after a few days' rest on a trip of similar length. In a modest diary he humbly tells of the great work he was accomplishing. From Dolores Mission, his headquarters, he traveled west to the Gulf of California, north to the old Aztec ruins at Casa Grande, in which he said Mass in 1694; thence west to the present Yuma, and down to the mouth of the Colorado River, through deserts without water and over mountain ranges without trails. The Indian names of the places where he founded his missions—they were mostly among the Papagos and Pimas—have hardly changed; and were it not for the fact that the Indians have moved (or have been driven) into the present Papago Reservation in southwestern Arizona, everything would be just as it was at the time of the Padres. After the Jesuits were expelled by an infidel Spanish government, the Franciscans took over the missions, remodeling and rebuilding them. It was especially Padre Francisco Garcés who stepped in Padre Kino's footsteps, making the same trips and extending them to the Pacific Ocean in the west and to the Moqui country in northern Arizona.

The best way to visit the northern



Yaqui Soldiers at Magdalena

¹² Hackett, pp. 331-335, passim.

¹³ Bancroft, New Mexico, 165, 169.

¹⁴ Hackett, pp. 315-316.

¹⁵ Hackett, p. 335.



San Ignacio—Queen of Eastern Missions

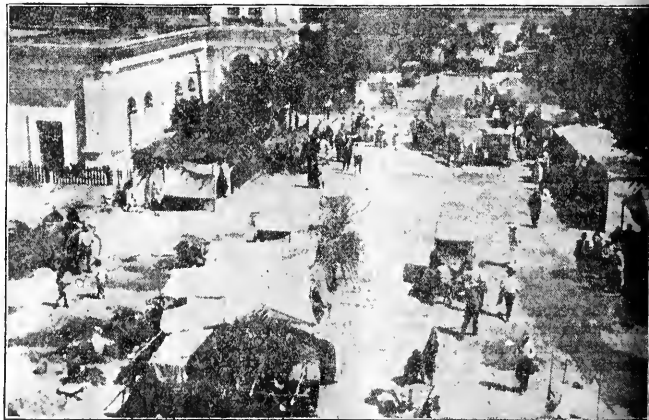
Sonora missions is to go south from Nogales, Arizona, and after reaching Dolores mission, proceed westward to Caborca and Sonora. Nogales is seventy miles south of Tucson, on a road which passes San Xavier mission, the ruins of Tumocacori, and the remnants of Guevavi. South of Nogales the first mission is Cocóspera, at once the most picturesque and sinister of the mission ruins. Crowning a hill which rises abruptly from the plain, the remains of two towers jutting over the ruin, it makes a fantastic and interesting silhouette against the sky. Of the facade nothing remains but an ornamental brick veneer, which seems ready at any moment to fall away from the original adobe wall. As the soft light shines through the dilapidated nave flanked by walls whose color has been softened by the years gone by, the imagination runs wild, and one sees again the old Padres in their black or brown robes chanting the office, teaching the redskins, and raising their hands in benediction. No wonder that with their vivid imagination present-day Mexicans who live near the missions, see the Padres walking about to guard the missions they built and the treasures which the natives suppose to be buried under each. As is the case with the legends woven about the ruinous castles of the Middle Ages, these treasure stories will continue to hold the imagination as long as the old missions exist; and there are vandals who, believing the tales, dig on and around the mission sites—in instances not sparing even the resting places of

the dead beneath the altars—of course, only to be disappointed.

The next mission to the south is Imuris, marked only by a mound of earth and a few low walls. Evidently, the Franciscans did little, if any, restoring here, and the old walls of the Jesuit period have crumbled to pieces. The Mexicans of the neighboring village help themselves to the bricks of the fallen walls. In the modern church of this place hang two bells brought from Cocóspera, bearing the mark of the year 1698, the day of Father Kino.

From Imuris the road leads down to

San Ignacio, the queen of all the eastern missions. It is in excellent repair. The statues and the paintings date chiefly from Jesuit days, but the present building seems to have been constructed by the Franciscans. The church has a few small windows, a reminder of the older troublous times when the Apaches made their raids, burned buildings, and killed the inmates. The hand of Indian workmen is very apparent in the crude, grotesque decorations about the entrance and the altars; but the two front doors are beautifully carved of hard wood, after the Spanish pattern, by some master craftsman. Knowing that the doors were to stand exposed to the elements, the craftsman carved well and deep, so that after more than a century we can admire his work and realize it has no equal in mission architecture. The glory of San Ignacio is its bells. From within the church a circular stairway winds up to the roof, opening in a peculiar drumlike tower. The belfry, opposite contains five very old bells of various sizes, the smallest scarcely foot high—and together they make a very agreeable chime. The builders of the church covered the nave with a huge barrel vault and erected a large dome at the intersection of the nave and the transept. Fearing, however, lest the superimposed weight would push out the walls, they built two amazing large buttresses of stone to support the walls. The convento at the left of the church has fallen to pieces, many holes being found in the ruins; dug, presumably, by treasure seekers. Before the church is the grave of an old Jesuit missionary. The villagers deserve credit for taking such good care of their great treasure; San Ignacio is the neatest an



Fiesta at Magdalena Mission



Santa Maria Purisima

best preserved of this chain of missions.

A few miles farther down is Magdalena, the government seat of this district. Annually, on October 4, the feast of Saint Francis Xavier is celebrated here. Thousands of pilgrim Indians—mostly Papagos and Yaquis—and Mexicans come from far and near to do homage to a miraculous picture of the saint. The church is a modern structure. The village was at all times a Spanish or a Mexican colonist center, the other mission pueblos being for the Indians.

A little to the southeast of Magdalena we find Mission Dolores—all in ruins. It is the resting place of the celebrated Father Kino, S. J. His grave has never been discovered, though only recently a party of Jesuits conducted a search for it.

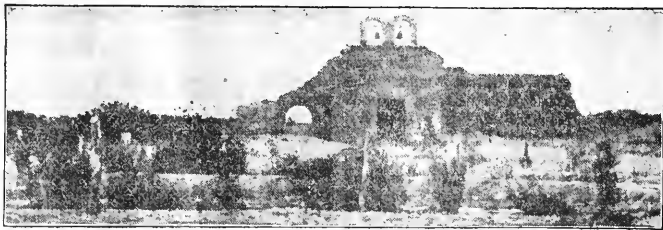
Along the Mexican railroad, about eight or ten miles from Magdalena, we find another little town—Santa Ana. A comparatively new church, box-like and uninteresting, stands beside the ruin of the old church. Two of the bells of the original church hang in the belfry of the later structure, the older bell, which is broken, dating from 1774.

From Santa Ana the road leads northwest to Tubutama, a truly great mission historically and architecturally. It has a beautiful chime of nine bells. From all appearances it was rebuilt or remodeled many times, native Indians having a large share in decorating it. It is a treasure house of old wood carvings, oil paintings, and bells—treasures seemingly unappreciated by their present guardians. Not a few exquisitely carved book racks, made to hold the bulky volumes of mission days, are cattered about the choir loft or lie about in fragments. The barrel-vaulted ceilings are a mass of intricate plaster guration. Though now suffering from a coat of whitewash, they were at one time undoubtedly covered with beautiful paintings and gold ornamentation.

The floor is laid with a special kind of tile, after a certain pattern.

For a time Tubutama was the resting place of the great Franciscan missionary of the Southwest, Padre Francisco Garcés and his three companions, murdered by the Yuma Indians in July, 1781. The remains of two of the padres, Diaz and Moreno, were discovered near Andrade, the scene of their death; while the bodies of Garcés and Barraneche, the fourth of the group, were found incorrupt at a spot in the middle of the arid desert which, strangely enough, was covered with green grass and a variety of beautiful flowers. The remains of these four holy religious were placed in one chest and conveyed to this mission, where, after the usual ceremonies, they received a most honorable burial on the epistle side of the main altar. Later on they were again ex-

The next mission is San Antonio de Oquitoa. The church, which is crumbling, is built on a hill overlooking the little village and the green valley. Traces of its former beauty survive, especially on the altar, which has a tabernacle covered with a thick layer of gold leaf. Behind the altar there is a *veredós*, or screen of wood, of a very interesting design and workmanship. Though very elaborate, it is built in sections which were hinged together so they can be folded. The several sections illustrate the passion of our Lord. There are also many old oil paintings about the altar. A new church is soon to be built in the village, and then the little mission church on the hill—for so many years, in joy and in distress, the spiritual mother of the children below—will be forgotten, and ruins will mark the place of its glory.



San Francisco de Atil

humed and taken to their final resting place in the Franciscan church at Querétaro, Mexico.

Tubutama is a pretty village, a feature being the plaza with the public reservoir before the church.

West of Tubutama, on the road leading to El Altar, are the ruins of Santa Teresa. Only a few adobe walls are left. Cactus and grease-wood grow in the aisles of the old church. A few years more and these remnants will be gone, and the place where zealous missionaries worked, offered the holy Sacrifice, and instructed the Indians will be known only in the stories and legends which old Mexicans repeat to their children. A few miles from here the traveler is directed to the place where over a hundred years ago a zealous Franciscan was surrounded by natives, thrown from the horse which he was riding on a sick-calf, and killed.

Not far from Santa Teresa, is the little mission of San Francisco de Atil. The *convento* is no more, and the walls of the charming church are crumbling. Some relics of the old church—bells, paintings, vestments, and vessels are still preserved. The old statue of San Francisco, the patron saint, is kept in a glass shrine over the simple altar.

El Altar is the county seat of this district, noted for its mines. Here in a small rented house of two rooms resides the only priest of the district. Where formerly almost every mission of the valley had its resident clergy, there are now only nineteen priests in the entire state of Sonora—many of them old and infirm—for a population of 260,000 souls. The church of Altar is modern. In the baptistery the old baptismal records are kept (that is, as much as has not been lost or destroyed). It is wonderful to see the handwriting of the old padres recording the fruits of their labor. Alone they were, far out on the frontier, away from home and kindred,

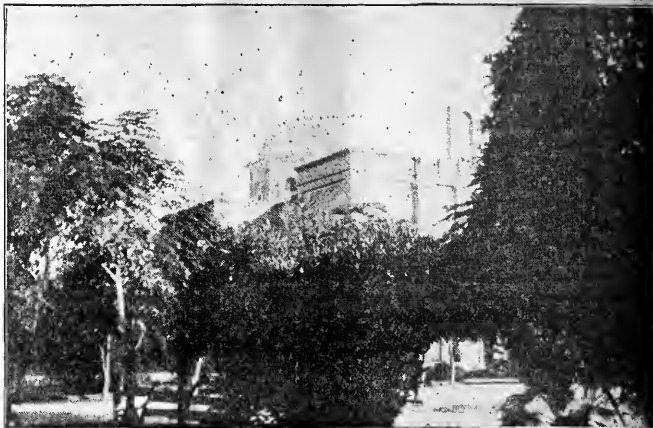


San Diego de Pitiquito

amid a strange people, which often enough misunderstood and abused them. In one old volume we find a padre so happy at being transferred to a more congenial companionship and clime, that in bold characters, spread over a whole page, he announces the glad fact to posterity. Who can blame him? They stayed as long as obedience held them and went wherever obedience sent them—these valiant soldiers of the Cross!

Traveling westward from Altar we reach San Diego de Pitiquito, a most interesting structure, at once so massive and so impressive that it shows the work of some master architect of the Franciscan Order. It has withstood the ravages of time and stands, as imposing as of old, on the summit of a hill overlooking the town. Everything about it is massive and durable. The very pulpit and confessional are built of powerful stone pillars supporting a vaulted stone roof. Under the whitewash of the interior walls can be seen the remains of former decoration. The nave is covered with a barrel vault. The dome is a complete half-globe, without windows. Near the church is a settlement of Indians, the last remnant of a once mighty population.

In order to reach Caborca, the most western of the missions, we have to cross a river, which is the fountain of life for this desert country, but at the same time the ruin of the beautiful mission and convento of Santa Maria Purisima. When the mission was built, it was probably a mile from the treacherous stream. But like all desert rivers, it changed its course. Nearer and nearer it came to the church, until about five years ago it undermined the massive foundations, so that the apse, one wing of the transept, and the whole rear of the convento were washed away, leaving the great dome suspended in the air. The little community made heroic efforts to save the historic edifice; but during the revolution the time was anything but propitious for their efforts. They built an adobe wall in the wings of the transept, making of the interior of the church a mere box, without dome, transept, or high altar. It is only a question of time when the waters of the river will flow over the ground of the beautiful mission. When the high altar was undermined, the remains of the old missionaries were uncovered. One skeleton was found with a little black rosary in its hands. Caborca is a typical Franciscan church, built near the site of the earlier Jesuit church. It is in the same style as San Xavier near Tucson. The outside seems even more impressive than San Xavier; the towers are finished and the convento is beautifully arched. But the interior of San Xavier is infinitely more elegant and impressive.



Church of El Altar

Besides Caborca there is only one more mission church in northwestern Sonora—San Marcelo de Sonolita, and it is completely in ruins. Sonolita was a mission of great importance to the missionaries of old. Here they rested and renewed their stock of provisions before attempting to cross the desert, which was waterless except for the water holes at Tinajas Altas, on their way to the Colorado River beyond. But San Marcelo was burned by the Indians; and since then no other church has been built to take its place.

We have arrived at the end of this great, but neglected, chain of old missions. Among hostile savages they were raised by soldiers of Christ, laboring in the sweat of their brow, apostles and masters at once of men. They built up a civilization among the redskins of the desert, far away from friends and home. Who will say they failed, even though their work is falling in ruins and their converts have left the churches they built, migrating to a friendlier land to live and work under a more stable government in southern Arizona? Their work has borne fruit. For, the Papagos have kept the faith of the missionaries, and are—thanks to the great work of the valiant Padres—one of the most progressive Indian tribes in the United States.

THE FRANCISCANS IN NEW MEXICO

(Continued from page 241)

appear to have become thorough Christians. The secret societies among the Pueblos, on the other hand, grew stronger and rendered possible the disasters that were shortly to afflict the province. The Spanish officials and soldiers, who manifested no more respect for the ministers of God than for the rights of the Indians, were of course detested. Here as elsewhere under Spanish dominion, the Fathers were thus hampered by the presence of the avaricious officials and soldiers, whose scandalous conduct the missionaries could not justify to the natives, and yet dared not punish. So when the day of revenge for the natives came, there was no distinction between the missionaries and the soldiers. Both were white.

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Miscellaneous

LIFE SKETCH OF SAINT ANTONY

By MARIAN NESBITT

IT IS extraordinarily difficult to describe in detail the character and temperament, the gifts and graces of mind and heart and soul that have drawn us to one who has won not only our profoundest reverence and warmest admiration, but also our truest and wordless affection; for after all they love little who can say how much they love. We can not, with the best will in the world, convey even the most inadequate impression of the face and form of a friend—much less give any idea of that mysterious charm of voice and personality, which we ourselves realize so vividly.

The task, therefore, of attempting to sketch the character of a heavenly friend, seems indeed beyond our powers. Especially is this the case when dealing with one so beloved as the world-renowned Antony of Padua, that brightest gem in the Franciscan crown, the "Jewel of Poverty," and the humblest as well as the greatest son of his Seraphic Father.

It must be remembered, moreover, that though St. Antony is just as much a real, living personality to the countless thousands who flock to his tomb in this twentieth century as he was to the Paduans of his own day; yet, of certified facts concerning him, there are comparatively few. His life, crowned though it was with celestial favors, and crowded with work, penance, prayer, teaching, preaching, healing the sick, comforting the sad, protecting the poor and the oppressed, was nevertheless a short one—he died at the early age of thirty-six—and we have little material to draw upon. We know that he was born at Lisbon on the Feast of the Assumption, August 15, 1191, and that he was the child of young, noble, and wealthy parents. Their palace stood near the great cathedral of Our Lady, to whom he was consecrated by his pious mother, probably on the occasion of his Baptism, which took place, according to the custom of his country, when he was eight days old, the name of Fernando, or Ferdinand, being given him.

How uncasingly the care of this Immaculate Virgin—"the Queen who is

exalted above the stars"—surrounded him throughout his happy childhood, pure-hearted, gracious youth, and saintly, gifted manhood, is one of the most striking facts in his career. His sermons are filled with references to the Blessed Mother of God. He loved to dwell at length upon her singular privileges and high prerogatives; upon her joys, and her marvelous power with her divine Son. Yet this tender and ardent devotion, running like an undercurrent of exquisite melody through all his discourse, was not made manifest by words alone—nor by exhortations, however earnest—nor panegyrics, however eloquent; but rather by every act of his lovely life, each single stage of which seems to have been a definite preparation for the next, and a reflection of that love for her whom he so poetically and appropriately calls "a Rainbow."—Mary, the true promise of happiness and of holy hope to all dwellers in this valley of tears—was, in very truth, "the light of his soul and his heart's bliss."

To return, however, to the child Ferdinand. The fount at which he was baptized is still preserved in the cathedral at Lisbon; and it was to the school attached to the same cathedral that he went daily from an early age until he was fifteen to study Holy Scripture, grammar, the elements of rhetoric, and probably plain chant, under the care of the good Canons; for his parents, we are told, were not only rich and noble, but "just before the Lord, and scrupulous observers of His Commandments."

As time went on, the attractive little child grew into a charming, graceful boy—clever as well as good; yet, despite, or perchance because of, his singular stainlessness of soul, not it would seem without his temptations. A very old legend describes how one day, when Fernando was praying near the altar in the cathedral, the devil suddenly appeared before him; whereupon, the boy, strong in faith and in innocence of heart, traced the sacred sign of our Redemption on the step on which he was kneeling; and tradition has it, that the marble became as wax beneath his

touch, so that the impression of the Cross has remained indelible and plainly visible to this day.

We can picture our Saint during the happy period of his home life, beloved by his parents, idolized by his young companions, enjoying the pleasures and amusements of his age and station. But gifted minds are rarely content to do things by halves. Neither are high and earnest minds satisfied with easy methods. Though to one of his sensitive affectionate temperament it must have been acutely painful to leave all he held most dear; yet we know that Ferdinand de Bouillon was inspired by that entire devotion to objects not of this world, which gives imperial power to its possessor.

Responding generously to the impulse of divine grace, he determined to give himself wholly to God, and thus, with "the dew of his youth" upon him, "and the beauty thereof as the Angels," he joined the Canons Regular of St. Augustine, receiving the white habit in the monastery of St. Vincent—"a house of strict observance"—at Lisbon.

Two years later, however, we read that, "after mature reflection and much prayer," he obtained leave from his Superior to enter the mother house of Holy Cross, at Coimbra, in order that he might enjoy a more complete solitude and separation from the world. Here, for eight years, he devoted himself to continual prayer and assiduous study; nor can we doubt that during those long hours spent in learning things divine, his finely tempered mind and elevated soul touched the most sublime heights of contemplation.

His communion with God was not, however, restricted to times like these. It continued even when he was engaged in such lowly tasks as sweeping the cloister. Old chroniclers tell us that, on one of these occasions, the elevation bell rang. At once the young canon laid down his brush and, falling upon his knees, prayed for a moment in silent adoration. As a reward of his piety, the wall seemed to open before his eyes, and he "saw the altar, and the priest

standing with the sacred Host in his hands."

It was at Coimbra that Ferdinand heard of the glorious death of the first martyrs of the Seraphic Order, the tidings being brought to him by some sons of St. Francis, who, from their tiny, recently established friary not far distant, went to beg food at the door of the stately monastery of Holy Cross, where, his biographers say, our Saint at that time held the office of Procurator, and where he had endeared himself to the whole community on account of his great holiness of life and sweetness of character.

The example of the heroic friars in Morocco, combined with the extreme poverty, humility and detachment of the brethren, with whom he had come in contact, so fired his enthusiasm, that he too, longed—with an irrepressible longing—to obtain the crown of martyrdom; or, if that were denied him, to die daily in the austere Order of the Poverello, where penance and self-effacement were practised with the utmost vigor.

After renewed mortifications and redoubled prayers for light to know God's holy will in this matter, Ferdinand, finding that the heavenly call rang ever more and more insistently in his ears, sought and at length obtained permission to receive the rough Habit of St. Francis, taking with it the name of Antony as well as the duties of the simplest and most unlearned of the brethren amongst whom his lot was now cast.

We next learn that Fra Antonio made his profession soon after his admission into the Franciscan Order. This is not surprising, seeing that, despite his youth, he was already a highly educated and experienced religious; but notwithstanding these facts, nor the sincere joy of his new companions at having him in their midst, they were wholly unconscious of the priceless pearl they had secured.

It was not, as subsequent events proved, according to the designs of Divine Providence that our Saint should lay down his life for his faith. That dearest wish of his heart was not to be realized. But never, perhaps, does his sanctity stand forth in bolder relief

than when we see him, with that wonderful correspondence to grace, accompanying his Provincial to Romagna and occupying himself, in the small convent to which he had been appointed, in the most menial offices, "washing the plates and kitchen utensils," and also, adds one of his biographers "the feet of the friars, which he then devoutly kissed."

There, apparently ignored, he worked and prayed. In truth, it might be said

"the scholar and student, born in a palace and trained in a royal monastery," had made when he passed from the cloistered peace of Holy Cross to join the ranks of the standard-bearer of Christ Crucified—never regretting "the martyr's crown of light," which he had once so ardently desired, and for which he had so fervently prayed.

In the year 1222, when Antony was still attached to the same small community, near Forlì, he accompanied his

Superior and some of the brethren, when the latter went to the bishop to receive Holy Orders. The prelate, as was usual on such occasions, requested the Fr. Guardian of the Franciscans to address a few suitable words to those present; but he, shrinking from the ordeal, begged that one of the sons of St. Dominic would speak in his place. They, however, all asked to be excused—the duty being a most unenviable one before such a probably critical audience.

The guardian then appealed to his own religious with no better success—until a sudden impulse, or rather inspiration, caused him to turn to St. Antony, though absolutely ignorant of the latter's mental gifts and qualifications. In fact, says one biographer, "this Superior did not think that Fra Antonio knew a word of Scripture save what is to be found in the divine office!"

Well indeed might our Saint have implored to be excused, but once again humility, the watchword of his Order, triumphed over natural reluctance. At the voice of obedience, he instantly threw himself with self-forgetting grace at the feet of his bishop, to receive his benediction, and then straightway began to preach.

His burning words, uttered so quietly and simply at first, grew every moment more impassioned till at length they fell from his lips in a torrent of sublime eloquence that completely amazed his hearers. St. Francis, on being informed of the incident, forthwith commanded Antony to preach God's word to the people.

Thus began that glorious apostolate whereby thousands of sinners were converted. Even the largest churches were



that with him each thought and word and act was a prayer, for contemplation and meditation had become easy to him, even when performing the humblest tasks; and in his noble, selfless soul, there was no room for ambition—no longing for place or power. Wishing only to lead a hidden life, he quietly trod the steep upward path of penance—never pausing to look back—never, in his utter lowliness of mind, dwelling on the tremendous renunciation which he,

unable to contain the immense crowds that congregated on river banks, in the center of vast plains, or on mountain slopes, to see the young friar and listen to his soul-stirring discourses; while his singular personal charm, combined with the holiness that shone in his dark eyes and sounded in every inflection of his sympathetic voice, so wrought on the multitudes that even in his lifetime they hailed him as a Saint.

"All fire within," says one of his intimate friends, "he shed abroad the light that was in him." Yet the dignity, publicity, and responsibility of his new position—he was unquestionably the first preacher of his day—inspired him, not with pride, but with a holy fear. It must never be forgotten that he presented the same lowliness of spirit and earnestness of purpose when surrounded by admiring crowds as he had shown when sweeping the cloisters or washing the dishes in his humble friary kitchen.

For nine years, Italy, France, and Sicily heard his voice and saw his miracles. Nor did he rest content with rekindling the faith in the hearts of his hearers; he went about, traversing countries and provinces, "in the most complete destitution, as a pilgrim and a stranger," everywhere combating heresy so successfully that he won for himself the title of "Hammer of Heretics."

Everywhere, too, gentle and tender though he usually was, he opposed oppression and tyranny, aggression and injustice with the most unflinching courage and with all the strength of his personal influence. An idealist in the highest sense, yet at the same time a practical social reformer, he strove by every means in his power to mitigate, as far as possible, the evils of the times in which he lived. Strong in love, he stood firm at a period when lawlessness and infidelity, party politics and intrigue were sweeping like a tidal wave across the world.

Such all-embracing love and kindness was—it need hardly be said—particularly evident in his dealing with his brethren. As a superior, his government was marked by very great sweetness and rare prudence; indeed, we are emphatically told that he ruled with a charity, gentleness, good sense, and firmness, that were the admiration of all. He was guardian of Limoges, Brionde, and Puy—also of the little friary to which he was first sent, near Forlì. Rigault tells us that when there, he had, as has been said elsewhere, effectually concealed his learning, occupying himself in the most lowly tasks, both in house and garden, and "humbling himself completely when in charge as Superior."

Known not only as a Saint, but as the Saint, "Blessed Brother Antony"—the perfect friar, famous preacher, and ardent social reformer was equally remarkable, as being one of the most learned men in the Seraphic Order. It was on this account that he took such a prominent part in the foundation of a Franciscan school of theology at Bologna, where St. Francis, in accordance with the request of the minister of that province, had consented to its establishment. Fra Antonio, by a unanimous wish of Francis himself, was chosen to fill the lector's chair.

The task was one for which his training at Holy Cross, combined with his devotion to prayer and study, rendered him eminently fitted; and it immediately became evident that the extraordinary success which had attended his preaching, would be equally marked in his method of instruction. Students of all nationalities and widely different professions gathered swiftly round him, for his outstanding ability, exceeded only by his beautiful example and holy life, caused the school to rise rapidly into fame.

Very soon, however, Antony was called to more important work at Vercelli, where he made the acquaintance of several other distinguished professors, who were far older than himself, but in whom the gifted young friar inspired the warmest feelings of admiration and friendship.

It may be noted here, that our Saint taught theology at Montpellier and Toulouse, as well as at Bologna and Padua—the city to be forever associated with his beloved name. Reflecting on his career as preacher and teacher, we may well say of him, that "grace was poured forth on his lips." In truth, we still, across the rolling sea of centuries, seem to catch the echo of his golden voice, crying, in the words of his own exquisite prayer: "Make, O Lord, my tongue like a swift arrow to declare Thy marvelous works. Send forth, O God, Thy Holy Spirit into my heart, that I may perceive; into my mind, that I may remember; into my soul, that I may meditate. Inspire me to speak piety, holiness, tenderness, and mercy. Teach, guide, and direct my thoughts and sense from the beginning to the end. May Thy grace ever help and correct me, and may I be strengthened now with wisdom from on high, for Thy infinite mercy's sake. Amen!"

Can we wonder, when we read such sublime aspirations as these, that our Saint, who made it a rule of his saintly life to pray to his heavenly Father in secret, should have been rewarded by that glorious vision which has

brought him down to us through the ages, holding in his arms the tiny figure of his Incarnate God? Surely, even to our finite minds, it seems singularly fitting that to one so pure, his Redeemer should have appeared, not in the humiliation and bitter suffering of His Passion, but in the fascinating form of a child.

During the whole of what may be termed his public life, St. Antony pursued his way with tireless energy, never ceasing from his immense labors; nor did his winning charm and grace of manner ever desert him, though he constantly suffered severe bodily pain and great weariness. Preaching, giving missions, spending long hours in the confessional, making incessant and most fatiguing journeys on foot, healing the sick, raising the dead, and performing such wonders that his name was on every lip—thus his days were passed; yet all the time he preserved intact his marvelous recollection of mind and heart, for we learn that, "though his body lived on earth with his brethren, his soul dwelt in heaven"—that land towards which his blessed feet were so rapidly hastening.

It was towards evening, on a golden summer day (June 13, 1231) that he was anointed, and having made his confession and received Holy Communion, he began with intense devotion the hymn to Our Lady *O Gloriosa Virginum*, which he had always so dearly loved. Half an hour later, when the sun was setting in radiant splendor over the roofs and towers of the city of Padua, and the violet shadows were beginning to gather round the little friary there—to which he had been carried by his brethren—"like one quietly falling asleep, his loving, holy soul quitted the body and, conducted by the good Jesus, entered into the joy of his Lord."

St. Antony, it must be added, was canonized on the first anniversary of his death. On this occasion, the bells of his native city rang mysteriously—yet joyously—of their own accord; and it was not until the glad tidings reached Lisbon, two months later, that the cause was explained.

Nothing remains to be said. To those who love St. Antony—and what true child of holy Church does not love him?—he is a real, living presence, guiding us and teaching us, as only a Saint can guide and teach. But do we, who ask him for so many things, implore him to find for us our lost hopes, ideals, and enthusiasms—the fervor that was ours in the "wild freshness" of life's morning, together with the energy, the devotedness and the unquestioning faith of youth?



Fireside Talks & Tales Children's Corner

CONDUCTED BY ELIZABETH ROSE

THE FIRST SACRED HEART CHURCH IN THE WORLD

AND WHERE do you think it was erected? Right here, in our own country, in Pennsylvania. Now this is a strange thing. For a whole century after the death of St. Margaret Mary (canonized last year, you remember) to whom Our Lord made His wonderful revelations of the first Friday devotion and the promises connected with it, there was no public church dedicated to the Sacred Heart, though by that time the devotion had spread all over Europe. There were numberless private chapels, to be sure; and in the French king's palace at Versailles, the Dauphin, his son, had his own chapel put under the invocation of the Sacred Heart, but still no church had been erected bearing that title. Then, just as the century of her death closed—she died in 1690—a splendid basilica rose at Lisbon, the capital of Portugal, as you know, built by the reigning sovereign, Queen Maria I. For many years this claimed the honor of being the very first church ever dedicated to the honor of the Sacred Heart—and all the time, right here, as I said, in our own United States, the real holder of the honor was hidden away in a little country town of Pennsylvania, called Conewago. It is still to be seen. It is only a poor unpretentious structure of wood, very small; but it was the one Catholic church of the town at the time it was built by a good Jesuit priest, Father James Pellentz, in charge of the mission, as early as 1787, three years before the magnificent temple at Lisbon received the name of the Basilica of the Sacred Heart. The Catholics in our country were then very few in number; their churches bore no resemblance to the grand ones of Europe, indeed. But does it not seem that this poor little wooden church of Conewago must have been even more pleasing to the Sacred Heart of Jesus, as the first ever to be named in His honor, than that great splendid one in Lisbon?

On a marble slab inserted near the roof of the little church is still to be seen a Heart, surrounded with a crown of thorns and surmounted by a cross, and the date, 1787.

THE KING'S BUTTONHOLE BOUQUET

AUGUSTE PARMENTIER was a young surgeon in the French army in the year 1757. France was then at war with Prussia, and five times was Auguste a prisoner, for he was a brave fellow and did not get behind the lines when the fighting was going on. He was likewise a bright, intelligent young fellow, whose eyes were always looking for something new and worth while in his own special branch of science or in any other that came in his way. In one of the battles of the war, fought in the kingdom of Hanover, he was once more made prisoner, with a number of others; this time, he found a new experience which had great results for many besides himself. At that time the least-known vegetable in Europe was our common potato. Numberless efforts had been made to get the different European nations to grow it, but somehow or other there was a strong prejudice against it as food, and except in Ireland, which was the first to see its value, it was scarcely heard of. Now the kingdom of Hanover happened to have more than it wanted of potatoes, and thought a good way to get rid of them was to give them to the prisoners to eat. This didn't please the prisoners at all, and there were loud complaints from most of them; for remember they got nothing else! But Auguste Parmentier had a contrary opinion about them; he thought they were fine, and found out all he could concerning them. As he was in favor with his guards—for he gave them no trouble and was always cheerful and to be depended on as a help with the other prisoners—he soon learned all he wished about the potatoes.

When the war was over and he was released, he devoted all his energies to getting an interview with the King of France, Louis XV, hoping to obtain his powerful influence in introducing the potato into France. It was a hard and long task, but his perseverance met with a reward in the end. The King consented to see him, listened with interest to his account of the wonderful vegetable, and gave him fifty acres of barren land to try his experiment in.

Parmentier went to work with a will. It wasn't long before his potatoes were in freshly tilled soil. He could hardly wait the necessary time to see if his attempt was going to succeed or not. But, patient or impatient, things come round at their own time in the end, and finally the potato blossoms peeped up with their promise of what lay beneath the ground. Parmentier lost no time, you may be sure. With a choice little knot of the very first flowers, he presented himself before the king, who, pleased and interested, accepted it very graciously, and despite the contemptuous smiles of his courtiers, put it at once in his buttonhole.

What a difference! If the king thought potato blossoms fine enough for a buttonhole bouquet, why, how was it that they hadn't seen their value and loveliness before? Hurry, hurry, everybody—get some blossoms to wear, too! Violets and rosebuds were so common—potato blossoms were the thing! Parmentier, of course, was delighted. He had got the big, rich people now to smile on his potatoes—but how about the poor, the peasants in whom his kind heart had always felt so much interest, and who so often suffered for want of food in fair France? It was for their sakes, more than anything else, that he had so eagerly desired to make good, knowing the great value his potato would be to them. He was indeed a good man, and a bright one. Besides, he knew something about human nature, and he thought the best way to carry out his design and make it desirable in their eyes, was to seem to prevent the very thing he really wished done. So, he put guards every day around his fields, and made a great do about his potatoes, forbidding any outsider to come near the precious patches; and at night, just the time when guards are most necessary for valuables, he sent them all away to supper and bed, where they slept comfortably while the poor "thieves" stole in and carried off potato after potato, in perfect safety.

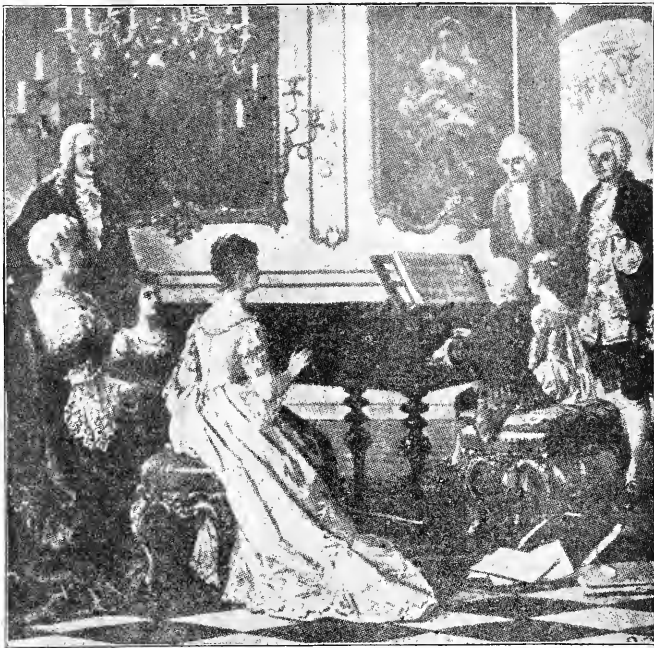
To crown his work, Parmentier finally held a great banquet, to which he invited King Louis and his court, and the entire feast was of potatoes! Potatoes in every shape—roasted and fried

and stewed and boiled, and salad and puddings and pies and even sweetmeats; for as I suppose you have heard, there is nothing in the way of surprises a French cook can not give one. At the head of the table sat the King, enchanted with the novelty; at his right hand sat the host, enjoying himself to the limit, as he had a good right to do. The courtiers did their part, too, you may be sure, in compliments and congratulations; and in every buttonhole, from the king's down to the last at the board was a sprig of lovely purple and white potato blossoms.

A CAT AND DOG STORY

WE OFTEN hear the expression "leading a cat-and-dog life," which, of course, means an exceedingly unpleasant one. But here is a true story of a cat and a dog who were as friendly as could be, and with good reason for the cat! It is told by an English author, J. St. Loe Strachey, acquainted with all the parties, of whom there were three in the transaction, and one, the meanest of the trio, I am sorry to say, a human being.

The servant of one of Mr. Strachey's friends was told to drown a small kitten. He started off on his cruel errand accompanied by Nero, the fine dog who owned the family. Nero was very curious to know what the man was going to do to that pretty ball of fur out of which came a faint sound that kept his ears standing up all the way to trace. Alas, straight to a pond went the footman, and straight into the water went poor kitty. But she hardly touched the water before Nero came bounding in, seized her by the back of the neck and brought her triumphantly out again, never dreaming it was anything more serious than a game of live ball. Again was kitty thrown into the water. Again did Nero fetch her out. But this second time, he seemed to begin to have his doubts; so, he watched the actions of the man he accompanied very closely. This time kitty was thrown still farther out into the pond, in the hope that it would be the last of her. Now, Nero knew it was no longer sport. With a low growl, he sprang after the pitiful little creature, seized it again in his mouth, and—made for the other side of the pond, whence he emerged on a run, never stopping till he landed kitty, shivering and terrified, but safe, right in front of the kitchen fire, as if he knew what a comfort the pleasant warmth would be to her chilled little frame. The servant, returning—I hope well ashamed of himself, don't you?—told the story, and from that day on kitty was left in peace, the pet, playing, and dear little friend of Nero,



who quite plainly considered her as under his protection. As time went on, kitty became a fine cat, but she never grew out of her love for her gallant preserver. The pair made a most attractive picture; seldom was one seen without the other. So you see the saying "cat-and-dog life" did not apply to these two friends at all. As for that cruel man, can you imagine our St. Francis, the lover of all God's helpless creatures, into whose kind arms the little hunted hare of the fields jumped straight, and nestled without one thought of fear—can you imagine him in such an action?

A HOLE TO GET OUT OF

DID ANY of our Young Folks ever "get into a hole?" Being only human, I suppose more than one of you have managed to accomplish this feat. But did you ever get into a "lightning hole?" You might manage to do it, as some of these holes are said to be more than twenty feet in length, although there are others that wouldn't even hold a rat. But the "lightning hole" isn't meant for people. In fact, it is rather a dangerous place for them. It is a transparent gray upright tunnel, as it were, running down a sandy hollow. Outside, if you clear away the surrounding sand—for it is seen only in

dry, sandy spots in some parts of Europe, South America, and the United States—it is very rough and knobby; but inside its walls are of the clearest, smoothest, *real* glass. If you took a tumble down and just slid, slid, till you reached the bottom, it would be splendid sport. But just think if the glass sides should happen to break as you went tobogganing!

These holes are supposed to be made by the action of lightning piercing through the sand into the ground below. You know, perhaps, that glass is made of sand. Well, the heat of the lightning in its rapid passage through the sand melts that substance, and in an instant the glass is formed, perfect and smooth. Why the lightning should want to burrow down in the earth when it has all the sky and air to wander through, is a mystery; but this is the present theory of "lightning holes." Formerly it was thought that they were produced by the internal fires which we know to be steadily, though slowly, devouring the heart of our earth. Now, as I said, there is a new theory; and how are we, poor outsiders who are not scientists and therefore have to take the word of those who are, to know whether the lightning really makes the holes or whether the holes are there already, waiting for the lightning? Anyway, if you happen to

need a piece of glass and can't find one ready to hand, why just pack up and go a-hunting for a "fulgruite" (the dignified scientific name of our "lightning hole"), and see what you think of it.

A WONDERFUL TREE

COME, go with me this month to the island of Madagascar, in the Indian Ocean, lying off the east coast of Africa, with Mozambique Channel flowing between—a pretty long way off. Perhaps you do not feel certain you will enjoy the trip, either; for most of us "United States" know very little about Madagascar, and care still less. Yet you will find some interesting things there, among them a wonderful tree, the like of which you will see in no other country. Its company name is Urania Speciosa, but its everyday one is much simpler—the Traveler's Tree. Urania S. is a dignified person, about thirty feet tall, and above everything in the world it loves a drink of water, always choosing moist or wet ground to grow in, up in the hills or down in the valleys. If any of you boys intend to become builders some of these days, try to make Urania's acquaintance; it will be worth more to you than a gang of workmen and it never goes out on a strike. The stem of the tree is thick and bare for its whole length. At the very top, long broad leaves of vivid green shoot out, to the number of twenty or thirty, and these, as they grow, arrange themselves exactly in the shape of an open fan, with the trunk of the tree like a handle in the middle. Now here is what the Traveler's Tree can do:

It can give you a cool, clear drink of water on the hottest day and with the atmosphere at its driest. To get it, all you have to do is to pierce the leaf stem a few inches above where it joins the main stem; out gushes delicious water.

It can make a roof for your hut (if you feel like building one) with its big leaves, which are waterproof and will keep anything wrapped in them perfectly dry in the hardest rain. These leaves, when spread out and smoothed, will do you for tablecloths, if you want to introduce American customs in Madagascar; you can also make

plates, spoons and drinking cups of them by cutting them in shape when they are dry and stiff.

It can supply you with material for partitions and walls in your new house, in the shape of its solid leaf stems.

It will lay floors for you with its pressed bark.

A FIRESIDE TALK

HERE IS June again, beautiful June, with its wealth of roses and good things, and the end of school and vacation days in sight. Some of our Young Folks, no doubt, will have a fine time, going away and "seeing things" and freshening up for September by seashore or with mountain air; while others will stay just where they are—but then there's no place like home, after all. A good time, the very best of times, to one and all! If any of our travelers feel like writing about their summer trip, we, who are seated around the fireside, will find a hearty welcome for the letter. So try your powers and see who can send in the most entertaining account of vacation doings to

Your friend,

Elizabeth Rose.

P. S.—Here's a little bundle to slip in your trunks:

POLITENESS PACKAGE—No. 6

At School

Breakfast is over; time for school; Good manners still we find the rule. Now, one might think there's little space

For practice of good taste or grace Within the schoolroom's strict seclusion—

Learning and manners make fine fusion, The very best of combinations; And friends of pleasantest relations Are they. So, ne'er will boorish mind, To ways all rough, uncouth, inclined, The joys draw in that they impart To spirit keen and open heart.

If knowledge be one's sought-for prize, And conquest of its mysteries, Within oneself look for the key—

Oneself must first the study be. To teacher and to fellow student Are duties owed; and 'twill be prudent To keep in mind and ne'er forget These duties are not ended yet.

For to oneself is duty owed, Quite as important in the code. Well, can it be! too long I rhyme! Come, hats and coats—'t is nearly nine—

Next month we'll be IN SCHOOL on time!

THE PUZZLE CORNER

SOME WHITE HOUSE PEOPLE

- 1—To cut in two and to disembark.
- 2—To transfix.
- 3—Scotch for man and the spawn of fish.
- 4—Mist.
- 5—Determination and a masculine relation.
- 6—A thin slab of baked clay and to make a mistake.
- 7—A concession.
- 8—To make full and an increase.
- 9—To annoy or vex and a very close relative.
- 10—The process of cleansing and a weight.
- 11—To thrust.

—Clement Lane, Baltimore, Md.

GAMES

- 1—Take away something from the name of a game and leave everything.
- 2—Take away three from a game of six letters and leave ten.
- 3—Curtail a game and leave it just the same.
- 4—Add naught to 50, yet make it ten times its value.
- 5—Take away only part of a game and leave nothing.
- 6—Carry away half of a game in the other half.

CHANGING YOUR CLOTHES

- Take away the first letter of—
- 1—An article of dress worn by both ladies and gentlemen, and leave—a strong passion.
 - 2—An article used in summer by ladies, and have—a girl's name.
 - 3—An article of dress worn by children, and have—a tree.
 - 4—Something worn out-of-doors alone, and have—grain.
 - 5—Something ornamental, and have—the organ of sight.
 - 6—Something highly useful, and have—a proposition.
 - 7—Something worn on the foot, and have—an implement for tilling the ground.
 - 8—Something worn on the head, and have—another proposition.
 - 9—Something fine and beautiful for a lady's dress, and have—a very important card.

Three Easy Word Squares

- 1—A verb
A bit of cloth
Used for breakfast
- 2—A chart
An exclamation
A companion
- 3—To procure
A lamb
A number

ANSWERS TO MAY PUZZLES

A Shield	A Triangle
W o o d	S t i c k
1—A	1—A
n	t
t	h
a	n
g	a
m	e
e	s
s	e
r	e
e	a
a	t
t	i
r	e
e	h
a	t
p	e
e	d
s	a
p	a
a	m
m	y
S	S

FI

The voice of one who goes before, to make The paths of June more beautiful, is thine, Sweet May!

A RIVER PUZZLE

Dee, Rye, Don, Tweed, Eden.

A MIX-UP IN MY GARDEN

1—Lily, 2—Carnation, 3—Hyacinth, 4—Poppy, 5—Tulip, 6—Jonquil, 7—Phlox, 8—Rose, 9—Violets, 10—Gardenia.

A MUSICAL PUZZLE

1—Scales, 2—Notes, 3—Reeds, 4—Bars, 5—Staves, 6—Pause (paws), 7—Measures, 8—Keys, 9—Bass (base), 10—Lines, 11—Spaces, 12—Turns.

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INTENTIONS

The following intentions are recommended to the pious prayers of our readers:

For health in the family (5). For suitable employment. For success in studies (3). For special favor through the intercession of St. Antony (2). For a sick mother. For the return of a brother to his religious duties (2). For the conversion of a friend (3). For recovery from a lingering illness (2). For means of paying debts. For success in examinations (2). For peace with neighbors and happiness in the home? For guidance in vocation. For the recovery of a son and daughter. For health and peace in the home. For a successful operation. For cure from tuberculosis. For peace in the family (2). For the conversion of a wayward relative. For the conversion of a husband and brother. For reconciliation with a relative. For a happy marriage. For success in a business project. For cure from epilepsy. For a safe delivery. For health and growth of a child. For relief from sickness without an operation. For a conversion. For success in business. For a permanent and lucrative position. For the unemployed and homeless. For our holy Father the Pope. For the spread of the Third Order. For the success of the National Third Order Convention.

LET US PRAY—Let the ears of Thy mercy, O Lord, be open to the prayers of Thy supplicants; and that Thou mayest grant them their desires, make them ask such things as please Thee. Through Jesus Christ, Our Lord. Amen.

Alexian Brothers Hospital Monastery and Training School

1200-1256 Belden Avenue, Chicago, Illinois

Attention to young men desiring to enter a Religious Nursing Order, caring for Male Patients only

It is a well known fact that many young Catholic men have a vocation for the Religious life, but have no desire to become Priests or work in the Mission Field, nor do they feel that they have a calling to become Teachers, and still wish to do actual work of "Charity."

To such young men we address the following:

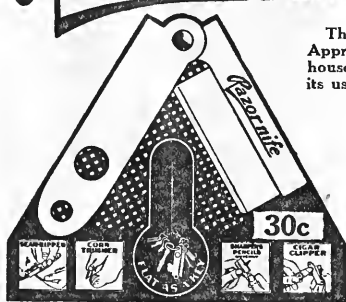
Is there any other field as well suited for them as the Congregation of the Alexian Brothers, an order of Laymen that devote their entire work to nurse the sick directly, or work for the welfare of the sick indirectly by filling other positions in a hospital for which their talent and inclination may be best suited.

And where else could a man best qualify to hear our Dear Lord at the last "Judgement" address to him the words: "Verily, I say unto you: Whosoever you have done unto the least of My brethren, you have done it unto Me, for I was sick and you have comforted Me, etc."

Now young man, should these few words strike you as being addressed to you in particular, address the Brother Novice Master at the above address, and he will give you more particulars if so desired.

Razor-nife

The Knife with a Thousand Uses



The most useful article ever invented. Appreciated by every member of the household. The following are a few of its uses:

SEAM RIPPER: For the sewing basket, dressmakers and tailors.

PENCIL SHARPENER: For the office, school boys and girls.

CARDBOARD CUTTER: For artists, draftsmen & sign painters.

STRING, CORD AND THREAD CUTTER: For homes, stores and shipping rooms.

DOCTORS' BANDAGE CUTTER: A knife that will cut cloth.

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OBITUARY

The charity of our readers is asked for the following deceased readers of Franciscan Herald and friends of our missions:
Phoenix, Ariz.—Rev. Fr. Cornelius Galus, O. F. M.; **Reading, Pa.**—Sr. M. Pachomia, O. S. F.; **Oyster Bay, N. Y.**—Members of families of Baylis and St. Clair; **Pittsburgh, Pa.**—Mrs. V. Heve, Mrs. Margaret Sauer; **Dumore, Pa.**—Patrick O'Hara; **Schuylerville, N. Y.**—Members of the families of Hession, Sullivan, Powers; **Buffalo, N. Y.**—Edward Ferber; **San Francisco, Cal.**—Mrs. Julia Crimmins; **Quincy, Ill.**—Mrs. M. Gramke; **Brooklyn, N. Y.**—Katherine Barrett, T. O'Gorman, Mrs. C. Smith; **New York City**—Mrs. Riordan, Ellen Hopkins; **Indianapolis, Ind.**—James Cudworth; **Joseph Niehaus**; **Philadelphia, Pa.**—Sarah Tyler, Mrs. C. DeCose; **Taunton, Mass.**—Mrs. C. Callahan; **Cambridge, Mass.**—James Brine, C. Sullivan, Della Bullard,

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LET US PRAY—Eternal rest give unto them, O Lord. And let perpetual light shine upon them. May they rest in peace. Amen.

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IN THE WORLD OF BOOKS

BY PAUL H. RICHARDS

"AND NOW I embrace and store in my heart that most holy and divine saying, 'The world passeth away and the concupiscence thereof; BUT HE THAT DOTETH THE WILL OF GOD ABIDETH FOREVER.'"

This is the closing sentence of an old book published in Latin in 1627 and translated to English in 1682. With other precious things of the former ages, "The Heliotropium," by Rev. Jeremias Drexelius, S. J., has come back to us. The atrocities of early ages, the barbarities of pagan periods, the luxury and the material splendors of medieval times have come upon us these years, is as if by a visitation of God, trancing us back in history or shocking us out of our normal conceptions of the order of time. But some of the graces of past ages also return; and "The Heliotropium" is one of these. Many excellent spiritual books of counsel and guidance are being written today,—for example the series by Rev. Martin J. Scott, S. J., with his examples and figures and characters, from modern life. But this ancient book with its counsel meet for all times has a grace all its own. The plain, solemn, earnest style, the forceful repetition of its theme—Conformity to God's Will—were doubtless produced by circumstances of its time. In its application to our time it seems hiddenly prophetic. Thus, preceding his closing sentence, the author says:

"This I set before myself as the one and only rule both of living and dying, The Will of the Lord be done! Let the universe be disturbed by tempests rom every quarter, let armed battalions lose in deadly fray, let fleets be crippled and destroyed by fleets, let the law courts ring with endless litigation, and till this is my chief business in life, to conform myself entirely to the one and only will of God."

When we have read the book, summarized it in review, compared it with other spiritual books, applied its counsel to our needs, we have not yet fathomed, "The Heliotropium" and its author. He is resolved to conform his own life to be will of God for that life which abideth forever" and, as we see, he abideth" in letters to the present day. Its revived popularity today is a token of its sanctity and the author's felicity. But to know it deeply one must experience the extreme of spiritual need or which it was written. Such a book as "My Unknown Chum" is adapted to a period of health, when distraction,

entertainment, inspiration, and the like are the reader's needs. "Religion and Health," by Dr. James J. Walsh is practical when we are able to some extent to be our own physicians. But "The Heliotropium" becomes a chum, a friend in the dark hour when it is doubtful if we are fit to do any reading,—in ill health, depression, temptation, confusion. It is then like the hand of a saint stretched down to comfort, support, upraise, and guide. The more desperate the reader's spiritual struggle, the nearer draws this friend, the more powerful, the more urgent becomes the insistent message of "The Heliotropium." As its name signifies, it bids us simply keep turning to God.

When some one tells us that he treasures "My Unknown Chum," he reveals little beyond a book-loving disposition. But when a friend admits that he cherishes "The Heliotropium," a train of surmises passes in our mind. The most obvious of these is that the hysteria, confusion, and dread of the world-war period has cast up on the shores of thought this old and neglected book. The waves cast up nothing by chance,—there is no chance, we remember,—and so the return of "The Heliotropium" is providential. If a medical friend advises us to read "Old Age Deferred," or another suggests a reading of "Religion and Health," we are still lacking in friends if some one does not bid us read "The Heliotropium."

If we do read it, troubled in body or soul, the great fight of the will begins—the mysterious and wonderful human will with its powers and uses, of which Dr. Walsh tells us encouragingly, is now subordinated to the divine will. Fear, akin to awe and reverence, steals upon us as Fr. Drexelius drives home his teaching of the will of God,—that awesome will which surrounds us always more closely than the air we breathe, and of which we dare to live forgetful and ignorant. How the will of God may be recognized in all things, why God permits this and that to happen, the heights and depths of surrender of the human will to the divine—these are the thoughts to take in conjunction with a fresh knowledge of the powers and the functions of the human will. Here is the spiritual complement of physical instruction and temporal interests. "How Great Want of Trust in God Is Yet Shown by Very Many"—is the title of one chapter. Reproachfully, yet tenderly, the author leads toward trust in God, thus remov-

ing, without scattering the interest or taxing the understanding, the chief cause of worry,—that great bane of our lives. For examples he cites, not modern statesmen and malefactors, but very old friends, Holofernes, Chrysostom, Goliath, Moses, and many others as distant from most of us as our bible-history days.

"How Great Is the Providence of God Toward His Enemies as Well as Toward His Friends"—another chapter title which disperses self-satisfaction should we possess this handicap. He culls epigram and motto from Holy Scripture. "To those who love God all things work together for good." "In such a way, then, does Divine Providence watch around us and ours as that it has already decreed, to the smallest particular, all the sufferings even of the body." Here is a fragment of swift, sure teaching.

"Has an enemy slandered you? Reflect, then, that all his calumnies, all his words, yes, every syllable, were weighed out from all eternity in the balance of Divine Providence."

Says the preface to this book: "The author . . . was the most distinguished ascetical writer of Germany in the seventeenth century. Born Aug. 15, 1581, he entered the Society of Jesus at the age of seventeen. . . . By the people he was esteemed a saint." Perhaps Germany has today as much need of the consolation of Drexelius as has Flanders of Kempis and Ireland of St. Patrick, and his great companion saints.

The Devin-Adair Company, New York. Price \$2.25.

RECEPTION OF BROTHER GILES

In the earliest days of the Order, when St. Francis was staying at Rivo Torto with the only two companions he then had, there came to him from the world one named Giles (who was the third brother), in order to embrace his life. And as Giles was thus staying there for some days, wearing the garments he had brought with him from the world, it chanced that a poor man came to that place seeking alms from St. Francis. St. Francis turned to Giles, and said to him: "Give the poor brother thy mantle." He at once took it off his back with great gladness, and gave it to the poor man. And then it seemed that God had immediately poured new grace into his heart,



Franciscan News

Italy.—The Holy Father has issued an encyclical letter in commemoration of the sixth centenary of Dante Alighieri's death, praising him as the greatest of Christian poets and pointing to him as an example of faith. Dante, it will be remembered, was a Franciscan Tertiary, and the old masters frequently represented him garbed in the habit of the Third Order.

Count Pietromarchi, President of the Unione Popolare has lately sent to all Catholic societies of Italy a circular letter, in which he calls attention to the Third Order centenary and invites the members of the Unione to join the ranks of St. Francis and to cooperate with the various committees in charge of the program for the coming festivities.

Fr. Agostino de Montefeltre, famous in his day as one of the greatest pulpit orators of Europe and more famous still in his later life as friend and helper of the poor, died recently at Pisa, in his eighty-second year. He was surrounded in his last moments by the orphans for whom he had built a large home in that city. Having lost his wonderful voice, he devoted the last decades of his life to social activity. According to his express wish, he was buried in the orphan church at Marina di Pisa, so that even in death he might be near the little band of children whose friend and father he had been in life.

In Ferrara, there occurred the sudden death of another celebrated Franciscan preacher. While delivering a sermon at a solemn function in the church of St. Joseph, Fr. Michelangelo Draghetti dropped dead on the pulpit. The occurrence created a profound impression on the large congregation.

Fr. Lewis, O. M. Cap., arrived in Rome to enlist the sympathy of the Holy Father for his fellow friar Father Dominic, spiritual adviser of the late Lord Mayor of Cork. Father Dominic was lately condemned to prison by a British court for alleged treasonable activities. According to reports, Fr. Dominic is subjected to the prison rules governing ordinary criminals, and the prison authorities are showing little respect for his priestly character.

An effort is being made to enlist the interest of the Italian youth in the Third Franciscan Order. At a meeting recently organized in Rome by Senator Charles Santucci, practical steps were taken in this direction.

Holland.—The Dutch Tertiaries are displaying admirable zeal for the Franciscan cause. They have organized numerous local congresses with a view to making an intensive propaganda for the Third Order during the year of its jubilee.

Belgium.—A grand national congress of Franciscan Tertiaries will be held on August 7 and 8. Cardinal Mercier will address one of the meetings on social problems of the day. The Tertiaries are distributing great masses of propaganda literature, especially the latest encyclical of the Holy Father on the Third Order.

Germany.—Of the Cardinals recently created by the Holy Father the two from Germany, Dr. Faulhaber of Munich and Dr. Schulte of Cologne, are Franciscan Tertiaries.

Japan.—The Franciscan missionaries in Sapporo are hard put to it trying to keep alive their weekly publication *Komyo* (Light). This publication was founded during the world war, and it has had to contend with great difficulties for lack of funds. The Fathers are loth to cease publication, because their activity would be seriously hampered by the loss of the magazine. The Japanese are omnivorous readers, and owing to their stolid nature they are more easily influenced by the written than by the spoken word. Would any of our readers like to assist in keeping alive this publication, which is so necessary to the spread of the faith in the province of Sapporo?

India.—Fr. Augustin, O. M. Cap., of Parbatpura Mission, Amjer, tells of a little native boy of eight years who is utilizing to the full the advantages of the mission school, so much so that he has already become a teacher himself. Gathering a group of village children about him, he earnestly tries to impart to them whatever knowledge he has gained from the missionaries. He also serves at Mass and receives holy Communion daily.

Joliet, Ill.—At a special meeting of the Third Order held some weeks since to promote the good press, a committee was appointed to organize a Tertiary library. A guide to good books in the Joliet public library is soon to be published and offered to members as well as to Catholic pastors and teachers of the city. Definite steps were likewise taken to bring Christian principles to bear on the discussions of the day. Several Catholic publications are to be placed in the offices of the secular daily newspapers and in the reading rooms of the public library and in some of the principal shops.

Milwaukee, Wis.—At the April meeting of the fraternity it was announced that a special reception of the new members would take place in the month of June. The collection for the suffering people amounted to \$207.00.

On Sunday, May 8, before a large

audience, both in the afternoon and in the evening, an illustrated lecture of St. Francis of Assisi was given in St. Francis Parish Hall. Over one hundred and fifty beautiful slides of scenes from Assisi and of incidents from the life of St. Francis were shown. The lecture presented these scenes and incidents in a most attractive manner. On May 27, 28 and 29, a solemn tridium will be held to commemorate the seven hundredth anniversary of the founding of the Third Order. This tridium will be solemnly conducted at three large churches of the city: in English at the Cathedral, in German at St. Francis Church, and in Polish at St. Joseph Church.

Sacramento, Calif.—According to press report, a bill authorizing the appropriation of \$10,000 for the historical Franciscan Mission of San Diego has been favorably reported to the House of Representatives. The Native Son of the Golden West have pledged an additional \$15,000.

Chicago, Ill.—On April 12, two meetings of the staff members of the general directive board of the Tertiary Convention were held here, the one from ten to twelve in the morning, the other from one to two in the afternoon. All members were present; Fr. Chrysostom Theobald, C. F. M., presided. In the afternoon, a half past two, a joint meeting of the two convention boards took place. The approved program of the convention was read—an estimate of expenses for the convention was made—chairmen of various committees were appointed. Fr. Ferdinand, O. F. M., is chairman of the Publicity and Press Committee, Fr. Ulrich, O. F. M., of the Reception Committee, Fr. Giles, O. F. M., of the Committee on Badges, and Fr. Maximus O. F. M., of the Committee for Tertiary Priests. Mr. Anthony Matre, K. S. C. who was present at the meeting, was appointed secretary for the mass meeting, and Mr. Napoleon Picard was confirmed in his office as financial secretary of the executive board. Other appointments will be made in due time. A memorial medal of the first national Tertiary convention and seventh Tertiary centenary will be struck. The official report of the convention is to be as complete as possible, containing matters relating to the convention. Regarding finance, Fr. Aloysius Fish, C. M. C. of Carey, Ohio, announced that he would soon send out a special circular to all Reverend Directors of the Third Order. It seems that God once more wishes to honor his humble servant, St. Francis, in a most striking and astonishing way in this year of the seventh Tertiary centenary.

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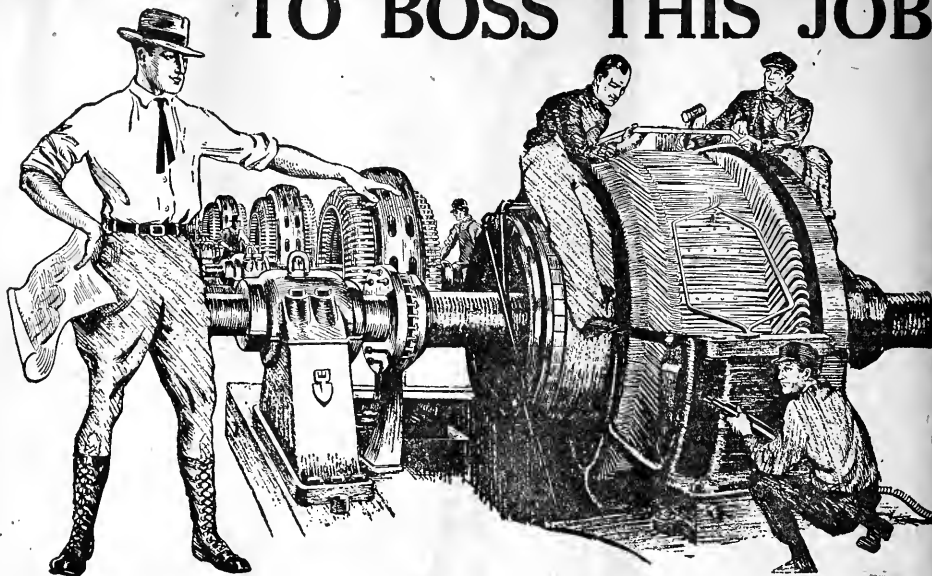
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VOLUME IX

JULY, 1921

NUMBER 9

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JUST A WORD

IT HAS always been difficult to secure advertisements for Catholic periodicals; but, in recent months, when all firms are counting every penny spent for advertising purposes, it has required more than ordinary efforts to persuade anybody to take space.

The advertising manager of FRANCISCAN HERALD is telling prospective advertisers that this periodical will, without question, secure for them an audience with our readers; and, what is still more important, he assures advertisers that our subscribers will positively patronize firms advertising in our pages.

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And, lest you forget, please be sure to tell these firms that you saw their ads in FRANCISCAN HERALD.

* * *

CATHOLIC young men and women have probably never been more keenly desirous of making their life work count than at present. Thoughtful boys and girls are no longer satisfied with "easy jobs." They are turning to professions that will stir their interests, develop their abilities, and give them an opportunity to contribute something to the welfare of humanity. This generous impulse has been intensified, if not evoked, by the war. The war has taught us the need as well as the possibility of developing every talent, of calling into play latent energies, and of giving definite shape to noble aims and high ideals. It is not surprising, therefore, that since the war young men and women in increasing numbers are turning to nursing as the most vital and satisfying form of service. Such of our readers as desire to take up this occupation, will do well to scan the advertising columns of this issue of FRANCISCAN HERALD. There they will find listed a number of Catholic institutions well equipped in every sense not only to teach nursing according to the latest approved methods, but to impart the highest ideals of Catholic life.

FRANCISCAN HERALD

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Why Not?

SOME WEEKS since, Archbishop Bonzano, Apostolic Delegate at Washington, D. C., paid President Harding a social visit. That, of course, is nobody's business but the delegate's and the president's. Yet, so great in some quarters seems to be the fear that the chief executive might forget his oath of office and sell this country to the Pope, all unbeknownst to its hundred million inhabitants, that the president saw himself constrained immediately after the delegate's visit to issue a formal statement to the effect that the present administration does not contemplate the restoration of diplomatic relations between the United States and the Vatican. Since the president had already intimated that he regards the direction of foreign affairs as his exclusive right, the matter of establishing a legation at the Vatican seems to be definitely settled so far as the Harding administration is concerned. In how far the president was influenced in his conduct by the activities of the Ku Klux Klan and the Free and Accepted Masons and of professional Pope-baiters of the Catts and Watson type, is a matter of conjecture. We are willing to give him the benefit of the doubt and say that possibly he issued the statement merely to prevent misunderstandings or to forestall attacks on the administration at a time when it is essential to have a united country behind it. In any case, it is regrettable that Mr. Harding should have found it necessary to make such an announcement at all.

To our mind it would be of great advantage to this country and of incalculable benefit to the world at large if we had an accredited representative at the papal court. Nothing would tend so much to promote the peace of the world as free and direct communication between this government and the Papacy. Representing, as they do, the two greatest powers in the world today—the one temporal and the other spiritual—the president and the Pope are in an ideal position to work effectively for the reconstruction of a war-torn world. Besides, the one being outside, the other above, the petty squabbles and intrigues of the European powers, they are admirably suited to the role of arbiters; and we think that their suggestions would be more readily accepted when emanating from both conjointly than from each separately. The world war has drawn us into the maelstrom of European affairs and this government can no more keep aloof from them than the Papacy. Nor do we think it wise that we should view events and conditions overseas merely as more or less interested spectators. The world needs our counsels as much as our money; and it is a simple duty of humanity not to forsake it in this its hour of direst need. If we really intend to take a hand in saving Europe, we shall do well to avail ourselves of the assistance of so powerful and disinterested a ruler as the Holy Father. Some thirty-five separate and distinct nations have found it to their advantage to have some sort of representation at the Vatican—for surely in most cases it was neither love nor respect for the Papacy that moved them to enter into diplomatic relations with the Holy See. Outside of the blatantly atheistic Government of France, ours is the only one of any importance that seems to think it can do without the coöperation of the one power on earth that has the experience of ages to back its counsels and the influence to command a respectful hearing.

An Apology for Bachelors

M^{R.} GEORGE ADE, one of America's most noted laughing philosophers, has a habit of adorning his humorous tales with a pointed moral. He has made many millions laugh as, we have no doubt, he has made some few thousands think. In the June issue of *The American Magazine* he descants on "The Joys of Single Blessedness." Though written in the lighter vein, the article is evidently intended as a very serious apology for bachelors; as witness the following aphorisms taken from it:

"If you want to keep a line waiting at the marriage license window, preach to the wandering sheep that they should come from the bleak hills and gambol in the clover pastures of connubial felicity.

"Arrange with the editors to suppress all detailed reports of divorce trials; also to blue-pencil the shoddy jokes which deal with mothers-in-law and rolling pins.

"Fix it with the theatrical producers so that the stage bachelor will not be a picturesque hero, just a trifle gray about the temples, who carries a packet of dry rose leaves next to his heart, while the husband is a pale crumple who is always trembling and saying, 'Yes, my dear.'

"Try to induce department stores to remove those terrifying price tags from things worn by women. Many a wavering bachelor has looked in a show window and found by an easy mental calculation, that his full salary for one month would supply My Lady with not enough to carry her into the street.

"The two lone items of hats and shoes would spell bankruptcy to a fellow of ordinary means, and he knows that there must be countless other intermediary items connecting up to the \$60 hats and \$22 shoes."

There can be no doubt that the number of those whom George Ade calls "wandering sheep" is growing alarmingly. For this our low moral standards are directly to blame. I very wide circles the marriage rite has all but lost its sacre character. The stage as well as the press is doing its best to destroy what little reverence there still exists for what was once universally regarded as "a great sacrament" while the divorce mills are working overtime to make of the marriage contract a huge joke. Small wonder that many gallant and gay Lothario prefers the primrose path to the straight and narrow one of connubial felicity, if the latter persistently held up to ridicule and contempt.

That the high cost of living is restraining many a young man from taking to himself a wife must be evident to all. While the economic conditions are clearly not such as encourage home-founding (the more the pity), it must yet be admitted that, if the birth rate is languishing, part the blame falls on the young woman who, in George Ade's phrase, is "ring-shy until he can show her a five-thousand-dollar automobile." Until the young woman has learned to curb her vanity and to check her extravagance, she need not be surprised to find the young man slow to propose to her.

But whatever may be the reason for the decreasing marriage rate, it may be well to recall to mind that there is law, either human or divine, compelling the individual marry. There is a good deal of loose talk, even among Catholics, about the duty of every man to found a home and to perpetuate the species. It has always been a tru-

lear to the heart of the Catholic Church and founded on the words of our Lord himself, that the celibate state is in itself preferable to the married state; and there have always been in the Catholic Church men and women leading a chaste and single life in order to serve God in a more perfect way. Nor must it be thought that such are to be found only in the sanctuary and in the cloister. Millions who have not been called to the priesthood or to the religious state have abstained from marriage "for the kingdom of heaven"; and in so doing they have but made use of their right to follow the path of the counsels indicated by our Savior when He said, "He that can take, let him take it."

To corroborate our statements, let us quote from "The Eternal Mission of the Holy Ghost," by Cardinal Manning: It is sometimes thought, and even incautiously said, that a man or a woman ought either to become a priest or a nun, or else to marry. This is saying which has no warrant from the Church. There are many men who have no call to either; and many women who have neither vocation, or fitness, nor inclination, either for the convent or for a married life. The Holy Ghost has not laid down this alternative. He has left this liberty now as it was in the beginning. The life of counsels is for everybody. The life of priests or nuns is only for those who are called to such state. It is a rash way of talking to imply that the life of counsels is the privilege of priests and nuns. It is offered to all. The eight Beatitudes imply that the life of counsels is open to every one, though they do not necessarily impose it. There have been, and there are, multitudes living and dying in the world who have sat at our Lord's feet without straction, and have exposed themselves to Him with a perfect and inviolate fidelity."

Of course, there are bachelors and bachelors, as there are spinsters and spinsters. While there may be a goodly number who are enjoying a life of single blessedness, there are others who are leading a life of blessed singleness; and these are worthy of every praise and encouragement.

Dante

THE HOLY FATHER has recently addressed an encyclical letter to "the professors and pupils of all Catholic institutes of learning on the occasion of the centenary of the death of Dante Alighieri." It is thought to be the first time that a Christian poet has been honored; and no one will deny that he richly deserves a honor.

In his letter, which by the way is a model of literary appreciation, the Supreme Pontiff calls on Catholic scholars, not only to take part in the celebrations now preparing in honor of the poet but to preside thereat; because the Catholic Church claims him as peculiarly her own. The Pope points out that Dante not only professed and exercised the Catholic religion, but that he drank eagerly at her inexhaustible fount of knowledge and inspiration when composing his great poem which posterity has justly called divine. The encyclical next lauds him as a defender of Catholic doctrine and ecclesiastical authority, in spite of the fact that he failed at times in respect to the persons holding that authority. After a brief and pointed criticism of the "Divine Comedy," the Holy Father boldly declares that the poet's chief merit is "to have been a Christian poet." In conclusion, he calls attention to the educational value of the poem; and, while deploring the fact that in some schools supernatural elements are ignored, he expresses the hope that Catholic students will utilize to the full their opportunities of deriving spiritual nourishment from "this sublime poet," "the most eloquent singer of the Christian idea." Dante is without doubt one of the greatest of Christian

poets. In a very true sense he may be styled also a Franciscan poet. It is not difficult to trace the Franciscan influence on his great masterpiece. For the conception of his gigantic epic he is indebted to two poems, in the Veronese dialect, on heaven and hell, by the Franciscan friar Giacomo da Verona. St. Bonaventure's mysticism finds expression throughout the poem. The essence of Dante's philosophy that all virtues and all vices proceed from love, is the doctrine exploited by the Franciscan school of theologians, the leader of which was Blessed John Duns Scotus, together with St. Thomas the greatest of the medieval schoolmen and a contemporary of Dante's. The poet's love and admiration for St. Francis and his connections with the Franciscans are matters of common knowledge. The Tertiaries of St. Francis have always honored him as one of the most illustrious of their brethren; for, that he was one of them and wore their dress, has been established beyond all cavil.

We hope that American Tertiaries, especially in the schools, will not allow themselves to be outdone by others, possibly not even of the faith, in honoring his memory in this the centenary year of his death, and that they will generously support every movement to enhance his fame and to spread the knowledge of his works. By so doing, they will promote the glory of the Church and a better understanding of her doctrines.

That Pilgrimage to Assisi

SOME months ago, we threw out a suggestion to American Tertiaries regarding a pilgrimage to Assisi. We gave it as our opinion at the time that the Third Order in this country ought to be officially represented at the centennial celebrations to be held in Assisi on September 16, 17 and 18. Though the Third Order itself has taken no steps toward official participation, considerable private interest has been aroused in the project; so much so that Mr. F. M. Beccari, of the Beccari Catholic Tours, Inc., New York City, has expressed his willingness to give his personal service to any body of tourists or pilgrims large enough to warrant the undertaking.

Mr. Beccari has conducted pilgrimages to the Holy Land, Rome, and Lourdes for twenty years; and his business has received the personal approbation of the Holy Father, who graciously grants a private audience to every party under the gentleman's direction. Through high connections in Rome Mr. Beccari is in a position to secure many special privileges in the Eternal City, which are denied to others, and in every way to make the trip thoroughly profitable as well as delightful.

If a sufficient number could be interested in the proposed tour to Assisi, the party would leave New York about September 1 and arrive in Naples on September 13 or 14. Thence they would proceed directly to Assisi, and arrive in time for the three days' celebrations in the native city of St. Francis. After a few days of rest in the quiet of the beautiful Umbrian country, the party would spend a week in Rome, where they would visit the Holy Father and all the points of interest. The return trip would begin on October 2 or 3, and end on or about October 16. The whole program would consume about forty-five days and cost between five and six hundred dollars. The exact price can not be stated at this writing; but, considering that every item of expense is included in the above figures, the price of the trip is remarkably low, and we hope that a goodly number of our readers will avail themselves of this splendid offer.

We wish to emphasize that this is not an exclusively Third Order affair. Anybody who desires to join this tour is welcome to do so. Communications regarding membership may be directed either to the editor of FRANCISCAN HERALD or to Mr. F. M. Beccari, Suite 1010, Times Building, New York City.



Third Order of St. Francis

THE NATIONAL THIRD ORDER CONVENTION LETTERS OF APPROVAL

To the General Directive Board of the First National Tertiary Convention.

Reverend and dear Fathers:

I am very much pleased that you have decided to convoke a national Tertiary convention to celebrate the seventh centenary of the establishment of the Third Order of St. Francis.

It is evident that the Third Order of St. Francis is fulfilling a noble and sacred mission in the Church, and is doing immense good and dispensing rare blessings where it is established. A splendid proof of its importance and utility is afforded by the fact that it has enjoyed, from the day of its foundation to our own times, the approval, veneration and protection of the Supreme Pontiffs. Our present Holy Father, Benedict XV, following the example of his predecessors, not only recommends the Third Order to all, but expects great results from it in the present serious times.

And we can not doubt that the Third Order of St. Francis is of special significance in our days. Its purpose is to lead its members to eternal salvation by a life in conformity with the doctrine and example of Jesus Christ. Hence those who live according to the Rule of the Third Order, foster the spirit of penance and humility, and strive earnestly to practise all Christian virtues. While they do not bind themselves by any vows, or propose to do anything great or extraordinary, they observe simplicity in dress, are obedient to lawful authority, renounce dangerous amusements, and practice charity and justice in all their dealings with their fellowmen. And thus the members of the Third Order choose the plain but safe way to Heaven. It is also clear that the great army of Tertiaries can not fail to counteract effectively the many grave evils of our age, and bring about true reform in the home and in society.

I, therefore, wish to assure you that I am deeply interested in the success of the Tertiary convention. I doubt not that, apart from other achievements, this convention will awaken general

interest in the Third Order. The result will be that the faithful, instructed in regard to the merits of the Third Order, and attracted by its great spiritual advantages, will come in large numbers to be enrolled as Tertiaries. May God bless and prosper the work you are undertaking. I shall pray for the success of the convention, and herewith very cordially grant you my episcopal blessing.

Very sincerely yours in Christ,
(Signed) HENRY ALTHOFF,
Bishop of Belleville.

Reverend and dear Fathers:

Your favor of the 1st inst. is just to hand, and I hear with great pleasure that the seventh centenary of St. Francis is to be celebrated by the Tertiaries with a general convention in Chicago next October. I feel very strongly that a widespread diffusion of the spirit of St. Francis would bring a blessing to our country, and would do more than anything else to relieve the social strain and establish more normal conditions between labor and capital. Most heartily I invoke a blessing on the convention and wish full success to its deliberations.

With best regards and wishes I remain

Very sincerely yours in Xto,
(Signed) D. J. O'CONNELL,
Bishop of Richmond.

Reverend and dear Fathers:

In answer to your letter which informs me that a national convention of the Third Order of St. Francis at Chicago, Ill., is intended for this year 1921, I wish to say, I expect very much good from such a convention. Although Pope Leo XIII used all his influence to spread the Third Order of St. Francis, and although his successors have also highly recommended it to the faithful, yet it is still not sufficiently known by the Catholic lay people and not appreciated enough by many of the clergy.

In these days when Christian faith has almost disappeared among thousands of non-Catholics and has weakened and grown cold among very many Catholics; in these days of unbounded desire for worldly pleasure, of selfishness and greed, of class hatred and social unrest, and all the other consequences of the fact that the human society as such has turned away from Jesus Christ and His law, it is of the highest importance that a large number of our Catholic people embrace the teaching and practices of the Third Order of St. Francis and thereby intimate in a more perfect way the hidden life of Jesus Christ in the humble house of Nazareth. The life-long training of large numbers of the faithful in the humble, simple, God-fearing, true supernatural life which the Rule of the Third Order of St. Francis demands is a very effective remedy against the mad race for money and pleasure and other selfish purposes which bring social disorder and sufferings to the human race.

For this reason we much appreciate every work done in the interest of making the Third Order of St. Francis better known and, therefore, hope that the coming congress be a truly national one.

Very sincerely yours in Christ,
(Signed) VINCENT WEHRLE,
O. S. B.
Bishop of Bismarck.

Reverend and dear Fathers:

The wonderful spiritual achievements of the Third Order of St. Francis are so widely known that special approval seems unnecessary, even superfluous. The genial writer, who called the biography of the Poor man of Assisi "Everybody's St. Francis" expressed in a phrase the universal appeal which Umbria's greatest Saint makes on the affections of Catholics everywhere. It was a stroke of genius for the great Saint to discover a method by which men and women might live amid the cares and allurements of the world and

not lose touch with the "things unseen." He brought monasticism down from the mountains and out of the deserts, and conveyed its spirit to the hearts of dwellers in crowded cities.

My earnest prayer is for the success of the Third Order of St. Francis, and for the other orders which bear the Franciscan name. May He who holds in His hands the hearts as well as the destinies of mankind, guide the deliberations of your assembly, so that the spirit of St. Francis may be diffused far and wide among the faithful children of the Church.

(Signed) JOHN J. O'CONNOR,
Bishop of Newark.

Reverend and dear Fathers:

Your movement to have a national convention of the Third Order of St. Francis will evidently meet with unanimous support and encouragement. A series of well planned and well directed national conventions is the one great need of the Third Order should this wonderful institution of Saint Francis spread everywhere, throughout the country. Rome's attitude in regard to conventions of the Third Order of Saint Francis is clear. A series of conventions is the best way of ascertaining what has been done, and what remains to be accomplished. It will awaken new interest in the Tertiary Rule and will do much to diffuse the spirit of Saint Francis, which in our age is so dolefully wanting.

The observance of the Tertiary Rule gives the layman all the solace and strength of his holy religion in an eminent degree. To Tertiaries who follow the Rule of Saint Francis we may aptly apply the words of St. Paul: "Whosoever shall follow this rule, peace on them, and mercy."

The Rule of the Third Order is the narrow of the Gospel, a key to Paradise, a school of perfection, a mirror of the Cross, a book of life, a fountain of consolation, a pledge of salvation, a ladder to Heaven. One of the greatest favors God can bestow on a layman is to fortify him by the Rule and the counsels of the Third Order. He who observes the Tertiary Rule and strives to acquire the Franciscan spirit is sure of life everlasting.

To show the efficacy of the Rule and the counsels of the Third Order, we may compare them to the wings of a bird and the wheels of a conveyance. Wings are no burden to birds; on the contrary, they help them to flit from tree to tree and fly with ease. Wheels add no embarrassing weight to conveyances; they help that they move on smoothly and easily. So the Rule and

the counsels of the Third Order are wings that help us fly toward Heaven; they are wheels that help us proceed with greater ease on the path of perfection. Mother Church, and Saint Francis, also, wish that members of the Third Order make use of the Tertiary Rule and the counsels "so that they may more easily obtain eternal salvation." As such, these means do not bind under pain of sin, for the sons and daughters of Saint Francis are not to proceed in fear of sin and punishment; they are to act freely, urged onward by a seraphic love for Jesus Christ.



St. Bonaventure. July 14.

I am certain the coming national Tertiary convention will do good in many ways. May it intensify the spirit of Saint Francis among Tertiaries, and spread his spirit far and wide. May it arouse new life and zeal, and bring about practical organization. Plan the works that must still be undertaken, and then effectively unite to further the great twofold end of the Third Order: self-sanctification and active charity. You may rest assured I heartily approve of your work, and I will gladly unite my prayers to yours, beseeching the Almighty to guide and bless your laudable efforts.

With all good wishes,

Yours in Christ,

(Signed) JAMES TROBEC,
Bp. of Lycopoli.

THIRD ORDER CALENDAR

1. The Most Precious Blood.
2. The Visitation of the B. V. M. (Gen. Abs.—Plen. Ind.)
- *3. Bl. Raymond Lully, Martyr of the III Order.
8. St. Elizabeth of Portugal, Widow of the III Order. (Plen. Ind.)
9. SS. Nicolas and Companions, Martyrs of the I Order. (Plen. Ind.)
10. St. Veronica, Virgin of the II Order. (Plen. Ind.)
13. St. Francis Solano, Patron of our Mission Association, Confessor of the I Order. (Plen. Ind.)
14. St. Bonaventure, Bishop of the I Order. (Plen. Ind.)
16. Canonization of our Holy Father St. Francis.
21. Bl. Angelina, Widow of the III Order. (Plen. Ind.)
22. St. Laurence of Brindisi, Confessor of the I Order Cap. (Plen. Ind.)
24. BB. Cunegundes and Mary Magdalen Postal, Virgins of the II and III Order.
27. Bl. Mary Magdalen Martinengo, Virgin of the II Order.
30. BB. Simon, Peter and Archangel, Confessors of the I Order.

Besides the days indicated above, Tertiaries can gain a Plenary Indulgence:

1. Every Tuesday, if, after Confession and Holy Communion, they visit a church of the First or the Second Order or of the Third Order Regular of St. Francis while the Bl. Sacrament is exposed and there pray for the intention of the Pope. If Tertiaries live at a great distance from a Franciscan church, they may visit their own parish church.

2. Once every month, on any suitable day. Conditions: Confession, Communion, visit to any church, and some prayers there for the intention of the Pope.

3. On the day of the monthly meeting. Conditions: Confession, Communion, visit to any church, and some prayers there for the intention of the Pope.

4. On the first Saturday of every month. Conditions: Confession, Communion, some prayers for the intention of the Pope, and besides some prayers in honor of the Immaculate Conception of the Bl. Virgin Mary.

General Absolution, also called Indulgent Blessing, can be received by Tertiaries on July 2. This absolution may be imparted to Tertiaries in the confessional on the day preceding these feasts or on the feasts themselves or on any day during the week following.

N. B.—To gain the Porziuncola Indulgence it suffices for all to go to Confession on or after July 25. Holy Communion, however, must be received either on August 1 or 2.

THE KING'S DAUGHTER

By ROSE MARTIN

THE LITTLE Princess Jane was sobbing bitterly, crouched in a corner of the courtyard, when her father came upon her, as he turned to re-enter the palace after accompanying some illustrious guests to the gate. At first she would not tell him the cause of her grief; but finally she confessed; someone had called her an ugly dwarf, whom no one loved, or ever could love.

"Who was it?" cried Louis sharply, his heavy hand on the child's heaving shoulder; but she only continued her bitter sobbing.

"Tell me, for he must be severely punished." The king's voice was stern; and immediately Jane dried her eyes, while her lips ceased quivering in a brave endeavor to smile. "O it does not matter who it was"—she tried to speak with indifference—"I know it was foolish of me to care."

"But I care. You must tell me who it was," her father said. Jane shook her curly head in troubled dissent. "It would not seem right to tell," she explained, "besides, he spoke only the truth."

"Have it your way, then," the man replied grimly. "In the meantime come with me."

In the banquet hall, many of the great nobles of France were gathered. They had assembled to celebrate the birthday of Louis XI, King of France. The feast was over; but most of the guests still lingered, loitering about the table, as they chatted and sipped their wine. With frank curiosity, they gazed at the King as he entered, holding the hand of eleven-year-old Jane. Every one there knew of Louis's dislike for the dwarfed child; yet now, with obvious deference, he assisted her to step, by means of a bench, to the banquet table, thus drawing upon her the attention of every one present.

"My friends," he began, a menace in each slowly spoken word, "I wish to remind you of something, which some one among you seemingly forgot today. This child here is a king's daughter. My power can place her in a high position. She may one day occupy a throne, and she will be equal to the responsibility. She has no beauty of person, but much wisdom and strength of will—desirable qualities in a ruler. Why, this slip of a girl has actually refused to tell me the name of one who mocked her today! Therefore, I must inform you all, that she

is to have every consideration, every mark of respect. She is my daughter. Any one insulting her, shall reckon—heavily at that—with the King of France." He struck the table a resounding blow, while the princess stood with flaming cheeks and downcast eyes, an object of pity to the uneasy guests. "Look up, Jane," the king continued, "these good friends of ours are about to drink your health."

Beautiful, brave eyes the little girl had—gray, calm mirrors of an innocent soul. Lifting now, they turned in shy appeal to the young Duke of Orleans. A sinister smile touched the king's lips; so it was the duke, cousin to Louis, very close to the throne of France, who had mocked Jane. He must be punished; also a check placed on his ever increasing ambition.

But now the king's guests rose, turning courteously toward the dwarf child, and smiling on her as though she had been the most beautiful maiden in the land, drank full heartily a toast to "Princess Jane of Valois."

A year had passed when Louis, King of France, sent out for his cousin Louis, Duke of Orleans. Though the king's son, Charles, was direct heir to the throne, the duke was next in the line of succession, and the king considered him in some degree dangerous because of his popularity with the turbulent, fickle nobles of France. The duke knew he had cause for alarm when one of the royal guard brought him the summons and the information that he was detailed to accompany the unfortunate nobleman to the palace. The king received him coldly, bidding him be seated at a table, while his secretary spread out there certain papers for his perusal; records of foolish escapades, questionable acts, documentary evidence of the duke's recent plottings against the king.

"You are completely ruined and in my power," the king announced calmly.

"Obviously," assented the duke with a shrug of his shoulders. What could one man do, indeed, with two guards at the door, the secretary beside him, and the King of France standing over him?

"I can send you to prison or death," Louis continued thoughtfully.

"Not without exciting comment, dissatisfaction, especially among my friends," retorted the duke with an assumption of defiance he was far from feeling.

The king laughed. "I have faced worse things without injury!—Nevertheless, you are of my own blood. So I make you a proposition, greatly to your advantage. It will strengthen your power, give you an opportunity to correct past mistakes, and place you closer to the throne—if you marry Jane."

"A thing I refuse to do," cried the young man heatedly and decidedly. Then he weakened a little. "Why not the other daughter, Ann?"

"I said Jane," the king replied evenly. "Consider, should Charles die, trouble might come to you through Jane's husband, whoever he might be. However, I did not expect you to accept at once. I am allowing you a few days of retirement and seclusion, that you may think the matter over."

The duke paled, well knowing his seclusion meant at least temporary confinement in a prison; and Louis had already sent many men to death without trial. There was no reason for special mercy in his case. Yet, married to dwarfed Jane! Even if he chose to neglect her, there would be occasions when she must appear beside him as his wife. Her infirmity would thus become his also. In sullen silence, he followed the guard to the secluded room in the palace, with barred windows which was ready for him. Two days later, he surrendered; and the king, after receiving his message, permitted the duke a private interview, during which the details of the forthcoming betrothal were arranged.

"Jane is to know nothing of your misdeeds, or the persuasion I have used to obtain a husband for her," the king said meaningly. "She is a pious maid, and it might grieve her to have such a man for a husband. Promise that you will reveal nothing of these matters to her or to others. Should the marriage not take place, I still hold documentary evidence against you."

"I promise," the duke returned irritably. The king smiled in cynical amusement. If the young man should forget or break that promise some day a most interesting scene might take place; but Jane would be his wife by that time.

"I am about to send for my daughter to inform her that you have asked for her hand," Louis continued. "If you wish, remain and salute your future bride."

"I regret my great haste this morning," the duke returned politely; his one desire now to be out of the place—free, for at least a time.

"You are dismissed, then," his cousin informed him graciously, "with all your rights restored." Then Jane was sent

or. "I merely wished to tell you," Louis said casually, "that a marriage is being arranged for you with the Duke of Orleans."

"The Duke of Orleans?" repeated Jane, startled out of her usual dutiful quiescence in all her father's wishes. Surely the duke does not wish to marry me!"

"Certainly he does," the king assured her confidently, "largely, it is true, for reasons of state, which you are too young to understand. Royal marriages are always arranged thus. I trust you do not dislike the duke?"

"Oh no, I am very fond of him," and Jane's little face was transfigured with great love.

The king nodded, well satisfied. "That all you may go now."

Festivities followed, announcing and celebrating the betrothal. There was merriment and gossip, of course. Why did the charming, handsome duke disdain Jane for a bride? The king writhed under it all. More than once he was on the point of defying the king and withdrawing from his bar. Yet Jane was preferable to prison or death. He showed her a status of politeness, carefully controlling outward signs of aversion, trying, indeed, to think only of her bright eyes, her lovely head, with curls like a spun gold.

The wedding day came at last, and she smiled happily as the duke's bride. It was when he took her to the Castle of Orleans that the girl's rude awakening came. The duke left her severely alone, while occupying himself with gay companions and with sports and activities in which she could not join. Bitter as Jane shed, when alone in her lonely apartments, she realized the agony that had come upon her. Louis had shown her that day a cold, deliberate scorn. The cross of her affliction had borne thus far with resignation. Now it was pressing on her more heavily in the fact that it rested, too, on the man she loved. Why had he turned toward her? It must be that he had not realized at first the sharpness of his humiliation in having such a wife. Then Jane's strong faith came to her aid, and she knelt in fervent prayer before her crucifix, asking, by memory of Christ's own cross, for patience, fortitude beneath hers, and for a great love toward Louis that at last he must reciprocate her affection. In the years that followed, Jane's only devotion was as a beautiful child of charity flung, all in vain, against her husband's shortcomings. It was long before she realized that she had never loved her. Then, sweetly deceived, she turned to the one Great

Consoler and Lover of the afflicted, giving her whole heart to God.

In the year 1483, on the death of Louis XI, his son Charles came to the throne. Since he was only thirteen years old, a regent was appointed; but the boy's sister, Ann of Beaujeu, was selected for the office, to the great disappointment of the Duke of Orleans. Thereafter, Jane was left more than ever to herself, Louis absenting himself for long intervals of time, and seeming to be much occupied in conferring with other nobles. In her loneliness, Jane gave herself more than ever to devotional practices and works of charity. The spiritual life entirely absorbed her, opening before her daily in new ways of holiness and peace. At times, indeed, her way was dark, desolate; but Jane could still be hopeful and patient, knowing that a little further on her joy in God would be restored. When at length Charles came to his majority, he took the reins of government into his own strong, capable hands, greatly strengthening his power by marrying Ann of the noble and influential house of Bretagne. He had a sincere affection for Jane, and knowing her aversion to court life, managed now and then to visit the duke's castle in order to see her. Once, in spite of herself, Jane was drawn into the troubled vortex of French affairs. Louis was at home, recently returned from one of his mysterious absences, obviously anxious and ill at ease. One day armed men were seen approaching the castle, and the duke fled, hoping to reach the forest fastness near; but retreat was cut off on all sides. From an upper window of the castle the duchess watched the coming of the cavalcade, with its significant royal banner, and saw that her husband was a prisoner. A moment later, the company entered the castle; and Jane went down swiftly to the entrance hall, that she might greet the King of France. Charles was speaking sternly to the cringing duke, as in silence Jane made her way to his side. The proof was quite clear. The Duke of Orleans had been guilty of rebellion and must die. At once the duchess knelt before the king: "My brother, I ask you to spare his life, who is your brother through me," she said.

The king frowned down on her; but his voice held a note of rough kindness as he answered, "Better for you, Jane, if we rid you of this man. I doubt not he is false to you as to me."

Yet Jane knelt on, counting on her brother's pity. Long ago she had come to realize that to some people an affliction is sharply repulsive, while to others it is an attraction. Strangely

enough the charming, ambitious Charles was very tender toward any one afflicted.

"It would break my heart if he should die through you," the duchess pleaded.

"Very well, live—both of you," Charles said brusquely, "and, Louis, show my sister some gratitude. Only her plea has saved you from death." Then he rode away with his men, doubting the wisdom of his act. But how could he refuse Jane?

Charles's brilliant career as king and warrior was brief. He was only twenty-eight when a mortal illness seized him. The news reached Orleans, and hope leaped high in the duke's heart. He was next in succession to the throne of France. But Jane must be queen!

"We must go to Paris," he told Jane. "I must be there when Charles dies to claim the crown. Else some conspiracy may be formed to wrest it from me."

Outwardly composed, Jane made the journey, while all her soul was crying out in terror of that which now must come. She to be Queen of France! The crown must be one of thorns for her. In her charitable work near the castle, the people had grown used to her affliction. She herself generally forgot it; but now old wounds would bleed afresh, and a new hurt would be added, for Louis's dislike of her must surely turn to bitter hate. Yet, God willed this terrible trial for her, and God's will was good. Brooding and silent, Louis accompanied Jane—a maddening thought constantly recurring to him: at the death of Charles, Ann of Bretagne would be free. She would probably marry some powerful noble, whose forces united to those of the house of Bretagne might cause trouble to the King of France, who could not marry her, because of Jane. Arriving in Paris, they found Charles very near death; and Jane became at once engrossed in him, putting aside her grief to minister to his wants. Through the city the news spread one day that Charles could not last till night. In the churches, priests and people prayed for the dying monarch; and around the royal palace the crowd grew every moment denser. The dreaded message came at length: "The King is dead." From mouth to mouth the words passed; but still, as was their custom on such occasions, the people waited. Then,—"Long live the King!" they cried as Louis XII—Jane beside him—stepped out to the royal balcony. Jane, the dwarf, was Queen of France.

The heaviest trial of all Jane's sorely tried life came to her now. Sharp, constant humiliation was her portion. Staring and whispering crowds fol-

lowed whenever she appeared in public; while Louis was injured, resentful in manner toward her. Ah, if only in conscience, she could have given him his freedom,—could have bade him go the way of his desire,—the way of fair Ann of Bretagne! Some months had passed when he came to Jane for an interview. "I am having our marriage examined," he told her harshly, "with a view to its annulment. I hope you will do all in your own power to assist in the matter. You must realize, as I do, that we are not suited to each other."

"Indeed, yes," she assented, "but that does not make a marriage null. The law of the Church is good, and it can not be changed for individuals."

"I was thinking of our relationship," Louis explained. "Being so pious, you could easily become scrupulous over the matter."

Jane's grey eyes opened wide in surprise. Sometimes Louis had told himself he could almost love her when he looked into her sweet eyes.

"But not after all these years," she said. "Besides, the Church gave us a dispensation; and the relationship is not very close. I have often wondered," she continued thoughtfully, "why you ever wished to marry me."

"Wished to marry you!" repeated Louis in high scorn, his disappointment flaming into wrath. "Never in my wildest dreams did I wish to marry you. It was your father who forced me into the union, threatening me with death if I refused."

The effect of his words was startling. Ghastly was the horror in Jane's face, and she shrank from him as though fearing even to be near him. "You mean that you were forced, against your will, to marry me?"

"Exactly," he returned brutally. "Your father did not hesitate over such matters."

Jane's eyes turned questioningly to the crucifix which with her was ever near at hand. Through long years it had taught her fortitude; but now it was light, more than strength, she asked of her Crucified Lord. Should she give a weapon into Louis's hand, which apparently he did not know existed? If Louis had been forced into union with her, there was no marriage. But, had he told her the truth? Was not her own desire to be free a cowardly shrinking from the cross she must bear as Queen of France?—Yet, if she felt afraid to trust either Louis or herself, all the more could she place her trust in the authority and wisdom of God's Church. "Is it your intention, Louis," she asked gravely, "to place this matter in the proper ecclesiastical hands and to abide by the decision of the Church?"

"Certainly," he responded, "the matter shall be laid before the Pope."

"That is right," she said sweetly, "and I believe the matter can be arranged without trouble, if, Louis, you can prove the union was forced on you. That would mean there has been no marriage."

"I had not thought of that," he responded, equally pleased and surprised. "Doubtless the papers with which your father threatened are still among his possessions. His secretary or the guards who were present at the interview, would do as witnesses, if they can be found; and, Jane, I believe your father forgot, even as did I, how the Church regards the forcing of the will."

"I hope so," she returned sadly. "If your efforts are successful, I shall spend my life in prayer and penance for the wrong inflicted on you."

"I shall see to it that you never want," he told her with admiration and newborn humility. "I believe there is not another woman in the world who would thus willingly surrender the rights of a queen."

Then he left her, and Jane knelt be-

fore her crucifix, in fervent prayer. "Thy will be done,—Thy will, not mine be done," over and over, she said, hushing her soul to wait in peace rather than yield to the storm of destiny threatening its tranquillity,—that it might be free at any price!

Pope Alexander VI took the matter of the marriage under advisement, appointing commissaries to examine the points brought up for discussion, and finally pronounced it void.

To Bourges, the city of her father's birth, Jane went to live her life of prayer and penance. She dressed in sackcloth, used the vast revenue settled on her by the king for charitable work, and under the direction of her confessor, Gabriel Maria, a Franciscan, instituted an order of nuns, called the Annunciation. Doubtless it was this saintly man who advised her on entrance into the order. She took her habit in the year 1504. A year of utterable peace followed. Then the peace of heaven, in death.

She was canonized by Clement X in the year 1738, though at Bourges she had been venerated since her death. She is commemorated on February 1 and she is sometimes called Saint Jane.

WEATHER

The sun is hidden by a cloud,

Dark thoughts at once my mind enshroud.

It rains—and though I know not why—

The tears fall with a bitter sigh.

A dart of lightning—thund'rous crash!

I tremble at each sound and flash.

A burst of glory and, at last

The sun is here—the dark has passed,

And with it vanish sighs and fears.

'Mid flooded joy I view the years.

—Jeannette F. Blum

CLOISTER CHORDS

BY SISTER M. FIDES SHEPPERSON

Birds

Red is the royal color. The bird
th but a shaft of shining crimson is
a class all its own. The charm of
a flicker, the robin, the ruby-throat,
a sap-sucker, the redwing, the tanager,
the red-head wood-pecker, the
cardinal—is the charm of color, the
appeal of the royal red.

The man born blind, striving
to express his conception of
color through the medium of
music, said, "Red is the trumpet
blast, the clarion call to
battle." Why is the bull
poured to maddened activity
sight of the red scarf waved
by the matador? Why do the
children dance as the
cardinal alights and cry aloud
glee, "The red bird! O the
red bird?" And why do na-
tives grown up children watch
with perennial pleasure the
flashing among the
leaves as the woodpecker
uses?

Red is the color of life as
d in impenetrable mystery
the blood. When blood is
flowing, life is flowing. Where
red is, life is; hence red is,
abolically, life.

.....
The male purple grackles
are our first birds of spring.
They came late in March. The
larks appeared a few days
earlier; then came flickers, sap-
suckers, bluebirds, brown
thrashers, and mourning doves.
The meadow lark might be
heard—though not seen—early
in April, and song sparrows,
robins, and warblers.

The best time for bird ob-
servation is when the birds
arrive from their south-
western homes, and before the
flocks come out on the trees.
There is a freshness of color-
ing, a vivacity, and an indefin-
able charm about these early
visitors. They seem to carry
in them the joy of their
successful flight and of the good secret
impelled their coming. Many
times may, indeed, be of relative im-
portance in this so vast world, in the
very universe; but only one thing is
absolute importance for them, and
that is—their nest. Mechanically they
have that unerring instinct urges them to
it. They are wound up to do what
they do, and go right automatically.
They kill without murdering, and rob

without doing wrong. The woodland
war of beak and claw is all a subtly
balanced game, incessant and inevitable
—but of upward trend and—not in
vain.

* * * * *

I heard last night far up in the

It was not the soft whistle of the
thrushes. I know not what birds were
passing overhead, nor whence, nor
whither—but I felt that all was well.
Their swift certainty of direction, their
protective numbers, their vigilant call-
notes told of a well-planned journey
that would end successfully.

* * * * *

A BIRD AT SEA

The great Atlantic tossed its feathery foam
Miles many from the wanderer's nearest home
When lo! a little bird did fearless roam

The untracked realms of air.

We saw no land. Can that small eye retain
A picture of the shore beyond the main,
Its heart expect safe harbor to regain

Trusting its Maker's care?

The little pilgrim was in livery drest
Of ocean colors; white like billow's crest,
With sea-grey plumage o'er its snowy vest,
Its bright eye bold and free.

Sometimes the bird our steamer deftly passed,
Sometimes it poised and rocked upon the blast,
Again it, resting on the highest mast,
Looked down askance to see.

Could it be any innate love of change
Or human wish to visit climes more strange
Had led this tiny traveler far to range
Eager for what is new?

We guessed its home to be some island cave;
A rocky cavern, o'er dark prisoned wave,
Where flocks akin their wide-spread pinions lave,
Yet no isle was in view.

Tho' many started, one alone could dare
This long wing-voyage thro' the sunny air,
Nor had its fellows tried the flight to share
Beyond the sea-mews' call.

Eve's shadows fell; the small craft slackened
speed—

It faded, vanished, never taking heed
Of us, who wondered if an hour of need
Should yet the bird befall.

Nor do we know if on its darkened way,
It lost its bearings toward the sheltered bay,
And met destruction ere the light of day
Beneath a treacherous sea.

Tho' from its throat no glad song we heard,
Its act was stronger than e'en spoken word;
A lesson sweet was taught us by that bird
Of trust, O Lord, in Thee!

—Balbus.

During the migrating sea-
sons, the night skies are often
thickly studded with birds
from dusk to dawn. An ornithologist
tells us that "on the
night of September 14, 1906,
at Madison, Wis., no fewer
than 3,800 birds' calls were
heard from one place. * * *
And at times so many calls
were heard that it was evi-
dent the air above was thronged
with birds."

I have read that the golden
plover flies from Argentina,
S. A., to nest on the Arctic
shores, a distance of 8,000
miles and that the Arctic tern
travels from the unknown
Antarctic continent over 11,000
miles of land and sea, to its
home-rock on an island in the
Arctic.

"He who from zone to zone
Guides through the air thy
certain flight
In the long way that I must
tread alone,
Will lead my steps aright."
Bryant.

My birds are all gone, the
moon-lit heavens are still.
Brave little wanderers, some-
where in the far cold sky—
take my blessing with you, and
share with me your courage
and your confidence. He in
whose plan all earth moves
blindly is your guide—and
mine. The homing instinct calls
us home; we follow as He leads
us. From Argentina up to
Labrador, from Hawaii to
Alaska, from Antarctic to
Arctic our migrants hasten to the home-
rock. From shore to shining shore,
from mystery unto explanation, from
exile to our *Patria*—the homing instinct
calls us home; we follow as He leads us.

Trusting in divine providence we
humbly follow this call. The path may
at times be hard and difficult, but the
end is reward eternal, God Himself,
for ever and ever.

heavens, the call-notes of migrating
birds. Large flocks flitting across the
moon, and others followed; and still
others, as straggling specks, passed into
the moonlit clouds.

Were my night flyers thrushes, war-
blers, vireos, fly-catchers, juncos, spar-
rows, or bobolinks? I thought I recog-
nized the chink-chink of the bobolink.
It may have been the chirp of warblers.



Fiction



THE OUTLAWS OF RAVENHURST

By L. M. WALLACE

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CHAPTER XIII

THE PERILS OF ONE DARK NIGHT

GORDON felt about in the darkness. The passage was small, scarcely large enough to crawl through, and seemed to run along in the wall. His groping hands found the floor level for some twenty feet, then came a rough stone stairway. Turning around, he crept down backward for a dozen steps, and again the way was level. A sharp turn to the left, and a radiant, fan-shaped light shone far ahead in the darkness. "Why, there is the end! It is not so long as I thought it would be."

Gordon hurried forward; but the bright spot was not the end. It was only a small hole in the wide wall. There was a faint hum of voices. Scarcely daring to breathe, he crawled on till he was within the dancing, mote-filled light. Oh, how small the hole was—not half so large as his own eye. He looked through—then drew back in terror. Not a dozen steps from the wall sat Sir Roger. "Uncle must have seen me!" gasped the lad. "No, the hole is too small and too far away from him to look through it. Funny, isn't it, when I can see him so well? It's the library—there is Godfrey. What's that he said?"

Sir Roger's snarling tones came in answer: "The foolish child will yield in the morning. You are always finding fault!"

"I do not think so, my lord."

"But the hunger—consider the hunger!"

"The thirst is worse, probably. Did I say the boy suffers nothing? Sir, I said he will not yield!"

"Nonsense! When a child is in real pain—"

"Was he in pain—real pain—beneath the lash? Did you bend that Gordon will a hair's breadth? He will die, my lord—not yield."

"Well, if he is so stubborn, let him die then!"

"And when it reaches the ears of the

Lord Warden, what a pretty tale. The wise guardian has starved the heir and is now become Earl of Ravenhurst."

"But it is expected that I shall turn him from Roman follies, punish him if need be—"

"Even to the point of death? Does the law of Scotland so run?"

"It must be kept secret from the Lord Warden! That is understood—"

"Secret! This morning you most prudently told every soldier in the castle, and let Dick make a fool of you and save Douglas while you were talking."

"Have a care! Do you forget to whom you speak?"

"Your pardon, my lord, but my love for you and for Ravenhurst makes me bold."

Sir Roger tapped his shoe on the fender without answering, but in a moment his sallow face brightened. "You, Godfrey, you have a great influence with the boy. Go to him tomorrow. Speak in that gentle way of yours. Say—"

THE STORY

Sir Angus Gordon, descendant of the Scottish chieftain Fire-the-Braes and son of Lang-Sword, has remained true to the ancient faith and to Mary Queen of Scots. Forces of the king surprise castle Ravenhurst, while the inmates are attending the proscribed Mass. The old earl is taken prisoner and executed. Of his grandsons James retains the faith, while Roger apostatizes and makes himself master of Ravenhurst. James's infant son, Gordon, is taken by his uncle, Friar Stephen, to Maryland, there to be brought up in the Catholic faith before returning to Scotland as heir to castle Ravenhurst. His uncle Roger tries to gain him for the new faith and for his plans. For his unyielding steadfastness, the boy is severely punished and imprisoned. Through a secret passage opening from the room in which he is confined, Gordon effects his escape, only to plunge into the greatest perils.

"Influence! Do you forget that your rashness ruined my cunning tale? He knows, now, his mother's story was no dream."

"Well, invent some new—"

"Gordon knows now that I deceived him, I tell you. Your having that fire place restored was a stupid folly, my lord—a blunder—"

"To match your own of the early morning, my so-wise Godfrey! What let the boy go into the wood alone? The root of the fault is—"

"What good ever comes of rehashing errors? We must hit on a new and better plan—"

"Just what I was saying one moment ago. Do you go to him in that sweet way—"

"My lord, Gordon has a brain; he will not be twice fooled by any man. Yet there is one way—"

"And that?"

"Tomorrow we shall go to him—you and I—tell him his courage has won our hearts, we must respect a faith that can make so young a lad so great a hero, give him full liberty to practice his religion—privately—"

"Of all the follies! Are you mad? Mend the folly, my good Sir Roger, mend the folly with this." The tutor held up a vial which gleamed red in the candle light.

"You mean?"

"Oh, its action is very gentle, my lord. As the warm days come, a paleness, a weakness, just a slight malaria yet in the autumn all the gentle folk of the countryside will come to the funeral of this promising child, and the mourning uncle—well, it will all be very sad—but, of course, the mourning uncle will be Earl of Ravenhurst."

High up in the wall, near a tiny hole in the carvings, a voice whispered, "O you Godfrey, son of Bertrand!"

For an hour or more Gordon crawled on. The passage was straight for time, then it dropped to a lower level and ran on again. Each room had its little spy-hole hidden in some carving. As he crept on, the levels began

shorter and the stairs longer. He had not found a spying place for a long time. The darkness grew even more black. He could not see his hand before his face. The stones were cold, so cold and wet.

Then came another stair, and down, down into the blackness he went. "It has to sink so low to get under the moat, that must be it," and as he spoke he splashed into a puddle at the foot of the stair. Oh, how sweet that water tasted—muddy though it was!

"Anyway, it is a drink," he thought as he crawled on over the mossy stones of the level. "Now I must be going under the moat. That is why it is so wet and slimy. The end of the passage can not be far away, at least not much farther; for I have been crawling such a long time. When once I get outside, I shall find those friendly outlaws of the Cleuth. They will help me reach my mother. What if uncle Roger does take the castle?—We could have a little farm—or a fishing boat like—." His right hand shot into space. He tried to grasp the stones, lost his balance, and fell—down—down—down into never-ending blackness. Something cold!—water!—and down—down—down again. He was rising. One hand shot out—then his head.

Gordon drew a quick, deep breath, and floated as he had done many a time when some chance slip had plunged him into the old fishing pool beneath the elders, while he and Joel were playing in the Maryland woods. "Thank God it is water. I should have broken my neck if it had been stone. Well, the joke is on me! All day long I have been praying for a drop of water; now the good Lord has given me a drop into it, instead of a drop of it."

Then Gordon's right arm glided out in a cautious overhand stroke; but the water was cold, very cold, and his left leg felt queer—it would not follow suit. The lad struck out with all his might, and the struggle sent him under again—down, far down, till the roaring in his ears deafened him. Poor child, he had tasted in bitter pain since early morning and a boy's strength can not last forever.

As the body rose for the second time, he had touched something floating and Gordon clutched as only the drowning can. A plank, short, water-soaked, and slimy—it could bear but little weight, yet that little was much to him. He drew it under his armpit and his lips were above water. Oh, how sweet is God's own air! Gordon never knew before how much one breath is worth.

Then the lad tried to paddle with his free hand, but the weight of his cramped legs was too great for so

feeble a stroke. Still he kept on paddling. He must have been making headway with out knowing it for, at last, his hand touched the mossy stones. He pulled the plank nearer. It seemed to be the wall of the passage. He drew himself along beside it for a dozen strokes. The plank stopped abruptly. "I have struck the other wall, I guess. This must be a corner," he said, feeling about in the blackness.

Floating along beside the plank, half resting on it, half drawing himself onward by the stones, Gordon tried to loosen the plank from the unseen snag which held it. A sharp push—too sharp—the slimy wood slid into the water again, but out of the boy's hand. He groped in black air and blacker water. It was gone. Search was useless. Clinging to the stones, he dragged himself onward once more. "This can not be a corner," he muttered a moment later. "There is another side to it. Just over there; but it doesn't come over to make the point. Oh, I wish I could see for a minute, only one!" Suddenly his cramped, dragging feet struck something hard. Crying out with pain, he sank—not far. The rough stone floor was just beneath him.

Half crawling, half dragging himself still, feeling in the blackness ahead before each onward movement, slowly, slowly he struggled on. "The water is becoming more shallow," he muttered. "I am going uphill just a little bit now. This must be some other passage. I wonder where it ends. Oh, well, when I am outside, I can see Ben Ender and tell by it which way to go." Hard work was warming his weary, cold little body; and the cramp came out of his legs by and by, so that at last he could crawl on his hands and knees, and the water was soon behind him.

This passage was crooked and narrow. After crossing that first rise which had shut out the water, it went winding, winding, always, with a constant downward slant. Gordon could touch the roof with ease, and the air, long imprisoned, had in it something which sucked his breath. He was sure he had crawled onward for an hour or more; but it is hard to tell how quickly time passes when a little boy is weary, yet dares not rest.

Then he cheered himself by planning. "It can not be much farther now. I wonder what that John is like. He must be a big man, or folks would not call him Muckle John. When we get mother, we shall have to go down into the dungeon. How shall we manage that?" One hand dropped into space again, but this time he did not fall—he was a wiser lad now.

Gordon groped about in the hole below him. "There is something a couple

of feet lower down—feels like a step—maybe it is only another stair—long way to go down without knowing what comes next; maybe it's not a stair at all—end's broken off and it wiggles—wonder if the lower steps are worse or better. Where can it be going anyway? I must be near the middle of the earth now—oh, but I hate to climb down on such an unsteady thing, way down in that blackness!—What if I fall again?—But I must try—there is no other way. Could I pull myself back again if I can not go farther down?—Such slimy, slippery, old rocks!—How can a body hold to them?—Here's one with an edge! Now God help me, I must go!"

Slowly, cautiously Gordon lowered his weight on the dangerous step below, rested a moment, steadied himself, dropped on his knees, then sat down, clinging all the while to the mossy stones of the wall. A breath of less foul air was coming from somewhere, and the lad drew in a deep draught. With one cautious toe he explored the lower blackness. There was another step, wide and solid, near the wall but broken short off halfway across. The boy slid down on it. He was gaining courage now. One more step was tried; it was better, and the dozen forming the rest of the stairs were broad and firm. Gordon stood at the foot of the stairs and felt about. The arch of the passage was just in front of him. It was low, perhaps even lower than the one from which he had come, and the stone floor was more deeply bedded in moss and slime. The air was somewhat better, and this encouraged Gordon. Surely God's good out-of-doors must be drawing near. He crawled on eagerly, and had gone a dozen yards or more when one groping hand came upon a little pile of small, rough stones, scarcely larger than pebbles. He held one in his hand wondering: "These have no moss on them at all, and this one is dry."

As he spoke, something caught his foot. Pull as he would, he could not loosen it. The thing had clenched around his ankle and was holding him fast. "Snakes!" he gasped, struggling wildly. Weak and weary, the lad could make but a small effort at best—the thing only tightened more and more. Catching up a stone, he reached back cautiously and struck a sharp blow. It yielded a moment but tightened again—a second blow—the slimy rock slipped and he touched—not a snake—but fingers—a man's fingers—rough-skinned, long, and thin. A muffled voice whispered: "Who are you?"

Gordon did not answer; he was searching for the stone lost a moment before. His left hand, groping along

the floor, found nothing loose but the pile of dry pebbles. His right hand, outstretched and trembling, waited to guard against the next attack of this unseen foe. The man made no further movement, yet he kept whispering, "Who are you?" Now, Gordon's left hand began to creep up the wall, vainly hoping to loosen some small rock; but the stones on this side of the passage were uncommonly large, square cut, and well set in mortar. A moment later the boy's fingers touched the man's arm. Gordon shivered—drew back—waited an instant, and felt again. The arm came through a small, rough hole in the wall.

The muffled voice repeated again: "Who are you, boy, who are you?" But the lad still kept silence. It was only a hand not a man with whom he must deal; so he tugged at those clenched fingers with all his weary, little might.

"Speak out, child, and tell your name. You may as well obey now as later, for you can not go until you do," the muffled voice insisted.

Gordon had no breath to waste on words. He must unclasp those fingers—thin fingers, so thin the lad was almost sorry he had struck them. Something dampened the boy's hands as he struggled; they were bleeding. Such fingers must be weak. Why couldn't he loosen them? Poor child, his own strength was almost gone.

"Are you of the old faith or the new?" "I am a Catholic, sir."

"No brass in the ringing of that coin, boy! Well spoken! Who are you? Speak out, child, it is a friend that you have met in the darkness."

"If you were a friend, you would let me go—"

"Let you go on following blind Duncan. Aye, that would be kindness!"

"Duncan, sir, you are mistaken—or at least—that is—I have not seen him."

"Nor will you. When little boys follow blind Duncan, they go down a passage that winds, winds, winds. For a long, long way it has come downward; for a long, long way it will go upward, though never to the light of God's day; and by and by the little boy will find again that in the air which sucks his breath; and, by and by, he will lay his head down on the moss and—"

"You mean there is no way out of this passage!"

"No way that you would find without—"

"But there is a way?"

"Yes, one so dangerous that it would be tempting God to send a child through it were you not in need—"

"In need?"

"Would you be here if you were not in need—aye, and sore need?—But answer my questions now, lad. After-

wards I shall give you what help I can. First, the old question, who are you?"

"I do not like to talk to strangers, sir. What is your own name, please?"

"I told you, 'A friend'; but come, child, you waste time—"

"Friend!—A mean sort of friend you are!" Gordon had never ceased tugging at those clenched fingers; now, disappointment and weariness made him wink back the tears. "A friend would not torment a little boy. Why should I think that you are one? I do not know you."

"It would indeed be a very wicked man that would not befriend a little boy lost in the wicked, old 'Blind Duncan' passage. Let it pass at that; now tell—"

"You are mean enough, that's one thing I know, for there is a way to get out and you won't tell me. You are a big coward, too; for you try to make me talk when I ought not to, just because I am little and you have the best of me. You won't give your own name—"

"Well, now," the muffled voice grew patient, "you think me very mean—no great wonder! So, indeed, would I be both a knave and a coward if I should force a child to speak when there is no need of it, or make bad use of knowledge thus gained; but, lad, though for grave reasons I do not think it wise to give you my name, I shall give you my word—not even an enemy ever called my honor in question—I give you my word no harm shall come from what you may say—perhaps, even good; trouble is at your own door, my boy, or you would not be wandering alone in such a place as this."

Gordon found a strange longing to trust this man rising up in his heart; yet, while he still doubted, he dared not do so; then the firm, gentle voice spoke again, "Come, child."

"Well, I guess I have to."

"In truth you must."

"I am the Gordon."

"That you are not."

"Sir!"

"It is the chieftain alone who is called the Gordon. You are not yet Earl of Ravenhurst, little lad, but you are a Gordon—a small splinter of the Lang-Sword. The deep voice grew strangely tender: "You are he that was born ten years ago on the feast of our Lady in Harvest."

"Sir!—but how in the world did you learn that?"

The muffled tones sank lower. Gordon could scarcely hear the words: "All day long there has been that old foreboding thought: 'The boy is in danger'; all day long down here in my dungeon, I have prayed; and now,

Sweet Mother, you bring him to me." Then the voice broke sharply, "And— and Margaret—your mother, lad, your mother—did—did she live or die?"

"Sir, why, sir, she is alive—I mean I hope—"

"Hope?—you hope? Why, don't you know?" The man's hand gripped Gordon's ankle till the pain shot through him keen and sickening. "Answer me! Agony, not anger, was in the muffled voice."

"Sir, oh, I can't talk of these things to a stranger! Who are you? Why do you want to know so much about me and my mother? You are hurting my ankle; it's sore."

"Poor little one! There, it does not pain now, does it? No, surely, you could not speak of these things to a stranger; but you need fear no longer. I have the best reason in this wide world for asking about you and your mother, little son.—I am your father, James of Gordon."

"My father!" Gordon caught that thin hand and kissed the damp spots passionately. "My own father! Oh, why do I always get things wrong? I hit you and made you bleed and I wouldn't—"

"Child, child, you are not crying? You struck only to defend yourself. There is no pain, child, none whatever; but if there were, the joy in my heart would drown so small a thing. I know now this son of mine will never make my heart bleed. That is the pain a father dreads, my boy. O child, if you knew the joy it gives me to learn it is my own son's voice that rang out so true and clear as you told me your faith, here in the face of darkness and danger. Such joy is worth these long years of suffering. The Blessed Mother of God has watched over you. She never fails those who put their trust in her.—But your mother, child, where is she?"

"I don't know. Betsy thinks she is down in the dungeon; and Uncle Stephen—"

"Uncle Stephen? You have spoken with him? What did he say?"

"He thought mother must be in some part of the castle—perhaps in the north tower."

"Probably; that is the prison tower. But what reason did he give?"

"Uncle said mother broke some law or other when she told me about you and spoke of the faith—"

"And Roger took full advantage of his legal right as guardian—no doubting. God help me, if evil has come to Margaret.—But speak on, child. Betsy? Who is this Betsy? Ah, now I place her. Tam's little maid. She

judges the dungeon, and uncle Stephen the tower, why?"

"He only said that he hoped her all was up in the tower, because uncle Roger knew—"

"Yes, Roger knows well enough—our other was imprisoned but a few weeks. Betsy judges the dungeon, hy?"

"She said that after mother went away, Godfrey Bertrandson got two extra portions from the cook, and he's the one that feeds the—"

"Two?"

"Oh, Benson is gone, too."

"Both Benson and Margaret? Against our mother Roger always held a grudge. But Benson, drawing nigh to eighty—our nurse—almost our mother trust a weakling for cruelty. Six months—she was feeble—ah, well, even is better. And your mother, did she have strength to begin it?"

"Well, father, she is so old—I mean her white hair makes her look old—and wrinkles, you know. Betsey says she always suffered pain, and uncle Stephen told me it's worry about you that made her hair white."

There was a moment's silence. The boy thought his father's voice sounded very husky when he heard him say, "Margaret, my Margaret—old and gray worn down by sorrow!" Then the silence grew more determined. "My son, our mother must be rescued; and you must do that service for her. Some other time we can talk again; but now we must busy ourselves. Roger will be hunting for you. You must take your way out into the open and find Muckle John-o'-the-Cleuth. Tell him to come with all the men of the parish and to bring axes as well as a pick and a pick."

"But, father, why don't you come with me?"

"Child, it would take me a month to find this hole large enough for me to get through; but a strong man with a pick or crowbar could take the block stone out in less than an hour."

"How will I find my way out of this? I have been traveling for ever so long a time—"

"Yes, you have traveled on your feet around Castle Ravenhurst some five dozen times; and had you kept on, you would have soon begun the trip again. What made you attempt so dangerous a thing?"

"I didn't know about the danger. Mother said to go—"

"Your mother would not send a child into this death-trap 'Blind-Duncan,' as she had taken leave of her wits." She didn't call it by that name;

but she told me how to open the panel beside the fireplace—"

"Ah, the passage from the fireplace. That is different. That passage leads safe and direct without cross tunnels or danger. Why did you not do as she bade you?"

"I did, father."

"You entered the passage at the fireplace, and yet you came here?"

"The way was good at first; but after a while I fell through a hole, down, down, I don't know how far, into a lot of water—"

"The cistern! If the best tunnel is in such condition, what of the worst? No doubt they have not been repaired these ten years."

"Isn't there any way out?"

"There is—but I dread to send a child. If I could go with you. But you could not live on dungeon fare so long. No, you can not wait till I am able to crawl out. It must be now."

"Oh, if you think it best for me to stay, I'll not mind the bad food for a month when you've eaten it for years."

"God bless you, boy. The spirit of our sires is in your heart. Yet, now we must remember that the Gordon will is in a boy's body. Your small provision box has been empty since—how many hours ago?"

"Well, how many hours is it since supper yesterday? But never mind; the hunger did hurt all day, yet I don't feel it now."

"No; excitement has put it from your thoughts. You are living on the strength of the good red blood in your veins. That will not last long. A month spent in this foul place—you might be living; but it would sap your strength, perhaps for life. No; you must go now, and may your guardian angel protect you. But wait a moment. Your poor parent can give you some relief. I have a crust of bread in the cell."

Gordon heard the stealthy movements of the earl crawling backward through the tunnel. In a moment Sir James returned, and the child reached eagerly for the pitiful fare. He spoke again, his voice low and clear.

"Begin at the stairs. Count along the wall thirty blocks of stone. At this point scrape off the moss where the roof joins the wall. You will find a shepherd's crook crossed by three bars and a VI. Count six squares of the ceiling stones. At the seventh search for a moss-hidden hollow. It contains a ring. Twist sharply three times. It will open a door into the upper passage. Follow this tunnel till it forks. Take the one marked VII, where the arch joins the roof. Follow

this past the next five which join it. Three come in from the right, two from the left. Change sides when you pass each opening. There is a fork a hundred yards from the last pit. A cross is cut in the floor of one of the passages. Take that way. Later three tunnels merge into one. It is the main, which you would have found hours ago but for that hole in the floor above the cistern. Follow the large passage to its end in the wood near Ben Ender. Go north to the frith—east along the shore to a fishing village and ask for Muckle John-o'-the-Cleuth. Give him my message. Now repeat the instructions."

The boy did so once, and then again.

"Another thing," resumed the father, "don't forget to leave small patches of your clothing beneath the stones to mark the returning way. Now go, and may God, our Father, keep His hand above my boy."

Poor child! The long journey must begin again. Gordon crawled on hour after hour repeating his father's orders over and over for fear of losing his way. The lad's back ached from stooping; his head, from hunger and weariness. Often one trembling hand slid into some black abyss; and he would cling to the mossy stones, quivering, dreading the pit below, dreading more that which might be within it—that which might be left of those who had tried before to creep through the death-trap, "Blind Duncan." Often the white lips whispered, "If father were here I would not fear; and God our Father has His hand over me. He will not let me fall."

Little by little the slime on the floor gave place to moss and damp stone. Air—God's sweet air—was floating from somewhere, and with it came a dim gray in the blackness. He could see the floor and the walls at last; and before him, only a few yards away, an arch outlined against a stronger light. Eagerly he hurried to it and felt along the keystone—one two, three crosses—how his little heart beat! There were the other two arched spots of blackness—the main tunnel at last.

This was the main passage—oh, such a long main passage! Did it run beneath all the fields and meadows from Rock Ravenhurst to Ben Ender? On and on the lad crawled; for even here, there was not space to stand erect. The dull ache of weariness drove all reckoning of time from his thoughts. One thing only he knew clearly; mother and father were there in the dungeon; he must seek John-o'-the-Cleuth.

Something was shining near him. Gordon leaned against the wall shading his eyes with his hand—light—real

light from God's own out-of-doors—a branch across that light swinging, swaying in the breeze—buds full of life, almost bursting into leaf. A moment more,—the boy was standing in the clear moonlight.

Gordon stretched every muscle in his tired little body, then shivered. The north wind pierced his wet clothing; it stiffened as he hurried on. The last year's leaves about his feet were white, glistening—the pools, frozen. The lad tried to run, beating his arms wildly; but the cold could not be thrown off so easily. Suddenly he stopped. Through the moonlight came a long drawn whoo-hoo-ah-oo-o!

"Wolves! God help me!—and near!—coming this way!" Gordon dashed up the bank. "There's a big oak at the top of the hill!—Can I reach it?" The lad ran as if he were not weary—ran as he had never run before; but down in the glen, three lean, gray bodies leaped. They had seen him.

He reached the tree; the wolves still a few leaps behind. Gordon caught a branch. It slipped from his numb fingers, and he fell. They were almost upon him. He caught the branch again—climbed it—from that to another. They were springing at him with wild leaps. He could not reach the swaying branch above. Higher, still higher leaped the lean gray forms, their white teeth gleaming in the moonlight. One reached him. He felt its hot breath. Another's tooth caught in his plaid. He slipped from the branch. The two hung a moment in air. Gordon's numb hands could never hold such a weight. One slipped. The bit of cloth gave way, and the wolf fell. The others jumped more wildly at their hanging prey. A last struggle—the boy's feet caught the limb again. A gust of wind swayed the one above down toward him. He clutched it—drew himself upon it, crawled back to the trunk, and clung to the oak. Safe! No wolf could jump so high.

They would go away in the morning, and it must be almost dawn; so the lad thought. Hours seemed to pass; yet no hint spoke of coming day. The wind blew fiercely through the wood—the oak wood on the northern slope of Ben Ender. Those small, numb hands found it hard to hold the little lad in the tree crotch. The frozen clothing rattled when he moved; and a quick, sharp pain shot through him with every breath. Down below the grey wolves waited—their red eyes glowing in the darkness—snapping at him now and then with long white teeth. Never a dawn for him; Gordon could hold out no longer—Falling?—No—the swaying

body straightened again—clutched the oak as he had before.

At last the dawn did come—a faint flush far off on the waters of the frith. But the boy did not see it; he was wondering why the blackness about him whirled round and round; why the three pairs of red eyes were dancing—dancing and whirling round and round.

Two arrows hissed from the bushes. Two gray watchers leaped high in the air and fell backward with guttural howls. Another shaft flashed through the dawning light, and the third fell across his mates, kicking wildly.

"Well shot, Muckle John!" A man sprang from the bushes. "Three good wolf pelts afore sunup."

"They had something treed. Quick, Donald! Hold the end of my plaid!

'Tis a bairn, and it's falling. There—steady—easy like! Na lay him doon!"

"'Tis the little laird Gordon!"
"Na doot o' that. But there is na time for talking. Wrap the plaid mare tight."

"Take mine as well, John. Mayhap he'll warm up a wee bit."

"Wad ye see the welts on his face!—An' his shoulder!—God's mercy on the bairn!—What a sight!"

"Clad in rags, motty, and frozen, an' a' that! What can be the meaning o' it, John?"

"'Tis the work o' yon deil in the castle. But we ha' talked o'er long!—I'll carry him hame, Donald. Ye can see to the pelts."

(To be continued.)

THE PRECIOUS BLOOD

(From the Italian)

Hail Jesus! Hail! who for our sake
Sweet Blood from Mary's veins didst take,

And shed it all for me;
Oh blessed be my Savior's Blood,
My life, my light, my only good,
To all eternity.

To endless ages let us praise
The Precious Blood, whose price could raise
The world from wrath and sin;
Whose streams our inward thirst appease,
And heal the sinner's worst disease,
If he but bathe therein.

Oh sweetest blood, that can implore
Pardon of God, and heaven restore,
The heaven which sin had lost:
While Abel's blood for vengeance pleads,
What Jesus shed still intercedes
For those who wrong Him most.

Oh to be sprinkled from the wells
Of Christ's own sacred blood, excels
Earth's best and highest bliss:
The ministers of wrath divine
Hurt not the happy hearts that shine
With those red drops of His!

Ah! there is joy amid the saints,
And hell's despairing courage faints
When this sweet song we raise:
Oh louder then, and louder still,
Earth with one mighty chorus fill,
The Precious Blood to praise!

—Father Faber

A LIFE FOR A LIFE

BY ZELMA McDOWELL PERRY

STANTON HARDY was in a villainous mood; and, as was usual with Hardy's rages, it was not evident to the mere surface gazer. But to Gay Hardy—baptized Abigail—observing the mocking face across the silver coffee pot, the signs were ominous. Gay had not been Hardy's wife for nearly a year without learning to judge with tolerable accuracy what lay behind his grante-like mask.

"But what has David Garvin to do with it?" she insisted, her breath coming in little catches as she poured her husband's coffee and handed him the cup.

Hardy's features seemed to take on a harder cast than before, but his lips drew back ever so slightly into a contemptuous smile.

"Everything, my dear. He set out to ruin my business when he first came into my employ—about the same time that you did—in Gatesville.

"He worked out that glazing process and turned it over to the business without getting a cent out of it—or any of the credit."

"He had to. He knew that when he went to work; and after that he tried repeatedly to edge his way into the business. Next he set himself to try to win the woman I had chosen to be my wife; and now, after three years in South America, when I thought I was rid of him, he makes his appearance in this city for the avowed purpose of buying out the Gatesville plant. Whether he intends to rob me of my wife, also, I have yet to learn."

Gay's cheeks flamed, and Hardy's eyes took on a glint of satisfaction as he noted the additional beauty the color lent her. There was a certain fascination in being able to taunt a pretty woman into greater beauty—and this by the right that was his as her husband. Hardy often congratulated himself on having chosen a Catholic as a wife; for such shreds of her religion as she still clung to, made her regard the marriage tie as unalterable; and the status of a husband as that of a lord and master. The arrangement was really admirable. Observing that her husband this time was the harbinger of a reply, he bowed ironically. She had seen, so that a beam of sunshine fell across her hair, turning it into a riot of gleaming gold.

"Aren't you rather absurd," she queried with attempted carelessness, "to speak of a man as trying to rob you

of a wife that he doesn't know you have, and that he had no idea you wanted, when he did want her himself? I was, as you may remember, in the open market at that time."

"Pardon me, my dear," answered Hardy sarcastically, "I should have recalled that, having been the highest bidder at that sale, myself."

She bit her lip in vexation over having given him the opening, and Hardy smiled once more. His anger was fast melting under the pleasure that was his in tormenting Gay.

"But you see, darling," he went on smoothly, "I choose to regard as my enemies all who once coveted my property. I am well aware that Garvin still covets my business, which was no more his than my wife. What is to prevent my believing that he may look with longing upon my wife as well as my other interests?"

"You can't understand that a man like David Garvin wouldn't want what could not become lawfully his!" cried Gay resentfully.

A brief, unpleasant laugh greeted this outburst.

"Allowing for your extreme innocence, my love, I still fail to see how you can cling to the moth-eaten idea that, because a man is an adherent to a form of belief with which you claim to ally yourself, he holds the rules of that religion in any deeper regard than—you do, for instance."

"Oh, I know I don't live up to my religion as I should. How could I? I shouldn't dare to make the claims that I do. But I don't know of any of its real rules that I disregard. You can't accuse me of it!"

Her husband's face grew harder than before. "I suppose you wish to imply that your association with me has undermined your faith, and that since your marriage you have been forced to neglect your duties, and all the rest of that. You probably look upon yourself as something of a martyr?"

Gay was clenching her hands and fighting back the hot tears that threatened to break through her reserve. Would that cruel voice ever stop saying those hateful things? She wanted to scream and wake up from this frightful nightmare in which she was Stanton Hardy's wife. She wanted to wake up in her own little iron bed, in that clean shabby room that had been Gay Rooney's. There was a crucifix at the head of the bed, and a picture of the

Blessed Mother smiling at her from the wall opposite. She closed her eyes to see if she might not open them and find the present all a horrid dream. But the hard even tones were beating steadily on, and her unclosing eyes rested on a luxurious breakfast room, bright with an open fire, and a table gleaming with linen and silver. She could feel the silken smoothness of her breakfast coat. Ah, how much those things had meant to her in contemplating their possession from that blessed little room which had held the crucifix. They had meant far more than the things the Figure on the cross had stood for. And now—she shivered slightly as she saw beyond the table the source of all this plenty, Stanton Hardy—her husband.

"A man likes to say something in his own defense," he was going on smoothly, "and though I know it isn't saintlike to do it"—how she was growing to dread his uncanny knowledge of the teachings of the Church—"you won't blame me, I'm sure. And my defense, I pride myself, is rather good. You see, I maintain that you ceased to have a proper respect for the teachings of the Catholic Church when you went against her wishes in marrying me."

"I didn't. We had a dispensation. The Church allows dispensations. We were married before a priest. You can't—"

His eyebrows, uplifted sardonically, checked her torrent of words.

"Certainly we had a dispensation. I went with you myself to see about it, you remember; in fact I was at some pains to discover just what constitutes a valid marriage in the eyes of your Church, and I signed certain promises. Did you have so little respect for my common sense as to think I would let you tie yourself with a loose knot? But"—his jaw set in grim lines—"you say your Church allows dispensations. We'll grant that—and a fond parent might present his child with a thousand dollars if he caught him in the act of stealing it from him, just to keep from that child the stigma of crime. But does that make that child any the less a thief at heart? It would seem to me that when a permission is granted with the utmost reluctance, discouraged in every way, and finally given simply and solely—as I understand it—in the vain hope of preventing greater sin, and in the hope of saving souls that may come into being as the result of a union that is holy or unholy—you note I take the Catholic viewpoint for the sake of argument—according as that permission is extended or withheld, that the person who trades upon that per-

mission has already lost whatever real respect he or she may have had for the authority of the institution that claims the power to grant such dispensation."

He got up and crossed to the window. A shadow as of age or weariness settled on his face. His wife had dropped into her chair again and sat crumpled like a wilted flower amid the silk and laces of her breakfast costume.

"Of course," he added glancing at her over his shoulder, "I trust you to correct me if I misstate any of the teachings of your Church. Not being a member of it, I may have some erroneous notions. Those outside the pale are commonly supposed to be brimming over with such, I think." His slight upward inflection seemed to demand a reply, but suddenly with a snap Gay's barriers of ice were rent asunder. She was going mad; she knew it; how could any mortal woman endure the insults he heaped upon her. She covered her face with her ringed hands and a low cry burst from her lips. Stanton Hardy considered her speculatively, and then dismissed the subject with a shrug of distaste for her tears. Until now, their clashes had been so successfully concealed beneath a cloak of elaborate courtesy that they had not even penetrated to the servants' quarters.

"Oh, well, you see the justice of my statements. I infer—but to return to Garvin. Naturally, he isn't aware of my feelings toward him; and as he was to come here to talk business to-night, I included a dinner invitation. He will be surprised to find that Mrs. Stanton Hardy is none other than his former fellow worker in the Gatesville plant, the extremely pious Gay Rooney. I fancy it will come in the nature of a shock. He undoubtedly imagined her too loyal to her faith to be led away into a mixed marriage."

This last remark cut Gay to the quick. The last vestige of self-control deserted her, and she screamed wildly, hysterically.

"No, no, no! You can't ask him here. You can't—you—he doesn't even know that I—I—"

"Exactly! But it's time he knew it. He may be cherishing the idea that you are still in Gatesville—awaiting his return. There was a tentative arrangement to that effect when he left for South America, I believe."

With a swift movement he was beside the table touching the bell, and the maid thus summoned entered upon the romantic scene of Stanton Hardy, owner of the Hardy Pressed Brick factories, gathering his lovely young wife in his arms from where she had slid, an unconscious heap on to the floor.

"It was fair beautiful to see 'im carry 'er upstairs and lay 'er down and tell me to take care of 'er," Gay's maid reported to an interested kitchen audience later in the morning. "Some do 'ave all the luck. Never a turn to do if she don't please. The Lord makes it 'eavenly for some right 'ere, I say!"

When she came to herself, Gay was lying among the dainty cushions of her boudoir *chaise longue*, being ministered to by the deft hands of Briggs, her quiet English maid. She lay for a moment feeling much as a child who longs to be told that some dreadful fear of his last waking hours was but a fancy. Her husband was nowhere to be seen. Ah well, some good had come out of her weakness. She would stay in her room today. She would not even appear at dinner. She must keep up the pose of illness. She must think.

But with the thought of dinner came the stinging shock of remembrance. It was no dream. David Garvin must soon know the extent of her wretched failure as a Catholic. She dreaded that more than the fact of his knowing that she had renounced the things they had planned in the old days, for the lure of Stanton Hardy's wealth. Their engagement had not been in the least binding. It had been agreed that each was to be perfectly free; but that, if each was of the same mind when Garvin returned—No, it was not for the mere fact that she had married another that caused her to shrink from the meeting with David Garvin.

She tried to tell herself that her loyalty to the memory of an old friendship made her unwilling to have him eat of Stanton Hardy's bread and salt. Her husband's sentiments toward Garvin were those of cold enmity. He blamed the young man for the business reverses that were preying on his mind. What, then, more natural—more noble, when you came down to it, than that she should detest such duplicity. She began to look at herself in a more sympathetic light. Her poise was returning. Again she was bowing her neck beneath the yoke of her silent martyrdom. After all, what had she done that was so dreadful? She still attended Mass on Sundays, and she had not been a year—not quite a year—away from the sacraments. She had been married before a priest. There had been a dispensation. The Church granted dispensations. She sat up among the pillows, drawing a relieved breath. Hardy's open contempt was beginning to make her absurdly scrupulous.

"I'll just rest quietly this morning," she remarked, dismissing Briggs. "Oh, and will you tell Julia that my husband

is bringing a guest—a very particular guest—to dinner tonight. She will see that everything is all right."

Gay settled herself to work out an idea which had been gaining ground in her mind for some time. Some means must be found of disentangling herself from the web that enmeshed her as Stanton Hardy's wife. She could not endure the life she was leading. No one could expect her to remain under a roof where slurs at her faith were matters of every day occurrence. Of course Hardy did not call them that. He professed to think the faith itself rather fine, but her interpretation of it all that was dishonest. He was never crude in his methods—far from it. His was the refinement of cruelty. She clutched at a vagrant phrase from a newspaper item—"mental cruelty." People used that every day as grounds. Of course her life was blighted. She could not marry again. She was a Catholic. But she would at least be free of the hateful mocking countenance that she was growing to fear.

Yes, fear was the word. Who knew what day that mental cruelty might give way to physical torture. Hardy was thorough in everything he undertook. She shuddered. Why, her life might be in danger. Her husband seemed to hold human life so lightly. Only recently he had launched into so elaborate a defense of the ancient custom of self-destruction in the face of defeat that a sick fear had clutched her heart. Later she had been conscious of an uncomfortable scruple, because she had said nothing in defense of her Catholic view of the matter. She had feared that she ought at least to have said something of one's immortal soul, and of God only having a right to destroy what only He could give. But, after all, she would have been wasting her breath. Hardy claimed to deny the possession of an immortal soul.

She was not called upon to go through the mental torture to which Hardy was subjecting her. She would take a quiet apartment, and Briggs—the court would grant her an income, a handsome one, no doubt; for Hardy's wealth was a matter of public knowledge, despite his talk of impending business disaster. Or she might get a Catholic maid. Then she would live a quiet life; return to the practice—that is, to the enthusiastic practice—of her religion. She would do good with her money, and she need never again see the man who had brought such suffering to her. Yes, that was surely the proper course. God was not cruel. He could not expect her to remain—

She pulled her thoughts up with a

jerk. That had been an unfortunate bypath. For she was honest enough to admit that God had not urged her into this union. He had spoken against it through His representatives. Perhaps she had better leave God out of it. Anyway, one was bound to protect one's life. She did not feel safe, lately. Hardy had seemed so disturbed over business matters . . . and people who looked at things the way he did, sometimes lost their minds . . . It would be in all the papers, of course blazoning headlines. She would have to appear in court, and tell of her martyrdom. It might be well to go over the charges specifically, now. They must be ready for the lawyer. She gazed into the crackling fire reflectively. First of all there was . . .

Ten minutes later a flushed and disturbed young woman with a mass of red-gold hair rose from among satin and dimity cushions and stood looking about her undecidedly. She had not been lacking in a certain quickness of intellect when she had worked for her daily bread in Gatesville. Now, her painfully constructed little world of golden bricks was beginning to tumble about her ears. Ten minutes had shown her in pitiless starkness the immensity of the boomerang she was striving to fashion. She could see that no matter how she arranged the narration of her husband's biting cynicism, his cruel remarks, she would be told by the court that they had been blows justly dealt. She had repudiated the wisdom of the Church she claimed to hold as the mouthpiece of God. Her husband's contempt was invariably for the fact that she ignored its commands. She had married Hardy, because she could not resist the lure of the things his money could buy. True, she had sought to retain a hand-hold on the Church; but who was deceived? Not her husband. That was obvious from his attitude towards her. Certainly not God. Herself! She was the only one who had been fooled by her own false constructions. She had been deceived—by herself. Her husband's cruelty had been the clearest statement of that fact.

Her young face took on a sullen hardness. After all, she was now honest with herself. She had set aside her girlish faith. She might as well admit it. She had been a victim of self-deception too long. When she considered it, what had the church brought her but trials? Her girlhood had been a constant struggle against the wolf of poverty. With a sudden loathing she thought of the shabby room that had been hers. That room had often been cold; and meals cooked over a

wretched little gas jet attachment had frequently been insufficient to give her the nourishment requisite for her health. Through it all she had gone shivering to early Mass before work, and had knelt shivering in a cold church on Saturday nights in order to slip into a damp-smelling confessional, to accuse herself of having fallen asleep over her prayers—once, and spoken uncharitably—twice. Well, at any rate, she could be glad that she was blowing away the cobwebs. For it had been her struggle against her conscience that had caused her unhappiness up to this time. Now that was past. The Church had done nothing for her. It's clinging aroma brought only misery. She recalled seeing in one of the books down in the library, a passage about conscience making cowards of us all. She wouldn't know which book it was in, now. Shelley, maybe; or Swinburne; she was sure it was somebody whose name began with an "S."

Her conscience should not make a coward of her after this. It must be put in its proper place—out of reach. And David Garvin—a spasm clutched her heart—David, she felt sure, had kept this faith. But David, too, was a part of the past which she intended to forget after tonight. She went over to the desk and rummaged about until her hand found what it sought. Then she returned and touched the bell which summoned Briggs.

"The woman who does the laundry work—she is a—a Catholic, isn't she?" she inquired as the maid entered.

"I think so, ma'am. I could find out."

"Never mind, I'm sure she is. They always are. I'd like you to give her this, Briggs. It's a rosary. It's rather nice. I think she'd like it."

"Hi make no doubt of hit, ma'am," returned Briggs, bungling her h's with unusual freedom in her trepidation. She probably feared that with the touching of the shining bead string, she would go up in blue flame. As nothing of the kind happened, however, she continued doubtfully, "But won't you be needin' of hit yourself, ma'am? Hit's a 'ansome thing for them as cares to pray to them."

Gay frowned. "Do as I say at once," she commanded haughtily, "and if the laundress doesn't want it, find somebody who does. Don't bring it back here!"

"She gave away her hidol, as pretty as can be," the faithful Briggs reported to the cook and the second girl. "Hi've always said there was the makin' of a Christian in 'er."

When Gay descended the stairs that evening to the library where Stanton Hardy was passing conventional re-

marks with his guest before dinner, she reflected triumphantly that David Garvin would find it hard to believe that the queenly woman her mirror had reflected was the shabby, red-headed Gay Rooney, whose usual costume in the old days had been a threadbare serge skirt and a flannel middy blouse, with a white waist for gala occasions. She had been at some pains in the choice of a costume that evening, laying one gown after another aside until she decided on one of black panne velvet, whose low-cut corsage was softened by priceless Spanish lace. Garvin had always been fussy about what he termed "decency in dress."

Now that her decision had been made about her complete renunciation of things religious, she felt strangely light-hearted. How much annoyance might have been saved had she been sensible in the first place. Of course, if she had known that Garvin would make such a success, she might have waited. It was no use to think about it now. Even though she no longer accepted the Church, Garvin would not marry a divorcee. Anyway she had stopped thinking about a divorce. She would see how things worked out this way. At the door of the library she paused for an instant, a sudden chill seeming to blunt the exhilaration of her mood. On the whole, it was rather a shame that it had to come this way. David would be stunned. It would have been rather nice if he could have kept his illusions—so few persons had illusions, these days—but, after all, she had not been appointed the guardian of Garvin's illusions. With a quick graceful gesture, she drew aside the *portière* and swept into the room. Hardy turned quickly, while the tanned, broad-shouldered young man who had been examining some hunting trophies, sprang to his feet at her entrance.

"I've kept my most precious treasure till the last," her husband said, taking her by the hand and turning to his guest. "But I think she isn't quite a stranger to you."

Garvin's eyes rested on her an instant, and the smile died on his lips as he continued to stare at the beautiful woman who faced him a little defiantly. "Gay Rooney!" The words came incredulously.

"Hardy," corrected her husband. "I have often heard my wife speak of you, Garvin. In fact we talked of the pleasure of this meeting only this morning. I kept it as a surprise to you, however, as I supposed that you didn't know my wife was an old friend of yours."

"No, I didn't know," responded the other curtly. He was rebuilding his shattered edifice rapidly; but the situa-

tion was numbing, even to his iron nerves.

"Well, you can have the joy of renewing an old acquaintance," Hardy's mocking voice continued. "Mr. Garvin was one of your friends when you were rather keen on the Catholic Church, wasn't he, my dear? I suppose you have got clear of a good deal of that sort of thing, too, in all this time, haven't you, Garvin?"

But David Garvin was beyond social amenities by this time. "Gay," he said roughly, ignoring Hardy's presence in his emotion, "you—you haven't thrown the faith overboard?"

Gay's dazzling blue eyes looked squarely into his. The time had come. She would not falter. In fact she found it ridiculously easy.

"Yes," she said quietly, "I've thrown everything over that was connected with that queer little Gay Rooney who used to live in Gatesville. I found that nothing of hers was worth the keeping."

How she got through that dinner, Gay could never afterwards recall. It remained in her mind as a blurred vision of a white-faced young man who seemed to have received a mortal blow; of a sardonic, gray-faced older man whose smile seemed alternately wistful and demoniacal; and of a voice that was her own which laughed gaily and chatted of inconsequential things—and, strangest of all, a memory that persisted clearly through the whole time of a shabby little room with a white iron bed, which had been lighted by the sunshine of happiness—reflected, it seemed, from a shining cross with a Figure on it, and upon the sweet yearning face of the Mother of God. . . . But even as the memory struggled for mastery, she had downed it with a succession of flippant speeches.

It must have been nearly time for coffee when a servant entered and spoke to the master of the house. He frowned and then rose with an apology.

"A dispatch. I must sign for it myself—and it seems there's an answer. I'll be with you again in a few minutes," and almost before they could realize it, Gay and Garvin found themselves alone at the table.

The young man wasted no time. "Gay," he begged, "tell me it's all a frightful way of teasing me. You of all people on earth can't have thrown away your faith. Why, don't you remember—in Gatesville—when I got careless about the sacraments—how you brought me up with a jerk? It can't be true!"

A swift flood of longing welled up in Gay's heart, but with a mighty effort she put it down.

"I've told you that I am done with all those things," she said coldly. "Please never mention the matter again."

maid burst wildly into the room.

"Mis' Hardy, he's shot himself—I was closing the door—and he read the telegram—and then—he went and got the gun out of the drawer—and I saw him—Oh, oh, oh!"

"Be quiet!" Garvin spoke shortly to the screaming woman. "Stay here," he commanded Gay. "I'll see what happened."

But she followed him to the door of the library, drawn against her will to the scene of the dreadful happening across the threshold. She saw Garvin go forward and kneel by something—

a prone figure that she dared not look upon. A quick examination, and Garvin rose and came toward her.

"Was he ever baptized?" he queried.

"Y—yes—He was brought up an Episcopalian—he said so—when we got the dis—is he—?" Her teeth were chattering as if from a chill.

"His dead," Garvin replied briefly. "The bullet must have gone straight through the heart. Call a doctor and the police department," he ordered one of the huddled group of servants. "I'll stay and see it through."

He turned again to his hostess who had sunk, a sobbing figure, on a chair while a maid tried tremblingly to calm her.

"Stop crying, Gay! Pray for his soul. Remember he's probably standing before his Judge by this time. You were his wife. He has the right to expect you to help him. He may—he

must have been unbalanced. We can't judge. Oh, most compassionate Lord Jesus, have mercy on him!"

The words whirled across Gay's consciousness like steel lashes, stirring the depths of her submerged soul. She tried blindly to obey, but the next instant she was sobbing wildly, despairingly.

"I can't—I can't talk to God, David. It's my fault—the whole miserable business. Oh, if he's lost his soul—it's through my example. It's on my soul. I can't talk to God—I've forgotten what to say!"

David Garvin hesitated. He saw in the eyes of Gay Hardy the signal of a losing battle with the Prince of Dark-

THE ETERNAL PATIENCE

O Love, my Love, come with Thy sad pale face,
Say now what passion can so rudely blight Thee?

"Why this My Passion doth such sorrow trace
That I with heavenly beauty may delight thee."

O my sad Love, offer me not those hands,
Bleeding and torn—what wouldst thou do to try me?

"A holy justice this of thee demands,
For this earth shook: that thou shouldst not deny me."

Nay, O my Love, I cannot have Thee so:
Thy haunting eyes my coward heart pierce through!

"O little soul, hast thou not learned to know
That love rejected follows thee anew?

"Thou fearest the sadness of my pain-worn face,
My wounded hands, my bleeding feet afflict thee:
Even to my cross thou wouldst refuse a place
Upon thy breast to lie, however lightly.

"Refuse, deny, and fear me: still I wait
Beside thee, silent, through the passing days,
Till at the last, however far or late,
Thou shalt accept the strangeness of love's ways."

—Blanche Wietbreck

I don't want to hear about it."

Garvin drew a deep breath. "Well, of course, I can't force you to listen. You can do as you please—physically, anyway. But you were too good, too zealous, in the old days. God isn't going to let you get away from Him so easily. He will—"

He broke off sharply as a sound reached their ears from the direction of the library—a muffled report, followed by a dull thud.

Gay sprang up with him, white with an unnamed terror clutching at her throat.

"Wh—what was that?" she quavered fearfully, as a shrill scream cut the air, and a panic-stricken house-

ness, and he recoiled before it with a sickening fear. Sweet little Gay Rooney, simple and steadfast in her love of God and His Blessed Mother—could she be this despairing woman before him? No—no. His soul cried out in agony against the thought. That Blessed Mother, whose child she had been, must surely save her.

He put both hands on Gay's shoulders and looked into her horror-filled eyes.

"Say it after me, Gay," he urged. "Remember, O most gracious Virgin Mary—"

"Re—Oh, I can't. What's the use?" "Say it!"

Her eyes fell. "Remember—O—most gracious—Virgin— Oh, I don't want to!"

"That never was it known—"
"You torture me—you beast!"
"Say it!"

"That—never—was—it—known. Oh, David, it's no use. Don't try! You're wasting time. You pray for him. He needs real prayers."

"That anyone who fled to thy protection, implored thy help or sought—" He fought steadily, dragging the words out of her unwilling mouth, straight through to the concluding petition:

"Oh Mother of the Word Incarnate, despise not our petitions—but in thy mercy—"

"But in—thy—mercy—"
He felt a sudden relaxing of her tenseness.

"Hear and answer me—"
Her hands, which had been about his two wrists, in an attempt to push him from her, fell suddenly to her sides, and her colorless voice took on a subtle warmth of feeling.

"Hear and—answer—me. Amen!"
And with a choking cry that held no more of hysteria, Gay Hardy fell upon her knees in an agony of supplication for the soul of Stanton Hardy.

* * * * *

The public, the world over, is a fickle thing. Even so sensational an event as the failure of the Hardy Pressed Brick industries and the suicide of Stanton Hardy, their head, became blurred and then obliterated by memory's most potent anaesthetist, Time. The extraordinary angle given the affair when the dead man's widow had taken off her coat and rolled up her sleeves, literally as well as figuratively, pulled the wreck of the business together, sold the beautiful home with its marvelous furnishings, cast into the maw of debt her own marriage settlement, and having sold the revitalized business, satisfying the last of the creditors, had slipped from sight as completely as if the earth had

swallowed her,—had been harder to forget. But even that could not occupy the public mind forever.

So, when, one spring evening a little over a year after Stanton Hardy's tragic death, a slender figure in a dark blue suit and a hat of extreme plainness, ran lightly up the steps of a side street boarding house, fitted her key in the lock and went in, few would have associated the young woman with the dead magnate's widow.

A loud stage whisper greeted her entrance. "A gent'lman to see you, Mis' Hardy."

"Me?" Her eyebrows lifted in surprise.

"He's been rarin' around like a caged lion. You're late tonight."

"I walked home from the office. It's such a glorious twilight, and there were one or two last errands I wanted to do. Even if I have two whole days yet—"

The landlady had been regarding her appraisingly, with eyes accustomed to the frugal semi-darkness of the hall, and now she broke in,

"He's very handsome. I could quiet him for a few minutes for you if you wanted to fix up a bit."

The other laughed, a faint weariness marking her tone. "It's probably somebody to sell me a life insurance or a set of books," she soothed her mentor. "Nobody knows me here."

"It ain't," persisted the other woman. But her boarder, without so much as removing her hat, was already on her way to the parlor door.

She fumbled with the light switch, murmuring an apology in the direction of a tall form silhouetted against the bow-window. Then turning, she found herself face to face with David Garvin.

An hour later they were sitting in a little restaurant, lingering over their salad. Garvin was staring dazedly at his plate; but his companion's cheeks were flushed, her blue eyes luminous, and beneath her snug little toque her hair flamed redly.

"God must have sent you just in time, David," she was saying, "I did so hate to leave without letting you know. When it's all through you, really—But I didn't know where to write you."

"If He calls this in time," growled the young man.

"It wouldn't have made any difference, David," she said earnestly. "Even from the first I could have seen the injustice of looking for an earthly happiness, after my terrible folly. We can't judge—about my husband's soul. Of course, he did take his own life deliberately. But only God knows how far he was really guilty of unforgivable sin. And whatever may have been his sin, mine was equal—if not greater.

I am sure that I am as guilty of my husband's death as if I had fired the shot.

"I never loved him. I never thought I did. I lied to myself and stifled my conscience; and I tried to lie to God—and then— Oh, yes and afterwards, I—I was afraid Our Lord wouldn't have me. I hadn't known that there were Orders that would accept widows. And when I knew, I didn't want to go at first. But suddenly, it came to me that there was my chance to make some kind of restitution for the fearful wrong I had done my husband—and my God."

"As soon as I realized it, I knew that my life—and an utterly new kind of happiness—was just beginning. Do you know, I have a queer feeling that I've been headed that way all the time? Maybe that's why I didn't marry you, David."

But Garvin was thinking of that fearful night a year before, when a tortured and despairing woman had stood before him, striving with all her might to free herself from the One to whom she was even now making preparations to fly; and even in the midst of his own crushing disappointment, the young man was conscious of a strange exaltation.

"I wouldn't resign in favor of any human being on earth," he said.

"You wouldn't have to," she admitted honestly, looking at him with an almost maternal tenderness. Then one of the old irrepressible twinkles illumined her eyes. "Remember how we used to look up our names in the Old Testament, and how I always said that you were the wrong David, because the right one sent his servants and treated with Abigail, that he might take her to himself for his wife, and *you* didn't have any servants? You see I was right."

His face cleared, and a whimsical smile overspread his face. "Well, anyway, I can't exactly feel let down, seeing that the *right* one proved to be the Prince of the House."

And Gay's appreciative smile was one of a deep and lasting peace.

FRANCISCAN NOVITIATE Teutopolis, Ill.

Young men who feel themselves called to the religious state, but lack the necessary qualifications for the priesthood, have a vocation to become lay brothers. Applicants for the lay brotherhood in the Franciscan Order can obtain complete information regarding this state of life by writing to

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Missions

THE FRANCISCANS IN NEW MEXICO

By FR. ZEPHYRIN ENGELHARDT, O. F. M.

CHAPTER XXXII.

Apache Raids—Martyrdom of Fr. Pedro de Avila y Ayala—Murder of Fr. Alonso Gil de Avila—Fr. Custos Francisco Ayeta Goes to Mexico—Supplies Arrive Too Late—Founding of El Paso del Norte—Fr. Garcia de San Francisco—Chief Causes of Pueblo Discontent—Bancroft's Generalities and Unwarranted Charges—Inquisition and Indians—Demoniac Influences—Alleged Miracle

IN ADDITION to the hardships and vexations endured, the poor missionaries with their flocks suffered from the incursions of the Apaches, who included the Navajos. In some instances the fury of these savages caused the abandonment of missionary posts, but not until two zealous friars had laid down their lives. Thus Hawiku, the Ahacus of Fr. Marcos de Niza, fifteen miles from the present pueblo of Zuñi, was surprised by the Navajos on October 7, 1672. The inhabitants escaped, but Fr. Pedro de Avila y Ayala and a young Spaniard named Bartolomé Cisneros were left behind. Bartolomé concealed himself, but it is not known whether or not he made good his escape. The savages discovered Fr. Pedro in the church awaiting them while clasping a crucifix and an image of the Blessed Virgin to his breast. He was dragged to the foot of the great mission cross in the churchyard, stripped, and then put to death with stones and arrows. The Navajos then set fire to the church and disappeared. On the following day, Fr. Juan Galdo, the missionary stationed at Alona, aided by a large number of his converts, transferred the body of the martyr to their own mission pueblo. There, amid an immense concourse of natives, after the usual funeral services, the remains were buried in the church. The pueblo of Hawiku was never again occupied; but the ruins of the adobe church building stands at the foot of the eminence on which the pueblo was erected. Fr. Pedro de Avila was a member of the Franciscan Province of St. Joseph, Yucatan. In 1668, he volunteered for the New Mexico missions, and on receiving the required permit from the provincial of the Holy Gospel as well as from his own provincial, hastened to his destination, which he reached probably in 1669.

At Hawiku, the ardent zeal of the friar seems to have won the good will of the Zuñis of that pueblo. Fr. Vetancurt relates that Fr. Juan Galdo, on the day after the murder of his venerable companion, discovered the image of the Blessed Virgin intact among the ashes of the destroyed church. More than two hundred stones and arrows covered the lifeless body of Fr. Pedro, and three dead lambs lay near by.¹

Another Franciscan, who at this period fell a victim to Apache rage, was Fr. Alonso Gil de Avila. There is nothing on record about his antecedents or his missionary activities, except that he labored for years among the Piros Indians at Senecú. On January 23, 1675, with their accustomed frightful war-cry, the Apaches suddenly fell upon the pueblo, killed Fr. Gil de Avila, and slaughtered so many of the inhabitants of both sexes and all ages that the survivors fled in terror to Socorro. Senecú was destroyed and remained deserted. The persistent hostilities of the Apaches caused the abandonment also of Chilili and of all the pueblos about the Salinas, even before the general insurrection of the Pueblo Indians in 1680.²

Owing to the destruction of towns and churches and the murder of many Christians, the condition of the territory by the year 1676 had grown very serious, indeed. The defensive force consisted of only five soldiers at each frontier station and ten at Santa Fe. Many of the Spaniards stood sadly in need of arms and ammunition. In consequence, the Fr. Custodio, Francisco Ayeta, who in 1674 had come up from Mexico with a number of fresh missionaries, in 1776 saw himself compelled

to go to the Capital in order to report in person on the gloomy situation in the territory. He made an earnest appeal for fifty men. These were needed immediately if the province was to be saved. He asked also for 1,000 horses to accompany the pack-train with supplies for the missionaries. The cost of this expedition reached \$14,700; but the viceroyal council, comprehending the gravity of the situation, in September, 1677, probably voted the payment of the expense from the royal treasury. The viceroy, apparently Archbishop Payo Enriquez de Rivera, on January 13, 1678, informed the King of Spain that he had resolved to send reinforcements and supplies. To this the king gave his approval on June 18, of the same year. There were other delays not accounted for. It may be, however, that a new governor was sent ahead in the person of Antonio Otermín. At all events, he was there in 1679, though his arrival is enveloped in obscurity. Finally the supply train set out from the City of Mexico on the last days of September, 1679. Unfortunately, the long drawn out discussions and formalities which extended over more than three years, caused the relief to arrive at the Rio Grande too late to prevent the disasters of 1680; but it still came in time to prevent more serious loss among the fugitive settlers and missionaries.³

It may as well be noted here in passing that when Fr. Ayeta with the supplies reached the Rio Grande at what was then called El Paso del Norte, now Juárez, on the southern bank of the river, he at once found himself among his brethren; for here at the ford of the river the Franciscans had established headquarters for the New

¹ Vetancurt, *Memorias*, October 7; Banderier, *Final Report*, II, 338.

² Banderier, *Final Report*, II, 250, 256.

³ Bancroft, *New Mexico*, 170-171; Read, 262.

Mexican missions. Fr. García de San Francisco y Zuñiga, who in 1628 had come up with the band of friars under Fr. Estévan Perea, erected a church here, in 1659, in honor of Our Lady of Guadalupe. Owing to the lack of timber and other difficulties, the structure was not dedicated till 1668. Fr. García, with an eye to future possibilities, also built a monastery with so many cells that his companion Fr. Blas de Herrera marveled, as Vetancurt says. Later the Fathers Custodio served their terms alternately at Santa Fe and Guadalupe. A Vice Custodio in that case resided at the opposite end of the custody. Fr. García's last entry in the baptismal register, which still existed at the church of Our Lady of Guadalupe, Juárez, before the Carranzista robbers took possession of the place, is dated January 15, 1671. Thereafter, he lived at Senecú where, despite his great age, he interested himself in decorating the church, and in procuring an organ for the choir. He died there on January 22, 1673.⁴

Resuming our narrative, we proceed to intimate some of the chief causes of Pueblo discontent; for there were grievances of long years' standing, and they grew out of the very system inaugurated for maintaining the Spanish soldiers and their families. "Your Majesty", Fr. Benavides in his *Memorial* of 1630 addressed to the King of Spain, "supports this garrison (in New Mexico) not with pay from your royal treasury, but by giving them (soldiers) charge of those pueblos through the governor, that is to say by having each Indian family pay a certain amount as tribute annually. The Pueblo Indians had never paid tribute, much less to foreigners. Most of them not being at heart of the same religion as the Spaniards, but idolaters, this yoke weighed heavily on the Indians, even though the contribution exacted might be small. The sorcerers took care that the indignity appeared unjust and unbearable. Thus the sullen spirit of revolt was aroused, and it united the malcontents in a conspiracy which needed only a crafty leader to rid the country of the oppressive intruders. Added to this was the overbearing conduct of such officials as Mendizabal and Penalosa, whose treatment of the ministers of religion eradicated from the hearts of many Pueblos the little affection for Christianity that might have lingered here. If the very priests were abused in such fashion, we may justly infer that Indian officials and Indians in general occasionally fared even worse at the hands of those in office. The

Indian certainly had reasons for complaint, but, as Bancroft⁵ says the extent of their grievances is not definitely known; for in their unreasonable frenzy the rebels destroyed all documents along with other property of the Spaniards. In lieu of anything specific, Bancroft enters the field of generalities. In the time of Governor Fernando de Argüello, though the said historian can not even determine the time of Argüello's rule, "probably about 1645 or later," he puts it, "there was a rising in consequence of the flogging, imprisonment, and hanging of 40 natives who refused to give up their faith." One is at a loss to understand whether 40 natives were only flogged or hanged or both, and that, too, because they refused to become Christians! Such a loose way of stating past occurrences may satisfy such as Bancroft, but it is not history. Again he writes: "In 1675 we are told that four natives were hanged, 43 or 47 whipped and enslaved, and many more imprisoned for having killed several missionaries and other Spaniards, besides bewitching the *padre visitador*, Andres Duran." Bancroft gives no authority other than we are told. Once more Bancroft asserts: "The authorities had enforced the strictest compliance with Christian regulations, not hesitating to punish the slightest neglect, unbelief, relapse into paganism, so-called witchcraft, or chafing under missionary rule, with flogging, imprisonment, slavery, or even death." All this we are to accept on the word of Bancroft—not sufficiently weighty without corroboration. Mr. Charles Lummis, who is not a Catholic, but who lived many years among the Pueblos in New Mexico, on the other hand declares: "The statements of closest historians that the Spaniards enslaved the Pueblos, or any other Indians in New Mexico; that they forced them to choose between Christianity and death; that they made them work in the mines, and the like, are entirely untrue."⁶

With regard to the Inquisition, one of Bancroft's bugbears, Bandelier says correctly, and this applies to Indians everywhere: "The Inquisition had no manner of sway or jurisdiction over American Indians. References to *Autos-da-Fe*, in which Indians are represented as being the victims, are absolutely untrue. Not the law of the Indies, but the official declaration of the Holy Office, bear witness to this fact . . . It was considered that the Indian could not be held responsible for his creed in the same degree as the

European or American offspring, and the principle of patience and leniency adopted in legislation also prevailed in Religion."

The simple truth then is that, owing to the exactions of the Spanish officials, the Indians found their burdens heavier and their freedom more limited since they had embraced Christianity. Hence under the wily guidance and the threats of the sorcerers, they came to the conclusion that their ancient gods must have been their true benefactors, and that to the abandonment of these were due all the calamities which had afflicted the people. "The Spaniards in their later gathering of testimony," writes Bancroft, "ignored this element of secular oppression, if, as can hardly be doubted, it existed, and represented the revolt to be founded exclusively, as it was indeed largely, on religious grounds . . ."

There is, however, a general agreement in the evidence, whether it comes from secular or ecclesiastical sources, that, notwithstanding past quarrels the friars seem to have had no charges to make against Governor Otermin and his officers in this matter, all attributing the revolt to demonic influences on a superstitious and idolatrous people." Vetancurt, who voiced the opinions of the friars, flatly attributes the uprising to the demons." He also relates that six years previous to the revolt the daughter of a chief constable, a girl ten years of age, who was paralyzed from great pains, recommended herself to the Blessed Virgin before an image of Our Lady of the Shrine of Toledo, which she happened to possess, whereupon she was immediately cured." While the girl wondered at the miracle, the Blessed Virgin said to her: "Daughter, rise. I have to say that this Custody will soon be destroyed on account of the little reverence which it has for my priests. This miracle shall be the testimony of this truth. Let all correct the fault, if they do not want to experience the punishment." The matter was published, a High Mass was celebrated and a sermon was preached in consequence. Then in the presence of the child they burnt all written complaints and charges that remained in the archives against the priests.⁷

Whatever the facts in the case, the punishment was not averted. Innocent and guilty alike suffered in consequence of the wickedness and the stupidity of those placed in authority.

⁴ Bandelier, *Fatal Report*, I, 215-216.

⁵ Bancroft, *New Mexico*, 174.

⁶ *Crónica*, No. 62.

⁷ Bancroft, p. 175, erroneously has her released from the dead.

⁸ Vetancurt, *Crónica*, No. 64. *Christian Ethics*—By J. Elliott Ross, C. S. P., Ph. D.

¹ Vetancurt, *Memorias*, January, 22; *Baptismal Register at Juárez*.

² Bancroft, *New Mexico*, 167.

³ *Ibid.*, 174-175.

⁴ *Spanish Pioneers*, 91-92.



St. Francis Solano

Patron of Franciscan American Missions and Our Mission Association



Fireside Talks & Tales Children's Corner

CONDUCTED BY ELIZABETH ROSE

DID YOU EVER NOTICE THIS BEFORE?

DO YOU remember the talk we had some months ago about Our Lady as Patroness of the United States, and how, all unknowingly, those who selected the colors of our flag chose the very colors of the dress she wore in Judea—red, white and blue? This was surely a coincidence; but if you get out your histories and go over them with me, you will be still more surprised, perhaps, to find how many important dates of American history are connected with one or more of her feasts. Take the second of this month, July, for instance. On July 2, the Feast of her Visitation, 1584; Virginia was first entered by English colonists. On July 2, 1667, a very stupid British Parliament passed the duty on tea, which resulted, as has been said, "in the independence of a nation." On July 2, 1775, George Washington assumed command of the American army, with fine results for both parties. On July 2, 1776, American Independence was voted in Congress, and the day, according to John Adams, one of the five patriots who drew up the Declaration of Independence, was the real "Fourth of July." On July 2, 1778, a French fleet, commanded by d'Estaing, showed itself off the coast of Rhode Island, with very unforeseen results for the Catholics of that state, but by no means numerous. Rhode Island, as you have studied, was founded by a good and generous man, Roger Williams, who thought to make it, like Maryland, the home of religious toleration. But the men who shared its government with him were not so liberal; in the very first assembly, they made a law that Catholics should have no say at elections and should never hold office in the colony. A century

after, however, when Rhode Island was trembling for its being, with the rest of the American colonies, it hailed the foreign fleet, manned by Catholics, that sailed up its waters bringing help and succor, and in the twinkling of an eye the obnoxious and unjust laws which forbade a Catholic to have any voice in the government were taken back, or repealed. The tale is too long to tell here of the events taking place on other days connected with Our Blessed Mother's memory. We will just recall to ourselves that it was in her Rosary month of October that Columbus landed on the shores of the New World; that it was in the same month, 1765, the very first Continental Congress met; that in the same month, 1778, the surrender of Lord Cornwallis made the colonies of America a new nation among those of the earth. It was on September 8, the Feast of Our Lady's Nativity, that

the battle of Eutaw Springs, the turning point of the Revolutionary War was fought and won in the year 1781. On September 8, 1665, the foundation of the oldest town in the United States, St. Augustine, Florida, was laid. On February 2, 1848, the Feast of the Purification, peace was made in our war with Mexico. On March 25, 1634, Feast of the Annunciation, Father White offered the first Mass ever said on the soil of Maryland, the State which bears the proud pre-eminence among all the rest of being the first colony of America to offer entire religious freedom to Catholic, Protestant, and Jew alike. On December 8, 1493, Feast of the Immaculate Conception, Father Juan Perez, the Franciscan friend and helper of Columbus, said the first Mass in the New World on the island of Hayti. It was on the same feast, too, in 1790, that the Catholics of the United

States were given the first bishop they ever had in the person of the Rev. John Carroll, a cousin of Charles Carroll, of *Carrollton, the signer of the Declaration of Independence. So you see there are many reasons why we may think that Our Lady does not disdain her title of Patroness of the United States, and many reasons, both religious and civil, that we may feel confident of her protection. Take out your histories, and see how many dates relating to her Feasts you can find for yourselves.

WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH CHARLIE?

Whose is that figure over there
With bandaged brow and matted hair,
Arm done up in a sling, and eye
All colors of the sunset sky?

Reply, Reply!

Did Charlie in a cyclone get,
Or has he a tornado met?
Or have volcanic stones, perhaps,
Pelted him with unfriendly raps?

Reply, Reply!

Why limps he sore, of foot so fleet?
Pray, tell me what *did* Charlie meet?
His lips so strangely silent, too,
That were so glib—but groans pass through!

Reply, Reply!

Will none the answer give to me,
And solve this dreadful mystery?
What's happened to the lad so gay
And bright of only yesterday?

"FOURTH OF JULY!"

HOW FRANÇON GOT HER RUFF

ONCE upon a time, between three and four hundred years ago, there lived a little French school-girl named Françoise de Chantal. Now, although this seems to be a very long time ago, people, schoolgirls as well as

others, were very much the same that they are nowadays, and I know all our Young Folk schoolgirls are going to sympathize with Françoise as they read this little story about her. She was a pretty maid, belonging to a family of high rank, and she did like to "lord" it over her companions once in a while, though in the main she was so attractive and amiable that nobody ever thought of giving her the more dignified name of

Françoise—she was just Françon, for short. A wonderful privilege was hers—for mother, she had Jane Frances de Chantal, now a canonized saint and the foundress, when she became a widow, of the Order of the Visitation, whose nuns may be known to some of you. Perhaps Françon didn't realize her privilege at the time—very likely not, for her ideas, as the story comes down to us, were not always the same as those of her saintly mother. Madame de Chantal had so many and great things to think of, that I suppose she didn't always remember how she felt about small things when she was her Françon's age. So occasionally there were little disagreements, somewhat annoying to Françon. It happened to be the style, one year, for girls of her age to wear high ruffs of wire and lace about the throat, the higher and fluffier, of course, the better. Young Mademoiselle de Chantal at once set her heart on the highest and fluffiest to be gotten. Her mother, thinking her rather too fond of dress for her own good, said no to her request for the ruff she wanted, and desired her to be satisfied with a very plain one instead. In vain did Françon coax and plead. The beautiful ruff she had in her mind's eye had to stay there, and no amount of showers of tears could dislodge it and bring it down to her neck.

She wasn't the stuff to yield, however. What do you think she did? She just sat down and wrote off a long letter to a holy bishop, Francis de Sales, one of the most celebrated

bishops of his time and of the Church and now one of our best-known saints! He was an intimate friend of her family, and always made a pet of Françon and her sister Aimee; and to him she turned in her trouble. The little schoolgirl asked the great bishop to write at once to her mother, and tell her that she should give her unhappy daughter the ruff she wanted without delay. I do not imagine many bishops

get letters like that. How he must have laughed! But he sat down and wrote to Madame de Chantal and what do you think this kind bishop said? (By the way he was a member of our St. Francis of Assisi's Third Order.)

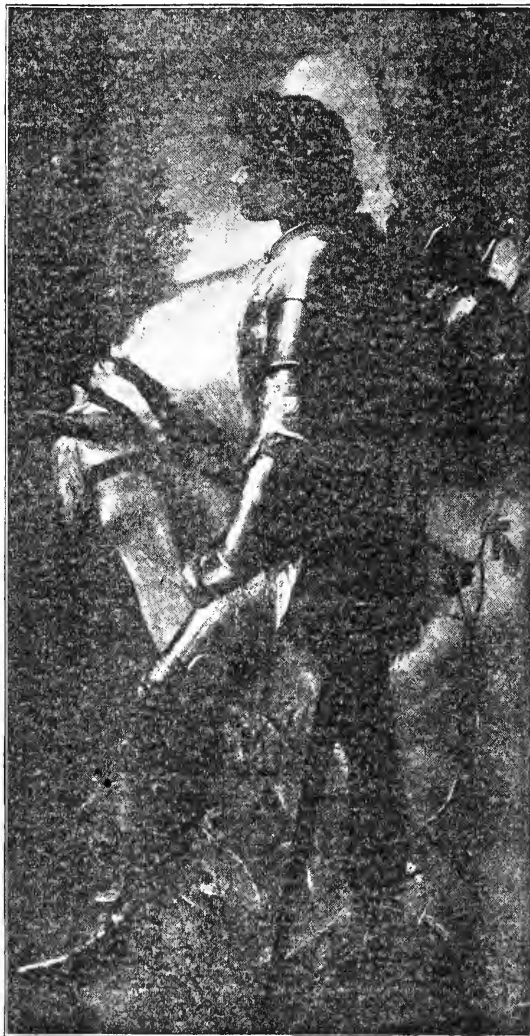
"I think the child would be so pleased to have those laces and stand-up ruffles, dear Madame. You see I know something about these things. Let her have a fine ruff for high days and holidays—with lace on it, too, will you not? It can not be helped; girls must be a little fine."

Of course Françon got her ruff!

ARE YOU WORTH YOUR SALT?

LONG AGO, when Rome ruled the world and everybody did as Rome did, a daily portion of salt formed part of every Roman soldier's pay. You all know how tasteless the best of things are without salt. Why, even candy, as our Young Folk candy-makers can tell us, must have a sprinkling of salt to improve its flavor. In those far-off days of which we speak, salt was a very precious article, for salt-mines were not so well-known and their product harder to obtain; therefore, salt meant something worth while to the recipient. As time went on, however, this custom of daily salt fell into disuse, and money was given the soldiers instead. This money was called their "salarium" (from "sal," salt), and gradually this name came to be applied to all money returns made for steady work. So now you see what "salary" is derived from, and why an incompetent hand is said to be "not worth his salt."

Somehow or other, salt has always played a prominent part in daily life. In the ages of chivalry, those days when men were knights and boys esquires and pages (but girls, as now, always ladies!), it was the custom to place in the center of the immense dining-table of every castle, a huge silver *salière* (that means salt-holder,



Sir Galahad

which we have managed to change into saltcellar). All who sat above this, towards the head of the table, were the guests of honor; the greater number present, who sat below the *salieri* were the undistinguished folk. Not a very desirable saltcellar to have on the table if your place happened to fall below, was it?

You all know how salt is used in Baptism. Incorruptible itself and the preservative of other things, its use as a symbol is most appropriate. And isn't it funny to see the tongue of the little new Christian lick out to take it in, unconscious of any meaning to it but the fine taste? By the way, do you know what another kind of salt "lick" is? In many places of the earth, salt is found right out on the surface, instead of below; and these salt licks, as they are called, are found out in no time by the wild animals, which crowd eagerly to them. The missionaries in savage lands tell us that salt is one of the finest presents they can make their converts. In fact, it is their "chocolate," so to speak.

Before our "saltcellar" is emptied, I must tell you about a celebrated salt mine in Wieliczka (can you pronounce it?), Austria, where there is a whole chapel made of salt by the miners, and called the Chapel of St. Antony, in honor of our famous Franciscan saint. Altar, crucifix, ornaments, and life-sized statue of the Saint are perfect, and you would think them to be of black marble. But in reality, they are all made out of salt. I am sure these miners will never need to go on strike, with their dear St. Antony down there right in their midst, watching over their "salarium." And I am sure, too, that they must be workmen who are "worth their salt."

HOW ST. FRANCIS TAMED THE WILD DOVES

(From the Fioretti)

A YOUNG man having one day caught a great number of doves, as he was going to sell them he met St. Francis, who always felt a great compassion for such gentle animals; and looking at the doves with eyes of pity, he said to the young man, "O good young man, I entreat thee to give me those harmless birds; emblems in Scripture of humble, pure and faithful souls, so that they do not fall into cruel hands, which would put them to death." And the young man, inspired by God, gave them immediately to St. Francis, who placed them in his bosom, and addressed them thus sweetly: "O my little sisters the doves, so simple, so innocent, and so chaste, why did you allow yourselves

to be caught? I will save you from death, and make you nests, that you may increase and multiply, according to the command of God." And St. Francis made nests for them all, and they began to lay their eggs and hatch them in the presence of the brothers, and were as familiar and as tame with St. Francis and the friars as if they had been hens brought up amongst them, and never did they go away until St. Francis had given them his blessing. And St. Francis said to the young man who had given them to him, "My son, thou shalt become a friar in this Order; thou shalt serve most fervently the Lord Jesus Christ"; and so it was. for the young man became a friar and lived in the Order most happily.

A FIRESIDE TALK

BEAUTIFUL hot July, sunshine and storm, and holiday time for everybody fortunate enough to manage to get it. The Fireside seems a bit too warm to sit beside in the summer days, perhaps, but we'll not fill it with ice—we don't want the atmosphere to cool off, do we? Don't forget, you lucky Young Folks who have gone away and are having a good time, to send the stay-at-homes a fine letter to read and enjoy—and maybe our kind Editor will print it! Wouldn't it be splendid if we could make a camp-fire at our Fireside this month, and after enjoying ourselves all day, sit up all night wondering over lovely July skies above us, filled to the brim with glorious stars and planets? How many of you study Astronomy, that fascinating branch of science that has a story for every star "the poetry of heaven," as a poet of earth says? First honors all the same for the glow of our own dear Fireside! I send you this month a small Package again, with school items in it, so that September may find the young Folks quite up-to-date.

—Elizabeth Rose.

POLITENESS PACKAGE—No. 7

School

The paths of Learning are not straight; And he who doth anticipate
An easy journey, with no storming,
False notion to himself is forming.
If one could only grasp the prize
Without the trouble sure that lies
In wait for the unwary student,
There were no need of being prudent,
And hedging in one's anxious way
With rules from which one safe can't stray.
Why need one stop to be polite
Whose aim is but to read and write?
The answer is not hard to find—
True Learning is of heart and mind,

And he who most of store would reap
A part must for his neighbor keep.
With courtesy, obedience,
And due respect, none can dispense
To those who play the teacher's part,
And always will you find the "smart"
Ever the first this truth to tell,
They know the reason very well.
They know that never in confusion
Is aught accomplished—that's illusion.
That one who craves for Learning's
store
Knows best his teacher must know
more.
He must, who would of others learn,
In justice do his part—return
His teacher's patience, interest,
With all he has of his own best,
Obedience quick, attention steady,
And, most of all, politeness ready.
Help and assistance will he yield
To those beside him on the field,
His fellow pupils—was e'er known
These by rude people to be shown?
Politeness, therefore, you can see,
Is even more than courtesy,
It is true virtue—Charity.
Oh, what a sermon—quite a tax!
Next month, we'll come right down to
facts.

THE PUZZLE CORNER

WORDS WITHIN WORDS

- 1—Moved swiftly in a mischievous trick.
- 2—A sailor in to begin.
- 3—A poem in a pattern.
- 4—An animal in anger.
- 5—To injure in clever.
- 6—Uncooked in a noisy fight.
- 7—Part of the head in a jewel.
- 8—A feminine name in even.
- 9—A covering in to push along.
- 10—A measure of weight in to make amends.

COME INTO THE KITCHEN

- What part of the kitchen is a shooting term?
What part of the kitchen will never float.
What kitchen utensil is a card game?
What kitchen utensil is a constellation?

FLOWERS

- 1—A color and part of a school.
- 2—An animal and an unpleasant fall.
- 3—A part of the body and to be happy.
- 4—A color and a wand.
- 5—A place to ride and a country.

Isabelle Baker, Casey, Illinois.

ANSWERS TO JUNE PUZZLES

SOME WHITE HOUSE PEOPLE

- 1—Cleveland. 2—Pierce. 3—Monroe.
- 4—Hayes (haze). 5—Wilson. 6—Tyler (tile-err). 7—Grant. 8—Fillmore. 9—Harrison (harry-son). 10—Washington.
- 11—Polk (poke).

GAMES

- 1—Ball. 2—Tennis. 3—Chess. 4—500 (50-0). 5—Pol-O. 6—Basket-ball.

CHANGING YOUR CLOTHES.

- 1—Glove. 2—Fan. 3—Sash. 4—Coats.
- 5—Tie. 6—Pin. 7—Shoe. 8—Hat. 9—Lace.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS.

Louise Knappstein, Sappington, Mo.
Hortense Gallo, Pocatello, Idaho.
James Reid, Wheeling, W. Va.
Margaret Brewer, St. Paul, Minn.



Franciscan News

Franciscan News

Italy.—At the general chapter of the Franciscan Order held in Assisi the Most Reverend Bernardine Klumper was elected Minister General of the Friars Minor. The new successor of St. Francis was born in Amsterdam, Holland, on March 19, 1864. He entered the Franciscan Order in 1882, and completed his studies for the priesthood at the College of the Propaganda in Rome, where he received the degrees of doctor in philosophy and theology. He has spent most of his priestly life in the Eternal City as professor and prefect of studies and president of the Franciscan International College. In 1909, he was elected one of the councilors of the Order; and since 1915 he held the important office of Procurator General. He is a consultant of the Sacred Congregation of the Council and a member of the commission for interpreting the new code of canon law, in the reform of which he took a very active part. Fr. Bernardine is universally esteemed as a man of great learning and of exceptional administrative ability, and his election augurs well for the prosperity of the Order which it is his to rule and guide for the next six years.

Humbly prostrating ourselves at the feet of the Most Reverend Minister General of the whole Franciscan Order, we of *Franciscan Herald* declare our unswerving loyalty to him as to the successor of St. Francis; we profess our submission to all his decrees and mandates; and we pray God to grant him all the graces necessary for the successful discharge of his arduous duties.

Humphrey, Neb.—On May 25, Fr. Andrew, pastor of St. Francis Church, celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of the day of his religious profession. The whole community, which is largely non-Catholic, took part in the celebration. The schools and business places were closed for the day, and the streets and houses along which the parade passed were gorgeously decorated. The school children, the societies of the parish, and members of the clergy from far and near made up the parade. Fr. Roger presided at the ceremonies and preached the festive sermon. Mr. J. Malone, superintendent of the public high school made an address later in the day at a reception given to the Rev. Jubilarian and presented him with a becoming token of gratitude from the members of the parish.

Dubuque, Iowa.—One of the best-known Fathers of the Sacred Heart Province, Rev. Francis Haase, passed

the fiftieth mile-stone of his religious life on May 25, 1921. The event was marked by appropriate services in the church and by a number of festive secular programs. A large number of his Franciscan brethren as well as members of the secular clergy gathered to offer their felicitations to the Reverend Jubilarian. Among the presents received by the Jubilarian was a purse of fifty eagles presented by the men of Holy Trinity parish, while two smaller purses were tendered him by the young ladies and the young men of the parish. The four act drama *Patria* was twice staged previous to the festive day in Marquette Hall by the young ladies under the direction of Rev. Fr. Columban, O. F. M., with great credit to the performers, while a mixed program of musical selections and recitations and addresses was carried out in the parish hall on the evening of the 25th. The Reverend Jubilarian's "Reminiscences of Fifty Years"—which closed the program—was much enjoyed and his remarks revealed how deeply he was touched by all that had been done to honor him. Father Francis, though well advanced in years, is still hale and hearty and is at present active as pastor of Holy Trinity Church in this city. His very genial ways and winning smile make friends for him wherever he goes.

Washington, D. C.—At the graduation exercises of the Catholic University of America, held on June 15, six Franciscan friars received the doctor's degree after completing their studies in various departments of the University. The names of the successful candidates are: Leo Ohleyer, of the Sacred Heart Province, St. Louis, Mo., in the department of Sacred Scripture; Ambrose Villalpando, of Mexico, in the department of Sacred Theology; Valentine Schaaaf, of the Province of St. John the Baptist, Cincinnati, Ohio, and Antony Melo, of Cuba, in the department of Canon Law; Thomas Ameringer, of the Province of St. John the Baptist, in the department of Classical Languages; and Aloisius Fromm, of the Sacred Heart Province, in the department of Biology.

St. Paul, Minn.—At the close of a very successful retreat preached by Fr. Faustín, associate editor of *FRANCISCAN HERALD*, ninety-two new members were received into the Third Order, twenty-five of whom were men.

Omaha, Neb.—Two retreats were preached during May for the local Tertiaries by Fr. Faustín, O. F. M. Both were well attended, and a considerable number of candidates were invested

with the cord and scapular of the Third Order.

Chicago, Ill.—Fr. Faustín likewise lectured to the Tertiaries of St. Augustine's parish every evening for the week beginning with June 13. The attendance was very gratifying.

Washington, Mo.—A solemn triduum, commemorative of the seventh century of the birth of the Third Order was held here in the first part of June. It was conducted by Fr. Giles, Circulation Manager of the *HERALD*. Every morning of the three days there were solemn services, at which the Tertiaries assisted in great numbers and received holy Communion in a body. The lectures were suited to the occasion, the illustrated on St. Francis was especially well received. The Washington fraternity is largely made up of men and young men, and its truly Franciscan spirit is very commendable. The zealous Director Fr. Ignatius, who is being generously assisted by the Pastor of the congregation, Fr. Valerius, deserve great credit for the fine showing of the Washington Tertiaries.

St. Louis, Mo.—Solemn and impressive ceremonies marked the celebration of the centenary triduum, which was conducted by Fr. Roger for St. Antony's fraternity. The Tertiaries showed their appreciation by attending the various exercises in large numbers. The solemnities closed with a grand parade on Sunday afternoon, May 22. It took half an hour for the parade to pass a given point, the Tertiaries marching four abreast. A division of thirty colored members also took part. Special features were a large escutcheon of the Third Order, carved specially for the occasion by the Kaletta Statuary Company; and a large statue of St. Francis executed according to Furich's famous painting "St. Francis Among the Animals." At the visitation, the immense parish church was crowded to its utmost capacity. A goodly number of those present wore the large Third Order habit.

Belgium.—Cardinal Mercier has issued a pastoral letter on the Third Order. He expresses the hope that the coming centenary festivities will do much to increase the membership of the already flourishing fraternities existing in all the principal cities of Belgium. Of St. Francis he says that "no one has sung with so much poetry of the evangelical virtues or presented them with greater charm to the world." His Eminence has also blessed and approved the pilgrimage of the Belgian Tertiaries to Assisi.

IN THE WORLD OF BOOKS

By PAUL H. RICHARDS

TO ORGANIZE an anthology of Franciscan verse or a library of Franciscan books is to display objectively the character and work of St. Francis. In a library of Franciscan books most persons would place first a standard life of the saint, such as Challi's or Joergensen's, with plenty of legend concerning St. Francis and his followers, a glimpse of his times, and the known facts of his life and work. Reading such a Life as an introduction to St. Francis, we drop a pebble in our mentality, and we see the circles of ripples that widen and end we do not know where. If we try to trace his widening influence, we get the result our own individuality ensures.

If a dozen persons were invited to write a list of books for a Tertiaries' library, it is possible that not all of them would head the list with a Life of Saint Francis. Some less elementary might try to please the saint by writing first the Life of Pope Pius IX or Leo XIII, who as patrons of the Third Order are or should be known to Tertiaries. Others will not fear to proffer books written by religious of other orders,—the Oratorians, Jesuits, Dominicans; and we shall learn that some of these belong also to the Third Order of St. Francis.

The discovery of the Franciscan virtues and character in popular modern books of fiction, verse, biography, history, and religion is an incentive in the making of such library. A good and thoughtful thing it would be to head a list with a Life of the Blessed Virgin, so that we shall not forget the Queen of Saints in honoring one who was her special *protégé*. "The Lily of Israel," old-fashioned, quaint in style, compelling in sweetness, though fiction in form, may well be placed here; or Blanche Kelly's "Mary The Mother," a simple study of the Blessed Mother which the grade children will appreciate. Father Garesché's "The Most Beloved Woman" belongs here. Poets who have offered their work to her are many,—Father Hugh Blunt, J. Corson Miller, Canon Sheehan, and others, lay and religious, men and women.

Poets who are good sources for Franciscan verse are Joyce Kilmer, Thomas Walsh, Denis McCarthy, T. A. Daly, Catherine Hayes, Mary J. Malloy, Katharine Tynan. Of the English lay Catholic poets, Francis Thompson, Arnel O'Connor, and Marian Nesbitt

are the best examples of the Franciscan spirit. Certain other excellent poets remind us that an admiration for the saint and his spirit does not insure its appearance in the writer's own work.

When we consider fiction, more discrimination is necessary to choose novels which embody St. Francis's teachings. The fact that a novel promotes charity, either private virtue or social service, does not stamp it as Franciscan. Few novels dare to portray humility, though Isabel Clarke's "Ursula Finch" may be said to paint this and the virtue of patience rather effectively. Father Richard Aumerle Maher's American novels of industrial rights and wrongs are too vivid and dramatic to suggest the gentle Poverello, yet he doubtless had followers who could sympathize with Father Maher's vigor.

Books on religion,—all that are today doing the work in society which Saint Francis began in his time, will be grist in his mill. Father Martin J. Scott, S. J., Father F. P. Donnelly, S. J., Father John A. Ryan, Father Husslein, S. J., J. Godfrey Raupert, Cardinal Gibbons, Archbishop Ireland, Archbishop Spaulding, the bishops who write, the text book makers, the editors, who publish, and others furnish forth our library material.

My own list I would not mind heading with the books of a layman who at least in size and asceticism does not resemble St. Francis, but who sheds cheerfulness, optimism, "normalcy" and other good things in a prodigious output of books. Dr. Walsh's "The Thirteenth, The Greatest of Centuries," did its work on the author's reputation in the world of science more than on his standing in religious circles. His volumes on "Mediaeval and Modern Medicine," biographical, are enlightening as to the fervent Catholic devotion and Franciscan character of some great men of science. "Health Through Will Power," a timely book, is followed by "Religion and Health," his best liked book. In both of these he is the teacher as well as the physician, but very forcefully he is a man of religion who teaches temperance, cheerfulness, faith, charity, purity, and hopefulness while discussing the training of the will, outdoor exercise, walking, food, hard work, the danger of self-consciousness, and many another vital point. To quote his little book "Success In The New Era" is to show his warmth of thought for those broken, injured, or discouraged by the

great war. Here he is especially the apostle of optimism; his popular expression of great truths is refreshing:

"Success in life, then, consists in doing, each of us, what only we can do. When this is accomplished, sacrificing nothing of the elements of decency or kindness, retaining the love and respect of friends and gaining the gratitude of many a man whom we have helped by the way, then men reach the end of life with a supreme satisfaction of having done their duty. There have been doubts expressed in modern times as to whether life is worth living or not, but such doubts are never heard from the lips of men who have tried to help others as well as themselves in the struggle of existence. Unless a man is to have the satisfaction at the end of looking back on a life that he can call well spent because it has been helpful, the question as to whether or not such a life has been worth living must remain open. Unless a man has been a lifter and not a leaner, a helper and not a hoarder, unless he has been thoughtful of others as well as of himself, life may have been worse than useless, just a struggle against odds to no good purpose.

"Failure depends on the man and not what he accomplished."

BOOK REVIEW

How France Built Her Cathedrals—
By Elizabeth Boyle O'Reilly.

Here is a book in which is to be found a good deal of inspiration. "Let us remember what we owe the Past," rings the author's watchword through its pages as she endeavors to unroll the folded scroll of history for her readers through a right understanding of architecture. Though the work is somewhat technical at times for the uninstructed layman, the formidable word "archæology" is herein robbed of many of its terrors. The birth and growth of Gothic architecture is dealt with clearly and instructively, and the famous cathedrals are treated, one by one, in detail, under various heads: Primary Gothic, Plantagenet Gothic, Burgundian Gothic, Norman Gothic. "Architecture," says the writer, "is the living voice of the past; architecture is history. We can read history in these stone pages, if we would." In connection with Rouen Cathedral there are a number of sympathetic pages reminiscent of Jeanne D'Arc; and many another long-loved

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Catholic Lay Nurses Needed

Catholic Young Girls are needed in the Nursing Profession. If you do not feel yourself called to the Religious Life, why not serve God as a secular nurse in the world? *The St. John's Hospital School of Nursing, Springfield, Ill.*, offers an exceptionally splendid course. Write for information. Sister Superintendent of Nurses.

favorite comes to greet us, as we explore old France and watch her rising walls and towers. The author points out that the true apologetics of the Middle Ages is the cathedrals; it is "psychologically impossible for an age to have been sunk in blind superstition when it could build hundreds of churches whose every line is an aspiration toward sanctity." The book is delightfully illustrated with a number of beautiful drawings by Paul de Leslie.

Harper & Bros., New York. \$6.00 net.

Bird-a-Lea—By Clementia.

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LET US PRAY—Let the ears of Thy mercy, O Lord, be open to the prayers of Thy suppliants; and that Thou mayest grant them their desires, make them ask such things as please Thee. Through Jesus Christ, Our Lord. Amen.

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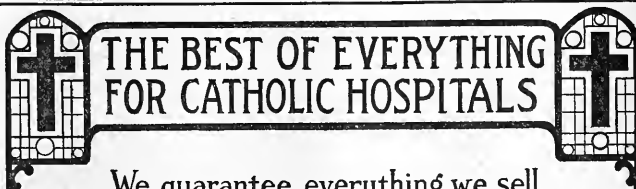
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AUGUST, 1921

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JUST A WORD

ONE OF America's foremost weeklies quotes Senator Hiram Johnson as saying that "the press has become a menace to the Republic." The word "press" is a very convenient as well as comprehensive term. People sometimes criticize the press when they mean to attack a certain class of publications. We devoutly hope that the doughty Senator was misquoted or that he uttered his sweeping condemnation with some sort of mental reservation, for naturally we do not like to think of the HERALD as a menace to the country. For all we know, however, Mr. Johnson may have been not so far from the truth if he meant to hit the majority of publications that the American public feeds on. There is no denying the fact that these are days of evil influences, and that generally speaking the press is doing its share to promote the power of evil. A glance at the headlines of any metropolitan newspaper or at the table of contents of the average popular magazine is enough to convince one that the press has no little part in undermining the morality of our citizens, and that in so far it is a menace to the Republic.

Are the Catholics proof against the influence of the evil press? Not if they read what the printed page daily flaunts before them; and who will say that they do not read it? The insidious poison will find its way into the minds and hearts of Catholics just as surely as it is bound to affect the mental and moral fiber of non-Catholics. The Catholic press provides an antidote; and Catholics owe it to themselves to make frequent and abundant use of it. The HERALD aims, in its own modest way, to counteract the evil press. Are you convinced that in your own case the HERALD is an antitoxin? If so, you will surely not fail to renew your subscription when it falls due. Have you received an expiration notice? Please read it carefully and do not wait for a second and third reminder. It means a loss of time and labor and money to us.

FRANCISCAN HERALD

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An Apostolate

ELSEWHERE in this issue we publish a paper read by Father Cuthbert, O.S.F.C., at the great Tertiary congress held at Manchester, England, in June. We commend this excellent address to the pious consideration of all our Tertiary readers. They will find therein a confirmation of what the Herald has preached in and out of season, from its very first issue down to the present; to-wit, that the Third Franciscan Order has a twofold purpose, which is comprised in the words the Church applies to St. Francis: "Non sibi soli vivere, sed aliis proficere vult—He wished not to live for himself alone, but to benefit others."

In some altogether unaccountable way the opinion has gained ground in these parts that the Third Order exists only for the personal sanctification of its members, and that it has no right corporately to engage in social or charitable work. We have all along contended that the Third Order has not only the right but the duty to work for the spiritual and material welfare of society, and that it can not neglect this solemn obligation without forfeiting the esteem and support of its friends and challenging the criticism and contempt of its enemies. We will go even further and say that, unless a Third Order fraternity as a society engages in some sort of charitable activity, it has no right to exist. For then, having lost its virtue and savor, like the salt in the Gospel, "it is neither profitable for the land nor for the dunghill. It is good for nothing any more but to be cast out and to be trodden on by men."

As Father Cuthbert very pointedly says, "the Third Order as originally instituted was not merely for individual sanctification—it was meant to assist the Church in the purification and uplifting of the Christian world. It was an apostolate as well as a personal profession."

... Anyone with a knowledge of the political and social conditions of the 13th century will recognize how much the Tertiaries of those days had to set themselves against the prejudices and common opinion of the social world of their day. But they did so set themselves against the world, not only individually, but as a body; and so contributed to make the world a little more Christian in practice than it had been."

Some have expressed the fear that the Third Order by engaging in social activity might trespass on fields occupied by other societies. We have misread history if, in respect to organized charitable activity, the Third Franciscan Order was not several centuries in advance of most of the modern societies now doing such creditable welfare work for the Church and for society. Yes, it need surprise no one to find that the founders of these societies drew their inspiration

largely from St. Francis and his institutions. But the Third Order is not asked to claim by right of priority the fields it has voluntarily surrendered. It need not even compete with existing organizations. Its original purpose is served if it associates itself corporately with these.

It is not our intention to overemphasize this phase of the Third Order—if indeed such a thing were possible. By all means, let Tertiaries sanctify their private lives; but let them not neglect to benefit others in the manner intended by their Founder and desired by the Church. After all-around and thorough organization, there is nothing the Third Order in this country needs so much as a comprehensive and workable program of social action. Unless the coming national Tertiary convention outlines such a program, we fear the Third Order will continue to be regarded in many places as a hissing and a byword.

Sport versus War

OUR READERS will remember that on July 2, amid settings and ceremonies befitting the magnitude of the event, there was fought a fight that for the time being overshadowed anything and everything that has happened in this country since it received the first news of the cessation of hostilities in the late war. By means of skillful advertising the promoters of the prize fight—for it was nothing less—succeeded in working up the interest of at least two nations to a degree altogether unheard of and out of all proportion to the importance of the event itself. It was reported that some 90,000 persons witnessed the match, and that millions of others in the larger cities of the country besieged the newspaper offices and other places, eagerly awaiting the latest returns from the ringside. Of the result of the fight nothing need be said.

Outside of France, the onlooking nations, to judge from their press comments, affected to be shocked at the spectacle of a whole country gone mad over so trivial and brutal an affair as a prize fight. A case in point is the cry of horror raised by the Berlin Socialist organ "Die Freiheit." "Can you conceive," asks the paper, "anything more ghastly, more horrible, and more nauseating than the scene of two brutalized individuals whose membership in the human race can be determined only by biology, beating each other until one of them remains lying senseless? Instead of thousands of spectators blushing and hanging their heads in shame, they cheer the loathsome spectacle. Boxing is more degrading and lower than the coarse brutality of the Roman gladiators, and baser than the

despicable cruelty of the Spanish bull fights. What triumphs is the power of money."

We have never witnessed a gladiatorial combat or a bull fight or a boxing match. For the sake of argument we are ready to admit, however, that from an ethical point of view little can be said in favor of any of these forms of entertainment. Yet we can conceive of something even more ghastly, more horrible, more nauseating, more loathsome, more degrading, more coarsely brutal, and more despicably cruel than the scene of two highly trained athletes striving mightily to outbox each other, even to the point of unconsciousness;—and that is the spectacle of two armies striving, by every means that hellish ingenuity can devise, to maim, kill, destroy, annihilate everything that comes in their way. Beside the unspeakable crimes and abominations of the world war, the horrors of the prize fight at Jersey City dwindle into insignificance.

It is the fashion of Europeans to rail at Americans for their love of sport and to refer with an air of superiority to their violent outbursts of enthusiasm and partisanship on such occasions as a prize fight or a baseball game or a national election as "dementia Americana." But there is a rage which, according to the Latin poet, supplies arms—"furor arma ministrat"—and this deadlier species of frenzy all those nations seem possessed of that profess a lofty disdain of that milder sort known as sport craze. We give it as our measured opinion that there would be fewer wars in Europe if the nations took a more lively and active interest in all kinds of healthful sports—not necessarily fisticuffs. European diplomats would be less eager to fly at each other's throats if they had an opportunity, colloquially speaking, of "blowing off steam" while "rooting" for the home team and "panning" the umpire. More sport and less militarism would help appreciably to restore the comity of nations and incidentally also the equilibrium of this tottering old world of ours.

"That's That"

AT LAST the state of war with Germany has been officially ended. On the same day and in the same state that the greatest pugilistic event of the century took place, the chief executive of the nation set his name to the joint resolution of Congress, declaring the state of peace duly restored. There was little general interest in the event. The country at large was engrossed in the happenings at Jersey City. Even the president seems to have gone through the motions of affixing his signature as through a mere formality. Seated in the midst of a small family group at Senator Freylinhuysen's home, at Raritan, he is said to have put his name to the weighty document with as little ceremony as if he were signing his chauffeur's pay check; while one of the bystanders, at the last stroke of the pen, made the somewhat frivolous remark, "That's that."

One reason for the general lack of interest in what must be regarded historically as a momentous event,

undoubtedly is to be sought in the fact that the country had been actually, even if not technically, at peace with Germany since the day she agreed to the terms of the armistice. It is characteristic of the topsyturvy world we are living in that of all the great powers aligned against Germany in the late war we are the only one that was really at peace with her since that memorable day in November, 1918; while the powers that had signed the treaty of peace, until quite recently, have been anything but at peace with her. That anomaly is now corrected, so far as this country is concerned; and it is well for us and for the world that it has been removed.

"That's that!" This casual observation may yet go down in history as one of the most pertinent and noteworthy ever uttered. Without doubt the signing of the joint resolution means the closing of a very important chapter in American history. Does it mean also the opening of a new era of peace and good will among the nations and of that "normalcy" which the president has promised to assist in restoring to the world? His call to the nations for a disarmament conference seems to indicate that the world is to have some sort of peace at last. But it is far way from discussing disarmament and undertaking it in dead earnest. It remains to be seen just how sincere the conferees will be in their speeches and efforts to promote a scheme so dear to the hearts of all lovers of peace and mankind. Meanwhile let us be grateful to God to be able to say, "That's that."

Valiant Women

ACCORDING to a press report, the Catholic women of Holland not only have bound themselves to eschew immodest fashions, but they are visiting the shops and asking tradesmen not to expose improper costumes for sale. It is stated that a willing ear has been turned to their request. The greater part of the women in Holland have associated themselves with the Catholic Society "Honor and Virtue," which is acknowledged by the Government to be a strong force for moral welfare.

Thus once again the Catholic women of Holland have given the lie to those of their sex who say that it is impossible for a minority to assert itself against prevailing modes and customs. The history of all reform and revolutionary movements shows that it is never the headless and unwieldy majority, but always the organized and determined minority that achieves results. We are of opinion that, if the Catholic women of the United States presented a united front against immodest fashions, for instance, they would soon find themselves in a position to dictate to the dress designers and shopkeepers. But that is the trouble with our Catholic women, as with our Catholic men, that they seem not to be able to get together even on a single issue. Meanwhile, the tide of irreligion and immorality now sweeping the country is gaining in volume and momentum, and there is none to utter a resounding and authoritative "Thus far!"



Third Order of St. Francis

PROBLEMS OLD AND NEW

By FATHER CUTHBERT, O. S. F. C.

The following paper was read on the second day of the recent Tertiary Congress held at Manchester, England.

TAKE it that on an occasion like the present, we Franciscans are not met together merely to congratulate ourselves upon the past achievements and glories of our Order. Rightly we look back upon our past history and gratefully we acknowledge that we are the heirs of an ancient Order with no mean past. But if we are in any way worthy of those who have gone before us, the old adage will come to our minds: *Noblesse oblige*—an honorable heritage carries with it the obligation of upholding the tradition of honor. No family or society can long live upon its capital of honor without ceasing to be honorable; we can sustain the glory of the past only by adding to that glory by our own present endeavor.

The Third Order of St. Francis has a long history. That it still continues to live within the Catholic Church shows that it has within it a principle of age-long vitality, which means that in its spirit and principles it witnesses to some enduring fundamental need in Catholic life, and in practice has been found helpful to many souls throughout its long history, otherwise it would not have endured but would have gone the way of other religious Orders which flourished for a while and then ceased to exist.

That the Third Order has been and still is of incalculable benefit to many individual souls cannot be doubted by anyone with any knowledge of Franciscan Tertiaries.

But there is another aspect which cannot be left out of sight if the Third Order is to fulfil the function in the Church for which it was originally instituted. The Third Order as originally instituted was not merely for individual sanctification—it was meant to assist the Church in the purification and uplifting of the Christian world. It was an apostolate as well as a personal profession, and its apostolate had a very specific purpose: it was not merely to inculcate Christian principles in general, but certain specific Christian principles in particular which the world is apt to pay little heed to, and it was the profession and apostolate of these spe-

cific Christian principles which gave the Third Order its specific character and standing within the body of the Catholic Church.

What were these specific principles for which the Third Order stood as against the world?

They were two:—

1. Peace and good will amongst men—or fraternal charity.

2. A Christian austerity of life, as opposed to sensual habits and enjoyments which militate against the Christian spirit.

These were the two principles upon which St. Francis founded his Order, and which were the constant burden of his preaching; and they constitute his social message to mankind.

To-day's Pagan Fashions

Now, if you study the history of the Third Order in the 13th century—that period when the Third Order gained its undying renown as one of the most efficient social forces in the Church—you will see how these two principles permeate the whole life and constitution of the Order; you will see, too, how the Third Order was so organized and directed as to bring these two principles to bear directly upon the outstanding paganism which even in those days of faith, flaunted its dominion in the social and political life of the time and made it difficult even for well meaning Catholics to live up to the Faith they held.

But the Tertiaries of those days were not left to apply their principles according as their individual judgment prompted them; in the Rule and in apostolic decrees, and in their local and provincial statutes, they were given a very clear direction as to the application of their principles in public life.

Thus as to their profession of Christian austerity, no Tertiary who persistently followed the pagan fashions of the day, either in dress, or food, or in other habits of life, would long be allowed to remain a member of the fraternity. Again, no Tertiary might be an active partisan in any civil feud—that curse of the 13th century—nor might he take any oath which bound

him to support any party in a feud. As a Tertiary, he must be a peace-maker, and endeavor to bring rival parties together not to separate them.

Further, after allowing for his own maintenance and that of those dependent upon him according to the rule of frugality and simplicity enjoined upon the Tertiaries, the Tertiary must use his goods for charitable purposes, especially for the support of the poor. His property was a trust for the needy as well as for himself; not an unqualified possession.

And in all these matters the Tertiary was answerable to the ministers of the fraternity, if he failed to live up to his profession.

Anyone with a knowledge of the political and social conditions of the 13th century will recognize how much the Tertiaries of those days had to set themselves against the prejudices and common opinion of the social world of their day. But they did so set themselves against the world, not only individually, but as a body; and so contributed to make the world a little more Christian in practice than it had been.

Apostles of Peace and Goodwill

Need I point the moral of this very brief historical retrospect? If I must, I will say that if the Third Order is to regain its corporate influence as a means of social reform—if it is to help the world at large to become more Christian—Tertiaries individually and corporately must again concentrate upon those two fundamental principles which give their Order its specific character in the Church: they must again stand forth as apostles of peace and goodwill amongst men, and again give a clear example of unworldliness and austerity against the sensual paganism which is everywhere in evidence.

The world of to-day is in need of such an apostolate—never more so than now.

Today, as in the 13th century, many are crying "Peace," yet the world is a pandemonium of discord; in place of the individual feuds we have national and industrial strife, as bitter and un-Chris-

tion as any individual party warfare. In this conflict of peoples and parties which is threatening the stability of all political and social life in Europe, religion, generally speaking, is absent, and the teaching of Christianity is silently ignored or openly flouted, and, as in the 13th century, so today, this un-Christian conflict of peoples and classes is largely supported and abetted by people who in private life are more or less practical Christians. The weakness of practical religion today, as in most periods of Christian history, is that men who in private life have a Christian conscience, in public life,—i. e., in political, social, and industrial life—shed their Christian conscience and fall in with the practical paganism of the world round about them.

A Call to the Tertiaries

In this imperfect world of ours there must needs be national rivalries, industrial conflicts, and social differences of opinion; but these rivalries and conflicts need not be carried on in defiance of Christian moral and religious principles: it is the absence of Christian principles and the Christian spirit in public life which both foment the evil and adds the sting of bitterness to the conflict when it does break out.

We have heard a great deal in recent years of what Tertiaries might do in the world; but here is the work Tertiaries did in the past—and it is a work badly needed today—the Tertiary apostolate of fraternal charity and of an austere Christian simplicity of life.

And in saying this I am but echoing the words of one whose authority to speak is greater than mine—none other than the Sovereign Pontiff, Benedict XV. For in his recent encyclical letter on the Third Order, the Holy Father solemnly admonishes Tertiaries to take upon themselves, in the spirit of St. Francis and their former brethren, the apostolate of peace and goodwill in the face of the dissensions which are rending the civilized world, and to set an example of Christian modesty and simplicity, so that some healing may be brought to a world smitten with hatred and sensuous luxury. It is a call to Tertiaries to take up their original apostolate and to concentrate upon their original vocation.

Above all things Francis wished Tertiaries to be distinguished, as by a special badge, by brotherly love, such as is keenly solicitous of peace and harmony. Knowing this to be the particular precept of Jesus Christ, containing in itself the fulfillment of the Christian law, he was most anxious to conform to it the minds of his followers.—Pope Benedict XV.

THE THIRD ORDER OF ST. FRANCIS

A Potent Factor of Social Regeneration

Written by the Rev. Albert Muntzsch, S. J., for the Press Bulletin Service of the C. B. of the C. V.

IN AN appeal to Franciscan Tertiaries, Fr. Cuthbert, O. S. F. C., says: "The Franciscan Order has, from its infancy, considered itself especially commissioned by God to oppose the selfishness and luxury of the world." Never was the work of the devoted men and women who belong to this pious confraternity of greater importance than today. Never has it promised larger results. For selfishness and luxury have once more, as in Francis' time, become abominable vices of the social body. To oppose a barrier to this insidious plague, to check the spread of frivolous license, has become an imperative social necessity. But the brave work must be done by men and women of the world. Here is the splendid opportunity for the members of the Third Order.

"For," says Fr. Cuthbert, "St. Francis founded his Order for all whose souls revolted against the corruption and sin of the time, and when he extended his Order so as to embrace men and women living in the world, he created a hostile camp in the midst of the world itself to do battle with the social immorality of a degenerate age."

The century of St. Francis was like our own, a time of great social disturbance and discontent. There were feuds and fierce civic rivalries which drove men like Dante into exile. There was vulgar luxury and display of finery and ostentatious wealth beside squalid poverty. There was hard-heartedness towards the poor and contempt for those of lowly station. And, as in our day, the latter reacted by following reformers who promised relief through means the Church was obliged to condemn. To a society thus rent asunder, St. Francis appealed, not as an ordinary social reformer would, by criticizing the evil tendencies, but rather by pointing out a higher ideal, namely, poverty. He himself espoused Poverty, and filled the hearts of others with the same lofty love for her. Thus did he become the great Social Reformer of his time. And the Third Order came into being because numerous men and women, who could not leave the world, earnestly desired to realize the ideal of the Poor Man of Assisi. It has been well said that this movement "was a great social reformation; it led men forward to heaven by making the way on earth straighter and

more like unto heaven. It dealt not with general abstract principles, but with the actual facts of the world . . . the civic feuds, the intense selfishness, the luxuriousness and effeminacy of the thirteenth century."

Social Blessings of the Third Order

We speak of our age as the age of democracy. But the age which prides itself on being such is also the age of fierce industrialism, the age which saw the rise of the sweatshop, the beginning of child labor, the work of mothers in factories, and the grinding of the wage-earner under the heel of capitalism. The labor union and much-needed social legislation are only beginning to do away with the worst evils of a distinctively industrial civilization. But all attempts at social reform will be without avail until men realize the needs of socializing, not the means of production, not even industrial society, but the individual. Because St. Francis and his Third Order accomplished this, they became a social asset of priceless value. Exalting poverty, teaching charity, St. Francis and his followers brought about Social Justice. The Abbé Monier in his "History of St. Francis" quite correctly claims: "The Third Order may be said to be one of the greatest ever attempted for introducing more justice among men. . . . They (the Tertiaries) changed then existing social order in favor of the weak and humble."

The Holy Father's Encyclical Letter

No wonder Pope Benedict hopes for an awakening of the Third Order from the coming Centenary observance. Referring to the evils of our day which he desires to see overcome, he says in his pronouncement: "If we consider carefully, there are at present two passions prevailing in this incredible perversity of customs: the unbounded love of riches and an unquenchable thirst for pleasure. . . . And we generally observe that while on one side there is no moderation in accumulating riches, on the other is wanting that resignation of old times to suffering the discomforts that accompany poverty and misery, and while among proletarians and rich the fierce fight we spoke of is raging, the aversion of the needy is sharpened by the immoderate luxury of the many united to a brazen licentiousness."

LETTERS OF APPROVAL

To the General Directive Board of the First National Tertiary Convention.

Reverend and dear Fathers:

Almighty God providentially provides special help for His children in every age.

The history of God's Church forcibly shows His wonderful providence. Seven hundred years ago when St. Francis blessed the world by his example and teachings, the world was greedily striving after every luxury and extravagance. God sent him to direct men's minds most energetically towards the quiet Christian virtues which alone can satisfy the human heart. In our age the same spirit of restlessness, desire of ease and amusements, grasping after wealth characterize society. We are therefore not surprised that the Father of Christendom, Benedict XV should re-echo the oft repeated warning of his predecessors, admonishing the world to reawaken the spirit of St. Francis most earnestly and bring this holy spirit more and more into the daily lives of Catholics. This is the great object of the Third Order. May the efforts you are so earnestly making to diffuse the spirit meet every success, May God bless your work, and blessing will redound to the welfare and happiness of the whole world.

Fraternally yours,

(Signed) LEO HAID, O. S. B.

Bishop,

Abbot Ordinary Belmont Abbey.

Reverend and dear Fathers:

As bishop of a city and diocese which glories in St. Anthony, the illustrious son of St. Francis of Assisi as its Patron Saint, I can not but view with delight the increase of the devotion to the Seraphic Patriarch and hail with joy your efforts to spread among the faithful the wonderful Third Order of Saint Francis.

Our age is rejecting Christ the Savior and is worshipping false gods which can bring it neither peace nor happiness. The sad fact stares us in the face that paganism, conquered by the Apostles and held down so long in the succeeding centuries, is again in the ascendancy; pagan morals and pagan ideas are everywhere supplanting the Christian standards of the past. Evidently we will have to RECONQUER the world for Christ and the Cross. But how?

There is an analogy between the apostasy of our age and the defection of faith and general immorality of the

13th Century. If the world of those days was saved, it was through Saint Francis of Assisi, whom God in his mercy raised up for the regeneration of the Christian world. We all know how this wonderful Apostle of Umbria, with his admirable zeal and seraphic spirit triumphed over all obstacles; how he drove out of Europe the leaven of paganism; brought order out of chaos; restored Christianity to its throne from which it was to rule again the world and bring peace and happiness to the hearts of men.

Never since the dawn of Christianity had such conquests, such reforms and conversions been witnessed. The success of St. Francis and his humble friars was never forgotten. No wonder that amidst the appalling dangers to faith and morals of our modern times the Sovereign Pontiffs should be turning their eyes again to the Seraphic Patriarch. Similar causes must have similar effects, and may we not expect in our days a revival of faith through the revival of the spirit of St. Francis; the wonders of the 13th renewed in our 20th century?

And where could we learn the spirit of St. Francis better than in the Orders he founded and through which he still is living and laboring in the Church? It was through the Third Order that St. Francis regenerated Europe; it is from the Third Order that we may expect the social reform of our days and the sanctification of millions of souls.

The sainted Pius X assures us that the Third Order has lost nothing of its pristine power and that it is wonderfully adapted to the needs of our modern times. Our Holy Father Benedict XV tells us that the Rule of the Third Order is naught else than the Gospel applied to everyday life.

The happy results of the past; the example of so many of God's Saints; the words of so many illustrious Popes ought to convince us of the excellence of the Third Order.

With all my heart do I wish success and Godspeed to the Tertiary Convention of 1921.

I pray God through glorious Saint Francis to bless your deliberations and efforts.

With best wishes and cordial greetings, I am

Yours truly in Xto,

(Signed)

ARTHUR J. DROSSAERTS,
Bishop of San Antonio.

THIRD ORDER CALENDAR

2. Dedication of Our Lady of the Angels. (Porziuncola Indulgence.)

4. St. Dominic, Founder of the Dominicans. (Plen. Ind.)

6. Transfiguration of Our Lord. (Plen. Ind.)

7. BB. Agathangel and Cassian, Martyrs of the I Order.

9. BB. John of Alvernia, John Baptist Vianney (Curé d'Ars), Novelloni, Confessors of the I and III Orders.

11. Bl. Louise of Savoy, Widow of the Third Order.

12. St. Clare, Foundress of the II Order. (Gen. Absol.—Plen. Ind.)

13. BB. Vincent of Aquila and Francis of Pisa. Confessors of the I and III Orders.

14. Bl. Sanctes, Confessor of the I Order.

15. The Assumption of the B. V. M. (Gen. Absol.—Plen. Ind.)

17. St. Roch, Confessor of the III Order. (Plen. Ind.)

18. Bl. Paula, Virgin of the II Order.

19. St. Louis, Bishop of the I Order. (Plen. Ind.)

20. BB. Timothy and Bernard, Confession of the I Order.

22. Seven Joys of Our Lady. (Gen. Absol.—Plen. Ind.)

25. St. Louis, King, Patron of the III Order. (Gen. Absol.—Plen. Ind.)

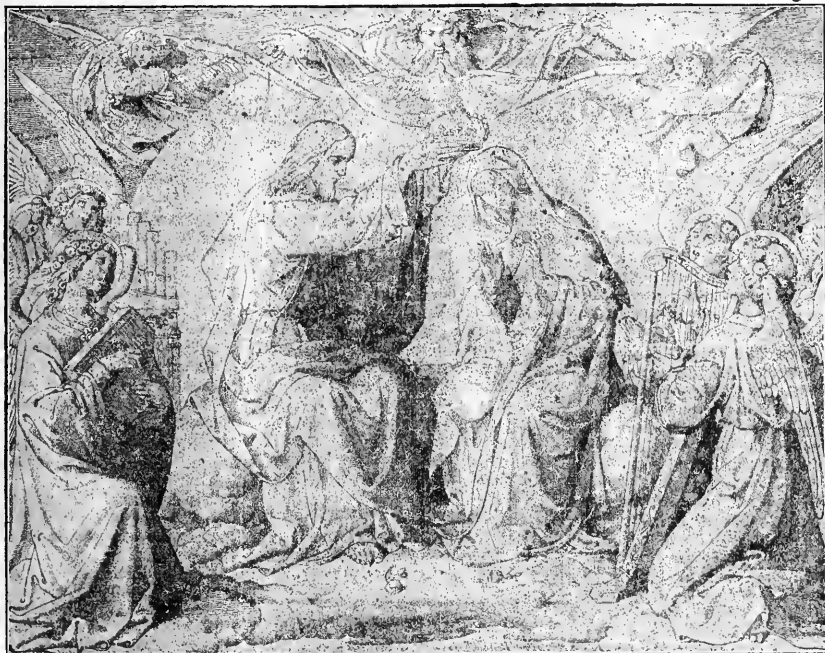
Besides the days indicated above, Tertiaries can gain a Plenary Indulgence: 1. Every Tuesday, if, after Confession and Holy Communion, they visit a church of the First or the Second Order or of the Third Order Regular of St. Francis while the Bl. Sacrament is exposed and there pray for the intention of the Pope. If Tertiaries live at a great distance from a Franciscan church, they may visit their own parish church.

2. Once every month, on any suitable day. Conditions: Confession, Communion, visit to any church, and some prayers there for the intention of the Pope.

3. On the day of the monthly meeting, Conditions: Confession, Communion, visit to any church, and some prayers there for the intention of the Pope.

4. On the first Saturday of every month. Conditions: Confession, Communion, some prayers for the intention of the Pope, and besides some prayers in honor of the Immaculate Conception of the Bl. Virgin Mary.

General Absolution, also called Indulgent Blessing, can be received by Tertiaries on August 12, 15, 22, 25. This absolution may be imparted to Tertiaries in the confessional on the day preceding these feasts or on the feasts themselves or on any day during the week following.



The Grandeurs of Mary

What is this grandeur I see up in heaven,
A splendor that looks like a splendor divine?
What creature so near the Creator is throned?
O Mary! those marvellous glories are thine.

But who would have thought that a creature could live
With the fires of the Godhead so awfully nigh?
Oh who could have dreamed, mighty Mother of God!
That even God's power could have raised thee so high?

What name can we give to a queenship so grand?
What thought can we think of a glory like this?
Saints and angels lie far in the distance, remote
From the golden excess of thine unmaternal bliss.

Thy Person, thy Soul, thy most beautiful Form,
Thine Office, thy Name, thy most singular Grace,—
God hath made for them, Mother! a world by itself,
A shrine all alone, a most worshipful place.

Thy sinless Conception, thy jubilant Birth,
Thy Crib and thy Cross, thine Assumption and Crown,
They have raised thee on high to the right hand of Him
Whom the spells of thy love to thy bosom drew down.

I am blind with thy glory; in all God's wide world
I find nothing like thee for glory and power:
I can hardly believe that thou grewest on earth,
In the green fields of Judah, a scarce-noticed flower.

O Mary, what ravishing pageants I see,
What wonders and works center round thee in heaven,
What creations of grace fall like light from thy hands,
What Creator-like powers to thy prudence are given!

Inexhaustible wonder! the treasures of God
Seem to multiply under thy marvellous hand,
And the power of thy Son seems to gain and to grow,
When He deigns to obey thy maternal command.

Ten thousand magnificent greatnesses blend
Their vast oceans of light at the foot of thy throne;
Ten thousand unspeakable majesties grace
The royalty vested in Mary alone.

But look what a wonder there is up in God!
One love, like a special Perfection, we see;
And the chief of thy grandeurs, great Mother, is there,—
In the love the Eternal Himself has for thee.

—Father Faber



Fiction



THE OUTLAWS OF RAVENHURST

By L. M. WALLACE

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CHAPTER XIV

MUCKLE JOHN-O-THE CLEUTH

"DAWN HAS come at last; a red light is dancing far out on the waters of the frith; the clouds are all afire; but I am looking through a doorway; I wonder why."

Gordon would have raised his head, but it was heavy; something seemed to weigh it down. He raised his hand to discover what that something might be, but stared at the hand instead—long fingers, thin and white, blue veins winding in and out among the bones, a freckle here and there. These were old friends, but the hand was not his. It must belong to a sick girl. Some one was speaking in a low voice. Who could it be? Turning his head was too weary a business; but the deep blue Douglas eyes slowly followed the sound. A seaman of Clan Gordon stood near the hearth—a rough-looking fellow with a scarred face and a wild brush of black curled beard. The woman beside him seemed worn-out and worried. Gordon pitied her. She must have heard the lad stir, for she turned quickly.

"Look, John, his eyes are no' wild the day. Have a wee bit o' soup, my lamb, an' sleep again."

"No, madam"—why did his voice sound so faint and hollow? The woman leaned forward to catch the words. "No, madam, I thank you—but I can not stay to eat. If you would unfasten—the thing—the thing—that is holding my head down."

"Bless the heart o' my bairnie, nothing's there but a damp cloth. Still if the weight troubles ye—"

"Oh, it does not trouble me, madam. But you see it is daylight—daylight now. I must seek John—Muckle John-o'-the-Cleuth."

"An' what would my little laird have me do?" The great seaman bent over to hear the gasping words, but the boy's eyes suddenly grew round and bright. The weakness vanished; he sprang up, staring at a gentle little collier that had just stepped into the doorway; he snatched the bowl from the woman's

hand and threw it. The dog ran out, yelping.

"I hit him! That's one wolf done for!—But there are so many—eyes—red eyes going round and round in the darkness—and the dawn—will never—never—come. I can't—hold on—any—" The lad sank back on the pillow. The voice mumbled a moment more and trailed into silence. Even the burning blast of fever could put but little strength into the worn-out frame.

"There he goes again," moaned the woman. "An' I was so hopin' he'd wake wi' his wits. His eyes were a bit steady at the first."

"You're worn out wi' watchin', Jean. Go, lie down a bit yourself."

"An' leave him noo!—Are ye gone stark mad?"

WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE

Sir Angus Gordon, descendant of the Scottish Chieftain Fire-the-Braes and son of Lang-Sword, has remained true to the ancient faith and to Mary Queen of Scots. Forces of the king surprise castle Ravenhurst, while the inmates are attending the proscribed Mass. The old earl is taken prisoner and executed. Of his grandsons James retains the faith, while Roger apostatizes and makes himself master of Ravenhurst. James's infant son, Gordon, is taken by his uncle, Prior Stephen, to Maryland, there to be brought up in the Catholic faith before returning to Scotland as heir to castle Ravenhurst. His uncle Roger tries to gain him for the new faith and for his plans. For his unwavering steadfastness, the boy is severely punished and imprisoned. Through a secret passage leading from the room in which he is confined, Gordon effects his escape. Amid the greatest dangers and difficulties he makes his way through the abandoned tunnel, when suddenly he comes to the dungeon where his father is imprisoned. Through a crevice in the wall Sir James discloses his identity to his son and gives him instructions how to reach the end of the passage in safety and to obtain the aid of the outlaws.

"But you're droppin' for need o' sleep, woman. Ye must, Jean, ye must."

"There's no use pratin'. I canno' leave the bairn an' I will no'. How could I face Lady Margaret?—God's ain angel she ha' been to us—an' how could I face her if I did no' do my best to save the wee chief? Little enough I ken—o' the what an' the when o' given yerbs an' potion. I can do a' I can—that's a'. I'll no' fail Lady Margaret in her oor o' need!"

"But, Jean, yer no' made o' iron, woman! You canno' stand it much longer!"

"Much longer! It'll no' be much longer. Gin I dinna get yon fever doon there will be no little tongue to rave this evenin'."

"Dinna, Jeanie, dinna say that! The wee lairdie canno' die!—He munno' die! A' the hope o' Clan Gordon is in him!"

"John! John! ye munno' be flyin' in the face o' the Almighty, man! It's His to say 'live' or 'die.'"

"I did no' mean it that way, lass—God forgive me an' His will be done!—But the chief is dead these ten long years an' gin the boy die, Sir Roger will be earl. What can the Gordons hope fra' yon weakling or any sprig o' his?"

"God kens best, John. Perhaps the bairn would only suffer as did Sir Angus, as did oor ain Sir Jamie."

"Ye are right, lass, ye are right. A brave heart canno' do a'. The lad might lead us in one last battle an' then gang to the block or worse. God kens best. Poor bairn, he has suffered aboon measure noo. Gin he is to die, God grant me one thing: let the boy ha' his wits long eno' to tell me who 'twas that beat him. An' I hang for it, I'll gie the coward cur the same—blow for blow!—But, he's sleepin' noo, Jeanie. Can ye no' trust me to care for him a wee bit, whiles ye go an' rest?"

"Will ye gie me yer word to call me gin he gets wild like or sinks o'er low?"

"Aye, an' I will, lass. I dinna ken wha's to be done when he's bad off—but whiles he's sleepin', sure ye can trust me."

It is wonderful how gentle some great

rough men can be. Muckle John sat by the child all day, for both the lad and Jean slept on and on. Now and then he sponged the hot little body, gently, so gently, the boy did not stir. Two or three times the seaman roused the sleeper and gave him a drink of soup; the half-open, blue eyes seemed to thank him and then closed again. Hour after hour Muckle John sat watching the little face, his beads slowly gliding through his fingers, praying from the depths of his simple fervent heart for his little chieftain and for Clan Gordon.

The sun was setting—long shafts of light glinting along the heather, under the oak branch without the door, and in through the low window till they danced over the little sleeper,—and the Douglas eyes opened clear and quiet.

"Where am I, kind fisherman? I should not be lying in bed. See, the dawn has come at last! I came seeking Muckle John-o'-the-Cleuth. Can you—"

"Aye, little laird, here be Muckle John, so dinna be worritin', just drink a wee bit o' soup and sleep again."

"No, no, if I have found you, we must go. My father told me—"

"Alack-a-day!—There he goes again. I thought he had his wits, but no,—an' the earl dead these ten years!"

"That is what I thought, but it is not so. You see, Muckle John, mother told me if ever I should be in trouble to go to the outlaws on Ben Ender. She said there was one man, the best of them all—the grandson of Tam the Armorer—Muckle John-o'-the-Cleuth."

"Did Lady Margaret say that?—A proud man am I this day. I'd rather ha' her praise than a' the words o' a' the queens o' Scotland. In trouble was you, little laird, an' to us ye came, safe ye are; but dinna talk o'er much noo an' rest again."

"Rest?—No!—The dawn is here."

"But lairdie, ain thing i'd ask—who was it, beat ye?"

"Sir Roger. We don't get on together—but that's over now and we must go—"

"Na, my bonny, tell me o' that an' then close yer eyes."

"No, John, no!—we are losing time. My father—"

"Is in heaven hie the Great White Throne wi' Sir Angus an'—"

"No, no!—father is in the dungeon and he told me to—"

"Dinna be worritin', ye lairdie. The seaman tenderly moistened the child's brow. "There noo—there my bairnie—ye be safe—an' a' is well."

"But my father bade me—"

"Who told you that?"

"Why he told me himself when I saw him a couple of hours ago in the dungeon."

"Saw him?"

"Well, it's just the same. It was dark down there, but I was holding his hand all the time we—"

"Has he wits or no? His eyes are clear."

"Has my father wits? Why Muckle John!"

"Na', na', darlin', ye did no' catch the drift o' my words. Where did you see Sir Jamie?"

"It was when I was crawling through the passage—I found him down near the dungeon. He got away from the king's dragoons—and Uncle Roger put him there—where the light of God's day never comes. Father has been there since I was a baby—and I think mother—is there." Talking was weary business. Gordon was gasping now as he spoke.

Muckle John's face was gentle, his voice low as a mother crooning a lullaby; but in his eyes was the coming fury, still controlled, like the sea along the Highland coast slowly rolling its oily billows just before the breaking of the storm. Know—he must know; but should excitement raise the fever in that little gasping form, the tiny thread of life might snap.

"Lady Margaret, did ye say, my bairnie? Dinna fear, we'll go for her and for Sir Jamie. Where be they?"

"In the dungeon—father is way down—under—the north tower. Mother—I don't know—just where."

"Did the chief gie any orders?"

"He bade me tell you—bring the outlaws—a pick—a crowbar—an axe—to dig out the hole—so he—can crawl—through."

"Dinna' try to talk, darlin', when the breath chokes ye sa' sair. Wait a wee bit, then tell me by which passage ye came."

"No—we must not—lose time. I left—patches of my kilt—under—the stones. You just—follow me. I'll lead—you—straight—back to him."

"There, there, little lairdie, dinna worrit yersel'. Ye need no' gang back. A' the lads o' the Cleuth will be rooned alud Ben Ender's foot afore the red ha' left yon little cloud."

"But—I must—I must—lead—you through—that—pitted—place." Gordon tried to rise, but the small head would not leave the pillow. "I can't—get it up—John. Why can't—I—get it up?" he whispered, sinking back with a pitiful gasp.

"Dinna be worritin', bairnie. Ye are a wee bit weak the day, trapesing through the mud an' a' that. Just be saying to yersel', Muckle John will care for them a', an' I can be restin'."

Gordon looked up at the fisherman with a faint smile. This talking was hard work. It was good to rest his burden on such broad shoulders. Then

through half-closed lids he watched the burly giant tip-toeing across the room, whispering a few words to Jeanie, coming back to get his sword from the wall, and passing out into the yellow light by the door.

"Dawn has come—and Muckle John—big Muckle John—can do it." Then the white lids closed and Gordon slept.

As the fisherman passed from the shadow of the oak beside his cabin, a dozen men sprang from the doors of huts half-hidden amid heather.

"Hist!" growled Muckle John. "News fra' the chief! Tak' the Ben Ender path for Rock Ravenhurst whiles I'm tellin' ye!—No time's to spare. Wat, ye an' Will raise the rest o' the lads an' follow! Hist!—step on the grass, yon craunchin' foot may wake him!"

"How is the chief?"

"He woke wi' his wits, towards sunset. Jean says the turn be past. There's hope—but we canno' stand pratin'. Sir Jamie is livin'—shut up these ten years beneath the tower."

"Who—"

"Who?—Can ye ask? Roger an' yon dell Bertrandson, they be at the bottom o' it. 'Twas the weakling that beat the bairn! God gie me strength o' arm till I gie him the same! An' I will—blow for blow—an' worse!—There's a galley whip—yon deep-sea man, McMurdoc, gie it to me—for to see how poor Peter would be used if he was sent to the oars. —Well, eno' o' that. Tha' knouted lash is in the chest by my berth in the cabin o' the Nancy Kitts. Lang Andrew, ga doon to the lugger an' bring it. Roger Gordon'll ken the taste o' his ain potions an' I hang for it!"

A low, thundering growl echoed from the men.

"Sir Roger!"

"Some o' his deil work!"

"His ain brother!"

"The bairn's his brother's son!"

"What's blood to a coward?"

"Blood? Roger's no' o' Gordon blood, he's a deil changeling—a weakling o' the line o' Lang Sword!—ma!"

"That's no' a'! Lady Margaret's there!"

"Our lady!"

"Aye!"

"Lady Margaret!—She that's ben like ain o' God's angels for goodness!"

"Many a comfortin' bit she ha' sent to my auld granny!"

"An' my Ben—wi' his crooked back—knitted clothes for him wi' her ain fingers!"

"If Roger ha' harmed her!"

"Harm!—Would ye look at the bairn an' speak o' harm?—Bleedin' wounds that will no' heal!"

"Roger'll see the bottom o' hell afore sunup—"

"An' Bertrandson wi' him!"

"Aye!—gie them a fling fra' the auld tower that o'erlooks the frith!"

"Good an' weel, but mind I ha' my turn first! Roger'll ha' his due this night or I'm no Muckle John-o'-the-Cleuth. Come!—spare wagging' o' tongues; 'tis words should be waggin'! The lad's been lyin' on my cot these ten days, an' the chief must think we ha' lagged. Forward!"

Turning as he spoke, he left the road for the path across the foothills of Ben Ender, followed by the remnant of the outlawed Gordon clan. A remnant indeed! At their head, the grandson of Tam the Armorer, Muckle John-o'-the-Cleuth; on his scarred, storm-beaten face a look, black, seething, furious; at his back, his six bold sons that manned the Nancy Kitts. Then came one whose step was even, sharp, and firm—the slant rays glittered on his arms as if they touched the bosom of the frith—a veteran trained in war, not a mere volunteer, and every inch a soldier still, although the hair beneath the battered, old-time helmet was white as the snow on Ben Ender; the last of all the clansmen who followed Tam to meet Sir Angus, years and years before. Behind him came a dozen fellows, rough and rude, with shaggy beards and matted hair, who carried their spears as shepherds do their crooks. Some were gray and bent; some young and tall; and one, a boy panting in his struggle to keep pace with the men, the scabbard of his father's sword trailing behind him on the ground. The remnant of an outlawed earl coming at the call of their outlawed earl!

The red died from the sky. They hurried on through the gathering darkness. Ben Ender's huge bulk loomed nearer. The oaks tossed and rustled in the wind. Then a voice whispered, "We be nigh where the passage opens. Here's a dead pine; do you want the dry wood for torches, Muckle John?"

"Na—we'll ha' trouble eno' to breathe wi'out smoke. I ha' candles, gin they be needed. Each man keep in touch o' the ain in front o' him. Put little Dave in the midst, lest ye lose him. Gin ye find a bit o' plaid beneath a stone, let me know." Muckle John drew aside the branch which overhung the hole and crept in.

They had been crawling through the tunnel for fully half an hour when a whisper passed from man to man, "Aye patch o' plaid yet?"

And the answer drifted back, "No."

Then they crawled on for an hour or more; still there was no sign beneath the stones. Muckle John halted. "Donald," he whispered.

"Aye, sir!" came the old soldier's voice.

"Ha' ye ever been through the passage?"

"Aye, sir, ain time—but it was years ago."

"There be no sign o' plaid yet an' here be three openin's."

"Mayhap some one's been afore us. There should be signs cut in the arches. Aye—here it be—ain cross—ain cross—I mind now—that ends on the south front nigh the room o' the great folk."

"That will na' do; we'd ha' to cross the whole hoose." Muckle John struck his flint and steel; there was a point of light in the darkness, then a tiny flame.

Donald ran his fingers along the next arch. "Ain cross, twa—twa crosses—twa crosses—I dinna mind a passage o' twa crosses. Weel, here be the last—ain—twa—thra—thra crosses. Na! na! I ha' mind eno' o' thra crosses. 'Tis the Blind Duncan that ha' thra crosses. Thanks be to our Lady I minded it in time—some ain or a' o' us would ha' fallen in the pits."

"Pits?—the wee laird spoke o' guiding us through a pitted—"

"Na, Muckle John!—do ye ken what yeon blind death-trap be?"

"But the bairn said his father bade—"

"The wee head is yet added wi' fever. Na doot Sir Jamie told him how to keep out o' it. The earl would no' ha' sent him through, unless he'd given his wits the go-by."

"Or, unless the need—"

"Weel, an' if the need be great, we could try it; but 'tis mair to my mind to ga by the twa cross way. Still ye be leader, Muckle John, an' gin ye say—"

"Na, na, Donald—we'll gang by the twa crosses first, an' see where we come out." The fisherman blew out the candle and they crawled on again.

Perhaps it was an hour afterward that Muckle John's voice came in a whisper. "Hist!—light ahead—never a sound that a rat could hear! Dirks ready!"

The light drew near, a bar of yellow darting out from the side wall. They could see the cobwebs across the passage, and the spiders. An angry voice sounded sharply through the silence. The fisherman crept onward stealthily till his eye was at the opening. Godfrey stood a few feet from him and there was a girl with terror in her eyes. "I tell you, Master Godfrey," she was pleading. "I tell you I do not know."

"How much longer do you intend to keep on lying?" growled the man stepping forward. "Do you think you can deceive me? The boy did not fly out the window, or crawl out the keyhole. That door was opened. You did it or you know who did. Mind, I saw you whispering through the keyhole."

"Sir, I did but say—"

"Is it fifty times you've told that lie or a hundred? Tell the truth or—"

"Master Godfrey, oh, I have, sir!—over and over so many times, sir!—if you would only believe—"

"All the rubbish I hear? No, I am not easily deceived, Betsy, and you will tell me what you know—or—"

"But I don't know anything, sir, nothing at all, sir. Please let me go back to my work, Master Godfrey. My mother has been without my wages since Saturday. She is old and bedridden, sir—I—the rent and all—"

"Your mother may go to the poor-house or to hell!—It is all one to me; but you do not leave this room till you tell me what you know. I told you that ten days ago!"

"But, sir, I don't know, sir!"

"Hold that lying tongue!—A little pain will soon wring the truth out of you!" With a curse, he raised his cane to strike her.

"O, Master Godfrey! Master Godfrey!"

This was too much for Muckle John. He hurled his mighty bulk against the wall; the board splintered under his weight; struggling through the opening, he caught by one hand and dropped. Godfrey whirled on his heel at the sound, to face the giant fisherman towering above him, and the dirk gleaming in the candlelight. "Gie ain sound an' I'll drive it through the black heart o' ye, deil's bloodhound that ye are."

Godfrey's white lips twitched. "What do you want here?" he snarled.

The room had filled with outlaws. "Kill him noo," growled one. "Why are ye waiting, Muckle John?"

"Hold yer tongue, Max," whispered Donald. "Do ye no' ken there be a woman here? That's no' for a lass to see." Then stepping toward Betsy, he said kindly, "Ha' no fear, poor child, we outlaws be mair rough in look than in deed."

"Lang Andrew," came Muckle John's voice, "take charge o' yon lass. See that no harm befall her. Ye'll answer to Sir Jamie if ye fail."

"Aye, sir."

"An' noo' for ye, Godfrey, gin ye value yer life, ye'll answer a question or twa. I'm no' sayin' I'll spare ye gin he do, but if ye will na', I'll dirk ye noo an' end o' it. No man ever stood in worse need o' it save it be that asp—yer father. Still that's neither here nor there. Where be the dungeon keys?"

"Hanging on a peg in Sir Roger's room."

"He is lying," whispered Betsy. "They are in his doublet."

Godfrey snarled, looked at the dirk, then drew them out.

"In which cells be Sir Jamie and Lady Margaret?"

"I shall tell you that gladly." An

ugly smile crossed his face. "Much good may it do you!—The earl's, third level, second corridor, right cell, Fire-the-Brae's dungeon. The lady's, second level, fourth corridor, third cell of the same. I shall tell you what you will find when you reach them,—that may be of interest to you. In my lord the earl's apartment a hole, a sort of tunnel, some fifteen feet in length, leading into the 'Blind Dungeon,' dug straight through the solid masonry with the Lord knows what, never had a tool save his finger-nails. In the apartment of my lady the countess, a hole near the ceiling, somewhat like the one you came through a moment since, probably made in the same way, and naught else save a bed and two broken stools. Go down if you wish and see for yourself,—you are quite welcome." Godfrey chuckled; there was an evil joy in his face. "Now I know just where they are. After searching the passages, Sir Roger made up his mind they were with you. They are not, else you would not now be seeking them, and I know where they are. You have the boy I hear,—well, keep him—much good may it do you. Can you prove before the Scottish courts that he is the heir? Those who could are safe, that is all; dead folk tell no tales. Where?—Drowned in the great cistern. The main passage runs above it, the floor has rotted through. Poor Joe Baxter got his death there five days ago; that is how we found the hole. We could not reach him with a rope; heard him yelping for a while; then he went under. I said then my lord and his lady were with you or in the cistern. We shall drag the pool tomorrow; water is not wholesome with too many dead bodies in it. Stay and go to the funeral if you wish; you are welcome. Send one of these lads for the young Gordon; the brat may act as chief mourner." Godfrey ended with a curse and a laugh.

"Ye'll keep the name of God off that foul tongue of yours. If you be telling a lie, I think I'll dirk ye; if ye be telling the truth, I know ye. Ain thing I'm sure of, Godfrey son o' Bertrand, ye sa o'er wise an' a-knowin' that 'tis a pity auld Satan has no' gied ye a seat on his council bench. Ha' a care, man, we folk o' the Cleuth ha' borne much, o'er much, but dinna think we be lambs at a times an' in a' places. Wat an' Will, this deil is under yer guard—dirk him if he makes a sound. The rest—take off your boots and follow me."

CHAPTER XV

OLD EDWIN AT YOUR SERVICE
FROM the lower end of the hall came the regular tread of a sentinel. Muckle John raised his hand. "Hist!—stay where ye be, Donald," and the fisherman stole forward alone; keeping

in the shadow of the wall a moment, then crouching behind a pillar, he waited.

The soldier came steadily on. "Two o'clock an' a' is weel!" The deep voice rang out and the echo ran along the empty corridors beyond.

"Dinna make sa' sure o' that!" muttered the fisherman, springing upon the sentry's back, as he passed, and claspng one mighty hand over his mouth. A short struggle, a heavy fall, they grappled fiercely on the stone floor; then their faces came together. "Edwin!" gasped Muckle John, taking his hand from the soldier's mouth. "The saints must ha' put ye on guard this night!"

"Edwin, aye, Edwin, an' at yer service, though it's no' overkind ye be to an auld sailing mate. What brings ye here, Muckle John?"

"We be hunting for the earl and Lady Margaret."

"Are they no' wi' you?—A weel an' a weel, I thought them safe wi' you."

"Yon Godfrey thinks they fell in the cistern."

"Na-na. Sir Jamie kens o' the hole. The wee laird fell through it."

"Then where be they?"

"Ye are asking a donkey for wisdom. I was hoping them safe wi' ye at the Cleuth."

"Bertrandson said a' the secret ways ha' been searched."

"Godfrey—nothing was known till Godfrey came upon earth, an' when he dies, a' knowledge will gang a gay gait. But ain thing auld Edwin kens an' he dinna: some of the secret ways be writ on charts an' maps an' a' that, but how to open closed doors an' how to ga' fra' ain to another is writ in the earl's head. Sir Jamie can play at hide an' seek while he will, and 'twill be a wiser man than Godfrey that catches him. They may be in sair need o' food, though—"

"Noo, what o' Sir Jamie?"

"Weel, gin ye'll hald yer tongue, I'll tell ye. After searching the hoos fra' end to end, Godfrey starts through a' the batridden secret ways in his ken—which is no' all o' them. On the third day, twa o' us found a hole nigh the turret o' the north tower. I was for going through, but my mate said 'twas o' na use; he had climbed through a' of the spider webs he would save under orders, an' he had bat bites a-plenty. If ga' I would, I'd ga' alone, but I couldn't get it off my mind that the poor frightened bairn might be dyin' doon in some auld hole; an' ain time I had telt him auld Edwin would be at his service when trouble came upon him, so in I went."

"Yer tale be round aboot eno'—go to the point or quit!"

"Weel, weel, noo, Muckle John, gie me time. I ran my sword in as far as might be an' findin' nathin' puts in my

hand—the hole was larger wrothin, the square stane seemed blockin' up the way. I began to think 'twas some poor prisoner's—"

"I wod I could block yer tongue; ye prate mair an' say less ner any man o' my ken!"

"As I was teltin ye, gin ye wod hald yer whist, the stane was blocking up the hole, the mortar a' but gone made the rock loose, ain good strong push fra' within would ha' shoved it oot in the passage; but moldy bread is na o'er good for making muscle—"

"Na doot the bread molded whiles ye were teltin' the cook ta make it; gin ye must prate sa lang, gie speed to yer tongue!"

"Speed?—Who be the ain that be stoppin' me? Weel, thinks I, 'tis a prisoner's worm hole, na doot, an' the fellow canna punch oot the stane—little dreamin' wha—"

"Who was it?"

"Hald yer whist! Weel, I braced myself, gied a tug or twa, an' oot it came. The hole was too small for crawlin'; 'twas a' I could do to wiggle through. I put my candle ahead o' me an' my sword—"

"Small wonder ye did na send a reel or twa o' yer tongue ahead o' ye, 'twould reach—"

"Hist, Muckle John; noo as I was teltin' ye, this hole was some fifteen feet or mair long an' ended in a round o' blackness. On a sudden in the openin' came a face—fear, John, I'll no' fear mair when I'm dyin'—'twas the face o' auld Sir Angus, white hair shadin' his deep-set eyes, beard a' matted an' foul wi' dirt. I'll meet any man livin' wi' sword, gun or neither, but meet them who should be restin' in their graves i' the kirkyard—na, na, John—let a priest do that. I drops my sword an' starts back. 'Edwin,' he calls in a hoarse kind o' whisper; an' gin I feared afore, what would ye name it noo? Yet, it struck me queer then, the face was o' Sir Angus, but the voice was o' Sir Jamie. I makes na answer—need I telt ye?—only crawls backwards as fast as might be—or rather wiggles fer—"

"What be crawlin' or wigglin' to me? Ga on wi' the tale! Who was it?"

"Weel, weel, John, as I wiggles back he calls oot again, 'Edwin!' an' bein' to climb in at tother end o' the tunnel. 'Edwin, lad, surely you will not refuse to help me!' Then I minds a' the kindness he ha' shown to me an' mine. Thinks I, 'A man should serve his chieftain that's livin', mayhap he should serve ain that's dead'; sa I hunts up my grit, stiffens my backbone, shoots oot my right hand quick an' makes the sign o' the cross. 'In the name o' God!' cries I. 'Sir Angus, ask what ye will—but haste. I'll ha' Masses said or what not—"

gin I hang for it—only gang back to yer grave!"

"An' the spirit—what said the spirit?"

"He laughed. Gin ye heard that laugh, crackit an' hoarse an a', but gin he heard it ye wud ken 'twas na a spirit, 'twas Sir Jamie. That laugh took a' the fear oot o' me."

"An' Lady Margaret? What ken ye o' her?"

"Weel, to mak the tale short, the chief kens o' a passage runnin' by her cell, an' I broke in the panel an' helped them oot."

"How had she fared?"

"Pretty weel oof, considerin', ye see, the guards had guessed who was in that cell an' had dropped fruit an' meat an' such like doon the food shoot. We had been playin' that game a' winter when chances came oor way; mayhap, that kept her up. Auld Benson, poor body, she be the worst oof. I'm feared she be dead by noo. 'Twas luck I had brought a flask o' brandy wi' me to gie young Gordon, gin I found him fainted; so I gied it to Lady Margaret. Once I came back to them wi' what food I could find, but on the third trip I found no one. I thought they must be safe wi' ye at the Cleuth. Noo, where be they?"

"Gin they are no' in the dungeon, Edwin, 'tis waste o' time to ga there. We must begin to search the secret ways—"

"Yet afore ye ga, Muckle John, I see ye ha' the keys an' I wud ye'd do a kind turn an' let my mate Dick oot o' cell seiven."

"Dick!—an' what's he in for?"

"Ten days agoon ye was a' called oot to chase doon a thief wi' the hounds. Sir Roger was in a deil's mood—the same he's been in since he beat the lad. Weel, he speaks to Godfrey o'er loud, sa we gets the word 'tis Friar Stephen we be chasin' an' na thief at a'. Just then Dick's hound gets the scent. The man wud die afore he'd let harm come on the friar; sa he gied the dog a kick in the mouth that broke the beast's muzzle an' flung him fair oot in the middle o' the heather. Shame to treat a good hound sa, but 'twas that or the life o' Stephen Douglas. Dick might ha' passed the trick on yon dunce Sir Roger by saying the dog was aboot to bite him; but Godfrey was na to be caught; an' doon gaed Dick to the dungeon."

"Lead the way, Edwin, an' since we be in the business, there be Peter, who could be let oot as weel. Didn't pry a' o' his rent—doon sick, cow died, corn milwed—"

"Sa ye think that was why Peter gaed to the dungeon, do ye?"

"What mair do ye ken?" Muckle John looked at the soldier sharply.

"The same ye ken yersel'—but who tald ye?"

"Yon deep-sea man, McMurdoc, an',

gin ye ken a'ready, I'll telt ye. He said Godfrey found a drunken sailor who had been on his ship years agoon; an' the man tald Bertrandon that Peter had his dory nigh Rock Ravenhurst on the night, when the wee laird was stolen nine year agoon—ye mind?"

"Aye!—who dinna?—weel?"

"An' this drunken lout tald Godfrey, a man wrapped round in a lang cloak an' carryin' something came oot fra' a cave—"

"The sea end o' the secret passage!—I ken the spot weel."

"An' the ain in the cloak got into Peter's dory an' he rowed the stranger to McMurdoc's ship; but, whiles the man was climbin' up to the deck, that something he carried made sound—'twas a bairn wailin' for his mither."

"Peter ha' never said yet who was the stranger?"

"Na—ner will he!—But McMurdoc feared they wud send him to the galleys or mayhap rack him because he wud no—"

"Weel—Godfrey did gie him the lash, but Peter was o'er much loved by the men o' the guard. Gin Bertrandon had gaed farther, the whole garrison wud ha' mutinied; an' he was too cunning to risk a' that; sa he put Peter doon here till he'd gie in."

"Which will be on' the Day o' Doom an' no' before!"

"Weel, 'twas my lot to bring him doon an' chain him in his cell. Peter saw by my eyes I kenned who 'twas that took the bairn."

"Small wonder when it was yersel', Edwin, that auld Benson sent wi' Lady Margaret's message."

"Whist, Muckle John; ye ken o'er much. Mind yer foot on the stair; it's no' steady an' apt to scream when ye step. Weel, Peter begs me to make it seem he was in trouble for no' payin' his rent—'twas no' a lie, he hadna' done it—but he says, gin it ever got oot the real cause, then Friar Stephen wud gie himsel' up to save Peter—an' that be true—ye ken it be. An' Peter ye ken he'd die an' gladly afore evil came on the priest. 'What be my life worth aside o' the life o' ain like yon saint o' God, Stephen Douglas; there'd be na Mass an' na rites for the dyin'! Hist!—here be the cell—gie me the keys."

The chains and bars grated harshly; the iron-bound door turned on its rusty hinges; a gaunt man sprang from the floor, his wild eyes gleaming below a mass of tangled hair. "What wud ye noo?" he growled, clanking his chains as he stumbled backward.

"Hist!—no' sa loud, Peter!"

"Muckle John!—as I'm livin'—Muckle John!—an' are ye doon noo?—Who' will fish for the bairns o' the Cleuth?—How be Anna farin'?"

"Yer wife be doin' weel, an' yer little bairns be fat an' rosy. Come quick, man, ye are goin' to them."

"Dinna joke wi' me, John; I canna stand it!"

"Joke! Why, it's true, man! Wat an' Will an' a' the lad o' the Cleuth be up in the hall waiting. David be there, an' the size o' him for his years! When he sees the men goin', he runs fer yer sword. 'Ga, Dave,' says yer Anna, whiles she belted it on him—an' nigh twice rond him the leather went—'Ga, Dave, yer father canna answer the earl's call; ga take his place!'"

"I had na doot Anna wud train him right." There was honest pride in the good man's voice.

"Come, come, we be laggin'. The last fetter is loosened! Edwin, ged Dick an' who else ye will. I'm goin' up wi' Peter."

"Wat," whispered Muckle John, as they reached the waiting outlaws, "here be yer uncle, aye, Will, yer Uncle Peter!"

"O, Daddy!" cried David, trailing the long scabbard behind him as he ran. "O, Daddy! I was just noo hopin' Sir Jamie —"

"Halt! or I fire!" Old Donald's voice rang out. They turned. Godfrey was half-way up the corridor running for his life. "Halt!" the time-worn hackbut blazed, but the old soldier's aim was not what it had been in years gone by; the bullet flattened against the wall. Godfrey leaped up a stairway; his voice came echoing back, sounding the alarm.

The guards looked at Muckle John, then at each other. "'Tis my ain fault. Wat," growled the fisherman. "I forgot the post I gied ye. Donald should ha' been in command an' no' me!"

"Hist!" Edwin's voice came from the end of the hall. "This way!—The kitchen stairs!—Quick!—They'll be afore ye!" The outlaws dashed down the corridor and up the stairs. Arms clanked on the landing. Sir Roger's voice rang curtly from the upper hall, "Shoot the first head that comes above the step!" From the hall below, the sound of hurried marching and Godfrey's triumphant, "Bottled in the stairway!—Well done!—Here's the end of those rebellious outlaws!"

A scratching in the wainscoting near Muckle John's head—he looked up—just a crack slowly widening—four slender white fingers sliding the panel back—Lady Margaret's low, "Quick John!—open it for me!" The fisherman's mighty hand slid the panel back sharply. It seemed but a moment till all were in the dark passage, and the secret door was again closed.

"Fire!" Godfrey's voice rang from below. A valley of shots spat up the stair-case. "Charge!"—A thunder of footsteps—

(To be continued.)

THE HOUSEWARMING

By P. D. MURPHY

SO LONG as Jane Ann Cassidy, who kept the little grocery store at Glenlee, enjoyed a monopoly of the trade of the district, she was content to conduct her business on the take it or leave it principle. It was not that she was discourteous to those who patronized her modest establishment. On the contrary, she was, in the current phrase, at the beck and call of any one who needed her assistance. But she had ideas of her own as to how a business should be conducted; and these ideas, conservative and out of date, she carried out with the utmost fidelity. For instance, she had a childlike faith in the superiority of Malone's vinegar; and if a customer happened to want Maguire's, that customer had to want, so far as Jane Ann was concerned. And so it was with every line of goods she carried. Had an ordinary woman attempted to conduct a store in such a manner, disaster would have speedily overtaken the enterprise. But Jane Ann, like Charley's aunt, was no ordinary woman. She was an institution, and as such she succeeded where an ordinary individual would have failed.

When in the early fall news reached Glenlee that a grocer's clerk from the neighboring town had decided to open a rival establishment, the countryside gasped in amazement. However much people disliked Jane Ann's trading methods, they all felt genuinely sorry for her. The district was but sparsely populated; and, however loyal the majority might remain to Jane Ann, the number that, for one reason or another, would inevitably gravitate toward a more enterprising competitor might prove sufficient to turn a fair yield into a positive loss. While people discussed the matter freely among themselves, not one had the heart to mention it to Jane Ann. For, as long as the oldest inhabitant could remember, the little store had served the needs of the community more or less satisfactorily. It had worked itself into the warp and woof of their existence; and, though the presence of a competitor might mean better service, not a few made it clear that they would regard the newcomer when he arrived as an interloper.

Within a week the little house over the way was in the hands of the builders and decorators. In less than a month the necessary alterations and repairs had been effected; and then when everything was ready Pat Ryan himself appeared upon the scene. He was a well-favored young man with a glib tongue

and a winning manner. The morning after his arrival a poster in the window announced to all and sundry that, to celebrate the opening of the store, the proprietor would at an early date invite the men and women of the neighborhood to a public dinner. The letter-press was so large that Jane Ann could read it from her own doorstep without the aid of her spectacles. Her face blanched a trifle, and she bit her lip in resentment when the true inwardness of the announcement dawned upon her. Legitimate competition, such as she had expected to encounter, she would have met with the utmost cheerfulness; but this was something in the nature of a bribe. Moreover, the newcomer had not only thrown down the gantlet but taken the initiative into his own hands at the very outset.

She had finished breakfast and was putting the little store in order for the day when Patsy Donohue arrived. Patsy was distantly related to her and frequently acted as her agent and intermediary.

"Bad news, Jane Ann," he remarked as he dropped into a chair by the fire-side.

"Well, it might be worse," Jane Ann returned.

"It might, indeed, and 'tis glad I am that you can see it in that light. You're not going to give him a walk-over, though, are you? You'll be the loser if you do."

"I have no idea of letting him have it all his own way, believe me. When the date of his dinner is announced, I'll start to work with a heart and a half."

"I suppose you've made your plans already."

"Why, of course I have. He says he's going to give a big dinner. Well, I'm going to give a bigger one the same night. But, mind, I want you to keep that to yourself for the present, Patsy."

"Oh, I won't breathe a word to a soul. I wonder where he is going to hold his dinner?"

Jane Ann took the chair on the opposite side of the fireplace.

"That's something that never occurred to me," she confessed. "Of course, he can't accommodate more than a dozen people in the store, so it's unlikely that he'll hold it there. At all events, mine is going to be held in the public school. Would you mind going down to Father Pat to tell him?"

Father Pat was manager of the school, an office which caused him more worry than any of his flock were aware. The

various societies in the parish used it as a meeting place, and when, as often happened, two or more of them wanted it for the same evening, his Reverence was often in a tight corner in deciding which should have the first reversion of it. So long as the Children of Mary, the Temperance Society, the Football Club, the Hurling Club, the Farmers' Union, the Co-operative Society, and the various other organizations confined themselves to their regular meeting nights everything worked smoothly, but the number of special meetings each thought it necessary to hold had grown to such proportions that to avoid disappointment reservation had to be made at least a month in advance. When, therefore, Patsy Donohue called at the presbytery, he knew that he could not pick and choose. As it happened, no reservation had been made for the last night of the month. Would that suit? Father Pat inquired.

"I suppose 'twill have to, Father," Patsy replied. "I'll find out what Jane Ann has to say about it and let you know."

"Yes, that's right. Now, if you'd only come an hour earlier I could have let you have it for the twenty-first. But the newcomer, Mr. Ryan, has just engaged it for that night."

"What's that, Father? Ryan taken it for the twenty-first? Oh, taranouns, but that puts us in an awful hole. You see, Jane Ann wants to have her dinner the same night that he has his. The last night of the month will be no good to us now."

He hurried back to Jane Ann with the tidings.

"He's stolen a march on us," he declared, "and taken the schoolhouse for the twenty-first. You'll have to keep your wits about you if you're going to beat him."

"So he's definitely fixed on the twenty-first?" she asked. "You're sure of that?"

"Why, of course. Didn't Father Pat himself tell me?"

"Good. I'm glad we know."

"But the school, Jane Ann. The loss of it doesn't seem to worry you."

"Well, why should it?"

"But there's no other place."

"If I have to give the dinner on the green outside, I'll give it on the night of the twenty-first. You can make your mind easy on that point, Patsy Donohue."

* * *

The evening train drew into the little wayside station, and two passengers stepped out on the platform. One was Jane Ann decked out in her Sunday finery. The other was a stranger, an aristocrat, evidently, judging by the

haughty stare with which he regarded the porter who was busily engaged transferring a number of packages from Jane Ann's compartment to the carriage waiting in the station yard.

"I say," the stranger called out to the porter, "I wish you'd give me a little of your—"

"To be sure," the porter interrupted. "That's what they all say. But ladies first, you know."

Jane Ann suppressed a smile but did not dare to raise her eyes. Instinctively she knew he was watching her, jealous perhaps of the attention she was receiving. And jealous he certainly was, though he was careful not to reveal it. It was intolerable that he at the sound of whose voice half a dozen waiters in Gresham would scamper off in as many different directions should be cut short by a mere railway porter. Yet now that he came to look at her more closely, the woman who was being waited on hand and foot was a lady even in his own narrow interpretation of the term. She had a distinguished air, a proud poise of the head, a perfect composure, and the carriage in the station yard with its pair of prancing grays bespoke wealth. Here were all the attributes of the class to which he belonged. It was matter for congratulation that this one-horse place had someone on whom he could call. For two straws he would go up and make himself known to her.

"Is that the last, Jim?" he heard her ask. The voice was rich and well modulated, but it gave him something of a shock to hear her call the porter by his first name. Ladies of gentle birth would never commit such an indiscretion. Perhaps, however, in this remote corner different standards ruled. On the whole, he did not think the less of her for it.

"Yes, ma'am, I counted them as I took them out," the porter answered. "Ah, thanks, Mrs. Cassidy. Safe journey and long life to you."

The stranger possessed his soul in patience until the carriage swung out of the station yard. Then he went up to the porter.

"I'm Sir John Leslie," he announced, "the new owner of Glenlee Manor."

"Do you tell me that?" the porter asked. "Well, man's the fine day's poaching I had there in the old man's time."

"Well, you won't have many in my time. You can make up your mind on that. Has any conveyance come to meet me, do you know?"

"Why should there? A big strapping man like you."

"But I don't know the way."

"Oh, but you can ask, can't you? Look here, you take the path across the

hills, and you'll be in Glenlee in an hour or so."

"Why, man, it will be dark in less than an hour."

"Well, I can't help that, can I?"

The new owner of Glenlee bit his lip in vexation. The hills looked bleak and desolate, and from where he stood they appeared to rise sheer out of an extensive plain. The gorse was ablaze with golden blossoms, and the wild cotton swaying in the breeze looked like the plumed hats of a fairy host.

"I told the housekeeper to be sure and send a carriage to meet this train," he remarked disconsolately.

"Now, maybe the poor woman was so flustered over your coming that she quite forgot to send the carriage," the porter hazarded. "Anyway, you've got to make the best of it; and, if you'll take my advice, you won't waste much more time here. The evening is getting on; and, if you're not over the hills before night falls, you may lose your way."

"I daresay you're right. Thank you for the advice. Good evening."

Halfway up the hill he paused to take breath. The worst of his journey was still before him, and to add to his dismay a gray fog was rising up all round. The ground was sodden after recent rains. At times he had difficulty in holding his feet. Seated at the wheel of his high-powered Rolls-Royce, or on the back of his favorite hunter, no man had a keener appreciation of the open air; but tramping across country was a different matter altogether. Only a fanatic could appreciate such a form of exercise. With a sigh he lit a cigar and resumed his journey, not with the dogged determination that might have helped him to forget his plight, but with the wavering purpose of a man walking to his doom.

An hour later, drenched to the skin and splashed with mud from head to heel, he stepped out on the road half a mile above Glenlee. Gone was every vestige of that air of superiority he affected in his most expansive moments—gone, too, that dignified bearing of which he was wont to be so proud. Tired and hungry as he was, he, the eleventh baronet of his line, would willingly accept hospitality at the hands of the humblest peasant in the neighborhood.

The jingle of a spring cart sounded in the distance. Sir John leant against the wall and waited till it came up.

"Say," he called as he stepped out on the road, "I'm down and out. Can you direct me to some house where I could get food and shelter for the night?"

The driver, who happened to be Pat Ryan, took the acetylene lamp out of its stand and held it so that the light fell

full on the unkempt figure of the baronet.

"You do look a sketch," he declared, as he suppressed a laugh. "Here, where shall we direct this fellow, Hegarty?"

Hegarty leant over and whispered something in his friend's ear.

"Why, the very thing," Ryan agreed. "Here, hop in and we'll do the best we can for you. But, mind, if it doesn't turn out as well as we expect, don't blame us."

They drove on a short distance and set the belated traveler down at a wrought-iron gate which opened on a wide carriage drive.

"There's a house at the end of this avenue that is renowned for its hospitality," Ryan informed him. "Tell her ladyship your story, and she may assist you. Good night and good luck."

Sir John thanked them profusely and staggered up the avenue. After a short walk he could discern the outlines of what appeared to be the residence of people of substance. Light was streaming from every window, and a babel of voices drowned the music of a piano.

He went up to the door and pressed the bell. Patsy Donohue, with his clay pipe in his mouth, answered the summons.

"Good evening," Sir John saluted. "I've lost my way and am both tired and hungry. May I—could you—?"

"Well, you know you're not in fit condition to sit at table with the guests," Patsy pointed out. "But the servants' entrance is at the rear, around here to the left."

The door was closed in his face, and he drew back into the shadow of the trees. Then pocketing his pride, he went around to the servants' entrance.

"Who was that, Patsy?" Jane Ann asked as her major-domo returned to the ballroom.

"Some tramp or other," Patsy answered. "I never saw him before."

"But you didn't send him away empty-handed, this night of all nights in the year, surely?"

"Oh, no, I couldn't bring myself to do that. I directed him to the servants' entrance, and you can rely on it that Mary Kelly will fix him up. Now, Jane Ann, 'tis time you and I showed these young people that, however ignorant we may be of waltzing and other foreign dances, we can still show 'em a thing or two when it comes to the jig, reel, and hornpipe."

"I haven't danced a step these twenty years."

"More shame 'tis for you, then. Come on at once, woman dear."

Down in the servants' hall Sir John was dining with all the zest of a hungry

man. Mary Kelly, who had volunteered to attend to the culinary arrangements for the evening, was cutting great pieces of meat and piling up his plate as fast as he could empty it. He wished that the meal had been served in daintier and more appetizing fashion; but his need was great, and he was not the man to look a gift horse in the mouth.

At length his hunger was appeased and he leant back in his chair thoroughly satisfied with the way things had turned out.

"Hunger is a dreadful thing," he remarked after a while.

"It is," Mary agreed. "God help the poor of the world."

"Ah—yes, of course. But, come now, don't you think a good deal of the poverty we see around us is attributable to improvidence or lack of effort?"

"Does that make hunger less dreadful? Which is responsible for your condition?"

"For my condition! Oh, I wasn't thinking about myself, you know."

"You must be a very queer man, then."

Sir John took out a gold cigar case and carefully extracted a cigar. Mary stepped back and looked at him in surprise.

"Do you know; I have a feeling you're not a poor man at all, but a fraud," she told him.

He laughed heartily as he emitted a column of blue vapor.

"What makes you think so?" he asked.

"Well, that cigar case for one thing. It must have cost a mint of money. Who and what are you?"

"Well, I'm Sir John Leslie, the new owner of Glenlee Manor. But don't go telling everybody about it, will you? You see, I'm—well, I don't look quite respectable in this get-up, do I?"

"The new owner of Glenlee Manor! Glory be! I've often seen a better looking man out in the garden frightening crows. But excuse me a minute; I want to see her ladyship."

Mary hurried upstairs to Jane Ann.

"Do you know who's down in the kitchen with me, Jane Ann?" she asked breathlessly.

Jane Ann shook her head.

"I have no idea, Mary," she answered.

"The new owner of Glenlee Manor, Sir John Leslie himself."

"You don't tell me! Why, here he comes, the dear man. Welcome home, Sir John. We're all delighted to see you. When we heard you were coming we decided to get up a little housewarming in your honor."

"Now that was very kind of you all," the baronet declared. "But whose place is this, may I ask?"

"Why, your own, of course. This is Glenlee Manor."

SUMMER DAY

Her grey mist veil aside she flings,
Free floats her shimmering hair,
Trailing her cloak of roseal cloud,
She threads the dawning's stair.

At her kiss the morning-glories wake,
Her cool hands lift a rose,
Down pansied paths her haunting breath
Sweet, drifting incense goes.

Joy-mad the mocker lilts her charms,
Her mantle lights the hill;
Through leafy screens her fair face smiles,
From her arms wild flowers spill.

The sky above her gleaming way,
Beams down, benignant, mild,—
As a mother's gaze indulgent bends
On the pranks of a merry child.

—Catherine Hayes



Missions

FELIPE DE NEVE, GOVERNOR

By FR. FRANCIS BORGIA, O. F. M.

FR. JUNIPERO SERRA was an optimist in the best sense of the word. No matter how the storm clouds of adversity might lower overhead, the cheering starlight of peace and hope never faded in the bosom of the saintly friar, while his smile of sweet composure would ever radiate warmth and vigor on those who had cast their lot with him. For every problem he had a solution; over every obstacle he knew a way; against every hurt he found a balm. Indeed, he may have sighed at times beneath the heavy burden that Divine Providence had placed on his shoulders. The stolid, fickle, and carnal-minded Indian may have often put his patience to a severe test. His own bodily infirmities may have sometimes clamored for the comforts of civilization. The hardships and trials he beheld his fellow missionaries undergoing may have wrung from him an occasional tear of deepest sympathy. The unfriendly attitude of the military heads and the vicious conduct of the soldiers may have caused him many a sleepless night. But what in his mind were all these things other than the final onslaughts of Satan against the kingdom of God, the spread of which, in California as elsewhere, he was bent on defeating. But God was still overhead, the Ruler of hearts and the Shaper of men's destinies, mightier than the powers of darkness and faithful to all who place their trust in Him. Then why falter? Why nourish sadness and despondency? God would not forsake him in the hour of need. To Him he would ever look for guidance and strength. Beneath the shadow of His wing he was safe and content. Thus, where worldly ambition, false presumption, and merely human resources would have failed, the optimism of Fr. Serra, born of faith, learning, and experience, scored a glorious victory.

Hence it was that, ever since his return to San Carlos Mission, he never tired of commending the changed attitude of Comandante Rivera, who had made life so bitter for the missionaries during the past year. Though Fr. Crespi and his two confreres were less optimis-

tic, their Fr. Presidente interpreted Rivera's unwonted friendliness as a sincere desire to atone for his past indiscretions.

"Surely," the friar would say, "'twas a dark and stormy period. But what of it? 'Tis over now, and we are no worse for the wear. See," having recourse, as was his wont, to Sacred Scripture, "winter is now past, the rain is over and gone. The flowers have appeared in our land; the time of pruning is come: Arise, my love, and come; for"—his countenance all radiant with joyous contentment—"a new era is dawning of peace and prosperity."

One afternoon about the middle of January, 1777, a corporal of the Monterey presidio arrived at San Carlos Mission and asked for Fr. Serra. The Indian boy whom he addressed pointed to the rear of the chapel. We can imagine the officer's surprise when he found the venerable missionary kneeling on the ground before a pile of clay and showing the Indians around him how to make adobes.

"*Buenas dias, Padre Presidente!* A note with best wishes from Señor Rivera," and more amused perhaps than edified, the officer dismounted.

"God bless you, Gabriel," Fr. Serra replied, while one of the Indians helped him to his feet. "All well at the presidio?"

"Yes, your Reverence, thank you."

"Just a minute, Gabriel, till I brush up a little," the missionary smiled with a pleasant nod to the Indian who was bringing a basin of water. "You see, we are busy making adobes for the new granary. We are expecting a bumper crop of wheat this year and shall need a place to store it."

"I thought the Indians made the adobes," the corporal remarked when Fr. Serra joined him and both proceeded to the house.

"They do," the other explained, "provided one of us is near to show them and to set the good example. Anyway, I enjoy the work immensely. It always recalls the days of childhood; and who would not be a child again?"

Then taking the note, he broke the seal and read the message.

"Good news, indeed. So Mission Santa Clara is founded."

"Yes, your Reverence, Fr. De la Peña celebrated the first holy Mass there last Sunday. When I left, they were beginning to clear the site for the buildings."

"Have you heard how they are progressing at San Francisco?"

At this the corporal flushed. Fr. Serra noticed it; and, surmising there was something the officer preferred to leave unmentioned, he quickly changed the subject and asked when he intended to set out for Santa Clara.

"Tomorrow," answered Gabriel, "provided Fr. Murguia can be ready by that time to accompany us. They are now at work at the presidio, packing the supplies destined for the new mission."

"Very well. Extend my greeting to Comandante Rivera and tell him that Fr. Murguia will arrive tomorrow morning in time to celebrate holy Mass."

An hour later, Fr. Murguia and a number of neophytes returned from the fields where they had been looking after the crops.

"Of course I am ready to go," he exclaimed when Fr. Serra proposed the matter to him.

"Surely," Fr. Crespi threw in, laughing, "he ought to be after two years of waiting and preparing."

Early the next morning, the missionary appointed for Santa Clara was on the road that led to the presidio of Monterey. Lively sentiments of joy and gratitude thrilled the soul of the Apostle of California when he extended his hands over the missionary kneeling before him and invoked Heaven's blessing on him and on the new enterprise.

"When may we expect your Reverence to pay us a visit?" Fr. Murguia asked, taking his staff and wallet from the Indian.

"As soon as Fr. Crespi lets me go," Serra answered with a hearty laugh. "He says I have to remain at home now for a while and doctor my sore leg. But remember me to Fr. De la Peña and tell him to take good care of his health."

and give my regards to the Fathers at San Francisco, should you chance to see them."

To christianize and civilize the aborigines was the sole object that had wrought the sons of St. Francis to California. Hence, in strict justice, they were not obliged to minister to the spiritual needs of the *gente de razon*—the people with reason—as the Spanish soldiers and settlers chose to style themselves in contradistinction to the Indians whom they supposed to be without reason. Still, there was another law, that of charity; wherefore, as long as the civil government neglected to provide military chaplains for the presidios, the friars, as true followers of the saint of charity, agreed to conduct divine services also at the presidios on all Sundays and holy-days of obligation and otherwise to look after the spiritual wants of their countrymen. In discharging this self-imposed duty, the missionaries were wont to take turns. Even Fr. Serra, though aged and infirm, insisted on sharing this unpleasant and often ungrateful burden. Thus it happened that on Sunday, February 2, Candlemas Day, he went over to Monterey in order to sing the High Mass and to bless the candles, as the rubrics for that day prescribe. No doubt, he would have much rather stayed at home with his beloved neophytes. But, aside from the fact that it was his turn to go, he had on this particular occasion a favor to ask of Comandante Rivera and thought it best to see him personally. So, leaving the mission in charge of Fr. Crespi and Fr. Dumetz, he left early that Sunday morning, accompanied by a number of trusty Indians.

Having finished divine services and visited one of the Spanish settlers who was ill, the zealous missionary made his way to the apartments of the comandante.

"I am sure he will not refuse the necessary guard," he said to himself, while passing across the plaza. "He knows how anxious I am to see the new missions."

Nor was he mistaken. Don Fernando received him with every mark of respect, declaring he would gladly accompany the Fr. Presidente; but he was just now working at his annual report to the viceroy and he did not think it well to put it off any longer.

"But a sergeant with five soldiers shall be at your service," he said. "They shall be down at the mission next Wednesday morning with everything necessary for the trip."

Thanking the comandante, Fr. Serra returned to the chapel where his neophytes were waiting for him.

It was Tuesday afternoon, the day before Fr. Serra's departure for the

north. The venerable missionary was in the chapel, instructing the children in Christian doctrine. He had just told them that on the morrow he would leave them for a week or two, and that he hoped they all would pray for his safe return, when of a sudden the door opened and Fr. Crespi entered. The expression on his face and the tone in which he whispered that a sergeant from the presidio was there with a message, told the Fr. Presidente that something was wrong. Leaving his confrère in charge of the children, he hastened to his apartments. With trembling hands he opened the note.

"Just a moment," he stammered, pale as a sheet, took up the quill that lay on the table and dashed off a brief reply.

Scarcely ten minutes after the departure of the soldier, Fr. Crespi entered.

"For heaven's sake, Padre," he cried. "What has happened?"

"Listen, *querido mio*," Fr. Serra replied, straining every nerve to regain his composure.

"Very Reverend Fr. Presidente:—Just a few lines to inform your Reverence that I arrived at this presidio yesterday afternoon. By order of his Majesty, whom God may preserve, I am henceforth to reside here at Monterey as governor of California. If it please your Reverence, I shall visit San Carlos Mission to-morrow afternoon. I have some very important matters to discuss with you. God have your Reverence in his kindly keeping."

"Felipe de Neve, Governor."

"What? Neve, governor?"

"Ah, Padre—" and nervously Fr. Serra fumbled the note between his fingers. For a moment the two missionaries gazed at each other in profound silence.

"Felipe de Neve, governor—Neve—Neve—" Fr. Crespi kept repeating to himself. Then, turning to his beloved superior, "Padre, tell me, are the missions going to fare better under his management?"

The only response was a deep-drawn sigh. Only too well did the Fr. Presidente comprehend how reasonable were the misgivings that the other's question implied.

"And your trip to the north?"

"As God wills."

Toward evening, Fr. Dumetz returned from the rancheria whither he had gone to baptize a dying Indian. His comments on the unexpected change in the military department of the province were all but cheering. It was not, however, until Fr. Serra went out to confer with the *mayordomo* that he ventured to unbosom himself. He as well as Fr. Crespi had lived and labored long enough with their esteemed Fr. Presidente to know that

nothing pained him more than to see them then despondent and to hear them denouncing the vexatious attitude of the military heads.

"I may be mistaken," Fr. Dumetz observed; "but there is ample reason, I think, for believing that this change is due to sinister forces secretly at work in Mexico and Spain. Do you remember what Fr. Guardian wrote a little over a year ago?"

"You mean that warning to preserve harmony with Comandante Rivera?"

"Precisely. And the reason he gave was because they, in Mexico, were certain that he had secret orders from such as directed their projects more to territorial expansion than to the spiritual conquest of souls. Now, put two and two together and what do you get?"

"I wonder," his confrère put in, "what Fr. Lasuén will say when he hears of the change."

"And Fr. Paláu. How determined he was last fall to ignore Rivera's orders and to proceed with the founding of the mission at San Francisco."

"To be candid, at times I do wish our Fr. Presidente were a little less forebearing."

"There's the rub, Padre. Even patience and forbearance must have a limit. Fr. Serra is too indulgent and accommodating. Rivera shaped his policy accordingly; otherwise he would not have dared to perpetrate those outrages in that San Diego affair. With men like Fr. Lasuén and Fr. Figuer from sheer disgust demanding permission to return to the College, with an arrogant and spiteful comandante venting his spleen on us, with obstacles and disappointments crowding in on all sides—"

"Don't Padre, don't rehearse that sad story," Fr. Crespi interrupted. "Remember, it is God's work we are engaged in; and He knows who is best fitted to oversee and direct that work. This much is certain; only for our beloved Fr. Serra—but see, there he is coming from the chapel."

The next moment the saintly friar stepped into the room.

"Well, Padre," he said, turning to Fr. Dumetz, "you must be tired after that long tramp to the rancheria. Were you in time?"

"Yes, your Reverence. But by now, I presume, the Indian is in heaven. He was very low when I arrived."

Just then an Indian youth entered carrying a bowl of *atole*.

"And how is our Ignacio this evening?" Fr. Serra asked with a gentle smile.

"Bueno, Padre, bueno," the servant replied, evidently pleased with this little

token of recognition from one he loved so tenderly.

"Ignacio, tell the Fathers how many adobes you made this afternoon."

Setting down the bowl, the Indian held up both hands.

"Fine! Ten adobes! Then you must be hungry, too."

"Si, si, Padre, mucho."

"All right. Now hurry over to the *pozolera*, and tell Francisco to give you a good big portion."

No wonder the Apostle of California was so loved and revered by the child-like neophytes. Their native alertness soon detected in him a loving father and true friend. As to his fellow missionaries, if some were not in full accord with his policy, all had to admire and reverence the man of God whose imperturbable serenity of mind was their mainstay in the days of thickest gloom. No doubt, many a time that evening, while discussing with him the reception to be accorded the new governor, Fr. Crespi and Fr. Dumetz reflected how soon the counsel and example of their Fr. Presidente might again be in demand.

To render Governor Neve all the honor to which his office entitled him, Fr. Serra decided that the reception should be in accordance with the prescribed solemnities. He deemed it important, too, for obvious reasons, that the new military head of the province be shown the happy results which the Fathers had achieved at the mission after an activity of only six years. On Wednesday morning, therefore, after holy Mass, he informed the neophytes that the king's new representative would visit the mission that afternoon and he requested them to perform the various tasks he would now assign to them. A word from their beloved Padre sufficed to enlist the interest of young and old, and soon San Carlos Mission resembled a bustling beehive on a balmy summer day. In the chapel, Fr. Crespi and a number of boys were busy about the altar and the sanctuary. With Ignacio and a few older boys, Fr. Serra was arranging the Father's apartments. Without, in the courtyard, the happy Indians under the direction of the *mayordomo* combined pleasure with work. Armed with rake, pick and shovel, the men were leveling the path that led up to the chapel; and along it at regular intervals they were planting oak and willow saplings fetched from the banks of the Carmelo. Setting up arches and hanging festoons was left to the more artistic taste of the women and girls. They were as noisy about it as diligent; and every now and then a shriek from the woman at the mission gate, angrily clamoring for more cedar sprigs, would jar the light-hearted laughter of the careless urchins, intent on a full share

in the fun, if not in the work; while over all, like heaven's benediction, the sweet familiar strains of the *Alabado* and other sacred hymns resounded from the farther end of the courtyard where Fr. Dumetz was practicing with his boys' choir. In this way the missionaries and their responsive neophytes labored till almost noon, so that when the Angelus bell rang and the Indians, after saying their prayers, rushed to the *pozolera* to receive their well earned midday ration, San Carlos Mission presented a picture of thrift and prosperity that would have elicited the admiration of the most indifferent observer.

Don Felipe de Neve would not have been human if the homage paid him on his first visit to San Carlos had left him entirely unconscious of his dignity and wholly devoid of kindly feelings toward the missionaries, with whom he should henceforth have to deal. The group of Indians in holiday attire advancing in procession up the road to meet him and his escort; the songs they sang on the way back to the mission; the elaborate tokens of heartfelt regard that met his gaze on passing through the mission gate; the winning courtesy with which the Fr. Presidente at the chapel door offered him holy water and the crucifix; the tone of sincerity with which in a few well chosen words he welcomed the governor to his new field of service for the spread of God's kingdom and the extension of the Spanish dominion; the fervent manner in which he and his

confères, accompanied by a number of the soldiers, chanted the *Te Deum* therewith bringing the ceremonies to a close;—all this, it is needless to say made a deep and favorable impression on the man for whom it was meant. Governor Neve was as delighted as he was surprised. Nor did he fail to give expression to his emotions in the short address he made from the chapel steps. He thanked the missionaries and their neophytes for the pains they had taken on his account, commended the progress the mission had made in the way of civilization, and exhorted the Indians to co-operate faithfully with the missionaries and with him in order to realize for their own benefit the purpose which he had brought the Spaniards to their country.

Naturally, it never became known, barring a few particulars of little moment, what passed between the governor and the Fr. Presidente during the private consultation they held. When the official and his party had left, however, and Fr. Serra was alone with his two fellow missionaries, the latter felt justified in concluding from the happy demeanor of their superior that all would be well under the new management; and doubtless, before going to bed that night, they both knelt down at the throne of Divine Mercy and asked pardon for the unkindly and distrustful sentiments they had given expression to, when first they heard that Don Felipe de Neve had arrived as Governor of California.

THE SHIP OF DREAMS

A STATELY ship went sailing
Upon the summer sea,
When pearly mists of morning
Veiled mountain, wood, and lea.
The waters, blue as sapphires,
Touched by the sun's bright beams,
Scarce rocked that vessel, bearing
For cargo—all my dreams.

My hopes, the hidden longings
That only I could know;
The secret aspirations,
So swift, alas! to go;
The high things of the spirit,
The deep things of the heart;
With tear-dimmed eyes I lingered,
And watched my hawk depart.

When would it reach the haven,
The Land of Heart's Desire?
I waited till the heavens
Burned with a rose-red fire,
Where the day had died in splendor.
But, hark! a solemn sound,
Like organ music rolling,
Filled all the air around.

The thunder shook the mountains,
The waves broke, white with foam;
Afar, in that dread darkness,
A ship that ne'er came home
Struck, and went down; my treasures
Would never reach the shore.
The sharp rocks of the Real
Wreck dreams for evermore.

—Marian Nesbitt.



Fireside Talks & Tales

Children's Corner

CONDUCTED BY ELIZABETH ROSE

A LITTLE VISIT TO THE PORZIUNCOLA

IF WE cannot get there in reality, let us in imagination go across the ocean to Italy and reach Assisi, the town of our own Saint Francis, on the evening of August 1. We shall find plenty of company there; for all along the roads leading to the immense church of St. Mary of the Angels, outside of Assisi but near its gates, stream crowds of people from all parts of the world, going up to the Perdone, the celebration of the great Indulgence of the Porziuncola, with which you are all familiar. Men, women, and children, in regular procession and in straggling bands, priests, nuns, monks, soldiers, people of every condition and rank, go forward, one idea in every mind, one common object. Suddenly there rings out the voice of a great bell, clear and solemn, calling all to the doors of the church, thrown wide; the bell of Predicazione (preaching) announces the opening hour of the famous Indulgence granted by Our Lord Himself to St. Francis. This bell is 700 years old—think of it! One of the first friars of St. Francis had it cast, long before America was dreamed of or American Young Folk. Let us go along with the crowds (but we will not cheer and shout "Viva!" as the Italian people do when they get inside the church—however, we won't be uncharitable, either, about their doing it, for a cheer and shout can be a prayer in its own way). The first thing we see is an immense dome rising before us, under which stands the little humble chapel of the Porziuncola, just as it stood in the day of St. Francis, except that on the front of it a celebrated artist, by name Overbeck, painted, about a hundred years ago, the picture of Our Lord bestowing the indulgence for which Francis petitioned on the Saint, as he kneels before Him. There is another change inside the walls. They were rough and jagged when Francis prayed within them; now they are perfectly smooth and polished, from the kisses pressed upon them by the pilgrims of seven centuries. The church outside was built around the Porziuncola, and great care was taken to preserve it just as it was.

It has fared better than its protector, for it is intact; while the original St. Mary of the Angels, centuries old, was almost destroyed by an earthquake in the year 1832. Now comes a strange thing, told us, however, by the eminent English Cardinal Wiseman who lived at the time, and was in Italy when it happened. While the walls all around fell into ruin, the great dome of St. Mary's, directly beneath which stood the little Porziuncola chapel, hung suspended above it apparently without support, and not a single brick of the chapel was disturbed. Back of it is the small cell in which St. Francis died. It is said that all the night he lay dying crowds of birds, the little birds of whom he was so fond, clustered on its roof, singing their hearts out in melody taken up by the angels as they bore his happy soul away to Paradise. It seems as if he should have been buried in this place that he loved more than any other in the world, does it not? But his tomb is far underground, beneath the high altar of another magnificent church outside Assisi, where the little birds can not sing to him any more, but from which his voice of kindness and love to all God's creatures still sounds throughout the world.

THE UMBRELLA BIRD

HE LIVES in Peru and doesn't go visiting, which is rather a pity; for he is a curiosity not to be seen every day and really ought to give people a chance to look at him. If he were to take a fly through our country and not stop anywhere long enough to be examined—well, you might think he was only a common black crow—a flight of black crows, indeed, for he never travels by himself. He loves company, and he is always to be found in his own little "crowd." So, if you happen to see a flock of black crows cutting the air above your head some fine day, open your eyes and watch if all of a sudden an umbrella shoots up over the head of each one—then you will know right away that your crow is an Umbrella Bird. No other bird owns such a piece of property, so beautiful, so useful; for it consists of a large tuft of shining blue

feathers, rising from long white spikes over its owner's head. Each plume is of hairlike thinness, and curves at the top, when the tuft is flat, lying so close to the head that only the white shafts catch your eye at first. Suddenly there is a stir—up goes the loveliest blue silk parasol, gaily erect, over Mr. Umbrella Bird's head, protecting it from either sun or rain, as the case may be, and spreading out so far that even his beak can get under in comfort. Our friend has certainly been well taken care of by Mother Nature. Besides his gorgeous head-covering, he has a splendid plume hanging down on his breast, a boa, so to speak, that keeps him warm and snug when a cold wind blows, which happens even in Peru sometimes. This boa is made of hundreds of tiny feathers, lapping over one another, each one tipped with blue to match his "umbrella." Altogether, he is a most attractive object at which to gaze; but—he was left out when voices were given around! Perhaps his magnificent boa chokes him a bit; perhaps his shining umbrella keeps him from reading his music card. Whatever the cause, he doesn't sing like other birds—he moos like a cow, and seldom does even that except before sunrise or after sunset. I wonder if in his own bird heart he wouldn't prefer to throw off his boa and put down his umbrella for good and all to sing like a plain little lark!

THE PIG THAT MADE A WAR

ONCE there was a pig belonging to a man who lived in Providence, Rhode Island. Next to his owner lived a man who had a fine garden. Now Piggie's master had a fine garden, too; but, in the usual crooked fashion of things in this world, Piggie preferred the neighbor's. He got the perverse notion in his stupid head that Neighbor's fruits and vegetables were ever so much nicer than those raised at home, and it didn't take him long to experiment and see.

"Keep your pig out of my garden, friend," said Neighbor, mildly enough at first. "He's eating all my things up." "You don't say! I'll keep an eye on

him," the owner said, really intending to do it; but after a while—

"Look here, that pig of yours is eating all my stuff! I won't have it!"

"What are you talking about? He's eating all mine. He wouldn't have room for yours. Mine's the best anyway. He wouldn't want yours!"

Then it was—"I won't stand for it, I tell you! I'll kill him the next time he comes over. You'd better keep him home if you know what's good for him!"

"I'd like to see you lay a hand on my pig!"

Now the fight was on in good earnest, although poor Piggie, totally unconscious of the terrible fate with which he was threatened and of the mischief he was doing, went on browsing contentedly. Poor Piggie, indeed! He had so much confidence in his good neighbor! But he browsed once too often. Caught in the act, he never browsed anywhere any more. Would you believe it? His untimely death set two nations at war! This is what happened:—

Piggie's owner was, of course, as angry as he could be with Piggie's slayer. In the world outside just then (which wasn't bothering about two silly men quarreling over a pig), there was another quarrel going on. England, not content with one war with America (in which, as you all know, she came out decidedly second-best), was doing everything to provoke another, and our new young country was thinking very seriously of gratifying her. Still, a great number of people over here were very much against another war, and wanted to be friends with their former motherland. Their party was known as the Federalist, while those of a different way of thinking, who thought the arrogance of England should be put down once again, and forever this time, called themselves Democrats. (Not our present political party, however.) In the district in which our angry neighbors lived, Federalists and Democrats were about equally divided; and every vote, in the long run meaning war or peace, counted. Both these men were Federalists, but Piggie's owner, infuriated at the loss of his animal, refused at the election, which shortly afterwards took place, to vote on the same side as his enemy, and cast his vote for the Democrats. The contest of the two parties being so close, as I have told you, it happened that this one vote put into the legislature of the state a man who was for war. Stranger still—in fact, almost too hard to believe if we were not assured of the fact—the vote of this senator, immediately after his election, put in a congressman whose single vote decided the whole question, and war was declared—the war of 1812, in which England was again beaten and for good.

So poor Piggie's death saved a country. But wasn't it hard on Piggie?

A "HOLY" PERSON

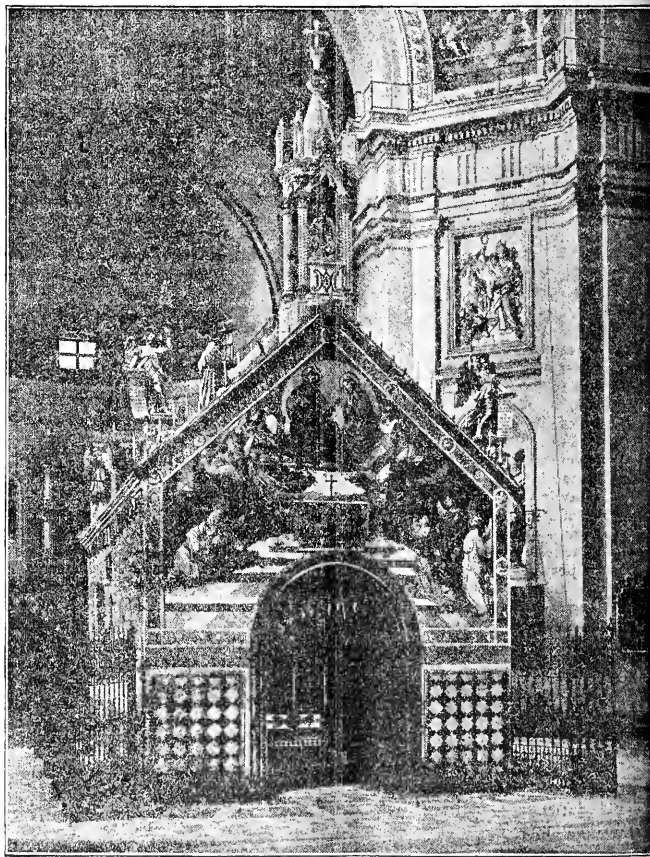
If anybody asked you what it meant to be a "holy" person, what would you say? Listen to what a famous English author, Thomas Carlyle (a Protestant, by the way) has to say on the subject:

"I have often turned in my head what a curious thing it is that the old English word for 'holy' (sain, sane) also means 'healthy.' I find you could not get any better definition of what 'holy' really means, either, than 'healthy,' completely healthy, wholesome, sane." So you see when one says a 'holy' person, one doesn't mean, whether one knows it or not, a long-faced, dull, uninteresting,

lifeless somebody whom everybody else wants to get away from, but a person whose soul, mind, and heart are ever fresher, brighter, "healthier," so to speak, than most people, just as God intended us all to be, the very best of His works in the very best of condition. It takes a "holy" person, indeed, to make the best of everything and enjoy living where other people only grumble and grouse and make trouble for themselves and others, too! And the great world about them appreciates these "sain" men and women in spite of itself, and often adds of its own accord another letter and calls them "Sain-t."

WHAT BEAUTY DID

SOMETHING worth while—she saved three lives, besides her own, and



PORZIUNCOLA CHAPEL

walks the streets of Willow Grove, Pennsylvania, with a silver medal hanging around her neck on which is her name, "BEAUTY," and the inscription, "By her intelligence, this dog saved three human beings."

She was a poor, forlorn little dog roaming the streets of Germantown, hungry, homeless, friendless, not so long ago; now, money couldn't buy her! She was taken up by the Women's Humane Society, and a good home was found for her with Mr. and Mrs. John Moore of Willow Grove. Under the influence of kindness and good care, Beauty thrived and flourished. Her rough, unkempt coat grew shiny and glossy, her timid and frightened air turned into one of confidence and self-possession; Beauty had found her place and held herself high. Not so high, however, as her thankful owners held her after the night which would have been their last had it not been for Beauty's sagacity and wonderful behavior. It seems that, the spring evening being unusually cool, a gas stove had been lighted, principally for the dear little baby in the family, whom Beauty thought almost as pretty and perfect as her own three little roly-polyts out in the doghouse. As the evening went on, there was a gradual increase in the volume of a small leak which had been unnoticed in the stove, although, in recalling the circumstances afterwards, both Mr. and Mrs. Moore remembered the unusual sleepiness that had beset them before they finally retired for the night. They also said that Beauty had refused to go out to her little family, as she always did at night, and had stretched herself on the floor by the baby's crib, seemingly restless and uneasy. This, no doubt, was caused by the fumes of the insidious gas which was slowly but surely consuming all the purer air around, and was menacing the lives of those in the room. Mrs. Moore, sleeping heavily and stupidly under the rathering influence of threatening suffocation, was suddenly aroused by the frantic attack of the dog, awake and feeling the peril, though unconscious of its nature. By that time, the odor of the escaping gas spoke for itself; and the lady, in a desperate attempt to reach and open a window, fell unconscious to the ground. Then Beauty tried to awaken her master, but, though she was successful in the attempt, Mr. Moore also was overcome, just as he got the window open. Now, what do you think Beauty did? Not a moment did she waste. Out through the window she jumped and tore off to a neighbor's, barking frantically, whining, clawing at the door, saying in everything but human speech, "Oh, do come, do come and save my people!" Well, they heard her, and they came and saved her people;

and next day Beauty, having forgotten all about it, I suppose, never knew she was a heroine. But her grateful master and mistress didn't forget. So now she wears her silver medal for other dogs to look at and admire; and perhaps she answers when they ask her in their dog language what it is all about, "Oh, just some fad of the people I own—I don't know!"

POLITENESS PACKAGE—No. 8 IN SCHOOL

Before you enter and begin
The daily task that waits within,
One simple thing will show your "style,"
Though you're unconscious all the while.
Good Manners call that you should be
Great friends with Punctuality.
Whate'er the hour set to come,
That hour should never find you home
Or lagging—but right at your place,
Ready to start in Learning's race.
An always late, unpunctual scholar
Will justly rouse a teacher's choler
And cause his mates annoyance sore;
(In the long run, himself e'en more),
For this all know without my rime—
A laggard is the thief of time.
His own he sadly wastes, nor uses,
And that of others he abuses.
Take this to heart and don't be late—
Rather the time anticipate.
Be punctual, too, in soldier spirit,
And your pleased teacher's praise you'll merit
By doing as you're told in class—
Promptly at that—a code, alas!
Too often sinned against by pupils
Who have, it seems, not many scruples
Upon the point of prompt obeying.
Remember that time-honored saying:
"He can't command who can't obey."
Politeness true, Good Manners, say:
"Where duty is, is courtesy,
And this shall be the rule for me."

THE FIRST AVIATOR

AGES before it entered the head of man to go flying, one of the commonest kind of spiders in the world spun his little airship and sailed off into space to try his luck, according to a Detroit writer. And he is still at it. Whenever he feels the need of a change of scene, Ace Spider throws out into the air a number of silky threads that soon stiffen and grow solid. When he thinks he has a sufficient number of these sails, he makes a jump that carries him and his balloon right up towards the sky. The little "bird" swings and shifts and rises and falls in the wind, so that sometimes it attains a considerable height, while at others it barely clears the ground. Our aviator can lower himself at will by

simply drawing in his threads. As they become shorter, down goes his fragile craft. All at once a slender thread shoots out, apparently from nowhere, waving wildly about for something on which to lay hold. This found, Ace Spider lands on earth again; and as he has no hangar, breaks off his safety line and takes a rest till he is ready to take another flight. But why does he want to take a flight? Nobody knows.

THE PUZZLE CORNER

WHAT ARCHITECTS USE

- 1—Conybal, 2—Deeara, 3—Culapo, 4—Sleal, 5—Naclepin, 6—Blegra,
—Marie Reed, Uniontown, Pa.

HOUSE-GLASS

- 1—Odd,
2—Scholarly,
3—Rope for raising heavy articles,
4—A tree,
5—A letter,
6—That which is cut from trees,
7—A guard,
8—A wild drake,
9—An insect,

Central letters spell the name of a great philosopher.

—Louisa Knapstein, Sappington, Mo.

CHANGED FINALS.

- 1—What we say when we hear a sudden noise.
2—Change the last letter of No. 1 and I am what iron is.
3—Change again, and I hurt.
4—Change again, I am a heavenly instrument of music.
—Lawrence P. Woehrl, Chicago, Ill.

ACROSTIC

(The first letters of each word spell the name of a great English essayist.)

- 1—Opposed to science, 2—The opposite of night, 3—Paint, obscure, 4—Sick, 5—A very near male relative, 6—Not young, 7—A quick salute.
—Isabelle Baker, Casey, Ill.

WHAT STUDY DO YOU LIKE BEST?

- 1—Spengill, 2—Smcul, 3—Tthmraieic, 4—Gdrnel, 5—Iohstry, 6—Pcmstonio, 7—Witrini, 8—Yantob, 9—Dattionio,
—Veronica Swoboda, Washington, Mo.

ANSWERS TO JULY PUZZLES

Words within Words

1. p-ran-k; 2. s-tar-t; 3. m-ode-l; 4. w-rat-h; 5. s-mar-t; 6. b-r-w-l; 7. p-car-l; 8. l-ve-l; 9. s-lid-e; 10. a-ton-e.

Come into the Kitchen

Range, sink, poker, dipper.

Flowers

Bluebell, Cowslip, Nosesay, Goldenrod, Carnation.

Enigma

The Fireside.

Correct Solutions

Hortense Gallet, Pocatello, Idaho; Isabelle Baker, Casey, Ill.; Catherine Breen, Joliet, Illinois.

Miscellaneous

AS OTHERS SEE US

BY MARIAN NESBITT

WE OFTEN say we should really like to see ourselves "as others see us," but should we? Yes, I think so; because, as the poet tells us:—

"No one is so accursed by fate,
No one so utterly desolate,"

but that some eyes regard him kindly—seeing beauty and goodness and truth, where others find nothing whatever, either to charm or to attract.

Yes, thank God, however dull or uninteresting we may, and doubtless do, appear to the rest of the world, to these rare and faithful friends, we are all that their lenient fancy paints us.

When we reflect on this subject, perhaps the fact which strikes us most forcibly is the extraordinary divergence of opinion we frequently hear expressed about one and the same person. There are people going about who seem positively to revel in playing the part of "devil's advocate." If a pleasant thing happens to be said of another in their presence, they immediately begin to discount it and eagerly point out any small weakness which they are ever the first to discover; for, no matter how noble the character—how gifted the mind under discussion, they display a perfect genius in their swiftness to lessen both the one and the other, whilst at the same time they "magnify each frailty into sin," and quite "forget the diamond in the flaw"—forget, also, that they themselves bear a singularly close resemblance to the "long-necked geese of the world, who are ever hissing dispraise because their natures are little." They don't intend, possibly, to be ungenerous or spiteful; indeed, they would be horrified to be told that they are so. The habit of captious criticism has become so inveterate, that they actually believe they are doing well when they try

"To show how closely wound
Dark threads of sin and self
With our best deeds are found."

Such an attitude has a devastating effect upon diffident, over-sensitive temperaments. We notice it even in the case of those children who are by nature humble. Brought up in an atmosphere of tenderness, they would have walked, radiantly happy, through the green val-

ley of childhood, "round whose bourne such great hills swell." At night they would have dreamt bright dreams of angels flying, white-winged, in the heaven beyond the blue. By day, they would have searched the sunlit woodland spaces for the fairies who danced there when the moonbeams turned the emerald lawns to silver, and the trees stood dark and still. But harsh words, angry voices, and faces that lend themselves too often to disapproval, chill merriment, as frost kills a flower; and, from loving, happy-hearted little mortals, such children—thrown back upon themselves—lose half the joy of life. They develop, moreover, a most unchildlike reticence, and hide, when they do not destroy, the hopes and ideals of which, as years go on, they lose their power to speak.

It is difficult, however, to always remember this when we are brought into contact with natures that repel us; or, if they do not actually repel, at any rate produce much the same unpleasant effect as an east wind, withering our sympathies at the very outset and leaving us with an irritating sense of failure. We meant to be kind, and, behold! our efforts have been made to appear almost impertinent. Yet that cold look and air of quick withdrawal, which makes us shrink into ourselves, as though touched by an icy blast, may well be simply the result, neither more nor less, of early training;—that disdainful manner and curt reply merely the cloak wherewith an easily wounded heart endeavors to conceal its scars.

"Things are not always"—in fact very seldom—"what they seem"; and whilst we say, with the Seraphic Francis, the "humble" Saint par excellence: "What a man is in the sight of God, that he is, and no more"; we are nevertheless often painfully surprised to find how we ourselves are regarded by those whom we have sincerely believed well disposed towards us. It is a shock—and one which most of us have experienced on our journey through life—to learn that these persons who we supposed were viewing us with, to say the least, uncritical eyes, were all the while misinterpreting our actions, misjudging our intentions, and placing the most un-

expected construction upon our words. Yet the depressing fact remains. It is a fate almost impossible to escape; for "We all of us, at times, and in our measure,

Misunderstand, and are misunderstood. Examples spring at once to the mind. We hear some one, whose inner history, we know well, described as "so light-hearted and cheerful—always the same"—evidently without an anxiety or trouble in the world! Such definition generally fall from the lips of self-satisfied, self-centered, or selfish philosophers—those tiresome exponents of the obvious—who never seek beneath the surface, or they would realize that on the whole of God's earth there live "no captives so uncomforted, as souls behind a smile." They can not even guess through what fire of suffering—what soul-racking and heart-breaking experiences—this apparently care-free cheerfulness has been won. But the object of their superficial comments might well exclaim:—

"Am I never earnest? do you ask me
In my gravest affairs touched with jest?
Friend of mine, I learned the lesson
hardly,
Life has roughly taught me smiles are
best!"

To return, however, to our starting point. We can not really "see ourselves as others see us." That is certain; but at least we can try to see the best in each other, rather than the worst. The hypocritical, suspicious, hard-judging people—though, in their own opinion, so seldom wrong—are not, after all, infallible. The rare and faithful friends, who view us with such lenient eyes, come, as a matter of fact, very much nearer to making us that which their own goodness believes us to be. They are on the side of the angels; for we are told that the latter "look thus on men, and God sees good in all."

Besides, the animadversions of those who are against us do but throw into stronger relief the loyalty and steadfastness of those others, in the calm sunshine of whose unchanged and unchanging kindness we forget misjudgment and injustice, "as the waters that have passed away."

SOME NOTES ON THE FRANCISCANS IN IRELAND

By Denis A. McCarthy

WHEN St. Patrick came to Ireland as a missionary he came to a people not sunk in the depths of savagery, but to a race which, although pagan, had evolved a system of civilization far removed from barbarism. Very little, of course, is known of the actual state of Ireland before the introduction of Christianity; but from the evidence of Christian writers (and they had no reason to be friendly to the pagan system that preceded them and which they had to combat), a considerable degree of culture prevailed in the island at St. Patrick's advent.

Ireland may be said to have suffered almost as much from the exaggeration of its friends as from the depreciations of its enemies. Those of us who are faithful sons of the old land sometimes think we are doing her a service when we go "beyond the beyants" in our endeavor to show her as we should like her to have been. Such extravagances do more harm than good. Facts are facts, and there is enough glory in the facts about Ireland's past without inventing or perpetuating false notions, no matter how glowing.

Dr. Patrick W. Joyce, who may be accepted as an expert witness on Ireland's ancient culture, because of the close study he has made of it, as well as the care which shows in his statements, tells us that many passages in Ireland's old native literature, both ecclesiastical and secular, indicate that the pagan Irish had books before the introduction of Christianity. No pre-Christian books or manuscripts have been handed down to posterity, but, considering Ireland's troubled history and the perishability of such things, this is not surprising.

Dr. Joyce informs us that there is nothing, in any of the Christian writings as to the characters or the sort of writing used in the books of the pagan Irish, but we know that Roman letters came into use after the time of St. Patrick.

The love of learning must have existed for a long time in Ireland before the introduction of Christianity. We know for certain that after that epoch Irish schools increased and indeed became famous throughout Europe. It is recorded that in all the more important schools there were students from foreign lands, from the continent of Europe as well as from what is now Great Britain, attracted by the eminence of the masters and by the facilities for quiet, uninterrupted study. In the Lives of distinguished Englishmen of that period we constantly find such statements as

"he was sent to Ireland to finish his education." The illustrious scholar Alcuin, who was a native of York, was educated at Clonmacnoise. Among the foreign visitors were many princes. Oswald and Alfred, kings of Northumbria, Dagobert, king of France, were all three educated in Ireland.

The Irish poet James Clarence Mangan has left us a beautiful translation of the Irish poem, still extant, attributed to Prince Aldfrid, afterwards king of the Northumbrian Saxons, in which the Prince says:

"I found in Innisfail the fair,
In Ireland, while in exile there,
Women of worth, both grave and gay
men,
Many clerics and many laymen."

There are many more stanzas of this poem all paying tribute to the learning, piety and hospitality of the Irish people at that time.

Extraordinary intellectual and artistic activity marked the Ireland of the early Christian ages. From the sixth to the tenth century may be said to have been Ireland's golden age. Books abounded in Ireland when the Danes made their appearance at the beginning of the ninth century. The destruction of manuscripts and books in great quantities marked the Danish invasion. Indeed the animosity of the Northmen seems to have been especially directed against the written word. All the manuscripts they could lay hold on they either burned or "drowned," that is, flung into the nearest lake or river.

For two centuries this destruction continued, but the animosity of the Danes had this curious result: To save their precious writings from the barbarian, Irish monks carried them to the continent of Europe in large numbers, so that there are at present a far greater number of manuscripts of the ninth and earlier centuries on the continent than there are in Ireland itself.

After the Danes came the Anglo-Normans who, although they were Christians, showed little respect for Irish literature and Irish art. They were as destructive as the Danes of Irish culture, if not more so. And it must be admitted that wars among the Irish themselves did not spare the literary treasures of the past.

Irish literature so far as it has been preserved may be classed as ecclesiastical and religious writings; tales—historical and romantic; law, medicine, and

science; translations and versions from other languages; and Annals.

Now, the most remarkable book of Annals which has come down to us from the past of Ireland is that which is known as "The Annals of the Four Masters," or "The Annals of Donegal," for it is known by both names with the preference for the former. These Annals were not written in the early Christian age. They were begun in 1632 and completed in 1636, in the Franciscan monastery of Donegal by three brothers, Michael, Conary and Cogory O'Clery, assisted by Fearfasa O'Mulconry.

It is significant that this monumental work should be Franciscan, because the members of this order were friends to Ireland when she had few friends indeed. "Those Fathers," says Lynch, the author of "Cambrensis Eversus," a book written to refute the anti-Irish accusations of Giraldus Cambrensis, "stood forward when she (Ireland) was reduced to the greatest distress, nay threatened with certain destruction, and vowed that the memory of the glorious deeds of their ancestors should not be consigned to the same earth that covered the bodies of her children." And he adds: "May the wisdom of God be ever praised and adored for inspiring those Fathers with the resolve that the ancient glory of Ireland should not be entombed by the same convulsion which deprived the Irish of the lands of their fathers and of all their property."

Michael O'Clery, the chief of the Four Masters, was a friar of the Order of St. Francis. He was born at Kilbarron, near Ballyshannon, Co. Donegal, in the year 1580, and was educated principally in the south of Ireland, which was then more celebrated for its schools than the north. Although a member of a leading family, he became a simple lay brother of the order.

It was while collecting materials for a series of Lives of the Irish Saints, projected by Father Hugh Ward, Guardian of the convent of St. Antony at Louvain, that Brother Michael O'Clery conceived the idea of the "Annals of Donegal." In the troubled state of Ireland it was no easy task to carry forward such a work to its conclusion, but the good friar found a patron in Fergol O'Gara, and a place to do the work in the friary of Donegal. If for nothing but this work alone, the Sons of St. Francis should ever be dear to the heart of Ireland and its people throughout the world.

The ruins of the convent which sheltered the Four Masters may still be seen

by the side of Donegal Bay. Built in 1474 by Hugh Roe O'Donnell and his wife Nuala for the Franciscans, it continued to flourish for many years. Its establishment was due to Lady Nuala's admiration for the Franciscans, her desire to have them in O'Donnell's territory, and her determination not to be balked of her desire.

The story runs that in the year 1474 the Franciscans were holding a general chapter in the convent near Tuam. In the midst of their deliberations they were interrupted by the Lady Nuala and her husband. She was attended by a brilliant escort, and came for no other reason than to invite the Franciscans to establish a house of their order in Tyrconnell. After some deliberation the Provincial informed her that her request could not just then be complied with. But the good lady persisted, overcame all objections and returned home with a goodly band of Franciscans in her train.

Lady Nuala did not, however, live to see the completion of the convent. Her remains were interred under the high altar; but O'Donnell's second wife was no less devoted to the convent. After the death of her husband, the widowed princess retired to a small building near the church, where she passed the remainder of her days in prayer and penance. Her son Hugh Oge became himself a Franciscan.

This Donegal convent was only one of the many Franciscan foundations in Ireland. In the very lifetime of St. Francis himself the Franciscans came to the Island of Saints, the first foundation being at Youghal. The founder of the Youghal convent was Maurice Fitzgerald who died in the Franciscan habit in 1257.

Some curious particulars are related of the building of the Youghal convent. It is said that the Earl was building a mansion for his family in the town about the year 1231. While the workmen were engaged in laying the foundation they begged some money on the eve of a great feast to drink the health of their employer. The Earl willingly complied with their request and handed the money to his eldest son to give to the men. The young man, however, less generous than his father, refused to give the money to the men. Whereupon the Earl became angered and ordered the workmen to erect a monastery instead of a castle, and bestowed the house upon the Franciscans. The following year he took the Franciscan habit and lived in the house until his death. This convent was completely destroyed during the persecutions under the reign of Queen Elizabeth.

The next Franciscan foundation is believed to have been the Convent of

Kilkenny. Here was a remarkable spring, dedicated to St. Francis, at which many miracles are said to have been wrought. This convent must have been an immense structure if one may judge from its extensive ruins. This was one of the great centers of learning in Ireland, and was remarkable for the learned men who labored there, among them the celebrated annalist, Friar Clyn, who was at first Guardian of the convent of Carrick-on-Suir, but who about 1338 retired to Kilkenny, where he compiled the greater part of his Annals. It is probable that he died about 1350, when the country was all but depopulated by a dreadful pestilence. The good and learned brother seems to have had some forebodings of his impending fate, for his last words run thus: "And lest the writing should perish with the writer, and the work should fail with the workman, I leave behind me parchment for continuing it; if any man should have the good fortune to survive this calamity, or any one of the race of Adam should escape this pestilence, and live to continue what I have begun."

In Dublin the Franciscans were established by Henry III, who was a great patron of the order. In 1308 John le Deer of Dublin proved a great benefactor to the friars and erected a very beautiful chapel, dedicated to the blessed Virgin, in which he was interred.

There was a magnificent convent of Franciscans at Multifarnham, erected in 1236. Its situation was retired and so for a long time it escaped the calamities that befell other Franciscan friaries under the Tudors; but in October of the year 1601 a detachment of English soldiers sent from Dublin by Lord Mountjoy destroyed the convent that had been so long spared.

The Convent of Kilcrea was founded in the fifteenth century by the McCarthys. It was celebrated for the richness and magnificence of the church, the graceful bell-tower, carved windows, and marble ornaments.

The Franciscans also had convents at Ardfer, Timoleague, Clonmel, Drogheda, Muckross, and other places. Of the one at Muckross, which was founded by a Prince of the McCarthy family, who was henceforth known as Teague of the Monastery, the tradition is that its sight was revealed in a vision in which McCarthy was warned not to found his monastery in any place except at Carrigan-Cecil, that is, the Rock of the Music. As no such place was known to him he despatched some of his faithful followers to ascertain in what part of his principality it was situated. For some time they inquired in vain; but as they returned home in

despair, the most exquisite music was heard to issue from a rock at Muckross. When the chief was made aware of this, he at once concluded that it was the spot destined by Providence for his pious undertaking, which he immediately commenced.

When evil days came to Ireland and the Catholic faith was banned, the Franciscans remained among the people and ministered to them at the risk of their own lives; and on the continent in the convent of St. Antony of Louvain for instance, they kept alive the traditions of learning for which Ireland had always been famous. "It was the Franciscans," says Mrs. Green, in her 'The Making of Ireland and Its Undoing,' "it was the Franciscans, those old friends of the Irish people, who at Louvain became the center of the most intense national feeling, and as it seemed the last refuge of Irish learning."

Who is there now that has the courage to live the life of the saints? We read their lives and admire them. The austerities they practiced in secret; the means they took to subdue their faults; the offerings of self-denial which they made to their divine Master, no one knowing but He only; the poverty in which they voluntarily lived; the raiment they wore, which, in its fashion and in its quality, bespoke a willing poverty like his own—all these things we recommend and shrink from. Let us try ourselves a little. I am afraid that we are such cowards—we stand in such fear of the world—that we dare not live a life of poverty with any outward token of it, or face the ridicule of practicing our faith openly.—Cardinal Manning.

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PERFECT JOY

(FROM THE FIORETTI)

ONE DAY, as St. Francis was going with Brother Leone from Perugia to Santa Maria degli Angioli, in the winter, and suffering a great deal from the cold, he called to Brother Leone, who was walking on before him, and said to him: "Brother Leone, if it were to please God that the Brothers Minor should give, in all lands, a great example of holiness and edification, write down, and carefully observe, that this would not be a cause for perfect joy." A little farther on, St. Francis called to him a second time: "O Brother Leone, if the Brothers Minor were to make the lame to walk, if they could make straight the crooked, chase away demons, restore sight to the blind, give hearing to the deaf, speech to the dumb, and, what is even a far greater work, raise the dead after four days, write that this would not be a cause for perfect joy." Shortly after, he cried out again: "O Brother Leone, if the Brothers Minor knew all languages; if they were versed in all science; if they could explain all Scriptures; if they had the gift of prophecy, and could reveal, not only all future things, but likewise the secrets of all consciences and all souls, write that this would not be a cause for perfect joy." After proceeding a few steps farther, he cried out again with a loud voice: "O Brother Leone, little lamb of God! if the Brothers Minor could speak with the tongues of angels; if they could explain the course of the stars; if they knew all the virtues of all plants; if all the treasures of the earth were revealed to them; if they were acquainted with the various qualities of all birds, of all fish, of all animals, of men, of trees, of stones, of roots, and of waters,—write that this would not be a cause for perfect joy." Shortly after, he cried out again: "O Brother Leone, if the Brothers Minor had the gift of preaching so as to convert all infidels to the faith of Christ, write that this would not be a cause for perfect joy."

Now this discourse having lasted for the space of two miles, Brother Leone wondered much within himself; and, questioning the saint, he said: "Father, I pray thee teach me where to find cause for perfect joy." St. Francis answered: "If, when we shall arrive at Santa Maria degli Angioli, all drenched with rain and trembling with cold, all covered with mud and exhausted from hunger; if, when we knock at the convent-gate, the porter should come angrily and ask us who we are; if, after we have told him that

we are two of his brothers, he should answer angrily, 'What you say is not the truth; you are but two impostors going about to deceive the world, and take away the alms of the poor; begone, I say'; if he refuses to open to us, and leaves us outside, exposed to the snow and rain, suffering from cold and hunger till night arrives,—then, if we accept such injustice, such cruelty, and such contempt with patience, without being ruffled, and without murmuring, believing with humility and charity that the porter really knows us, and that it is God who makes him speak thus against us, O Brother Leone, write down that this is a cause for perfect joy. And if we knock again, and the porter comes out in anger to send us away, as if we were vile impostors, with oaths and blows, and saying, 'Begone, miserable robbers! go to the hospital, for you shall neither eat nor sleep here!—and if we accept all this with patience, with joy, and with charity, O Brother Leone, write that this is indeed a cause for perfect joy. And if, urged by cold and hunger, we knock again, calling and entreating with many tears, for the Love of God, to the porter to open to us and give us shelter, and if he comes out more angry than before, exclaiming, 'These are but impertinent villains, I will deal with him as they deserve'; if he takes hold of a knotted stick, and, seizing us by the cowl, throws us on the ground, and, rolling us in the snow, beats and wounds us with the knots in the stick;—if we bear all these injuries with patience and joy, thinking of the sufferings of our blessed Lord, which we would share out of love to Him, O Brother Leone, write that here, finally, is cause for perfect joy."

"And now, brother, listen to the conclusion. Above all the graces and all the gifts of the Holy Spirit which Christ grants to His friends, is the grace of overcoming oneself, and accepting willingly, out of love to Christ, sufferings, injuries, discomforts and contempt; for in all the other gifts of God we cannot glory, because they do not proceed from ourselves, but from God, according to the words of the Apostle, 'What hast thou that thou hast not received from God? and if thou hast received it, why dost thou glory as if thou hadst not received it?' But in the cross of tribulation and affliction we may glory, because, as the Apostle says again, 'I will not glory save in the cross of our Saviour Jesus Christ.'"

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St. Bernard writes: *O the holy blessed life in the Religious state, in which a person lives pure, full more seldom, rises sooner and dies with confidence for his reward is great in heaven.*

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IN THE WORLD OF BOOKS

By PAUL H. RICHARDS

NOT LONG ago the writing of a book was popularly considered an achievement sufficient in itself to crown an ambitious or gifted person with honor, fame, and the satisfaction which comes from self-realization. The story of how certain books were written has interested readers often as much as do the books. The desire to write a book for the sake of personal distinction has often been found to be the basis of such stories. The touchiness of many poets about the reception of their poems, the absorption of others in a "life-work," a ponderous volume, the disappointments, heart-breaks, jealousies, are all so many paintings of wrong motives and false conceptions of the place of books in the world. Milton's daughters, Carlyle's wife, and the young wife of Causabon in George Eliot's novel, "Middlemarch," knew another side of the making of books. How the scriptural prophecies were written, how St. John wrote on Patmos Isle, has passed from the minds of unnumbered readers. We forget the primitive importance of Egypt's "Book of the Dead," and other pagan sacred books, and the grace of oil and art that went to the making of the "Book of Kells," and the self-immolation that gave us the writings of the saints. We were losing our due reverence for books.

But now in this node of epochal social evolution, a special grace has come to books and authors, transcending scholarship, experience, natural gifts, and denuding false pride, small aims, and unworthy goals in authorship.

One manifestation of this grace is found in books written by children. Free verse by Hilda Conklin, a little American girl of six years or so, is found to be better than the verse of many successful adult verse-writers. She has taken us back to the time of Beowulf and Alfred when almost everybody spoke his heart and mind in verse. Her mother is Hilda's amanuensis. Again, the adopted daughter of Armel and Violet O'Connor, of "Mary's Meadow" fame, has written, at the age of fourteen years, a book of short stories for her baby brother. She autographs each copy with the request, "Pray for me," and her distinguished mother is her sales-manager. This is Betty's second book, the first having been one of devotion to the Blessed Sacrament written for all children.

Another turn in the trend of books represents to view the most remarkable group of revolutionary writers that history can show. Revolutionaries, philosophers, and propagandists of all times

have usually accompanied their active part with books written before or after. The world war gave more notable diaries and single worthy poems to literature than any other war of arms in history. But never was such a battalion of poets as those whose mortal parts were consumed by quicklime after the Easter Uprising of 1916. There are greater poems than those of Joseph Plunket, Thomas MacDonough, Padraic Pearse and the others, but we can not read the books of these men without seeing the gulf dividing the little motives from the sublime. The expression of education, culture, and lofty ideals, these books were thrown off in the heat of a youth consecrated to martyrdom, springing from an education which regards book-publishing as an incidental in the service of God and country, given gaily to the world as herald and pledge of a bloody fulfilment in battle and in prison. In prison the forewords, the prefaces were written, and final directions given to publishers and literary executors, with the thought that the books would provide a living for loved ones and carry on the work of the author. Thus Pearse commissioned his former pupil, Desmond Ryan, to write a final chapter to "The Story of a Success"; thus Thomas MacDonough provided that his literary executor be Joseph Plunket, "if he survive me and is a free man." Similarly the women and girls have taken up the writing of books left off by men and boys.

And so we have the story of the Easter Uprising told in young Nora Connolly's book, "The Unbroken Tradition," by which she continues her father's literary work for Ireland.

Those who read "The Unbroken Tradition" know that Nora Connolly has a story which belongs to literature, and the power to tell it. Her understanding of Ireland's situation, of the aims of the leaders, her own point of view, her personal experience in adventure, her witness of heroism and of gallant words, her relation to her father, Commandant General of the Irish Republic—an army during the Dublin uprising—belong to history, as well as to literature. As Desmond Ryan, in "The Story of a Success," has spoken for the Boy Scouts of Ireland, Nora Connolly has voiced the Girl Scouts, of which branch she was president. The poetry of her race and land speaks in her words to her younger sister Agna as they made their painful way from Belfast to Dublin to join their parents and the revolutionists:

"There now," I said as I turned to Agna, "Isn't that good news? Wexford out and the West awake! East and West the men are fighting for Ireland. For Ireland, Agna! Oh, aren't you glad to be alive! We used to read about the men who fought for Ireland and dream about them, and now in a couple of hours we'll be amongst the men and women who are fighting in Dublin. We'll be able to do something for Ireland."

W. B. Yeats, often called the first of Ireland's bards, has not had the heroic spirit in his verse that marks the revolutionaries, but a spark has been struck from his pen in his poem "The Rose Tree," which tells how sometimes books are worthily written:

"O words are lightly spoken," said Pearse to Connolly,

"Maybe a breath of politic words has withered our Rose Tree,
Or maybe but a wind that blows across the bitter sea."

"It needs but to be watered," James Connolly replied,

"To make the green come out again and spread on every side,
And shake the blossoms from the bud to be the garden's pride."

"But where can we draw water?" said Pearse to Connolly,

"When all our wells are parched away!
O plain as plain can be,
There's nothing but our own red blood can make a right Rose Tree."

BOOK REVIEWS

Fabiola—A Drama in Four Acts, Founded on Cardinal Wiseman's Story, —By Flavian Larbes, Friar Minor.

"Oh mother, let me wear my father's blood,—

As watchman of my heart to make me strong."

These words from the lips of Pan-crati-us, one of the youthful early Christian martyrs, are an index to the poetry and idealism which the Reverend Flavian Larbes has put into his dramatization of Cardinal Wiseman's immortal story. This work is better, poetically, than the drama "Joan of Arc," by the same author, and is a drama which should be read eagerly today. The appearance of such literary work at this time is significant, and few who read can fail to grasp its meaning. Such plays would educate us to know our relation to life and to the times. The story of martyrdom of ancient days throws into strong relief similar events of today, which are so obscured and misrepresented by their nearness, our human relations, and the poison of propaganda.

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And where else could a man best qualify to hear our Dear Lord at the last "Judgment" address to him the words: "Verily, I say unto you: Whatsoever you have done unto the least of My brethren, you have done it unto Me, for I was sick and you have comforted Me, etc."

Now, young men, should these few words strike you as being addressed to you in particular, address the Brother Novice Master at the above address, and he will give you more particulars if so desired.

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One reason why the story of the first Christian martyrs will always inspire and strengthen us in a special way is because they were the first. For them there was no precedent but that of Christ himself. They drew their inspiration not from pride of race, from history, tradition, the example of their fellows, except in immediate comradeship. Their motive and exaltation were the most simple, the most pure we can imagine,—the fervor of the new faith which broke upon their pagan darkness. Fabiola, Syra, Agnes, Sebastian, Dionysius, Pancratius and his mother move before us here in contrast with the Emperor Diocletian and his minions, Maximian, Galerius, Fulvius, and others. The martyrdom of St. Agnes of Rome is familiar to many in story form and deserves now to be known on the stage. The love of Fabiola and Sebastian, exalted by acquisition of the faith and of martyrdom, comes like a strong wind blowing cleanly through the murk and taint of modern fiction and journalistic reports of degenerate life.

The first act describes Fabiola among her servants, amid whose flattery she learns from Syra of the Christian faith. Enraged by the slave's truth-speaking, she stabs the girl in the arm, and then swiftly repents. Her cousin, the Lady Agnes, entering just then, receives a drop of Syra's blood upon her breast, and tells Fabiola that she, too, is a Christian. Syra's words teaching the Christian principle are as strong as they are simple. The second act shows the meeting of the Christians in the catacombs, whither they are guided by blind Caecilia and betrayed by Torquatus. With them this night are Agnes, Fabiola, Syra, and Sebastian. Fabiola, who declares herself not a Christian, is permitted to go home with Syra. The third act shows Diocletian's condemnation of the Christians, the martyrdom of Agnes and Pancratius, the principals. The fourth act portrays the conversion of Fabiola by the murder of Sebastian, who had been rescued and hidden. Syra describes to Fabiola the martyrdom of Pancratius, killed, as had been his father, by a panther in the arena. In her description and in Sebastian's meditations is poetry rich and musical, resembling somewhat the imagery of Theodor Maynard:

"God is.—He's writ on forest leaf, and grassy blade,—and each a world of wonder.
The silent stars that speed through heaven's space;—
The thundering sea with nightly rise and fall;
The royal heights attired in purple snows;—
The lowest vale with blooms and birds and brooks;—

All say His hand hath made,—His will doth rule."

The drama is printed on good white paper in large clear type and is paper bound.

Frederick Pustet Company, Inc., Cincinnati, Ohio.—Price 50 cents.

Thoughts of June—By Kathleen A. Sullivan.

Miss Sullivan's sheaf of poems in memory of her distinguished sister, Mrs. Josephine Byrne Sullivan-Conlon, will please many, even of those who knew the late poet and editor only through her public work. A picture of the late editor of *The Michigan Catholic* is the frontispiece. Mrs. Conlon was well known in Catholic journalism and other fields of religious and civic work and was given the Holy Father's cross of approbation inscribed "Pro Ecclesia et Pontifice." Her intimate title among friends and relatives was "June"; and it is thus that her loving and devoted sister names her in these poems.

The poems are but simple expressions of love and admiration for a truly noble and beautiful character. The poetic expression is conventional and neither defective nor distinguished. But the repetition of sisterly devotion and appreciation in each of the poems has its effect,—similar to what one long and much stronger poem might produce. Beautiful yet common sentiments of helpfulness, kindness, love of beauty, loyalty, are woven in popular rhythm, making what is known as popular or household verse. Especially pleasing are the poems commemorating her devotion to Ireland's cause,—*"The Two Roses," "The Dark Rose Feels the Loss of Thee," "Celts, be Free," "A Friend of Irish Freedom," "The Pathway Through Erin."* These with other poems reciting her other good works and her hold upon the affections of her near ones complete a good picture of the late editor's character. The character of the poet herself appears somewhat immature, in some stanzas, as in this from *"A Friend of Irish Freedom"*:

"I know 'twould make you smile with joy—a joy surpassing Heaven's own,

If through the courts, of God the news of Ireland's freedom should be known."

Some of the best expressions of love and appreciation are *"My Memory," "In the Desk," "I Feel Thee Near," "Dreams," "The Farewell."*

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INTENTIONS

The following intentions are recommended to the pious prayers of our readers:

For the recovery of health (10). For suitable employment (10). For the conversion of relatives (8). For reconciliation (5). For success in studies (6). For a happy marriage (3). For a peaceable settlement of an estate (3). For the recovery of some money. For the protection of some property. For the sale of some property. For the religious education of two children. For relief from blindness. For the relief from worry (3). For grace in a difficult situation (3). For success in an undertaking (5). For the return to religious duties (6). For help against the vice of gambling. For God's blessing on a large family. (5). For guidance in a vocation. For the recovery of a sick religious. For a son at sea. For resignation to the will of God. For a more suitable home. For peace in the family. In thanksgiving to St. Rita. For peace in Ireland. For our Holy Father, the Pope. For the spread of the Third Order. For the success of the National Third Order Convention.

LET US PRAY—Let the ears of Thy mercy, O Lord, be open to the prayers of Thy suppliants; and that Thou mayest grant them their desires, make them ask such things as please Thee. Through Jesus Christ, Our Lord. Amen.

OBITUARY.

The charity of our readers is asked for the following deceased readers of *Franciscan Herald* and friends of our missions:

Superior, Wis.—Rt. Rev. J. M. Koudelka, D. D.; **Cleveland, England.**—Emily Nesbitt; **New York, N. Y.**—Members of the Cleary family: Richard F. Kenehan; Margaret Kelly; Mrs. J. McManus; Mrs. Mary Kelly; **Utica, N. Y.**—Mrs. A. Lilley; **Buffalo, N. Y.**—William H. Dill; **Fort Richmond, N. Y.**—Mrs. Grace Kilby; **Newburgh, N. Y.**—John W. Burke; **Syracuse, N. Y.**—Mrs. Ellen Laughlin; **Lonsdale, E. I.**—Mrs. Elizabeth Bannon; **Newport, E. I.**—Mrs. Catherine Jones; **Providence, E. I.**—Beatrice C. Hickey; **Echelleham, Pa.**—Michael O'Reilly; **Pittsburgh, Pa.**—Peter McGerry; **Philadelphia, Pa.**—Mrs. S. McGough; Henry Bambrich; **Flains, Pa.**—Mary Mundy; **Baltimore, Md.**—F. J. Ostendorf; **Lynn, Mass.**—Mrs. Margaret O'Connor; **E. Brookfield, Mass.**—Fred Varone; **Medford, Mass.**—Cora Carboneau; **New Brunswick, N. J.**—Mr. H. Stehlin; **Manchester, N. H.**—Miss Mary A. Muhoney; **Wheeling, W. Va.**—Miss Ann Scott; **New Orleans, La.**—Miss C. Cochran; **Madison, Wis.**—Mrs. M. J. Crowley; **Princeton, Ky.**—Mrs. M. Harlan; **Louisville, Ky.**—Bridget Walsh; **Indianapolis, Ind.**—Miss Delia Calter; **San Francisco, Calif.**—Mrs. Jordan; **Bridget McNally; Chicago, Ill.**—Mrs. Henry Weiss; Mrs. Anna Curran; **Alice Merriman; Mr. O'Connor.**

LET US PRAY—We beseech Thee, therefore, assist the souls still suffering in purgatory, whom Thou hast redeemed with Thy Precious Blood. 300 days, every time. Sept. 13, 1908.



Franciscan News

Italy.—On May 6, the seven hundredth anniversary of the founding of the Third Order was most solemnly commemorated in the Eternal City. The celebration is said to have surpassed anything seen outside of St. Peter's within the memory of the present generation. The *Osservatore Romano* calls it "a really imposing and magnificent manifestation of the great faith that animates the good Romans." Tremendous crowds took part in the closing ceremony of the procession with the Blessed Sacrament, carried by his Eminence Cardinal Giorgi, Protector of the Franciscan Order. The marchers were recruited from all walks of life; and many of them wore the large Tertiary habit. Benediction was given from the great marble stairway of the ancient Franciscan Basilica of Araceli, the capacious edifice itself being far too small to hold the vast concourse of worshippers.

The Sacred Congregation of Rites has approved the cult rendered from time immemorial to the Blessed Marguerite of Lorraine, Duchess of Alençon and member of the Order of Poor Clares, who died in 1522, after a life spent in the faithful exercise of her duties in the family and in the cloister.

Germany.—The German Franciscans are preparing to celebrate the seventh centenary of the establishment of the First Order in this country. The Order has passed through many vicissitudes in the course of the centuries; but it has shown such marked vitality that at present it is in as flourishing condition in the German countries as anywhere in the world. Including the Capuchins and the Conventual Friars, it numbers 2252 members in 131 houses. Although still suffering from the effects of the war, the friars have developed truly marvelous activity in all matters proper to the scope of their institute.

England.—On June 4, there occurred in Clevedon, Somerset, after a brief but painful illness, the death of Miss Emily Nesbitt, beloved sister and collaborator of our esteemed contributor, Miss Marian Nesbitt. Having been received into the Church together with her sister in childhood, Miss Emily sacrificed a life of ease and comfort to devote herself to the spread of Catholic truth and of Franciscan ideals in the capacity of Miss Marian's literary adviser and amanuensis. She had so humble an opinion of herself and was so averse to publicity that she could never be induced to write for publication, though her exceptional qualities of mind and heart fitted her eminently for the task. Her unselfish labors for the Catholic cause were rec-

ognized in Rome some years since, when she together with her sister received from the Holy Father the distinction "Pro Ecclesia et Pontifice." The General of the Franciscan Order likewise honored her with letters of affiliation to the Order. The editors of *Franciscan Herald* desire to express their profound sense of personal loss at her death and their heartfelt sympathy for the bereaved. Readers of the *Herald* are requested to offer prayers for the repose of the soul of Miss Emily and for the comfort of her afflicted sister.

The Franciscan Monthly, a thirty-two page magazine, edited by the Friars Minor of the English Province, has entered on the twenty-fifth year of its existence. It has done yeoman's service in spreading Franciscan ideals in the British Isles; and it has numbered among its contributors some of the greatest Catholic writers of the last decades. Miss Marian Nesbitt, whose charming stories and essays and poems are one of the real features of *Franciscan Herald*, has been a regular contributor to the *Monthly* from its second issue. Hers is a rare example of devotion to Catholic journalism and of love for the Franciscan cause. We extend to *The Franciscan Monthly* and to its family of loyal and able contributors sincere congratulations.

San Carlos Mission, Arizona.—On May 21, the new mission church of St. Charles Borromeo was solemnly blessed by the Right Reverend Bishop Granjon, of Tucson. The natives had gathered from far and near to witness the ceremony, and they were much impressed. A mixed choir from Globe and a brass band of twenty-five pieces from St. John's Indian Mission School did much to enhance the solemnity of the occasion. The Rev. Joseph Rhode, O.F.M., preached a very appropriate and powerful sermon. After the High Mass, the Bishop confirmed a class of twenty children and adults. San Carlos forms another substantial link in the chain of mission churches and chapels that has begun to stretch through the desert. Much credit for the success of the undertaking is due to the zealous and unassuming Apache missionary, Fr. Gerard, who, like the padres of old, personally directed and assisted his dusky charges in erecting the beautiful edifice.

Sells, Arizona.—Sells is the Government Headquarters for the Papago Indians. The agency consists of a very picturesque group of buildings, comprising an office, a spacious day school, several beautiful dwellings for the officials,

and a large, well equipped hospital. All that was necessary to complete this imposing group was a mission chapel. Since the poverty of the Indians made it impossible for them to bear the whole expense of building the church, Miss Sarah J. Duggan, of Philadelphia, and the Marquette League, of New York City, generously came to their assistance. The end of a year of work and worry saw the completion of the Chapel of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart, memory of the Rev. John Duggan, S.J. (deceased). The Right Rev. Henry Granjon performed the ceremonies of dedication. Nine priests, including the Rev. Thomas Connolly, of Tucson, who delivered the dedicatory sermon, and a very large number of Indians were present. The famous St. John's Mission School band had come 130 miles, through sagebrush and over sandy roads to furnish music for the occasion. Under the able direction of Mr. Celso Riveira, the boys acquitted themselves very creditably. The celebration lasted two days; after which all returned to their homes, strengthened in their holy religion and eager to spread its blessings to their less fortunate tribesmen.

Teutopolis, Ill.—On Sunday, June 19, the following graduates of St. Joseph Seminary received the habit and began their novitiate in the First Order of St. Francis: Ralph (Edmund) Patterson, Joseph (Herbert) Diethelm, Edward (Norbert) Schmalz, Adolph (Anselm) Hellman, George (Alban) Schwartz, John (Bertrand) Kock, Otto (Leonard) Muench, Leo (Bernard) Koebele, Edwin (Augustus) Reyling, Barnabas (Andrew) Wildhaber, Leo (Antonellus) Paul. On June 22, nineteen novices made their holy profession. They will leave in the near future for West Park, Ohio, where they will take up the study of philosophy.

St. Paul, Minn.—The local fraternity of the Third Order has enrolled a large number of new members since the beginning of the year, among these many men. A library for the special use of Tertiaries has been started by the Rev. Director, Fr. Peter Baptist, O.F.M., and donations of books are rapidly coming in. The books will be kept in the administration hall of the school building. The sewing circle of the Third Order closed a very successful year on June 14. A large number of altar linens and articles of clothing, etc., were sent to the Indian missions. We are proud to state that one of our members, Mr. William Fredericks, was ordained to the Holy Priesthood and another, Mr. Ralph Patterson, received the habit of the First Order at Teutopolis, Ill.

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JUST A WORD

"THE deterioration of current public opinion," says a writer in *The Independent*, "is correctly mirrored in the current press. Compare the latest issues of a dozen popular magazines with copies of the same periodical from before the war and you will see in most cases that the proportion of fiction has greatly increased while the average quality has not improved; that much less space is given to serious subjects than there used to be; that the illustrations are of a more trivial character, and that there is a marked decline in moral tone and earnestness. Periodicals that try to maintain the high aims of their founders and persist in the belief that life is more than romance are suffering for their refusal to conform to the taste of the times. The better they are the worse off they are."

We know something of what it means to be worse off for being "better" than the average secular magazine. Catholic editors generally are struggling against very heavy odds to provide their readers with more solid mental pabulum than is to be found in the so-called popular magazines. That they are suffering for their efforts to be better is indicated by their relatively small subscription lists. A Catholic magazine whose only excuse for existence is its Catholicity, has really no right to complain of non-support. But all things being equal, why should a Catholic periodical not enjoy the same prosperity as its non-Catholic contemporaries? Is Catholic taste so vitiated that it can enjoy nothing but cheap and trashy fiction? Or is Catholic judgment so perverted as to regard everything Catholic that is printed as inferior? We ask our readers kindly to answer these questions for themselves before canceling their subscriptions.

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Editorials

The Dominican Centenary

THIS is a year of centenaries. So rapidly are centennial celebrations succeeding one another that one may be said to tread on the heels of the other. The latest centenary of which the Church has taken official and public cognizance is the seven hundredth anniversary of the death of St. Dominic.

In an encyclical letter, dated on June 29, the Holy Father pays a deserved tribute to the Saint and to the Order of Preachers founded by him. The Sovereign Pontiff commends above all the Dominican form of preaching, in which, as he says, "three qualities shine forth: great solidity of doctrine, the fullness of fidelity to the Apostolic See, piety towards the Virgin Mother." The encyclical is for the most part a historical proof of this proposition.

Regarding the first quality, "solidity of doctrine," the Pope says: "The Dominican Institute from the beginning was famed for its learning. Its special mission was always to care for the various wounds of error and diffuse the light of Christian faith." Mention is made in particular of "such miracles of genius and erudition as Albert the Great, Raymond de Pennafort, St. Thomas Aquinas, in whom especially God deigned to enlighten the Church."

In regard to Dominican loyalty to the Apostolic See, the Holy Father declares that "as often as, through the infatuating minds of men, the Church had to suffer from popular movements or the tyranny of princes, this Apostolic See had in the Dominicans, the defenders of truth and justice, a most opportune help in the preservation and honor of its authority." In this connection he points to those two glories of the Dominican Order, St. Catherine of Siena and Pope St. Pius V.

He next adverts to Dominican piety toward the Blessed Virgin, as evidenced above all in the popularization of the formula of prayers known as the Rosary, which the Holy Father says was "initiated by the Founder of the Friars Preachers and diffused far and wide by his followers."

Calling attention to the fact that the Dominican Institutes are not less opportune at present than they were at the time of their Founder, and that the Dominicans have an almost boundless field in which to labor for the common welfare, he exhorts them to devote special care to the spread of the Rosary devotion among the Christian people as a potent remedy against the evils of these troublous times.

After the eloquent and graceful tribute paid to the Dominicans and their holy Founder by the Sovereign Pontiff, anything that we might say in praise of St. Dominic and his Order must seem utterly inadequate. We are glad, however, to be able to give pub-

licity in these columns to the Holy Father's encomium if for no other reason than the historic friendship that has existed between the Friars Preachers and the Friars Minor from the day that St. Dominic embracing St. Francis exclaimed: "You are my comrade, and we will run together. Let us stand together and no enemy shall overcome us."

The holy and noble friendship of these two saints is one of the real romances of Church history. In deed, so great was Dominic's reverence for Francis that he wished to bring the two Orders under one rule and one leadership. But this was not the design of Providence, for each had his own scope and purpose. St. Dominic was directed to defend the faith of Christendom against the argumentative attack of heretics; whereas the purpose of Francis was the primary aim of the penitent upheaval, the more perfect practice of Gospel life. Between the two Orders there has always existed a healthy rivalry, which though culminating at times in open contention, has wrought much for the spread of the Christian faith and the deepening of Christian science. No matter how widely divergent may be the scope of the institutes and the spirit of the founders, there is no reason why their followers should not continue in emulation and noble comradeship to vie with each other in solidity of doctrine, loyalty to the Apostolic See, and devotion to the Virgin Mother. *Fiat, fiat!*

The Franciscan I. O. U.

WE CULL the following editorial note from *The Universe* (London—No. 13159): "The reviewer in the *Observer*, in the course of his comments on a recent work on "Mediaeval Contributions to Modern Civilization," (edited by Professor Hearnshaw), quotes a passage, the origin of which is not given as being a point in connection with the Middle Ages, which, Professor Hearnshaw thinks make up their contribution to the spiritual heritage of mankind rather than to its ways and means. The quotation is made by Mr. Claud Jenkins, one of the "varied authorities" whose King's College lectures make up the volume. It runs: "Where the Franciscan democracy differs from the ordinary political democracy is, in the first place, that with the Franciscan equality is generated in voluntary assumption of common duties and responsibilities and not in the assertion of individual rights. The Franciscan begins at the other end from that generally taken by the political democrat. He starts practically from the idea that he himself owes a duty to his neighbor rather than that his neighbor owes a duty to him; he is more concerned to curb his own arrogance and

selfishness than to curb that of others." "We need scarcely go further for an example of some mediæval ideals that must be revived before we can overcome certain of our social deadlocks," comments the reviewer; and we ourselves need scarcely go further in our comments than the Observer's bookman.

All of which is merely another way of saying that Franciscan democracy and Christian charity are very closely allied. There is so much loose thinking and talking about Franciscanism in its relation to democracy, that it is quite refreshing to meet so definite and pointed a statement as that of Mr. Claud Jenkins. Let it not be thought, however, that Franciscans have a monopoly on the kind of democracy that he wishes to see revived. All religious orders are built up, as on a foundation, on "voluntary assumption of common duties and responsibilities and not on the assertion of individual rights." Modern political democracy, on the other hand, is excessively individualistic and self-assertive, in other words, anti-Christian. Being in conflict with the fundamental principles of Christianity, it can not hope to achieve that regeneration and salvation of mankind which its apostles are so loud in proclaiming to a world sick unto death of the evils brought on it by its own arrogance and selfishness.

The Pillars of Society

A NEW social order" is the desire of the British Labor Party as is stated in the Preamble to its famous Social Reconstruction Program. The new order is to rest on these four pillars: the universal enforcement of the national minimum, the democratic control of industry, the revolution in national finance, and the surplus wealth for the common good.

Whether a better social and industrial structure than the present one may be solidly based on these four principles, time only can show. Suffice it to say that some seriously question the stability of a social order reared on these pillars.

The Catholic Church is ever taking a larger place among the great regenerative forces of society, and is also taking foot in the urgent work of social reconstruction. It is now defending against the forces of anarchy and social chaos four powerful pillars or principles which support good government, and without which no State can exist.

These pillars are not those proposed by the British Labor Party. They are more necessary, more urgent, more fundamental to lasting social peace and prosperity than its "four pillars of the new social order." The Catholic Church defends, in brief, these four cardinal principles: respect for legitimate authority, the right to private property, the sanctity of the marriage bond, practice of Christian charity and justice.

Let the fair-minded man ask himself whether civilized society can exist without these four requirements. History tells us that it cannot. We are now considering Utopian commonwealths, or communistic experiments, though the latter, when carried out on a large plan, have thus far always ended in failure. No, to have an orderly and progressive society, you

must have these four pillars. Without them the house soon falls to ruins.

Society, therefore, owes a large debt to the Catholic Church for maintaining, sometimes in the face of bitter opposition, these elements of social control and stability. The Social Reconstruction Program of the Bishops nowhere makes a concession on these points. It is committed to a minimum wage, to social insurance, laws regulating child labor and labor of women, co-operation and co-management of industries on the part of wage-earners. But it stands firmly by those principles which are needed even in the freest and fullest democracy.

Msgr. Parkinson, discussing the several principles underlying Catholic social reforms, says: "These principles of human life differ immeasurably from the superficial and contradictory opinions with which the non-Catholic world is encumbered. "It is the fidelity of the Church to these fundamental doctrines of human welfare that causes all enlightened students of society to regard her as the most beneficent institution in history."

C. B. of the C. V.

The Third Order a Powerful Means of Social Betterment

All thinking men agree that from a political, industrial, social and religious point of view, the world today is in sore need of reform. Now there are few institutions extant that possess such inherent power for the betterment of society as the Third Order of St. Francis. During the seven hundred years of its existence, this Order has done much to counteract political and social evils, to stem the tide of worldliness and to make men more Christlike.

A careful glance at the rule of the Third Order as well as at its past history will convince any fair-minded man that this institution must possess great reformative power. An illustration may be taken from the thirteenth century, when greed, ambition, and worldliness in general weighed heavily on society as it does today. In those days the feudal lords tyrannized the middle classes, demanding military service under penalty of fines. The Tertiaries in accordance with their rule which demanded justice, charity, and peace, refused to take part in hostile factions and the petty wars resulting therefrom. This firm and persistent refusal on the part of large numbers finally broke the power of feudalism and laid the foundation of democracy and constitutional government.

A National Third Order Convention that will convene in Chicago, on October 2, 3 and 4, will commemorate the seven hundredth anniversary of the founding of the Third Order. Archbishops, Bishops, and Vicars Apostolic from Canada, Mexico, Central America and many countries of South America, the British Honduras, the Hawaiian and Philippine Islands, England, Ireland and Scotland, have sent letters of felicitation and blessing to Convention Headquarters, 5045 Laflin Street, Chicago.



Third Order of St. Francis

THE NATIONAL THIRD ORDER CONVENTION LETTERS OF APPROVAL

Rev. and dear Fathers:

I was most happy to learn that a National Tertiary Convention will be held next October in the United States, and it is my earnest desire that the success of the Convention will surpass the most ardent hopes of the sons and daughters of Saint Francis.

In these days of universal unrest, when the narrow love of self, the avarice which ignores the rights of men, the craving of self-gratification and self-indulgence, are sulling the souls of men, there is nothing more necessary than a reawakening of the spirit of the humble and gentle Saint Francis.

In no more efficacious way can the fire, which consumed the heart of Saint Francis, be kindled in the hearts of men, than by the saintly children of Saint Francis who have banded in his name and who have consecrated their lives to the virtues of their Patron.

The deplorable lack of charity which characterizes the world today is mainly responsible for the strife and unhappiness which abound.

What a blessing, therefore, the Third Order can bring in the lesson it teaches—that true happiness consists in the enjoyment of peace with God and our neighbor—the blessed reward of Christian charity.

May the Tertiaries ever increase in number so that by their fervor, their example, and their strength, that may lead a sorrowing world to the peace and blessings which are its portion through the merits of Jesus Christ.

Very sincerely yours,
WILLIAM CARDINAL O'CONNELL,
Archbishop of Boston.

Dear Reverend Fathers:

It is with the greatest pleasure that I avail myself of the opportunity your kind letter has afforded me of wishing the American Tertiary Convention "God-speed" and "complete success."

The idea of the General Convention is quite in keeping with the sentiments of our Holy Father, Benedict XV. A short while ago, he declared, with supreme authority, that it is most opportune to

give to this Seven Hundredth Anniversary of the Founding of the Third Order as much solemnity of celebration as it is possible to give. It is appropriate, too, that the whole of the United States should assemble in General Tertiary Convention for only thus can you offer a fitting tribute to that universal debt of gratitude which your country, like ours, owes to the Sons of St. Francis.

Is there any need for me to eulogize the work of the Third Order? There are trails behind it, like a vista of glory, the brightness of seven hundred years of merits, of social service and good works. In every clime, at every epoch, no matter what the evil they had to combat, the Third Order can ever be counted upon to be in the forefront of the world's workers for the general uplift of humanity. More inspirations have gone out from its members, more practical schemes for particular reforms, than from any other institution that History tells of. No wonder that so many Popes have approved of it with their high authority and their personal adhesion. No wonder they have recommended it, encouraged it, blessed it, and enriched it with the greatest spiritual privileges and indulgences.

Quite recently, as it were yesterday, the immortal Encyclicals of Pope Leo XIII heralded the Third Order of Saint Francis as the great social reform which is destined to succeed where other attempts have failed. And the burning words of Pope Pius X are still familiar to us all.

Now comes the Encyclical of his Holiness, Pope Benedict XV, gloriously reigning. He, the Watcher of the Tower of Israel, who sees coming events whilst they are still but a tiny speck on the horizon, he tells us, that the Third Order is the "divinely chosen instrument given to Holy Church for the purpose of healing the present-day evils of society." By it shall the nations be led to the harbor of peace and salvation. (Ency. *Sacra Propediem*.)

To mention only two of the evils which the Third Order effectively com-

bats, it is undeniable that in this our day—even more than in days gone by—the religious life of the world is sapped and undermined by two baneful influences.

The first is worldliness: the spirit which treats life in all its thousand complex claims and duties, entirely without any reference to God; the spirit which denies sin and colors it with fantastic and meaningless names; the spirit which teaches mankind so to bury themselves in the passing events of this brief life as to forget or ignore, even to exclude the thought of God and eternity.

And the second evil is Anti-Christian thought. So estranged is the general mind of the peoples of today from true Christianity, that they no longer recognize the meaning of the grand old dogmas of the Church. Thus, the divinity of Christ, the atonement, personal responsibilities for sin, future punishment and a host of other dogmatic teachings of Holy Church are so garbled by modern minds that the nation of the world are more Christian in name than in action or belief.

In the midst of such spiritual chaos it is our firm conviction that only this splendid spiritual soul-training, such as is given to Lay-Tertiaries, can prove to be an effective antidote—as Pope Benedict XV has said. Let the number of Tertiaries increase till each city, each town, each village and hamlet have its fraternity or fraternities; let these Tertiaries be imbued with the spirit of other-worldliness which so characterizes the spirituality of St. Francis; let things spiritual be realities to them; let them be so attached to the true teachings of Holy Church that they come to feel by the guidance of the Holy Spirit what they have not learned by theological training; let souls spiritual, devoted, fervent, spread everywhere throughout the world, and we shall soon see the leaven at work in leavening the mass and WORLDLINESS and ANTI-CHRISTIAN THOUGHT will soon be met and remedied.

To this consummation, so devoutly to

be wished for, we unite our fervent prayers that the many Tertiary Congresses to be held this year in every part of the globe, may once more yield the inspiration and provide the incentive.

Before concluding, Reverend Fathers, may we add a personal note to this brief message. As Archbishop and Pastor of souls and as Tertiary of St. Francis, no one is better in a position to appreciate the good works and the salutary influence of the Franciscan Third Order than we, who, for so many years, have guided the destinies of this vast Archdiocese. It was the sons of St. Francis who first evangelized our country of Canada; and it was the Saint's other children, the Tertiaries, who, in every crisis of our history, gave proof of eminent social virtue and generous devotedness. God has blessed their splendid example. Today, in this our land, the Franciscan Tertiaries number nearly one hundred thousand. Needless to say that they stand for all that is most generous in the Catholic cause.

A few days ago we had the pleasure of seeing the National Tertiary Congress of Canada gather its delegates together in our Archiepiscopal city of Montreal. During the four days that the congress lasted one could not but be edified by the great numbers that it brought together. Whether in the mass meetings, or at the smaller reunions where the papers were read, the impression was ever that of a mighty body of Catholic élite, earnest, devoted and attentive; amenable to the voice of authority, and whole-heartedly submissive to the direction of the Hierarchy and the guidance of the Holy See. It was a solace and a joy to witness such edifying scenes. It was a comfort, too, to know that this splendid army of Franciscan Tertiaries stands solidly behind the Episcopacy and Clergy in the struggle of right and of justice for the cause of God and His Church.

May the Almighty bless and prosper your efforts. May you so far succeed in placing St. Francis and his ideal before the minds of your countrymen, that Tertiary life and Tertiary works may become in this new country and in these later times, the inspiration for good and the power for social betterment, that they were in the days of the Poverello.

Very sincerely yours in Xo,

PAUL BRUCHESI,
Archbishop of Montreal.

Reverend and dear Fathers:

The news of your planning to mark the celebration of the seventh centenary

of the Third Order of St. Francis by holding, next October, a national convention of its members in the United States, is a source of abounding joy and of thrilling hope for the pastors of souls in our country. For as we long and labor to enthuse with the ideals of the Gospel and to sway with the spirit of our Lord the great masses of our twentieth century people, can we not look upon the movement which you have initiated as providentially instrumental in bringing about in a large degree the realization of our aims and fond desires? Happy am I, with the few, very few members of the Third order in Alaska, to hail with cordial sympathy the heaven-inspired step you are taking, to encourage it with my blessing, to second it with my prayers, to further it with my coöperation within the range of my circumstances.

The object of your convention is to unite and organize the forces of the Third Order for the swelling of its ranks for the strengthening of its life, for the working out of its mission to the individual and to society with wider influence and deeper efficiency. The Lord will be in the midst of you, according to his unfailing promise; the Holy Spirit will come down upon you assembled in prayer and consultation as on the apostles when they were gathered together, awaiting to be endowed with power from on high! Then the Third Order will come out of its new Pentecost, equipped for its labors, each member aglow with fiery zeal, and in very deed a "light burning within and shining without."

What can it not accomplish for the renewal of our modern world which after all is not much different from the world to which Christ addressed St. Francis. I seem to hear wafted over the armies of the Third Order the echo of that divine voice bidding the poor little man of Assisi: "Go and repair my church." For it was not so much the material church of San Damiano that was meant, which the Saint restored with his own hands, as the church of living souls which through his spiritual children he helped restore to its strength and beauty.

The Third Order! How grand its mission and its power! Precisely because so open and accessible are the ways of its task and the tenor of its life. They lie in the very heart of common everyday life, among the multitudinous vocations and stations of lay folks, in the highways and by-ways of the world; not in the privileged recesses of religious abode, but in the homes, in the shops, in the business offices, in the streets and market places. Fill all these

with men and women imbued with the spirit of Francis, not raising a material barrier between themselves and the earth, but viewing the earth and all it holds out as transformed by the light from the Crucified; not renouncing all enjoyment, but sanctifying it; not putting aside the obligations of domestic life, or the burdens of social service, but consecrating them with prayer and the exercise of Christian virtue; shunning needless comforts, and luxurious habits of food and dress and the pleasures savoring of sin; devoutly discharging the ordinary duties of religion, serving, as knights of the Savior, the cause of justice and charity; seeking peace and contentedness in restraining immoderate desires; and finding in love the inspiration of their life, its fruitfulness, its sweetness.

Such is the programme the Seraph of Assisi was dreaming of when he uttered his prophetic cry: "The Lord will make us a great people even unto the ends of the earth." His prophecy received fulfillment even during his lifetime, in regard to his first two orders, but especially in his Third Order, by means of which the whole world could become Franciscan.

The Holy Spirit is willing, no doubt to brood over the medley mass of human beings covering the land, to breathe into their clay a Tertiary Franciscan soul. Let the national convention of the Third Order in the United States do its part; let all the sons and daughters of St. Francis fulfil the programme which will have been worked out for them; and then the sanguine hopes of Pope Benedict XV for the "re-establishing of the Christian spirit," and through it the welfare of mankind will be fulfilled in America. The ambition of Leo XIII "to bring a salutary remedy to very many of the evils which afflict society; to make the rule of holy charity and of all the virtues flourish upon the earth," will be attained. Through the admission of poor and rich, of high and low, in the family of St. Francis, the social classes will be brought together in the bond of benevolent understanding and of mutual love; and there will be ushered into our modern world, as a blessed practical working scheme of life, the era of world-wide fraternity, which is the unrealizable Utopia of the socialist reformers.

Arduently wishing and earnestly praying that it be so, I remain, dear Reverend Fathers,

Yours sincerely in Christ,

JOSEPH R. CRIMONT, S. J.

Bp. of Alaska.

CONVENTION NEWS AND NOTES

UNDER the special guidance of the Holy See, with the approval and blessing of His Excellency, the Most Reverend John Bonzano, D. D., Apostolic Delegate to the United States, of the Most Reverend Ministers General of the three branches of the Franciscan Order, and of our beloved Archbishop, the Most Reverend George W. Mundelein, D. D., plans are being formed to make the first national Tertiary convention in the United States, which is to mark the seven hundredth anniversary of the founding of the Third Order, a memorable event.

There are two convention boards, with headquarters at 5045 Laflin St., Chicago, Ill., which will attend to all matters of the coming convention; the general directive board, and the convention executive board.

The general directive board consists of all the Very Reverend Franciscan Provincials and Commissaries of the First Order in the United States, of the Very Reverend Provincial of the Third Order Regular of St. Francis, and besides these of one Father from each Franciscan Province and Commissariat in our country.

The convention executive board, with a more local personnel consists of the Most Reverend George William Mundelein, D. D., Archbishop of Chicago; Right Reverend Alexander McGavick, D. D., Bishop of Marquette, twelve Monsignori, several Fathers of the three branches of the Franciscan Order, and a number of the secular clergy and of representative Catholic laymen.

The first national Tertiary convention will have for its aim to further the observance of the Third Order Rule, to intensify the spirit of St. Francis among Tertiaries themselves, to devise and encourage ways and means of spreading the seraphic spirit, to increase activity and co-operation in charitable and social work, and to organize the scattered forces of the Third Order along practical lines.

For the great encyclical of the Sovereign Pontiff, Benedict XV, we have every reason to be very grateful. A letter thanking the Holy Father in the name of all sons and daughters of St. Francis in the United States, was mailed to Rome from convention headquarters, February 20.

His Excellency, John Bonzano, the Apostolic Delegate, assures us in a letter of February 28, that he will attend our convention and officiate at the opening services, which will take place in the cathedral. He also sends his apostolic blessing to all who co-operate to

make the national Third Order convention a success, and highly recommends the Third Order to our people.

Their Eminencies, Cardinal O'Connell of Boston, Dougherty of Philadelphia, and Begin of Quebec have sent very encouraging letters to convention headquarters blessing the preliminary work for the convention, and assuring us of their interest. Similar letters have been received to date from forty-one other members of the hierarchy. Needless to say, we are very grateful for the deep and practical interest of these members of the hierarchy.

Early in January, the majority of Very Reverend Provincials and Commissaries of the three branches of our Seraphic Order sent out a special circular to the members of their respective provinces on the seventh centenary and the convention of the Third Order. We are glad to have this opportunity of thanking them for their kindness. With God's blessing and their continued interest, success is certain.

We wish to thank also the Very Reverend Provincials of the three branches of our Seraphic Order for approving the first official circular, mailed to all Franciscan houses and to all Reverend directors of the Third Order on the second day of February.

The second official circular and an outline of the convention program, together with other matters concerning the convention, will be mailed to all interested in the Third Order shortly before the convention.

Hotels and private homes will be open to delegates and guests. Applications for lodging in private homes must be made before the first day of September; after that date accommodations in private homes cannot be guaranteed to applicants. Lodging in private homes will be furnished at the same rates as in hotels.

Such Third Order directors and members of the clergy as desire to lodge in parish rectories or in Catholic institutions, will please send word to convention headquarters to this effect, at the latest one month in advance.

Special railroad rates will be secured for all who are coming to the Third Order convention. The special rates will be announced as soon as possible.

Hotel LaSalle, close to the cathedral, St. Peter's Church, the Chicago Auditorium, and the main railroad depots, will be the convention headquarters.

The Great Northern Hotel, also located in the heart of the city, just opposite Chicago's main post-office, is likewise much interested in the Third

Order convention. It is also very respectable and reasonable in prices. Its manager is a loyal Tertiary, and, like the manager of the LaSalle Hotel, is anxious to do what he can to make his brother and sister Tertiaries feel perfectly at home during their stay at Chicago.

The accommodations and rates of Hotel LaSalle are as follows: Single rooms without bath, \$2.00 to \$3.50 per day, with bath, \$4.00 to \$7.00 per day; rooms for two persons without bath, \$3.50 to \$5.00 per day, with bath, \$6.00 to \$9.00 per day. The seventy-five cents breakfast is served daily from 6:30 A. M. to 10:30 A. M. in the Rookwood Room, the Gentlemen's Cafe, and the Louis XVI Room. The seventy-five cents luncheon, for which Hotel LaSalle is famous from coast to coast, is served daily, except Sunday, from 11:30 A. M. until 2:30 P. M., in the Rookwood Room, the Louis XVI Room, and the Dutch Room. The Dollar Dinner, a delightful six-course evening meal, is served daily, from 6 P. M. to 8 P. M., in the Rookwood Room and the Dutch Room.

Since Hotel LaSalle is our convention headquarters and gives us the use of its grand Convention Hall, the most beautiful in the city (capacity 1,200 persons), likewise the use of its Red Room (capacity 600 persons), and moreover the use of a number of smaller rooms varying in capacity from 20 to 150 persons (for the secretary's office and for committee meetings), entirely free of charge, the directors, delegates, and guests are kindly requested to patronize this hotel.

The accommodations and rates of the Great Northern Hotel are as follows: Single rooms without bath, \$2.50 to \$3.00 per day, with bath, \$3.50 to \$6.00 per day; rooms for two persons without bath, \$5.00 to \$6.00 per day, with bath, \$6.00 to \$8.00 per day. Meals are furnished at reasonable prices.

With the kind permission of the Most Reverend Archbishop and of the Right Reverend Msgr. M. J. FitzSimmons V. G., rector of the cathedral parish, all religious services of our convention will take place in the cathedral. There will be pontifical Masses on Sunday, Monday, and Tuesday, and a solemn religious closing of the convention on Tuesday evening; also sermons on Sunday morning, October 2, and on Tuesday morning and evening, October 4, the Feast of St. Francis. For Sunday and Monday evening religious services will be arranged in various other churches.

Sunday afternoon a mass meeting will take place in the Chicago Auditorium. Monday morning there will be

a business meeting in the Convention Hall of Hotel LaSalle, and Monday afternoon reading of papers in various sectional meetings, which meetings also will take place in Hotel LaSalle. No arrangements can be made for successful sectional meetings according to languages; all meetings will be conducted in English. Monday afternoon there will be a final business meeting in the Convention Hall of Hotel LaSalle. A memorial medal of the Third Order convention of the seventh centenary year will be struck.

Fifty-one papers are being written for our national Third Order convention treating of the spirit of St. Francis, of devotions peculiarly Franciscan, and of some important topics of the Third Order Rule. Seventeen of these papers are being written by the Friars Minor, seventeen by the Friars Minor Conventual, and seventeen by the Friars Minor Capuchin. These papers will not be read at the convention, since the time is too limited; but they will be published in the official report. A copy of the official report, bound in white sheepskin, will, if satisfactory to the Very Reverend Provincials, be presented to the Holy Father as a token of loyalty and gratitude.

In accordance with the wishes of the Very Reverend Provincials, all Third Order fraternities of the United States are to be represented at the coming national convention. Small fraternities located at a great distance, may be represented by proxy, if they can not afford to send delegates. Fraternities sending delegates must pay all traveling and hotel expenses of their delegates.

Every director of the Third Order is kindly and urgently requested to bring as many Tertiaries as possible to the convention. All Tertiaries will be official delegates to the convention, and will have voice and vote in all matters brought up in their meetings. Should a closed meeting and a vote, by ballot be necessary, the voting strength of the various Third Order fraternities shall be regulated as follows: Each fraternity has the right to one vote for every hundred members or fraction thereof. Hence a fraternity of 100 or less members has the right to 1 vote; of 200 or less members to 2 votes; of 1,000 or less members to 10 votes; of 2,000 or less members to 20 votes, etc.

All delegates and guests of the national Third Order convention will receive in advance an application for credentials from their Third Order director. The application blanks were mailed to all directors, on July 15. The application for credentials is to be filled out by the applicant, the Reverend Director,

or his Tertiary secretary, and mailed at once to convention headquarters together with instructions from the applicant about the place he or she desires to lodge during the convention. Isolated members of the Third Order may secure an application for credentials by writing directly to convention headquarters; address: 5045 Laffin Street, Chicago.

Credentials are filled out and mailed to applicants from headquarters. All delegates and guests of the national Third Order convention should bring with them their credentials, and present them to the secretary of the convention at Hotel LaSalle. Then and there they will receive their convention badge, which gives them free access to all convention meetings and celebrations. If credentials were forgotten or lost, they will be renewed by the secretary, at convention headquarters, Hotel LaSalle.

The Reverend Third Order directors and other members of the clergy need no credentials, but they will please report and register at the secretary's office shortly after their arrival.

Members of the reception committee will meet incoming delegates and guests at the main depots and conduct them to convention headquarters, where they will present their credentials and receive their badges. No matter where they lodge they will be conducted to their place of lodging by members of the reception committee.

Relative to Tertiary conventions, we quote the following words of our beloved Sovereign Pontiff, Benedict XV: "Like our predecessors, we are convinced that Franciscan institutions are especially efficacious in re-establishing the Christian spirit from the moment they are introduced and maintained in their fervor among the people. Francis was, indeed, a wonderful copy of Christ, and he shone before the world in troubled times not unlike our own. For that reason everything that can bring back the memory of this very holy man and give new impulse to devotion toward him, will meet at the outset with our favor. May the Seraphic Patriarch hear the prayers of all and grant that both his children and all those who honor him, may bring about, each according to his condition and his ability, the welfare of mankind."

THIRD ORDER CALENDAR

1. BB. John and Peter, Martyrs of the I Order.
4. St. Rose of Viterbo, Virgin of the III Order. (Plen. Ind.)
5. Bl. Gentil, Martyr of the I Order.
6. BB. Liberatus and Peregrine, Confessors of the I Order.
8. The Nativity of the B. V. M. (Gen. Absol.—Plen. Ind.)
9. Bl. Seraphina, Widow of the II Order.
10. BB. Apollinaris and Companions, Martyrs of the I and III Orders.
11. Bl. Bonaventure, Confessor of the I Order. (Plen. Ind.)
12. The Holy Name of the B. V. M.
13. Bl. Francis, Confessor of the I Order.
14. The Exaltation of the Holy Cross.
15. The Seven Sorrows of the B.V.M.
17. The Stigmata of Our Holy Father St. Francis. (Gen. Absol.—Plen. Ind.)
18. St. Joseph of Cupertino, Confessor of the I Order Conv. (Plen. Ind.)
23. Finding of the Body of St. Clare.
24. St. Pacificus, Confessor of the I Order. (Plen. Ind.)
26. Bl. Lucy, Virgin of the III Order.
27. St. Elzear, Confessor of the III Order. (Plen. Ind.)
28. Bl. Bernadine of Feltre, Confessor of the I Order.
29. St. Michael the Archangel. (Plen. Ind.)

Besides the days indicated above, Tertiaries can gain a Plenary Indulgence:

1. Every Tuesday, if, after Confession and Holy Communion, they visit a church of the First or the Second Order or of the Third Order Regular of St. Francis while the Bl. Sacrament is exposed and there pray for the intention of the Pope. If Tertiaries live at a great distance from a Franciscan church, they may visit their own parish church.

2. Once every month, on any suitable day. *Conditions:* Confession, Communion, visit to any church, and some prayers there for the intention of the Pope.

3. On the day of the monthly meeting. *Conditions:* Confession, Communion, visit to any church, and some prayers there for the intention of the Pope.

General Absolution, also called Indulgent Blessing, can be received by Tertiaries on Sept. 8 and 17.

N. B.—Beginning with Sept. 10, a Plen. Ind. can be gained on each of the twelve Saturdays before the Feast of the Immaculate Conception. (Pope Pius X.)



Fiction



THE OUTLAWS OF RAVENHURST

By L. M. WALLACE

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CHAPTER XVI

The Gordon for God and Our Lady

THE CLANK of steel and the tramp of hurrying feet echoed through the corridors and died into silence. Far away on the landing near the great hall, the old castle clock ticked—ticked—ticked.

"Muckle John," whispered Lady Margaret, "what of my boy?—Did he reach you?"

"Aye, my lady, he did." The fisherman paused. How could he tell this mother of the little wounded body gasping on his cot at home—that is if the lad still gasped—if the Douglas eyes were not closed forever? "Aye, Lady Margaret."

"Speak out, Muckle John. True kindness will make you tell me the worst. It is much, so much, to know that at least he reached you. We had feared that he might have fallen into the pits of the Blind Duncan."

"Aye, my lady, he ha' been wi' us fra' the first; but he ha' been sick, my lady. Noo dinna be fearin'—Jean hopes the turn be past. He couldna help gain' doon on his back wi' all he's been through. Ye see, he was wetted an' the wind struck him. I didna find him till morning. He was oot o' his head by then. Dinna be worritin', my lady. Lung fever do get folks flighty sa soon; but the turn's past, lady. Ye see he didna get his wits till today at sundown; so we couldna ha' come afore. We didna ken o' the laird's orders—ten days comin'—he must ha' thought us grand an' fine laggars!"

"No, no! Sir James knew you too well to doubt your loyalty. We feared the boy had never reached the Cleuth, and we have been searching the pits and secret ways for days. Since Gordon is with you, he is safe. Jean will do all a mortal woman can do; the rest is with God."

"Here be a flask of brandy, lady," whispered Edwin. "I ha' no' been able to find ye since."

"And may God reward you for it! What you gave us before has kept my

faithful Benson living. Poor soul, she will need strength for the long crawl."

"Where be the laird?"

"Sir James went some time ago with Stephen to get the chalices that were hidden in the old fireplace. I think I hear him coming. Gordon!"

"Yes, Margaret,—who is with you?"

"Edwin, Muckle John, and the outlaws. They have the boy—ill, but there is hope."

"Thank God! Stephen has gone on ahead. Come this way."

"Aye, sir!" and they crawled away into the darkness one by one.

"Muckle John," a whisper drifted back from Sir James, "Stephen has the sacred vessels, but it cut to leave the old hearth-stone where the Precious Blood fell years and years ago. Who will

WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE

Sir Angus Gordon, descendant of the Scottish Chieftain Fire-the-Braes and son of Lang-Sword, has remained true to the ancient faith and to Mary Queen of Scots. Forces of the king surprise castle Ravenhurst, while the inmates are attending the proscribed Mass. The old earl is taken prisoner and executed. Of his grandsons James retains the faith, while Roger apostatizes and makes himself master of Ravenhurst. James's infant son, Gordon, is taken by his uncle, Friar Stephen, to Maryland, there to be brought up in the Catholic faith before returning to Scotland as heir to castle Ravenhurst. His uncle Roger tries to gain him for the new faith and for his plans. For his unyielding steadfastness, the boy is severely punished and imprisoned. Through a secret passage leading from the room in which he is confined, Gordon effects his escape. Amid the greatest dangers and difficulties he makes his way through the abandoned tunnel, when suddenly he comes to the dungeon where his father is imprisoned. Through a crevice in the wall Sir James discloses his identity to his son and gives him instructions how to reach the end of the passage in safety and to obtain the aid of the outlaws.

care for that now. Neither of us had strength to lift so great a weight; do you think you could?"

"Aye, sir, gin some ain will tell me the way to find the fireplace. I'll get the holy stane right gladly."

"Edwin can lead you."

"Aye, sir, an' we can come oot the short tunne!—na—that gaes o'er the cistern—that's a hole—but we could plan it—"

"No, the risk is great when there is no need for it. We will wait here. There is a large bearskin rug in the room. Wrap the stone in it to dull the sound of the dragging."

"Aye, sir!" The two slipped into a cross tunnel and were gone.

An hour passed. "There they come now," whispered Benson faintly. "Do ye no' hear them?"

"Hear?—Never a sound do I hear," answered Betsy.

"Your ears are no' yet tuned to silence."

"Weel," piped Davie, "I hear a rag nawnin' at lang Andrew's shoe."

"Gin ye stayed longer i' the silence ye'd hear the spiders when they spin," growled Andrew.

"Na, na," muttered Peter. "Ye can no' hear them, but ye can feel them weel now. Stop pratin' an' move on wi' ye. The laird ha' started forward."

Crawling on hour after hour through the endless darkness, with never a word and scarcely a sound, it seemed to poor old Benson that the end would never come. At last she sank down in the mud. "I canno' make it!" she gasped.

"Give her a sup of Edwin's brandy," whispered Lady Margaret. "God bless him for bringing it."

Lang Andrew pressed the flask to the old woman's lips.

"Na, na," she whispered. "Save it for my lady."

"Make her take it."

"I canna. She be gain'!"

"Dying?"

"Na, not yet, but fainted."

"Could you crawl backward and pull her along? Keep a sharp watch for

stones. She might strike her head, poor old soul."

"She be groanin'. Draggin' must hurt her!"

"It will not be much longer—God pity her!" came the earl's voice. "The light is beginning to come. Be as gentle as you can, Andrew, but bring her; she would die if left behind."

"Did ye say there be light, my laird? Where be it? I canna see my ain hand," muttered John.

"Are ye stark mad?' 'Tis nigh light as day!" broke in Peter.

Edwin pushed forward. "Ha' ye ladies a kerchief or twa? Yer eyes are duneen weakened, my laird. We must blindfold ye an' Peter afore they begin to pain. Full sunlight let on them noo wud make ye stane blind. Ye ken ye ha' lived in the blackness ten years an' mair."

"God bless you!" whispered the Earl as Edwin fastened the bandages. "God bless you, for 'tis little else but wishes your poor chief has to give. Let Donald lead now, he knows the way." Then the weary line crawled on.

The light grew until all could see it. Far ahead the arch at the tunnel's end, and across it a nodding spray of green.

"O James, how I wish you might see it!—just one tossing branch of a woodland shrub, the dew drops glistening on the half-open leaves, and God's glad sunshine over all."

"And so I shall, little wife, so I shall one day, when we three—you and the boy and I—we three wander through the wild green wood in that land beyond the sea. Hist! Donald not so fast!—I heerd something among the oaks outside. Move the bush with your sword. Keep under cover."

"Aye, sir." The veteran touched the root sharply. A crack from the thicket beyond, a bullet flattened against the stone. A laugh from the outer world and Sir Roger's voice:

"Come!—and a warm welcome to you! Godfrey waits with a hundred men where the passage opens near the old ruin. A captain with as many more stands guard by the seaward opening. Crawl back and try to pass them. Come out, and a dose of lead to each. Stay where you are, and starve. Those old pitted rat holes are fine graves. You are not the first to sleep in them." A round hundred muzzles glittered among the bushes.

"Is there another yet?—some way he does not know?"

"No," the Earl's voice seemed weary. "We shall have to tunnel out. Donald!"

"Aye, sir."

"Hist! what was that?"

"Stephen Douglas!—as, I'm living!"

"Na, na, man, not the friar!"

"Aye, but it be him though!"

"See the auld gray cloak. He canna be comin' out in full sight. They wud see him. Ah worra me! He kens there be a thousand pounds on him dead or livin'. What can it mean?"

"Hist!—he be speakin'!"

There is a strange power in the saints. They have no fear save the fear of God. Bravery touches the worst of men; and these were not the worst. The guns lowered as the old gray cloak passed by, and the men listened in silence.

"Lads," Stephen's voice was low and even, "lads, your guns are leveled at your own earl and lady. Have they ever done you wrong?"

"The little laird!—not the bairn and his mother!"

"No, it is the earl himself.—See!"

The bushes parted, and the prisoner clutching the stones with one hand drew himself erect before them.

"The earl!—This is the earl!"

"Stephen Douglas never lied!"

"Yes, lads, this is the earl."

"The Gordon!" "Twas scarcely more than a whisper for the moment; then it came in the long peal of thunder from a hundred throats: "The Gordon! The Gordon for God and Our Lady!"

"Fools!" gasped Sir Roger, dismayed because he had not Godfrey to prompt him in this extremity. "Fools!—can that wandering beggar make you believe a lie?—The madman of the gray cloak!—a hounded outlaw with a price upon his head!—and you believe him?—believe a lying scoundrel!—That old wretch by the rocks the Earl of Ravenhurst!—the scion of the house of Gordon!—chieftain of Clan Gordon!—Look at his white hair and long beard, matted with filth—his haggard, sallow face—those lean, long-nailed hands. Were my brother James of Gordon living, he would be a man in his prime! Fools! and you call that vile, old dungeon-rotted criminal an earl—and my brother!"

"Sir," the captain of the guard spoke curtly, "sir, the valets of your dungeons are not over-careful of the personal appearance of prisoners. This is the earl. Our allegiance is to him."

"Aye! Aye!" came the roar of a hundred shouts. "The Gordon! The Gordon!" and the cliffs of old Ben Ender echoed once again to the old cry. "The Gordon! The Gordon! Welcome home, kind laird! Welcome to old Ravenhurst! The Gordon! The Gordon!"

The Earl drew his hand across his eyes. The bandage was wet with tears. Tears!—and those soldier hearts went out to him because of them. "God bless you!" and his voice was hoarse and broken. "God bless you! You are Gor-

dons, and Clan Gordon was ever true! Do not judge poor Roger over-hard. He has not the strength of will that goes with the Gordon blood. Poor man, he has gone down with the evil tide."

"More than he have done that," muttered the captain. "Not all though—Edwin never failed to make his Easter and others have risked it, too; but most of us at the castle—myself as well, sir—most of us went with the evil tide. Still now that we have you once more, my lord, we will—God helping us—we will stand with you again, sir, for God and our Lady."

"Aye, my laird," cried Edwin. "Gie us the word! Only gie us the word! Ye'll ha' Rock Ravenhurst afore the sun's an hour higher. The lads by the sea-opening and those on the walls are Gordons. There be only Godfrey and his hundred Russell mercenaries."

"No, Roger may have Castle Ravenhurst and whatever of this world's goods may go with it. He has paid such a fearful price for his poor little earthly toys, it would be a pity if he could not enjoy them, at least, in this short life. For the other, God grant the poor weakling repentance before the gates of eternity close."

"Sir!—Ye will no' gie yer rights to yon dastard," broke in Muckle John fiercely.

"Let it pass, you brave-hearted clansman. Is it so much that is given to him? Even here in this poor world, is there nothing better than piles of ivy-mantled stone and heaps of golden treasure? Has poor Roger ever known—could he ever know, were it but for a moment,—the humble joys of your little home, the love of a woman like Jean? No, poor weakling, his sweetest fruits will prove but a gilded rind enclosing the gall of wounded pride."

"Weel, Sir Jamie," Edwin raised his hand in the old salute, "gin ye dinna care to take Rock Ravenhurst fra' yer brother—blood be thicker ner water an' ye ha' a forgiven' heart—what wud ye say to buildin' a new castle on ain o' the heights o' Ben Ender?"

"I have a better plan than that. Erecting a fortress would mean beginning a feud, and the end of that you know well. You would die in battle, your orphans and your widows starve. The cause for which our fathers stood is dead—though not forever. It is to the New World that we must turn our eyes. There the old cause lives anew."

"Aye!" cried the captain of the guard, "aye, my lord, would you lead us there? That is a plan worth hearing, if all the sailor tales be true—red men, prince and nobles and all that, roaming the wild wood—furs fit for the king's wearing—aye, lads, and Spanish gold!"

"No, no! I am not promising fortune

in the New World. I know of no land where gold is picked up by the handful, and jewels shine like drops of dew on a May morning. These are but sailors' tales. Those who would follow me to Maryland must go for one reason only—to find a spot where we can worship God in peace. There are but few priests in our part of Scotland; soon there will be none. When the priests and the Sacraments are gone, the faith must die among our children. Years ago, Baltimore told me much about his colony. Do not hope for gold, for you will find hardship instead. We shall suffer, even on the way if the wind be contrary, we may face starvation. When we reach Maryland, we shall suffer also,—I fear very much—at least during the months before the first crops can be harvested. The weaker ones may die. Even after the worst is over, there will be hard work and grinding poverty all our lives. But, we shall be free and our children can be reared in the Faith. How many are willing to follow me?"

"Sir," old Donald's trembling hand rose in salute, "sir, Gordon Clan ha' never refused to follow the laird. I be at yer service. Muckle John dinna be all day wi' yer 'Aye sir!'"

The fisherman drew a bit of heather through his fingers and looked out across the sea. "Never to see Scotland any mair—never to smell the wind o' mornin' blowin' fresh fra' o'er the heath—never to watch the sun a-risin' oot o' the waters o' the frith, glintin' along the whitecaps, reddenin' the snow on the head o' Ben Enderin, callin' an' callin' the fishers home."

"Muckle John Tamson o'-the-Cleuth!" cried Donald, "ye be the last man I wud ha' taken for a lagger!"

"Lagger?—Who be laggin'? We all be goin'; sure, the laird kens best! For the sake o' the bairns it must be done; but it cuts, man, it cuts!"

"And I have a greater burden to lay on your shoulders my brave Muckle John."

"Aye, sir!"

"You are the best seaman among us; so it falls to your lot to be skipper of the little ship that bears Clan Gordon overseas."

"Sir, I be no' fit for that. I'd land ye in Davy's locker. Ye ha' need o' a deep-sea man fer that."

"By the time we found one, what would Sir Roger and my lord of Russel have done?"

"Sent two brigs or mair to guard the mouth o' the frith. If ye say, 'ga', we maun ga."

"Go with the morning tide. Is the St. Andrew in good order?"

"Aye, sir!—The ship's seaworthy.

Sure, Sir Angus had her built!—an' I ha' no' used her in rough weather since the Nancy Kitts—"

"You have a second ship?"

"Aye, sir, the Kitts, she's a lugger o' my ain makin' somewhat heavy, but strong, every plank an' beam in her be o' oak fra' the best trees on Ben Eder. It's no lack o' boats, it's lack o' head in the skipper. I'll take ye a' doon to Davie!"

"Wod ye hear him!—an' every lad on the shore kens Muckle John can steer hame though a' the lights o' the headlands be wrappit up in fog. A' the fishers o' the frith guide themselfs by the bells o' the Kitts."

"Weel—an' a weel—what's that? Small wonder I ken the growlin' o' the shoals, I ha' passed them day by day since I was a bairn—"

"Ye ha' been wi' yon' deep-sea man McMurdoc to France an' the Orkneys, an' e'en to the Irish coast. Ye ken—"

"Eno' to ken how little I ken."

"The New World be in the west. Is it no' big eno' to find?"

"Oh, a weel!—I should ha' thought o' that. Gin ye ken the way, my laird—"

"No, I can not say that; yet I have some maps that will be of service; and remember, John, we can count upon the help of Heaven since we are doing the will of God. We have two seaworthy ships?"

"Weel, Sir Jamie, the Nancy Kitts is no' sa gran' an' fine as the St. Andrew; but gin we put the women an' the bairns in the large boat wi' what else be o' worth, the luggage might be trusted to the Kitts. Gin she gaes doon, 'tis na' great matter."

"We can take but little with us. It is my present plan to load your boat with seed corn—"

"Corn?—Where wud a man find corn to fill—"

"The corn for planting and the provisions for the journey, we shall buy on the friendly Irish coast. Donald has had in his safe-keeping the money I saved for this project years ago. It is little; but there should be sufficient to provide for the passage overseas and yet buy small farms for all in the colony. Muckle John, you are the best judge of the seamen. Choose your crews from those who are willing to go."

"A' o' the clan be gain', my laird." "No!—Man by man let them speak. All are free to do as they will."

Man by man each cast his lot for Maryland. Only Edwin stood striking his heel back and forth in the sand.

"How long will ye hang fire?" cried old Donald. "Pittin' yer soul again' a few pence!"

"'Tis na pence!—'Tis my old granny. Who will care fer her?"

"Bring your grandmother with us."

"Na, my laird; that I canna; she be bedridden, poor soul; 'twod kill her. I'll ha' to bide in Scotland; but when I ha' laid her i' the kirkyard, then—gin I hunt the wide world o'er for ye—I'll be ain o' Clan Gordon agin."

"You are right, Edwin." Stephen Douglas spoke slowly. "Your duty is here even as mine."

"Yours!—You will not stay here in Scotland!" Lady Margaret paused. It would be useless to plead with her brother; she knew that noble heart too well.

"Muckle John," came the earl's voice sharply. "What do you beyond that heather bush?"

"The dungeon ha' gied ye fine eyes, that ye look through bandages!" growled the fisherman beneath his breath.

But Sir James caught the words. "I did not see you, I heard you; and your step did not please me. Where were you bound?"

"My laird, I ha' a wee bit o' business no' done yet."

"And that business is?"

"Weel, my laird, gin ye'll forgive me, I wud rather no' tell ye; but I'll be back—"

"You shall not go till you have told me."

"But I may, gin I do?"

"That depends on the business."

"Ye wud na' be dootin' me?"

"Doubt your loyalty?—Never!—but in the mood you are in I fear—"

"Weel, fear na' mair. I'll be back—"

"You do not go till you have told me."

"Weel, Sir Jamie, weel, ye ha' me doon."

"Out with that business."

"Weel, gin I maun, weel, ye may ha' settled scores wi' yon dastard Sir Roger. Ye be a saint—but that be no sign I ha'—"

"And you would put the sin of vengeance on your soul, the day before you face death upon the sea?—I feared your blood was up, Muckle John."

"Sin?—'Tis na sin!—But, gin it be" The fisherman strode to the spot where Douglas stood, and like some giant boy knelt at the friar's feet. "Gin it be sin, it be on me noo. I ha' sworn—an' I be still swearin'—I ha' sworn to gie yon dastard what he gied the poor bairn, blow for blow—an' worse. Wi' the knouted lash o' a galley whip will I gie him his portion. When that be done, I ha' sworn—an' I be no' takin' it back—I ha' sworn to fling him—I ha' sworn—an' yon son o' Bertrand wi' him—I ha' sworn to fling him fra' the high tower wha o'erlooks the cliff to fling him oot—fair oot till he falls on the wave-beat rocks below. Gin Sir Jamie calls it sin, I dinna. A coward will never make a folk,—slay him."

"Vengeance is sin, Muckle John."
 "Sin?—Sin?—Wait till God Almighty get him—an' tell me, will He no' fling the weakin' fra' the high battlement o' Heaven, doon—doon into worse ner the friith—doon—"

"Muckle John, a man must not sit on the judgment seat of the Almighty. You do not—can not know—"

"Ye mean God wad let yer dastard—he wha ha' turned agin kin an' kin forer—served his ain brother as he ha' Sir Jamie—an' his ain brother's wife—the bairn wha he should ha' guarded—but ye never saw the poor bleedin' laddy—an' mair, ha' he no' turned agin his God, an' made ithers do the like?—A' weel!—where wud I make end?—Ye mean God wad let yer dastard go?"

"If Roger, of Gordon die in sin, he will be condemned. But is it for you to send a man to judgment before the God-appointed time? If he has sinned, need you sin also? Your heart is over-hot, Muckle John; and, but that I know what kindled the fire, I would have harder words for your ears. You love, Muckle John, you love much those who have long loved you and yours. It is the wrongs of others that burn in your soul, even the wrongs of your God; but you forget, my son, the wrath of the just turns quickly to the vengeance of sinners."

"Sir Jamie, an' the lady, an' ye be a' saints. Forgi'en dinna come easy to me."

"Nor to any, when wrongs are deep; but we must, if we would say the Our Father."

"What if I canna?"

"You can, God helping—have you asked?"

"Na, it goes agin the grain"

"Of all men, Muckle John." Stephen laid his hand on the shaggy black head. The rough hair parted. He ran his finger along the shining white line that reached from crown to temple and turned straight across the weather-beaten cheek. "Where got you this scar, Muckle John?"

"Ye ken weel I be prouder o' yon scar than I wud be o' a' the signs on a laird's shield."

"Because once you fell guarding the Body of the Lord your God. And now you would wound the Heart of that same Lord God."

"Na!—na!—I wud fling in the friith the ain wha ha' turned fra' the faith fer gold—wha ha'—"

"Let other men's sins alone. You know the Lord said, 'Forgive'."

"Gin the wrong had been done to me?"

"Are not the wrongs of the house of Gordon, written in that Heart? Who was it said, 'Father forgive them? If Roger refuse that pardon, if Roger yet wound the Sacred Heart, need you?"

"An' ye be sure I be wounidin' the Heart o' my God?—Na—na—I wud na' do that, Father. Roger's no' worth it. Na—na—I wud na' do that."

"But it does wound—"

"Na—na—that I will na. I'll—forgie—the poor—weakling—I'll forgie—him."

CHAPTER XVII

By the Margin of the River

JEAN STOOD by her cottage door, now straining her eyes to watch the mountain path, and again stepping within to care for the boy.

"Jean." It was the voice of David's mother. The figure appeared in the doorway. "Jean! Look you. There be some one on the path—another! Aye, 'tis the lad. Yon's Dave! Things ha' gaid weel, I be thinkin'. He be waving his bonnet fit to break the arm o' himsel', but he has no' the claymore! I should no' ha' trusted him wi' it! Yon's Muckle John! Aye, an' 'tis Lady Margaret's ain sel' he be helpin'! Who, do ye take it, be the auld man—him wi' the bandaged eyes?"

"'Tis the laird, Anna."

"Na, na! Hâ ye lost yer wits, Jeanie? Sir Jamie be na' mair ner thra an' forty. Yon auld man is fit to put his white head under the sod."

"It's the laird, Anna. I tell ye 'tis the laird himsel'. Can ye no' tell the soldier step and the straight line o' his shoulders. Shame on your blind eyes. 'Tis the suffering that has aged him."

"It's stark crazy ye are! Yon old man is fourscore if he's a day. There's Wat and Will an', as my eye's are in my head, there's Peter!" Throwing her shawl over her head she dashed up the pathway.

"Anna! Anna!" Jean looked anxiously through the door of the cottage; then stepping out called again; "Anna! Go to our lady first! Anna!—Na, she dinna hear me! Anna! Anna—louder I dare na call for fear o' the laddy. Anna! Anna woman!—Ha' ye no mind o' any sorrows but your ain? An' the wee laddy dyin'. Na, poor lass, I'd be crazy wi' joy mysel' if my John were in her Peter's shoes. But wha'll bring word to the lady? Wha'll bid her hasten? She'll be thinkin' he's better. John will ha' told her so. None know o' the backset save Anna an' me. Aye, there she goes up the hill clackin' to Peter an' Dave. No thought o' the lady;— an' the backset her fault. She could send Dave to my lady. Na, na, there be a' the wives o' the village round the path watching for her to kiss her hand as she passes. Aye, sweet lady that she is, stoppin' an' givin' a kind word to each, never dreamin' her ain wee bairn is a' but gone. If

I could run there and back. O, worra me! I dare no' leave him. Hist! Was he stirrin'?"

Jean slipped into the cottage, "He's gone! O, Mother o' Mercy! Gone an' my lady no' wi' him!" Dropping on her knees beside the couch, she lifted the little body in her arms. There was no light in the half-closed eyes. His head rolled limply on the pillow, and he sighed. "'Twas a sigh! O, laddy, ye ha' no' gone yet! Dinna be dyin' now, love! Yer mither will be here in a moment, darlin'! Hald out, laddy! Dinna be dyin' now! Clackin' fool that I be, pratin' as if he knew what I'm sayin'! If I had the wine on the mantel—O, worra me!—an' I lay him down while I get it—"

A hand slipped under the little head; a cup was pressed to the half-open lips. Jean knew the firm, slender fingers. "Thank God, lady, he's breathin' yet, I knew so little what to do, lady. If you had been here, it might be—"

"It would be just as it is. I know your faithful heart. More, mortal woman could not do than you have done—but, go now, dear, bid one of the lads follow Father Stephen. Perhaps he may yet be in time."

"Aye, that's Lady Margaret for ye!" murmured Jean as she ran up the path, "quiet and steady like, even when her heart's a-breakin'."

"Quiet and steady like." Jean did not see her now—the white head bowed upon the rushes of the couch—the thin, bent shoulders quivering under the silken plaid—the hot words, swifter than her falling tears. "O God! O my God, I can not! Only in baby days was he mine! O God, Thou knowest the years of fear and of waiting! Then he was with me again—mine for a few hours. How the memory of the brave little face has sweetened the long months of darkness! Now he is going—now when we, all three, might be together—somewhere—no matter what poverty—what suffering—somewhere together. O, God I can not! If I rebel against God? What am I saying? Pity my weakness! I can not! O, God, forgive me! I can not!"

Jean's flying feet were half-way up the pathway. "Wat! Aye, Wat, lad! Run for Friar Stephen! Dinna begin to clack! The little laird is dyin'. Hald yer starin'. Speed, lad! he's a' but gone."

"What are ye sayin', woman?" called Muckle John leading Sir James at a swifter pace. "He was sleeping like a lamb when I left home."

"Aye, he'd be sleepin' yet but for—well, I'll no say names. She didna mean what—"

"Ha' ye taken leave o' yer wits, Jean?"

"Na, 'twas she that lost hers. But

I'll say no names.—Clackin' like a fool by the window—near by it—and loud enough to wake deaf Betty."

"Will ye talk wi' some sense, Jean? What did the woman do?"

"Do?"—She did naught. 'Twas her clackin' tongue. He heard about the ten days o' his sickness. Then he goes to worritin' that harm ha' come to his nither—or Sir Roger ha' found the hole in the passage—then 'twas the wolves ha' got 'em, an' that set him coughin' again. Up goes the fever an' the blood!—Mair come than ye'd think was in the wee body.—Since then he's been lyin' there breathin', that's a'."

They had reached the door. "Raise yer foot the breadth o' a hand, my laird; it's the doorstep." John led Sir James into the cottage and paused a moment. The earl and his lady might wish to be alone; he and Jean would, if it were their bairn; but, perhaps he might be of service; so he and his wife knelt on the doorstep.

The earl pressed his fingers on the fluttering pulse. "The little barque is on the margin of the river, Margaret. I fear it will slip across the stream before Stephen comes."

"No, dear, we can hope still. His breath is stronger. I am thankful that your eyes are bandaged. You can not see the unhealed bruises on his face. O James, you spoke of Roger's cruelty; but Gordon had told you little, very little." The mother would have lifted the covering from Gordon's shoulder; but Jean, springing from the doorway, laid her toil-hardened hand on the white fingers.

"Na, lady, dinna be lookin'. Ye canna bear it now! I'll tell ye true, but dinna be lookin'! There is no' a spot ye could lay yer hand on but is green wi' bruises; and the places where the whip cut so many times—aye, lady, I could no' make them heal at a'. They be worse than at first,—a' fretted wi' fever. Poor bairnie, he ha' suffered, lady, he ha' suffered; but dinna be lookin'. Ye canna bear it now!"

"I have seen the wounds, dear. I examined them while you were gone. If he could have a few days rest before going on shipboard—" Lady Margaret murmured as Jean slipped back to her husband's side. "Only a few days to rest—"

"He will be at rest in a few moments more, little mother."

"No, James, no; he is better!"

"We must face the truth, Margaret. If he rallies now, it will be but to die on shipboard—" Slowly Sir James pushed the beads, cross foremost, over the quilt, blindly groping for her hand. Lady Margaret gazed at the boyish face on the pillow—the dark, bruised lines—the pinched half-open lips—then at the cru-

cifix, and as she gazed, she murmured:

"There stood by the cross of Jesus, Mary, his Mother!"

For a while she stared dumbly, thinking of that other dying Son, that other Mother. Her lips were moving: "Suffered under Pontius Pilate, was crucified, died, and was buried." The voice on the other side of the couch was eventoned once more. "I believe in the Holy Ghost, the Holy Catholic Church." Catching the sound of the familiar prayer, the two by the door joined them. Prayer and response ebbed and flowed, growing ever more pleading, rising from the margin of the river, even to the eternal shore, throbbing in ceaseless music at the foot of the Great White Throne: "Holy Mary, Mother of God, pray for us sinners."

Over and over, and yet once more, the little beads slipped on their way. A change came in the child's face. He had not stirred, but there was a light in the half-open eyes. Slowly, very slowly, the waxen lids drew back. The right hand fluttered—a weary load to lift, but there was a will in the house of Gordon,—the little hand rose—one, two, three inches till it touched her hair. "White—it is—white," he said.

"Yes, dear, mother's head is white. Father is here."

Troubled tears filled his eyes. "I believe—I thought—mean—"

"Do not try to speak, dear. Mother knows all about it. Father told me. See, now we shall forget it." She drew him into her arms to kiss him, but he quivered with pain; remembering the wounds that had not healed, she laid him tenderly upon the pillow.

A shadow crossed the doorstep. Jean hurriedly lit the candles and dropped on her knees as Father Stephen laid his sacred Burden on the snowy cloth. A moment later the friar was bending over Gordon. "You know, me. Do not try to speak. Just bow your head a little if you understand. I am going to give you a sacrament. Do you know what Extreme Unction is?"

The eyes brightened, and the head bowed. Then a puzzled look came and a gasping word, "First—con—fession."

"If there is anything to confess. You have nothing to tell, have you?" "I can't remember. Maybe—I didn't—have—time—to—be—bad."

"Blessed are the days when we have no time to be bad; so, do not worry. Say over and over: 'My Jesus I love Thee. Forgive me.' Then he anointed him—little eyes, not much of evil had they seen—little ears, needing purification from the poison Godfrey, had poured into them, little else of sin had they heard—restless, roving, feet, not far had they gone astray. When Father Stephen finished the prayers he

spoke again, "There is another sacrament for you, Holy Communion."

How the eyes brightened! "Now?"

"Yes, now, son."

"It was only—the other—day—and—He's—"

"Save your strength for your prayers, child. The good God knows his little boy needs him; that is why He comes so soon."

Gordon's bright eyes followed Father Stephen till they rested on the sacred Host; nothing else he seemed to see. When Margaret raised him on the pillow, his voice was sweet—almost strong. "O, Jesus—now I'm so glad—You are coming—for now—I know—just a tiny wee bit—of what You suffered—and I'm glad—oh, I'm glad!"

"Aye," murmured Muckle John, "an' tell him yer father an' mither an' us we a' ha' need o' our laddy. Mayhap He'll leave ye bide wi' us, for the good Lord is kind."

The light in the wan face faded. Jean sprang from her knees with a cry. Margaret's head sank on the couch, her hand clenched the crucifix; but Stephen bending over the couch whispered, "Sleeping, little mother, only sleeping with the good Lord in his breast."

"The pulse is stronger, much stronger,—the earl's voice was very low. "I think God will not take our little one, at least not now."

The afternoon sun danced over the rippling frith and through the door of the cottage, cheering those who watched by the little sleeper. Suddenly John's great frame blocked the doorway. "My lady," he whispered, "if ye be still minded to go wi' the morning tide, would it no' be better to take the little laird aboard early. He might get a wee bit used to the swayin' o' the boat at anchor before he must feel the swellin' o' the sea."

"You are wise, John. Have you a stretcher?"

"These arms be good for that job, lady. And slipping his hands under the mattress he raised the child, couch and all. How tender rough hands can be! There was no sign of pain on Gordon's face, but his eyes opened wonderingly.

"You are going to Daddy Shannon's, dear," whispered his mother. "Muckle John will take us."

"Daddy Shannon's!" The joy those faint words breathed! "O, big John, you can do everything, can't you?"

"Na, my little laird; but I'll do what I can."

The child did not answer. He had fallen asleep again. Nor did he awaken while John carried him swiftly, steadily down the path to the wharf. That wharf, was of Muckle John's making and, like the Nancy Kitts, it was solid, strong,

and somewhat ugly. In his heart of hearts the skipper wished the honor of bearing the laird in his own boat; but the St. Andrew was larger, and perhaps would ride the great waves more steadily. "The St. Andrew is best for the laddy," he said to comfort himself as he strode over the swaying plank, with the little burden balanced so evenly that the sleeper did not wake till he laid him on a swinging pallet in the cabin.

Then the blue eyes opened. "Big John, O big John, you can do everything," and smiling he dreamed again.

A little after midnight, all the food with whatever else could be taken, was stored below decks. The remnant of the outlawed clan knelt upon the sand. One by one they passed into John's cottage to pour into Friar Stephen's patient ear their sorrows and their sins; coming out again, clean of soul and

brave of heart, to meet the perils of the unknown sea. Then the poor altar was prepared; the holy Sacrifice offered solemnly, silently, swiftly, lest some sacrilegious band steal upon them through the darkness. To each was given the Bread of the Strong; and in silence still, the folk walked down the wharf, across the swinging planks and slipped below decks. Only Friar Stephen and old Edwin stood upon the shore.

The sentinel on the north tower watched the fishers putting out to sea in the gray dawn. "Fair day comin'," he muttered. "Muckle John ne'er takes twa boats, but 'tis a fair day," and nothing else he said or thought. He did not see two figures on the rocky shoulder of Ben Ender. The one with the long gray cloak held his hands as if in blessing until the fishers rounded the headland where Lang-Sword swam from shore to shore; then, turning, he strode into the forest. The other took

a lower path to a village miles away.

In after years, Edwin told all he knew of Stephen's end. For a time the friar had wandered hound-tracked, starving, and alone, from the wind-swept glens of the upper mountain to the moldering ruin in the wood, from the stagnant marshes of the frith-side to the barrens beyond the castle; happy if he found some soul who even in the last dread hour would lay aside his sins and make a tardy peace with God. Just when that God said to Stephen, "My son, it is enough," Edwin did not know; but when the snowdrifts were thawing on Ben Ender one spring, a hunter found some bones wrapped in a gray cloak—not enough proof to bring the finder any blood-money; yet Edwin's palsied granny wept, knowing no priest would ever come to her, through the dark of a winter's night, to bring the Blessed Sacrament.

(To be continued)



Nativity of the Blessed Virgin

THE FOUNTAIN OF MIRACLE

By MARY J. MALLOY

A BLAZING sun of summer shot arrows of fire upon their luckless heads. A shimmer and dancing of heat, fairly alive, shook and wavered before their aching eyes. To their tired and wayworn feet, the dusty road stretched out all but interminable; and much religion does it take that a man do his duty cheerfully in such a plight! Not that good Brother Rufino so put it to himself—the harder the task, the more did good Rufino joy his soul with the burden thereof. But to Brother Anselmo, stumbling at his side, there came not such readiness of spirit. The life was still to him a new one, his spirit still a most human one, and to him it came not easy to curb the natural outspokenness of a somewhat too ready tongue. Yet Brother Rufino nodded his wise head very assuredly when a graver brother so spoke of Brother Anselmo, and doubted him of true strength of will for the calling of a *Frate Minore*.

"Now thou and I," would he say, "may yet see great things of Brother Anselmo. For, indeed, where wilt thou already find one more enamored of truth—yea, though, perchance, it be not always pleasing to another's ears? Or one so careless of the praise of men?—for doth he not often draw upon himself words of rebuke, and care not at all that he be so dispraised?—Or so great a gainer of merit among all the *frati* as he? For much that to another is easy and pleasant is to Anselmo hard, and boldly aloud doth he say so, yet doeth it. Therefore, is not his merit greater than thine or mine?"

And seeing the good faith and goodness of Rufino, his brother would answer him but by shrug of shoulder and a "God's blessing on thy charity, Brother Rufino!" and pass on his way, thinking not a whit the better of Brother Anselmo for all that.

This day indeed was a day to try a man's earnestness. All the morning had the two traveled the paths, seeking food for Sister Clare and hers up there in poor San Damiano, bound of their rule to abide within its brown old walls, with trust in the charity of the brothers of Francis that they should get their daily meal. And two by two, each day, did the *frati* go questing for such, and gave too, of their own small store that the Poor Ladies go not a-hungering. Now it was afternoon, nearing the evening, and the long hot hours had tried Brother Anselmo very sorely, for in the heat was there something that seemed to close men's hearts and make them less kindly than usual, and some of the villagers

even spoke out aloud that they had already given to the *frati*, and why should they keep the Poor Ladies in food likewise?

"The *frati* give us of their help and labor in return," said old Giacomo, sitting at idle ease within the cool shade of the inn door. "Their food do they earn; but why should we give to the Poor Ladies and get naught for the exchange?"

"Thou shame of a Christian!" spoke out Brother Anselmo roundly to him. "The soul within thee is but a poor one that thou shouldst so speak. The Poor Ladies give to thee of their prayers for thy miserable crusts—"

"Eh, eh, my miserable crusts indeed! They are not so miserable but that thou, Brother Anselmo, canst eat and enjoy thyself therewith!" said the offended Giacomo. "Thou comest with thy cry 'For charity of the Lord!' and the charity of Giacomo, and so there is double share of miserable crusts for thee—"

"Hold thy tongue, thou miserable!" an angry voice interposing stopped his words. Out of the door behind him came Elisabetta, his wife, with a large basket, piled to the top. "Heed him not, good brother—older and older doth he grow and his wits with him, that never—God's will be done!—were such as to cause him an aching head! And look you, good *frati*—while Elisabetta is to the front here and has her say, he shall not be the niggard he would wish himself to be—hold thy tongue, I say!—and good brother, look not so angry."

Brother Rufino looked anxiously at his young companion. In truth, Anselmo's cheeks burned very red, and the words almost spoke behind his closely pressed lips. Small chance if they had tried to escape, for Elisabetta was beforehand with him. Giacomo, with feeble protest, was put aside, and into the wallets of the questors went, right before his eyes, white bread and brown and ripe fruit as well from the basket.

"These to the Poor Ladies," she cried, "and say I ask their prayers for a white-haired sinner, left here so long, because the devil bothereth himself not about him, knowing he may have him at any time!"

With that, she clipped the empty basket at her husband's head with practiced hand, and he might have been sufferer but that, with a dexterity born of an equal practice, he lowered his head in time.

"Ahi, ahi, Elisabetta, the unfortunate, who must put up with him while others

go free and happy along the ways!" berated him his wife.

"God's blessing on Giacomo and Elisabetta, for in truth neither do I think such as they would have us to believe," said good Rufino, blessing them as he departed. But still burned Anselmo's cheek, and his downcast eye held no light of humility, till, turning for a last indignant look as they went on up the hill, he saw the white head of Giacomo caressed very tenderly in the arm of Elisabetta, and the hand of the same Giacomo stroking the withered cheek of his master-wife. Then his clear young laugh rang upon the air, and all was peace again.

"Thinkest thou not, Brother Rufino," he said, "that good women are the saving of this world? For ever do we find them kind and courteous and generous of action even though, mayhap, a little sharp of tongue, and ever ready to bind up the wounds they themselves may have made, as Elisabetta there!"

"'Tis true, indeed, and such be always thy thought of them, Brother Anselmo," said Rufino, smiling. "It may be, though, before set of sun, thou mayest find there is sometimes like good in God's men."

Now he laughed heartily, out of good humor at his little rub of Brother Anselmo, and Anselmo laughed also, and up the hill they went, cheerful and kindly with one another. Presently they passed a little rill within whose shallows sunbeams played hide and seek, and made a poetry of light and shade that took the heart of Anselmo for beauty.

"Let us sit awhile, Brother Rufino," he said, "for indeed our feet are very weary, and we have yet a steep climb to San Damiano."

Down they sat, thanking God for the pleasantness of His water and the fairness of His handiwork. A woman came slowly along the way, two little ones at her side. Very poor she looked and sadly weary; but the children, though as poorly clad, were glad with the gladness of childhood and laughed and were noisy as children should be. When the mother saw the two *frati* sitting at the brink, she made them reverence and called to her little ones that they should be quiet to show the good men respect.

"Nay, check them not, good woman," said Rufino. "The blessing of Our Lord, is upon the laughing child; and as for noise, why that the turmoil of this sad world were all of like kind, say I!"

"Sit here, poor creature," said Anselmo, who had been attentively regarding her as Rufino spoke. "Scarce dost thou seem able to proceed further. Here is a seat upon this ledge of earth that will rest thee awhile."

"Grazie, grazie, frate mio," murmured the poor thing, her eyes brimming over. "This the first kind word I have heard this day. I have walked—ah, so weary a way! from early dawn, to carry home my children with me again. My husband died, it is three months ago, and I so lacking of food that I could not keep my little ones with me. His sister hath taken them for me for awhile; but I found they got no mother's love from her, and now I have come to take them to me—the good God has sent me a chance to better place them until I may be able to bring them home for once and all, and so they are happy and cared for, even away from their *madre*, what care I that my heart break for them?"

Then the great tears fell fast. "But I have found friends," she said as they gently comforted her. "Even down there in the village, old Giacomo, who bears a name for hardness of heart, has freely given to me of money and food, and will send my children and me along to the next village in his cart without any thought of payment—and God reward his charity!"

The two *frati* looked at each other, their eyes full of laughter. Then Anselmo opened his wallet and gave her fruit and bread therefrom, and Rufino blessed and cheered her and said to her that God's good fortune was waiting for her both in this world and the next.

"I praise God for my sorrows," she cried, "and the heat of His day and the trouble of my heart and all that His will is for me, and for the meeting with you, O good *frati*, who have spoken His will to me!"

So they left her, happy, and comforted, and went on up the hill again.

For a time neither spoke. Then Anselmo, suddenly breaking the silence:

"These good women! Did I not say they were the saving of this world, Brother Rufino? See, in all her misery, the mother thinks of her children first; she hath come across hill and plain, through the burning heat of this summer's day—didst notice the bleeding of her poor feet, too, that she strove to hide from us?—all that the little heedless children be happier one day the sooner. And no further word said she of the unkind sister who served her so badly with the little ones; and no reprimand made she because God's hand had been heavy upon her. Where shalt thou find a man do likewise?"

"Forget not," said Rufino, a little slyly, "that Giacomo, after all, is not so bad for a man!"

"When Elisabetta stands back of him," answered Anselmo, laughing out aloud.

Now came San Damiano in sight, with its enclosing wall and surrounding of barren ground and bare earth.

"Ah, so beautiful was it below there," sighed Anselmo, "and these Poor Ladies, shut in evermore from sight and sound! Shut away from all that thou and I, poor *frati* as we be, can enjoy and so well! Is it not a wonderful thing, *frate mio*, that these women should choose so hard a life? I have heard it said that his Holiness himself hath held it beyond his comprehension, and more, that the Lady Clare hath asked of him a thing never before known—the privilege of absolute poverty!"

"Sister Clare is a saint," said Rufino with decision. "A saint in this life is she, and indeed doth she shame the selfishness of a man who strives to make of himself a good religious!" Thus he sighed, thinking of himself. "In truth none is like her, save Father Francis himself, I think."

"That may be, Brother Rufino, for Father Francis is a saint, I know, and I wait not that he be canonized to proclaim it—but Sister Clare is indeed a marvel among men and women."

They were now at the gates. At their knock the wicket opened, and behind the bars Sister Benedicta looked out at them.

"Our Lord reward you!" she said as they put their wallets within the turn, "and the more that of your charity we must ask again!"

"Surely, good sister," said Anselmo, eager for a kindly deed. "What lack is there within?"

"Scarce have I the heart to ask, my brother," she answered, "for already hast thou borne the heat and burden of the day for us—but our sick, and we have but too many just now! crave water, more water. Our day's supply is already gone for their added needs. This day of summer has sorely exhausted their strength, and in all our enclosure there is, as thou knowest, no spring nor well—" she paused, knowing the charity of the brethren, and wishful to spare the added toil of a journey already once undertaken.

"I go at once, my sister."

"Brother Rufino, stay thou here and wait me. My arms are young and strong and my foot rather fleet than thine, that has gone so many more journeys for love of thy neighbor."

With that, he was off and down the hill again, laden with the heavy buckets brought him by Sister Benedicta, unmindful of heat or fatigue. But when he had filled and started to return, he found them a burden more than he had thought, and he saw that charity had not lightened their weight, and the hill was hard as ever to bruised feet, and the sun even hotter at this hour than before, and his spirit was willing still, but—

Nevertheless, he climbed to the gates

of San Damiano, or rather near to them; for Rufino met him before he had reached them, his hands outflung to heaven, his eyes all alight, his mien that of a lad of twenty rather than of a staid friar of nearly three-score.

"Anselmo! the miracle!" he cried.

"Miracle? What miracle?" demanded Anselmo.

Then came Benedicta to the gates.

"Closer, closer, Brother Anselmo! Look within!" she cried; and forgetting to put down the heavy buckets in his wonder, Anselmo came close to the wicket and looked within. Lo! from the dry, parched earth, bare of aught but stones and clay, gushed forth a fountain of miracle, whose waters tossed upward to the clear heavens like living pillars of light; and about it knelt Clare and her sisters, where but a moment before she had traced the Cross above the dead earth and the waters had sprung to life beneath the holy sign.

Rufino, too, fell to his knees without the gates.

"*Laudate Dominum!*" he cried and all within took up the strain.

Anselmo gazed in silence at the fountain of miracle. A strange silence was upon his lips, a strange silence within his heart. He turned slowly and gazed down the hill, and thought of the steep climb and his weary and sore feet, and the toil and labor with which he had carried the heavy buckets of water a second time that day up the hill, and he said in the exasperation of his soul:

"These good women!"

ST. FRANCIS'S BIRTH AND EARLY DAYS

Francis, a native of the city of Assisi, which is situated on the border of the valley of Spoleto, was first called John by his mother; but by his father (then returning from France), in whose absence he had been born, he was afterwards called Francis. When he was grown up, and became a man of subtle wit, he followed his father's calling—namely, trade—but in a very different manner, being merrier and more openhanded than he, given to sports and singing, going about the city of Assisi by day and night accompanied by men like himself. He was so extravagant in spending that all he could get and gain he consumed in feasting and other things; on which account he was many times taken to task by his parents, who told him that he spent so largely on himself and others that he seemed not to be their son, but the son of some great Prince. But his mother, when her neighbours talked about his prodigality, would answer: "What is it you think of my son? He shall be a son of God yet, through grace."—*3 Soc. 2.*



Missions

THE FRANCISCANS IN NEW MEXICO

By FR. ZEPHYRIN ENGLEHARDT, O. F. M.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

Futile Attempt at Rebellion—Conspiracy of Popé—Date of Slaughter of Spaniards—Conspiracy Revealed—Otermín Dilatory—Warns Friars and Settlers—The Massacre—Franciscan Victims—Those Who Escaped—Siege of Santa Fe—Furious Battles—Rebels Retreat—Spaniards Retire to El Paso

INCITED by the medicine men or sorcerers, Pueblo Indians at various periods endeavored to throw off the galling yoke of the Spaniards. "One of the best planned attempts at insurrection, previous to the successful outbreak of 1680, originated at the pueblo of Cuaray, between the years 1664 and 1669. An Indian of that village, known under the Spanish name of Estéban Clemente, was the soul of this conspiracy, and was in secret communication with most of the other pueblos. The plan was first to deprive the Spaniards of their horses by having them all stolen by the Apaches, and afterwards, on the eve of Holy Friday, to fall upon all the whites simultaneously; but the plot was detected, the leader executed, and the danger thus averted."¹

Such failures taught the conspirators caution. This time only men of tried fidelity to the ancient practices were admitted under horrible oaths to reveal nothing; and women were rigidly excluded. The leaders of the rebellion resolved that the uprising should take place in all the pueblos on the same day of August 18.² In order that the slaughter might be complete, no one was to be spared, neither old nor young, neither men nor women, neither missionaries nor soldiers. An exception was made in the case of some beautiful women and girls, who were to be the slaves of the chief conspirators.

The leader in the conspiracy was Popé, a Tehua Indian of the pueblo of San Juan, on the Upper Rio Grande, the very town which had befriended Juan de Oñate and his people in 1598, and which in reward was thereafter called

San Juan de los Caballeros. Popé, however, planned and inaugurated the rebellion from the pueblo of Taos. He was a medicine man, and therefore a sworn enemy of Christianity. He had been connected with former disturbances and various crimes, for which reason he had fled to Taos. Popé was a man of some intelligence, but of a crafty, treacherous, turbulent, and ferocious disposition. He claimed to have been chosen by the ancient spirits to establish a great empire; and that he had formed a compact with the demon to exterminate the white invaders of the country. His principal aids in the diabolical plot were Jaca, a chief of Taos, Luis Tupatú, formerly governor of the Picuries, and Alonso Catifí, former interpreter at the pueblo of Santo Domingo. Their minions were despatched all over the territory to enlist, by means of promises and threats, the coöperation of all the pueblos. "What sort of inducements were held out, may be gathered from the testimony of the Indian Bartolomé, chief singer of the pueblo of Galisteo, who, however, had not joined the conspirators. He declared that every one who killed a Spaniard should have an Indian woman for a wife; he who killed four should have four wives; and he who killed ten or more should have as many women."³ Only the Piro of the south were not invited, because their willingness was doubted.

Finally, about the beginning of July, runners were despatched to all the pueblos. They carried a knotted cord. The number of knots in the cord signified the number of days which were to elapse to the date when the signal

would be given for the massacre of all the white people. The day fixed for the dark deed was August 18, as already stated.

In spite of the utmost secrecy and the dire threats of vengeance if any one exposed the plot,⁴ the murderous intentions of the conspirators leaked out. Affection for the missionaries overcame the dread of some Indians for Popé and his fellow sorcerers sufficiently to warn at least two Fathers some days before the massacre. The Tanos of San Lorenzo and of San Cristóbal disclosed the conspiracy to the Father Custodio, Fr. Juan Bernal at Galisteo. He at once notified Governor Otermín. Fr. Fernando de Velasco of Pecos was warned by the Indian *gubernador* of that pueblo, Juan Ye. "Father," said the latter to Fr. Velasco, "the people are going to rise in rebellion to kill the Spaniards and missionaries. Tell me at once if you wish to leave. I will give you warriors for your protection." Fr. Velasco replied that he would rather die than abandon the souls entrusted to him. Nevertheless, as, in duty bound, he immediately sent a message to the governor. Unfortunately, Otermín appears to have believed that the Fathers were unnecessarily alarmed, and so he took no precautionary measures whatever. At last, the *alcalde* of Taos, Marcos de Eras, Fr. Escalante writes, sent a courier to Governor Otermín warning him of the peril to which all Spaniards were exposed. He, moreover, informed the governor that even then two Indian conspirators were at Tezuque on their way to the Queres and Tanos. Otermín now had to believe that there was danger. He had the two Indians arrested and questioned. To his consternation he learned that a conspiracy for the extermination of the Spaniards really existed, and that the two Fathers had been correctly informed. Hastily he

¹ Bandelier, *Pinal Report*, Part II, 264-265.

² The date given by Fr. Silvestre Veléz de Escalante, O. F. M., in his *Carta* of April 2, 1778, as it appears in print. See *Land of Sunshine*, March, 1900, p. 249. Others assign August 13 as the date.

³ "El Indio que matare a un Español, cogerá una India por mujer; y el que matare cuatro, tendrá cuatro mujeres; y el que matare diez o más, tendrá al respecto otras tantas mujeres."—Otermín, *Documentos sobre el Levantamiento*. . . Archivo Gen. de Mexico, tomo xxvi, p. 16.

sent messages in every direction, ordering the missionaries and the settlers south of the pueblo of San Felipe to withdraw to Isleta, and those north of it to retreat to Santa Fe.

When Popé heard that his two messengers had been arrested, and that his plot had been revealed to the governor, he saw that the only hope for success lay in immediate action. Accordingly, he gave orders that all Spaniards and missionaries should be killed forthwith. The Tanos, the Picuries, and the Tehuas, therefore, fell upon the dwellings of the missionaries and the homes of the settlers before dawn on the feast of St. Lawrence, August 10. They killed the Fathers and such colonists as came within their reach, and finished the bloody work by setting fire to the buildings.

Only two small parties of Spaniards saved themselves. One, as directed by Otermín, fled and assembled at Isleta, whence they retreated to El Paso del Norte, now Juárez. The other party made a stand in the cañada of Santa Cruz, near the present Española on the Rio Grande, whence they were brought to Santa Fe on August 13 by a detachment of soldiers sent out by Otermín. A few days after the uprising, not a Spaniard could be found in the whole territory of New Mexico outside the walls of Santa Fe, except a few unfortunate women and girls captured and held as slaves by the leaders of the insurrection.

In all the mission pueblos to the north, east, and west of San Felipe, only the missionary of Cochiti, the three Fathers at Santa Fe, and one Father in the Zuñi province escaped death. According to Fr. Escalante, the victims were eighteen Franciscan Fathers, three Franciscan lay brothers, and 380 Spaniards; men, women, children, and domestics.

The Franciscans killed at the various pueblos on August 10, 1680, according to Vetancurt, were the following:

Santo Domingo—Fathers Juan Talaban, ex-custodio (Spaniard), Francisco Antonio de Lorenzana, guardian in charge (Spaniard), and José Montesdeoca (Mexican).

San Lorenzo de Tezúque—Fr. Juan Bautista Pio (Spaniard).

San Francisco de Nambé—Fr. Thomas de Torres (Mexican).

San Ildefonso—Fathers Luis de Morales (Spaniard), and Antonio Sanchez de Pro (Mexican).

San Lorenzo de Picuries—Fr. Matias Rendon (Mexican).

San Gerónimo de los Taos—Fr. Antonio de Mora and Brother Juan de Pedrosa (both Mexicans).

San Estévan de Acoma—Fr. Lucas Maldonado (Mexican).

San Diego de los Jemes—Fr. Juan de Jesus (Spaniard).

Purísima Concepcion de Alona (Zuñi district)—Fr. Juan de Bal (Spaniard).
San Bernardino de Aguatobi (Moqui district)—Fr. José de Figueroa (Mexican).

San Bartolomé de Xongopabi (Moqui district)—Fr. José Trujillo (Spaniard).

San Francisco de Oraibi (Moqui district)—Fathers José de Espeleta (Spaniard) and Augustin de San Maria (Mexicans).

Santa Cruz de Galisteo—Fr. Juan Bernal, the Superior of the Custody, and Fr. Domingo de Vera (both Mexicans).

Nuestra Señora de los Angeles de los Porciuncula de Pecos—Fr. Fernando de Velasco (Spaniard).

San Marcos—Fr. Manuel Tinoco (Spaniard).

Fr. Vetancurt fails to determine the status of the friars; except in a few cases. Fr. Escalante says that among the murdered Franciscans were three lay brothers, but he mentions no names. We presume that they were Juan-de-Pedrosa, Augustin de Santa Maria, and José Montesdeoca, all Mexicans by birth.

The Spaniards who escaped the massacre numbered about 1,950 men, women, children, and domestics. Among these were eleven Franciscans, three of whom were with Otermín and the 1,000 men, women, and children huddled together in the buildings at Santa Fe comprising the Palácio.

On August 15, the Indians began to besiege the City of Santa Fe. On the other side of the Rio de Santa Fe, was a village of Christian Indians from Tlascala, Mexico, called Analco. It had a chapel dedicated in honor of St. Michael. When the insurgents approached, the Tlascaltecs retired to Santa Fe. To this village and its chapel the enemies set fire and destroyed everything.

The hostile force as yet numbered only 500 warriors. Against these Otermín with his 150 men sallied forth before the savages could receive reinforcements. The battle lasted more than six hours, and "our men would have conquered," says Escalante, "had not the Taos, Picuries and Tehuas arrived." The town was now surrounded, and the Spaniards were attacked in their close quarters. In five days the enemies gained possession of the greater part of the town, burning some of the houses and quartering themselves in others. They also set fire to the parish church and the convent of the friars, so that Otermín and

the 1,000 people with him were confined to the government buildings. The infuriated Indians then cut off the water supply, so that the Spaniards were reduced to the last extremity.

The rebel force was now nearly 3,000 strong, whereas the men capable of bearing arms under Otermín counted scarcely 150, who in consequence "scarcely had the spirit to take their weapons in their hands," as Escalante puts it. "As the governor saw that there was no other means left than to take the risk of breaking through the besiegers, he set in array the few men capable of fighting. The three Fathers (Francisco Gómez de la Cadena, in charge of the parish, Fr. Andrés Durán and Fr. Francisco Farfan) labored hard meanwhile to relieve the men of some of the dire dismay and terror which possessed all. On the 20th of August, with only one hundred men the governor, invoking the sweet name of Mary, rushed out upon the enemy. He killed more than 300 of them and captured forty-three. These, after they had been questioned, were promptly shot in the plaza. Otermín also captured some arms and horses, and compelled the enemy to raise the siege and take to flight."

Next day, August 21, clothing to the value of \$8,000 was distributed. The march south was then begun. All walked afoot, each carrying his own luggage, as the horses barely sufficed for the sick and wounded. The rebels watched the fugitives from the hills, but they had lost too heavily to risk another encounter with the desperate valor of Otermín and his little band of heroes. The route was by way of the pueblo of Santo Domingo. Here a stop was made in order to inter the bodies of the three Franciscans killed there on the 10th, which, with the remains of five Spaniards, still lay unburied. Thence the fugitives proceeded to San Felipe and Sandia, whose Spanish inhabitants had escaped to Isleta, although all these pueblos had been sacked and partially ruined, and all vestiges of Christianity had been destroyed. Isleta was reached on August 27. Continuing southward the weary wanderers struggled along until September 6, when a party of thirty men under Pedro de Leiva reached them with supplies which Father Francisco Ayeta had sent up from El Paso. Finally, by the end of September all the fugitives were encamped in the region of El Paso.⁵

⁵ Escalante, *Carta*, escrita en April 2, 1778, al P. Lector Fr. Juan Agustín Morfi. Bancroft Collection. Vetancurt, *Crónica*, 100-103. See also Bancroft, *New Mexico*, 175-182. Read, *New Mexico*, 262-265. Shea, *Vol. I*, 203-209. DeBour, *Martyrs of New Mexico*. Otermín, *señor el levantamiento*.

⁴ Popé is said to have killed his son-in-law on the suspicion of treachery.



Fireside Talks & Tales Children's Corner

CONDUCTED BY ELIZABETH ROSE

THE LAND OF ICE AND FIRE

ICELAND! Doesn't that sound good to us in a summer such as our States get too frequently for our comfort Iceland, land of perpetual cold, of ice, of snow—it makes one cool again just to talk about it. What do you think of this, then: in the present year, 1921, Iceland had to borrow as much ice as its neighbor Norway could lend it to keep its herring crop from spoiling! Side by side with its immense fields of ice, in the interior of the land, lie immense fields of lava—lava, the fiery stream from angry volcanoes that causes all vegetation to perish utterly, through whose malignant crust not a single stem of green can raise its tender head. In fact, Iceland could as justly be called Fireland, says a recent writer. No other country in the world has so many volcano peaks in it, though nowadays only a few are active. People live as near to the seacoast as they can get, so that by far the larger part of the island is a mere waste of lava and ice. Owing to this peculiar condition of things, you can't "grow" a loaf of bread in all Iceland—think of that! at least, you can't grow the grain with which to make one, which comes to the same thing. You can have all the fish you want for your summer dinner, if you make up your mind to try a summer there; but what do you expect to eat with your fish? Don't expect too much. Your vegetables will be our winter potatoes and turnips, hardly a taste of anything else, day after day. For dessert—well, it would be reasonable enough to look for ice-cream, wouldn't it? But there's no telling in such an upside-down place. If you want to take a ride somewhere, you must engage your boat, for in all the island there is not a railroad; and if you should be lucky enough to get hold of a wagon or—supreme luxury—a car-

riage, there are so few, and so bad roads, that you would have to be home again before you got fairly started!

The winters, instead of being freezing, are no colder than in Norway and Sweden, not considered anything like as cold places as Iceland. In some parts of the island, the weather is no colder than in the northern part of Italy. In

think the Icelanders must prefer the winter when the ice doesn't float and the furry white gentlemen stay where they belong. Hot springs, called geysers, spring up all over the land; among them certain peculiar ones which would not vote for Prohibition if they had the power of speech, for they emit an intoxicating gas, and go by the name of "ale-springs."

There is very little wood in Iceland. Its trees, or rather bushes, are scarcely ever more than ten feet high, if that; so the walls of the houses are made of turf as a rule. In some of the western rivers, large quantities of driftwood are found and this is used for boats; while for frames of these and of houses, you will often see the jaws and ribs of whales. The Icelanders know how to turn things to account, don't they? On the whole, I think the island would make a fine camping-ground for the summer. You boys could find no end of ways to exercise your ingenuity, and the girls could get splendid practice in dishing up potatoes and turnips in new style. If a spell of too cool weather should come, you could all warm up at the Boiling Springs; and if it got too warm, you could jump on a passing iceberg and cool off. The days might be a little dull,

perhaps, with nothing particular to see. But the nights—that is where Iceland leads the world—night after night, flash and blaze above her the glorious "Northern Lights"—the Aurora Borealis—the mystery of which has never yet been solved by man.—

The heavens are telling the glory of God,
The wonder of His work displays the firmament.

WHICH SIDE ARE YOU ON?

September's here again, and oh

We hate it so!

Nothing but school and books and worry,
And end of pleasure!

"September's here again, and oh

We love it so!

Now to our schools and books we hurry
As to a treasure!"

Who cares for studying 'ologies,
And passing through old colleges,
And wasting time that's meant for play
In doing lessons every day?

"Who cares for throwing time away

In idle hour and idle play.

When such great things acquaintance court?
To learn them—why, life seems too short!"

An awful bother is this learning!

"You're either lazy or can't learn!"

With it we're not ourselves concerning.

'T is best, then, a new leaf you turn.

Come, work with us—you'll not regret—

You'll come to love September yet!"

the summer, great quantities of ice float down past the coast, detached by the milder temperature from the masses that lie about the Pole.

This, with the ice-filled interior of the country, naturally chills the air very pleasantly; but then you are never certain when a volcano will go off suddenly and warm everything up again! These floating icebergs are very unwelcome to passers-by, for more than once have they brought undesired visitors along—polar bears, stranded upon them, terrified and angry, who don't hesitate to jump off if they get close enough and pay an unwelcome visit. I rather



HAVE YOU A "DATE"?

DID YOU ever wonder how such a word came to be applied to an engagement of any kind, but necessarily a pleasant one? If the first person who made use of this expression had been reading up on "dates," it is no wonder he thought he had found a good thing. Let us have a little talk about it, and see why a "date" suggests something worth having indeed.

In the first place, our date (the real date) is one of the nicest things on the face of the earth. In the next place, it is one of the most useful, in many ways, as we shall find out. In the third place, it is one of the most obliging. It doesn't mind in the least being taken from its own country to be raised in a new one. If only you don't cut off its head, it will keep on living and living, long after you are dead and gone. It will give you food and drink, cover the house in which you live, make palings all around your garden, feed your cattle yield you both oil and vinegar, and keep your fire going and serve in your homes as a mark of heavenly protection after its fronds have been blessed for you on Palm Sunday,—the date palms being largely used for this purpose. In Northern Africa, Syria, Palestine, India, Arabia, Italy, Spain, and our own California, the date is "somebody," so to speak. In the eastern countries, it is not only a principal article of food—the Arab, crossing the desert, carries always about him cakes of dates—but a very important article of commerce, grain and cattle even being exchanged for it. The wood of the tree is very hard and much used in building. Out of the leaves are made baskets, mats, etc. The Chinese extract from its burnt nuts the India ink used by painters. Its stones when ground afford oil. Its stalks can be used for staves, and will burn readily when a fire is required. It grows to a height of sixty feet, sometimes more. If you plant a date palm from seed, it will be fifteen or twenty years before you get delicious dates from it; so take my advice, and if you go into the business, plant while you are still young! If you plant from the leaf itself, which can also be done, you will get your goodies in five or six years, which I think would suit a rapid young American much better. The leaves or palms grow out from the top of the tree alone; and if you cut off this part, the whole tree will die, not being able, evidently, to survive the disgrace of losing its head. You know how sweet is the taste of the date, really delicious. Well, this same date when unripe, will give you the sourest vinegar. Something else comes from the date—not the fruit but the tree itself.

Palm wine this last is called, and is said to be very good. But not for any amount of coaxing will Date Palm, Esq. allow you a glass of this before he reaches his one-hundredth year. Then, if you make a hole under his palms and a long vertical slit under that, he will pour or rather drip you out a fine drink. Don't presume on his good nature, however; you may fill your pitcher for two weeks, but not one day longer. If you try it, our palm will become a permanent invalid. He will never make another "date" with you, be sure!

AN ODD FRIENDSHIP

MR. E. OSBORNE, a New York collector of snakes, tells a remarkable story of the friendship struck up between a big boa-constrictor of his and a little white mouse, originally intended for the snake's dinner. The tale seems almost incredible, but the boa's owner vouches for its truth. A short while ago, a rat had the misfortune to get in Mr. Boa's way in crossing his cage. It was caught and crushed to death in the reptile's huge coils in less than half a minute. You know that is the way of boas. They crush, instead of biting and poisoning, which the boa may mean for a piece of consideration, but it doesn't make any difference whatever to the victim. Mr. Osborne, seeing the murder—for murder, it was, as the snake wouldn't accept the dead rat for a tid-bit in spite of coaxing, put in the cage a poor little white mouse, a live mouse! (Do you think St. Francis would have done so cruel a thing to his Brother Mouse.) Maybe St. Francis saw what was done and felt sorry for the terrified mite. Anyway, Brother Boa Constrictor not only attempted no second slaughter, but lay so still that after awhile Mousie, getting over his first fright, ventured nearer and, emboldened, actually began to leap and jump over the big folds of his quiet companion. Perhaps Brother Boa rather enjoyed the novel sensation of being played with: such a thing seldom, very seldom happens, be sure!—Or perhaps in his sluggish snake-mind a little spark of humor awoke at the funny situation. However that may be, he came into the situation most gracefully, and Mousie is still alive and happy, frolicking around his big friend in the day time and in the night going to sleep in one of the huge coils which he has packed with straw for a couch. Boa and he appear to be the best of friends. Hurrah for Mousie's nerve! Just think of sleeping peacefully in among those terrible coils that could wipe out his tiny life so swiftly and completely that he would never have time to know that he was dead.

A DIP INTO THE SEA

DID YOU ever notice how the names of the sea run into colors? There is the Yellow Sea, for instance, the White, the Black, the famous Red, beneath whose waters lie the bones of Pharaoh and his hosts, as your Scripture History tells you; the Green—in reality the Persian Gulf, but so called from a strip of its extent near Arabia, where its water is of a strange and most brilliant green. Another peculiarity connected with it is that through its waves burst up at times springs of fresh water in the midst of the salty fluid all about. This has never been accounted for. Maybe one of our Young Folks will give the world the reason why some day! Before we take our "dip," let us stop a moment to wonder why, when everybody says "the sea, the deep-blue sea" in prose and poetry, nobody has ever yet put the name of Blue Sea upon the map?

We shall find in the sea many familiar things. There are sea-horses, sea-lions, sea-elephants, sea-hares, sea-bears sea-snakes, sea-surgeons (though there is no record of sea-nurses), sea-mats, sea-anemones, sea-lemons. "Why," we learn that Nature is infinite variety, but surely with all or most of these we are already acquainted! Are we? The sea "animals," for instance, are generally fish. Of course there are the seals and sea-lions. But could you wipe your feet on the mat, or put the anemone in a vase in your room, or make lemonade of the lemon? I think not, for they are all three living seaweed. If you did attempt that lemonade, the sea-surgeon might possibly come to give first aid with his sharp lancet, shaped just like a real surgeon's; but would you have him a second time? You couldn't ride that sea-horse, for the simple reason that he wouldn't go; he prefers to stick as tight as wax to a bunch of weed floating in the water, and would never jump a ditch. As for your sea-hare, wouldn't you think twice before you tried to handle a fish that had two ears like a hare's standing up at either side of his head? I imagine he is the gossip of the seas and tells the other fish all he hears the divers talk about.

Don't put sea salt on your peanuts. It isn't like other salt. It is the only salt in the world that destroys instead of preserving. All other waters are kept fresh longer if salt is put in them; but sea water must flow all the time, for its salt, if bottled up awhile, will render it too unpleasant to want to think about.

Did you know that if we dip too far we shall see no more light? That is, from above; for we shall meet plenty of living lighthouses swimming about, their lights on either side of the head, raised high aloft.

Did you know that the sea can change color, just like a human being? With us there are a number of different reasons for this proceeding; we grow white with fear, red with anger. But the sea is yellow in China, red in Arabia; it has been seen black near California, and once, at the beginning of the present century, it turned white for six hours off the coast of Japan—all this for one simple reason. It wasn't ashamed or angry or frightened or embarrassed. It was merely taken possession of by enormous masses of floating seaweed or an accidental accumulation of millions of the tiny insects that live in the water, and that in China and Arabia keep it all the time of their own colors.

THE LITTLE HEN'S KITTENS

DON'T STOP and say, "That's a mistake—the printer and Elizabeth Rose meant *chickens*, of course!" For in that case it would be you who are making the mistake.

In the barnyard lived a little plump hen, who thought a good deal of herself and the work she had to do in the world; and when she came to the conclusion that it was time to begin afresh, after one accomplishment, she lost no time, she was such a determined little hen. She liked her comfort very much, all the same; and lately, feeling the desire for a crowd of fluffy chicks about her to pet and look after, she first of all started on a cruise of investigation as to the nicest cradle she could provide for them. This led her outside the barnyard, down the field to a particularly nice, warm, secluded corner in an old disused manger, where there was still plenty of straw and a general air of comfort that pleased Mrs. Hen very much. When she had everything fixed to her satisfaction, she sank down in her luxurious nest and began to brood lazily—over the League of Nations, perhaps, or something as interesting to people and little hens. Anyway, she must have gone so deeply into whatever it was that she forgot everything else earthly; for Little Hen could never have told what time passed before a sudden flash of lightning—green lightning—and a growl of thunder aroused her.

"Well, what do you think of that!" Little Hen said to herself, in her own peculiar language. "I never saw lightning that color, or heard thunder so close—and thunder that seems to be saying something to me! Oh, mercy me!" she squawked, as a big cat sprang past her in the half-gloom. "That's what it was! The impudence of that thing to come into my manger!" As the thunder and lightning had disappeared, she worried no more; and another long time must have gone by. It

did, in fact, for it was the third morning after, that she suddenly heard some odd sounds down below her in a hole in the floor of the manger. Very much startled, she craned her little soft neck to see what it all meant; and lo and behold! squirming awkwardly about in their dark prison were—think of it!—eleven little balls of fur, that were not chickens, but kittens! Well, this was too much for Mrs. Hen. With no thought of her own chicks, down she got into the hole and proceeded to investigate. Then came the lightning and thunder again as, not one, but TWO big cats rushed in after her. (They must have been sisters, I imagine, bringing up their families under the same roof-tree.) Now there was commotion! The cats spat and growled and scratched. Little Hen clawed and squawked and fought gallantly, and—would you believe it?—when the stableman near, hearing the fierce sounds of battle rushed to see what was the matter, Little Hen had already gained the victory!

POLITENESS PACKAGE No. 9 IN SCHOOL

Now in the schoolroom you have entered
Where your attention must be centered

In quiet take your given seat,
Nor stamp along with noisy feet,
Making around such stir and clatter
Your coming might be thought great matter!

Be faithful to the Golden Rule:
"No talking is allowed in school."
And should occasion come to speak
Don't, as if vengeance you would wreak
Upon a foe, your voice break
With highest pitch your throat can make.

Such shouting, without reason or rime,
Against Refinement is a crime.
Alas, too many err! Do you
Condemn, and set a standard new.
Believe your teachers when they say
From gabblers Learning runs away.
Her locked-up stores she won't release
Save to attention and in peace.
Surely, she'll pass that student by
Who seeks her with a wandering eye!
If you should find a neighbor slow
In due response, don't haste to show
Your own anxiety to shine
By making answer out of line;
Nor yet refuse a helping hand
To bring a stumbler safe to land
When you are asked for aid, for fear
Your greater knowledge won't be clear.
More—if another higher go,
No jealousy or anger show.
Be kind and generous—greater far
These gifts than even Learning's are.
Now lest our Package prove too heavy,
No more this month on space we'll levy.

THE PUZZLE CORNER

PI

"Hte raet dnow hood'schild ceehk thta wosa
Si elik het dropdow fo hte sore;
Wenh xent eth mmuser eeezbe cmoes yb
Nda veswa eth shuh hte verldo si dyr."
—Marie Reed, Uniontown, Pa.

MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS

1—A girl's name; 2—A small cask and a vowel; 3—A medium of conveying certain opinions; 4—A composition like clay; 5—An outfit; 6—Part of the ear; 7—A cavalry officer; 8—A long glass bead; 9—To sound; 10—A kind of embroidery; 11—Part of certain animals; 12—To trifle with the hands.
—Louisa Knapstein, Sappington, Mo.

JUMBLED STUDIES

1—Phegogary; 2—Dniwarg; 3—Brageal; 4—Lggaunea; 5—Chetmslae; 6—Gynypsioi; 7—Tljjarereu; 8—Vicies; 9—Tyslmoymo.
—Veronica Swaboda, Washington, Mo.

HIDDEN FLOWERS

I bought these pans yesterday.
My dog Nero seldom offers his paw.
That man is a stern father.
Praise or chide, as you will, but make some comment.
Ell lacks a few dollars of the desired amount.
Ada is younger than both her brothers.
—Katherine Murphy, Baltimore, Md.

ANSWERS TO AUGUST PUZZLES WHAT ARCHITECTS USE

1—Balcony; 2—Arcade; 3—Cupola; 4—Aisle; 5—Pinnacle; 6—Gable.

HOURLASS

f a n t a s t i c
l e a r n e d
s l i n g
a s h
t
l o p
w a t c h
m a l l a r d
b u t t e r f l y

CHANGED FANCIES

Hark—hard—harm—harp.

ACROSTIC

A r t
D a y
D i m
I l l
S o n
O l d
N o d

WHICH STUDY DO YOU LIKE BEST?

1—Spelling; 2—Music; 3—Arithmetic; 4—Reading; 5—History; 6—Composition; 7—Writing; 8—Botany; 9—Dictation.

Correct Solutions.

Josephine Pyne, Washington, D. C.;
Marie Winkes, Baltimore, Md.; Hortense
Gallet, Pocahontas, Idaho; Mary Banzet,
Joliet, Ill.

Miscellaneous

TWO GREAT CATHOLIC SCIENTISTS

By: CATHARINE McPARTLIN

COMPARED with the lives of such men as Columbus, Cervantes, and Garcia Moreno, the lives of men of science, spent in the laboratory and the lecture room, may seem rather tame and colorless. But if only for the value of contrast, we can spare the picturesque and the dramatic for the sake of faithfulness, calm diligence, and persevering faith which leaders in science possess, to find as our reward that such lives, too, hold heroism of self-sacrifice and sometimes of martyrdom. Every one who has knowledge of the elements of physics is familiar with the names of Galvani and Volta, the former a founder in animal electricity, the latter the originator of the Voltaic pile, or battery, after whom the unit of electro-motive force, the volt, is named. But not every one, not even every Catholic student of physics, knows that these men so pre-eminent in the field of science, were not only Catholics but so fervent and faithful as to be models and beacons to all who enter this quiet yet perilous field of thought and action.

As Luigi or Aloysius Galvani and Alessandro Volta inspired, withstood and disarmed the indifferent minds of their own time, so their life stories when known as commonly as they should be, will carry on the work of good example for all time. The age in which they labored was a time when that ever dangerous "consensus of opinion" among scientists decreed that the Catholic Church was hostile to scientific progress, and that no advance in thought could be made by those of the "old ways of thinking."

Luigi Galvani preferred to be called after his patron saint, Aloysius, whose learning and piety kept pace. Galvani was born at Bologna, Italy, September 9, 1737, of a family distinguished for piety and devotion to the Church. His early years were spent in association with religious, some of them his relatives; and he too wished to enter a religious order. Advised by his father, he gave up this plan, and studied medicine at the University of Bologna, becoming professor of anatomy at this

school. Here he had the patronage of Galeazzi, a noted professor, and as a member of Galeazzi's household he met, loved, and married Lucia, his patron's daughter. Dr. James J. Walsh relates that Galvani made the matter of matrimony a subject of prayer, and while kneeling before a statue of St. Francis de Sales, he saw a woman's face come between him and the altar, recognizing it as the face of Lucia. His marriage was happy and his wife, herself of noble and gifted mind, became the partner of his interests and was instrumental in his great discovery.

Galvani began early to distinguish himself in original research work. His graduation thesis on bones departed somewhat from the usual field and attracted such attention as to secure for him the position of lecturer in anatomy in the University of Bologna in addition to the teaching position he held in the Institute of Science. He now took up the study of comparative anatomy in reference to birds. His patient and able examinations of the kidneys and the ears of various birds, upon which he hoped to publish a book, led him to discover that the noted Italian anatomist Scarpa had in this anticipated him; he therefore published instead a short article, adding to Scarpa's contribution. His experimental work in this line led him to note phenomena of animal electricity and the effects of electric current upon animals. He was about thirty years of age when he made his great discovery; yet with his characteristic patience and restraint, he did not publish it until he had verified his conclusions in several succeeding years.

As lecturer and teacher, his life was apparently uneventful, quiet, and happy. Though not an especially fluent speaker, he was popular with his students and associates. His amiable qualities were a love of teaching, straightforward earnestness, modesty in regard to his own achievements, and frankness to admit the limitations of his knowledge. His wife's interest in science, derived from her father, made her companion and sharer of his fame. There are two versions of the story of

how she shares in his great discovery. The first is that, his wife being ill, Galvani was preparing for her the delicacy of frogs' legs, and he hoped to tempt her to eat by preparing the dish himself. In doing so, he had severed one of the hind legs except the sciatic nerve, and accidentally made a circuit by touching this nerve and the nerve-muscle preparation at the same time with the scalpel and forceps, violent twitchings of the muscles resulting. He repeated this a number of times and ascribed it to his theory of animal electricity. The other version is that his wife was present in the laboratory during certain experiments with frogs' legs, and noting the twitching under certain conditions, called her husband's attention to it. In subsequent experiments in connection with an electrical apparatus, it was noted that these muscular twitchings were affected by bringing the electrical current near and by removing it.

Though Galvani pursued experiments in this theory quietly and privately for several years he did not escape ridicule and criticism from other men of science. He was termed "the frogs' dancing master." Although this ridicule came from important quarters, Galvani was not disturbed. He studied the ray fish or torpedo, to show that animal electricity is similar to that issuing from the clouds. "His idea was always, to show the existence of a natural animal electricity, by means of which some of the complex mechanism of life was accomplished."

Writing in Latin, Galvani contributed an important pamphlet—"Commentary on the Forces of Electricity in their Relation to Muscular Motion." It contains fifteen thousand words. He suggested the application of electricity to the cure of paralytic diseases. The process known as galvanism bears his name. As contributor to the advancement of medicine in particular he comes under the special notice of Dr. James J. Walsh, whose very readable books, "The Makers of Modern Medicine" and

"Makers of Electricity," contain sympathetic sketches of Volta and Galvani. Of the latter, Dr. Walsh remarks that the experimental character of his work was notable for his time. It reveals the character of the man, of whom Dr. Walsh further sketches the good works and zealous faith which mark a likeness to St. Francis of Assisi.

During his entire career he continued the practice of medicine, but chiefly in behalf of the poor; it is said that he often refused wealthy patients in order that he might give what time he could spare to the gratuitous relief of the poor. His medical practice was mainly in connection with his clinic in obstetrics. He was very sympathetic and suffered keenly the loss, by death, of friends during the passing years. Yet even after the death of his wife, when he retired more within himself, he continued to serve the poor.

He was pained by the spreading of unfaith among scientific men; and it became his custom, toward the end of his career, to exhort his students at the close of every lecture not to be led astray by the popular dictum regarding the opposition of faith and science, confessing his own faith in God and calling attention to manifestations of God in nature. It was a saying of his that "a little philosophy led men away from God, but a good deal of it led them back to Him again."

Other favorite expressions of his, which were placed on the medal struck in his honor after his death, were: *Mors Mihi Vita*, and *Spiritus Intus Alii*—"Death is life for me," and "The Spirit works within."

A grander opportunity of confessing his faith was given him before his death. On the formation of the Cis-Alpine Republic, professors of the University of Bologna were required to take a civic oath. Galvani, urged by conscience not to accede to the demand of an unjustly established state, refused to take the oath; accordingly, he was suspended from his professorship. He was now growing old, in need of peace and rest, and as he had been liberal in charity and in experimental work, he needed the salary of the professorship. Friends and admirers defended him and loudly demanded his reinstatement without the taking of an oath which his conscience proscribed. Others urged him to take the oath with a mental reservation, which he refused to do. He was now, suffering from illness and want, and he received the kind ministrations of friendship. He stood alone in his opposition to the successful state. Yet his cause finally

prevailed, and he was reinstated without taking the oath. His illness, however, caused his death soon after. Men of little or no faith recognized the heroism of his sacrifice and steadfastness, and his ideal was eulogized before scientific societies.

"He was not ostentatious in his goodness, and did not permit himself to be cast down by the unfortunate conditions, but constantly preserved in the midst of adverse fortune that modest, imperturbable and dignified conduct which had always characterized him in the midst of his prosperity."

He was always ready to acknowledge the achievements of women in science at a time when such notice was jealously withheld by many; and one of his teachers in science to whom he often gave credit was Madame Laura Caterina Maria Bassi, the distinguished professor of philosophy in the University of Bologna during the middle of the eighteenth century. To Madame Manzoloni, who had earlier been professor of anatomy there and had made a set of models, he often directed the respect of his students.

At his last request, he was buried in the habit of the Third Order of St. Francis. Dr. Walsh states that "he valued his fellowship with the sons of the 'little poor man of Assisi' more than the many honorary fellowships which had been conferred upon him by scientific societies all over Europe." He died December 4, 1798.

* * *

Allesandro Volta was born February 18, 1745. His father was a member of the Italian nobility who had wasted his patrimony and left his family a small dwelling house and a debt of equal extent. Volta tasted of poverty and dependence in childhood, not being able to get even copy books except through charitable provision of relatives and friends. He was marked by the signs of genius, and at the same time he showed a backwardness of intelligence which was thought to be a permanent defect. It is said that he did not speak until about the age of four, and then his first word was a decided "No" in response to a relative's command that he do something he did not wish to do. At the age of seven he had overcome his defect and was a promising child. One of his uncles was archdeacon of the cathedral and another was a canon. Through these he obtained an education at one of the Jesuit schools. At sixteen he had been graduated with a degree equivalent to our B. A. He had been at first rather troublesome as a pupil,—indifferent, distracted, and com-

plaining. These faults he overcame. He was greatly interested in classical studies, especially the poetry of Tasso and Virgil, which he memorized. He wrote a Latin poem of five hundred verses, extolling Priestley, the discoverer of oxygen, who was then known as the Father of Modern Chemistry. At the age of twenty he knew French as thoroughly as he did his native tongue, and read English, German, Spanish, and Low Dutch. While under the tuition of the Jesuits he wished to enter the order, but because his father had made the trial and failed, his uncles dissuaded him from the attempt. He complied with the family wish, but refused to study law, preferring the natural sciences.

A former fellow student, now a priest and canon of the cathedral, was also interested in science, and through him Volta was able to secure books, instruments, and means of experimentation.

It seems that, if Volta overcame one defect or fault, he developed other peculiarities, his chief fault being abstraction, from the intensity of his mental concentration. He was thus a care to his intimate friends and amusing tales are told of his absent-mindedness. He had a practical turn which led him to devise electrical instruments, and at thirty he had invented the electrophorus for the measurement of electricity. This with the electroscope made possible actual scientific demonstration in place of theory. In 1774 he was given a professorship of experimental physics in the College of Como. After five years' work here, he was made professor of physics at the University of Pavia, where he remained forty years.

When Galvani's discovery of animal electricity was published, Volta became interested but was loath to accept Galvani's conclusions as verified. He, therefore, made a series of experiments to show that the twitching of the frogs' legs were caused by currents of ordinary electricity set up by the metals making the circuit,—the scalpel and forceps in the original experiment. He did not succeed in refuting Galvani's proof, but from his experiments he derived the idea of the pile or battery which has been so important in the development and application of electrical study. His pile was a series of zinc and copper discs placed one upon another, each being separated from the next by a moistened cloth. Here was the principle of the familiar battery by which means an electric current is obtained when the upper and lower discs are connected by a wire. His theory

was that two plates of different metal become electrically excited when placed in contact through a moist non-conductor. Arago called Volta's pile "the most wonderful instrument which has ever come from the hand of man, not excluding even the telescope or the steam engine."

"Volta broke ground for an immense amount of new knowledge in physics and chemistry and physiology, . . . also made possible rapid progress in practical electricity, in telegraphy, in electric motors and power machines, in electro-plating and the marvelous results in electro-galvanism which constitute our most wonderful mechanical effects at the present time."

At the beginning of 1800, Volta sent a description of his pile to the Royal Society of London. Scientific journals of Europe were filled with discussions of his discovery. The French Academy of Sciences invited him to demonstrate before them. Napoleon, then First Consul, was deeply interested in scientific discoveries, and the Italian city wishing to propitiate him, sent a delegation, including Volta, to Paris. At the close of his demonstrations before the Academy, Volta conversed with Napoleon on electrical subjects. Honors were showered upon him. Napoleon made him a count, a senator, and a member of the French Academy, and presented him with a purse. As the allotment of money decreed for him was to come from the revenues of a bishop, Volta, loyal to the Church, would not accept until the decree had been ratified by the Pope. These honors Volta described in letters to his wife and brothers, and seemed to gain his chief pleasure from sharing them with his family.

It was not until his forty-ninth year had passed that Volta married. He chose then the youngest of Count Ludovico Peregrini's seven daughters. One of these had become a nun, the others had married before Volta's choice was made. His married life, like that of Galvani, was happy, his wife the sharer of his honors and plans in scientific matters. In 1814 his oldest son Flaminio died,—a severe blow to Volta, who wrote his nephews that he did not expect to have another happy day. His children were a source of happiness to him, and his relations with his servants, particularly his body servant Polonio, were pleasant and happy. With the peasantry who were his neighbors he was friendly, helping them with sympathy and counsel, knowing them by name and assisting them in family difficulties. They called him "the Good Magician" from his wonderful powers

and knowledge which he often turned to their particular good.

Among them his piety was a proverb. With his servant he went reverently each day to an early Mass and said his rosary. In the evening he paid a visit to the Blessed Sacrament. His parish priest often held him up to the people as a model Catholic. He not only gave alms to the poor, but he was a forerunner of the modern friendly visitor, applying his scientific knowledge to instruction of the poor in their homes. He was a leader of thought, yet, like Pasteur and other great scientists, his faith increased with his knowledge.

At the age of sixty, Volta felt it necessary to make a public confession of faith. He had been deeply hurt by hearing it rumored that he practiced his faith only to avoid offending friends and scandalizing the country people who he knew derived their chief consolation from their religion. This confession is a personal revelation which brings the great scientist into close touch with all students who have felt the effects of environment as temptation against faith. He writes:

"If some of my faults and negligences may have by chance given occasion to some one to suspect me of infidelity, I am ready, as some reparation for this and for any other good purpose, to declare to such a one and to every other person and on every occasion and under all circumstances that I have always held, and hold now, the Holy Catholic Religion as the only true and infallible one, thanking without end the good God for having gifted me with such a faith in which I firmly propose to live and die, in the lively hope of attaining eternal life. I recognize my faith as a gift of God, a supernatural faith. I have not on this account, however, neglected to use all human means that could confirm me more and more in it, and that might drive away any doubt which could arise to tempt me in matters of faith. I have studied my faith with attention as to its foundations, reading for this purpose books of apologetics as well as those written with contrary purpose, and trying to appreciate arguments pro and contra. I have tried to realize from what sources spring the strongest arguments which render faith most credible to natural reason, and such as can not fail to make every well-balanced mind which has not been perverted by vice or passion embrace it and love it. May this protest of mine which I have deliberately drawn up and which I leave to posterity, subscribed with my own hand and which shows to all and every one

that I do not blush at the Gospel—may it, as I have said, produce some good fruit. Signed at Milan, Jan. 6, 1815. Allesandro Volta."

That he did produce good fruit by his faith is evident in the testimony of Sylvio Pellico, author of "My Ten Years' Imprisonment," who had doubted Divine Providence and a future life and had sought counsel from the aged Volta. To him Volta had said:

"I, too, have doubted, but I have sought. The great scandal of my youth was to behold the teachers of those days lay hold of science to combat religion. For me today, I see only God everywhere."

If Volta and Galvani were drawn by the unfaith of teachers and associates, though fortified by religious education, by kindred ties with religious, and the influence of other leaders who kept the faith, how much greater is the danger to faith in the case of secular students naturally weak, lacking religious instruction and home influence, who remain ignorant of the history of Catholic leaders that have blazed the trail for them. While there are today American Catholic colleges, and men of faith eminent in every department of science, to the students who do not seek these colleges and who neglect Catholic literature, these defenses are as if they did not exist. It is fortunate for such students if curiosity, natural or supernatural, leads them to ask the faith and to learn the story of the men whose names are familiar in elementary textbooks. The triumph of Volta and Galvani appears to be in the material comfort and progress which they brought to humanity. It should appear as the spiritual triumph won by them in retaining the faith amid temptation, and in the example which they so earnestly wished to leave to those who follow. In simplicity, in love of the poor, in humility, in kindness, in despising temporal honors, in zeal for defense of the church, Galvani and Volta are alike true sons of St. Francis, in whose case may be recalled that part of the Tertiary rule which states that the Third Order Secular is for those of tried devotion to the faith.

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THE ROYAL MONASTERY OF PEDRALBES

By LEON DE LILLO

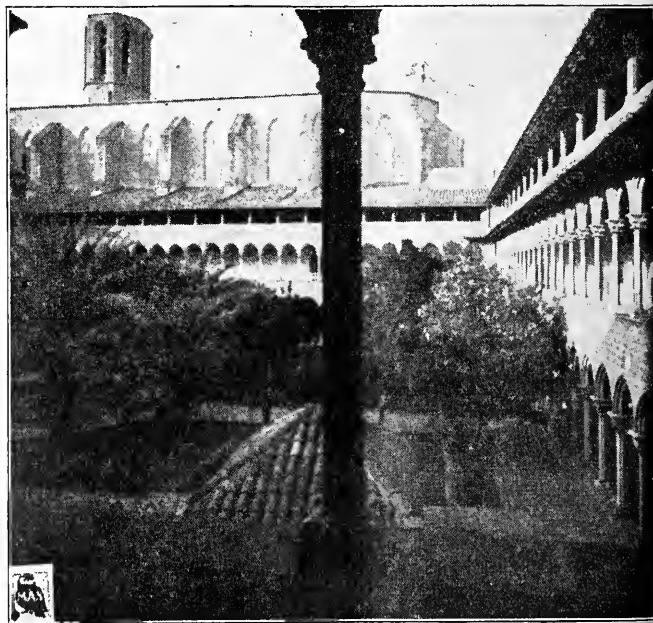
THE BEAUTIFUL monastery of the Poor Clares at Pedralbes, Spain, usually styled *Real Monestir de Pedralbes*—The Royal Monastery of Pedralbes—situated at the foot of the hill of St. Peter Martyr, was originally about three miles distant from Barcelona. Today it is practically within the limits of this great Catalan city. As the location is extremely picturesque, visitors to the monastery are very numerous and excursions to Pedralbes quite frequent. Our own personal pilgrimage was not made in the ordinary way, and was in consequence particularly attractive and interesting.

Rev. Fr. Seraphin, O.M.Cap., of the Convent of Ayuda, Barcelona, kindly introduced me to one of the nuns, from whom I secured much valuable information regarding the famous monastery. As the Reverend Mother Abbess, whom I had the honor and the privilege to see, speaks English, French, and German, besides her mother tongue, I took this opportunity to present her with a copy of *Franciscan Herald* containing my

article on the Abbey of Longchamps near Paris. She was very much pleased to receive the magazine.

The Monastery of Pedralbes is under the direct jurisdiction of the Bishop of Barcelona, and the nuns follow the rule of the so-called Urbanist Poor Clares. The Queen of Aragon, Elisenda de Moncada, wife of James II, was very much attached to the monastery of St. Antony of Padua in Barcelona, where the Poor Clares lived up to the first half of the fourteenth century. As this property was to be diverted to other uses, she decided to lay the foundation of a new convent. To this end she purchased the estate of Pedralbes (which means "white stones"), at Sarria, west of Barcelona. Pope John XXII gave the necessary authorization for the founding of the new monastery on condition that the number of nuns would be at least twelve, and that they observe the Rule of St. Clare as modified by Pope Urban IV.

On May 3, 1327, fourteen nuns left the monastery of St. Antony of Padua to take possession of their new home at



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St. Clare

Pedralbes. It was an event never to be forgotten. The King and Queen of Aragon, followed by numerous members of their court, accompanied the humble nuns, as did also the Archbishops of Toledo, Huesca, and Vich, with a great following of their clergy. The beauty of the architecture of the new monastery bespeaks both the refined taste and the charitable munificence of the pious Queen Elisenda. The architects chosen to carry out her plans were Ferrer Peyron and Domingo Granyena, and their combined work is a masterpiece: the church, cloister, chapter hall, and refectory are all of the purest gothic. The tomb of Queen Elisenda, made of alabaster and adorned with magnificent sculptures, is situated on the Epistle side of the chapel. Unfortunately it suffered somewhat from the gnawing tooth of time during the course of the centuries; but happily Don José Pajes Hartas, a skillful sculptor of Barcelona, has succeeded in restoring it completely to its original beauty.

The finest works of art at Pedralbes can not be seen by the many visitors, since they are within the nuns' enclosure. In 1909, however, when the nuns left the monastery for a few days owing to the revolution at that time, photographs were taken of the interior of the monastery, thus giving the world an idea of the beauty of the cloister and its priceless art treasures. This is the only time, excepting a short period in 1835, that the nuns were compelled to abandon the convent during the six hundred years of its existence.

The habit of the Poor Clares at Pedralbes, being quite different from that of the Clares in other parts of the world, deserves special mention. It appears (Continued on page 349)

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IN THE WORLD OF BOOKS

By PAUL H. RICHARDS

IN 1886, a journalist writing in the *San Francisco Chronicle*, describes his visit to the Camulos ranch in Ramona's country: "Listening to the deep mellow tone of the large bell, and seeing the señora, followed by her attendants, walking slowly through the garden to the chapel, one can easily imagine himself in some foreign country. It is all so un-American and strange. The heavy white walls of the house, the perfume of orange blossoms and roses, the organ chants and the faint sound of prayers recited in Spanish, recall days in Spain where, as here, there was peace and quiet and an existence altogether romantic and poetical."

Here is a suggestion of a good many people's conception of things American. It would seem to deny America romance, poetry, beauty, peace, and quiet. No doubt Mrs. H. H. Jackson meant to present typical American in the person and speech of Aunt Ri, the Tennessee pioneer who befriended Ramona and Allesandro. To Ramona's complaint: "Aunt Ri, the Americans think it is no shame to cheat for money," she answers:

"I'm an Ummeriken! an' Jeff hyer an' Jos! We're Ummerikens, an' we wouldn't cheat nobody, not if we knowed it, not outa a dollar. We're pore, an' I allus expect to be, but we're above cheatin'; an' I tell yeou naow, the Ummeriken people don't want none o' this cheatin' naow! I'm goin' to ask Jeff haow it is. Why, it's a burnin' shame to any country, so 'tis! I think somethin' oughter be done about it! I wouldn't mind goin' myself ef there wa'n't any body else! . . . I ain't nobody nor nothin', but I allow I got somethin' to say about the country I live in, 'n the way things hed oughter be; or at least Jeff hez, an that's the same thing. I tell yer, Jos, I ain't goin' to rest, nor give yeou nor yer father any rest till yeou find out what all this means she's been tellin' us."

As a forerunner of Janette Rankin and Alice Robertson, Aunt Ri is an interesting type. But her dialect no longer stands as typically American.

Lowell made Hosea Biglow, a pacifist of slavery times, take the contrary view of American honesty:

"They may talk o' Freedom's airy tell they're puple in the face—

It's a graind great cemetery fer the barthrights of our race;

They jest want this Californy so's to lug new slave states in,

To abuse ye an to scorn ye an to plunder ye like sin."

Lowell's mis-spelling is a great advance over the attempted dialect of Cooper's Leatherstocking Tales, in which for the most part, the Deerslayer, alias Pathfinder, speaks in language as classical as his author. Since then Joel Chandler Harris discovered the talk of Bre'r Rabbit; Bret Harte and others recorded the speech of western miners, cowboys, Chinamen; and a few people attempted to place the American Indian in literature usually by the monosyllable "humphf!" T. A. Daly's *Dago dialect*, and Finley P. Dunne's *Mr. Dooley's philosophy*, having deeper purpose than to amuse or burlesque, broaden the subject of American dialect, so that the New England and Hoosier types are not the sole representatives of our soil. Captain Harry Lee's poems of the "buddies" back from France attempt to be even more inclusive of foreign elements in America.

The journalist who found Spanish culture foreign in California was thinking of Plymouth Rock rather than of San Salvador, or of what Longfellow had made of aboriginal American life in *Hiawatha*. The Indian is the least caricatured of any American type. There is much opportunity for giving negro dialect the dignity of a soul. A photo-play recently represented a negro boy in khaki in Europe saying, "I'se an American." It hardly rings true. Americans have equal educational opportunities. A more poetic dialect was put in the mouth of a sturdy slave in a story of the Martinique negro uprising, a few decades ago. But this story remains fugitive, and Uncle Tom of Mrs. Stowe's novel remains the most heroic negro type in our land where more than one negro has reached sainthood.

While there is no one dialect which represents America as that of Dickens's novels represents England, an approach to such idiom is found in the slang of educated American writers, such as J. B. Kerfoot in "How To Read." He compounds the zeal of a revivalist and the energy of an auctioneer, the mental keenness of a journalist and the vocabulary of a college professor:

"Let us get back to our muttuns," he will begin afresh after dragging the supposedly lethargic reader or listener through a discussion " . . . These being our reasons for reading, what is the use of taking more than ordinary trouble in learning to read? The

answer goes into a nutshell. We live, as it happens, in a world where all the mental highways are partly paved with ink. . . . 'What's the use?' is a query that, like a recurrent decimal, may go on repeating itself forever. And this answer is a recurrent answer . . .

"Mentally we are centipedes. We have a hundred shifts . . .

"Is there a simile in the sentence before you? Engulf it . . . Absorb what you find; or toss the empty husk of words aside."

There is surely nothing hackneyed in this style, and many will cheerfully be instructed through its medium. It suggests another conception of the American character, one which certain popular and gifted writers have described as "brash," boyish, giddy, and superlatively energetic. Even this breezy, humorous style has only its day. Dialects have their place in literature; they are not solely for our amusement and self-satisfaction. James Whitcomb Riley made Hoosier dialect reflect the tenderest and most poetic emotions. But, after making our collection of American dialect, it is likely to be extremely refreshing to read once more such expressions of America's soul as we find in the inaugural and farewell addresses of Washington and Lincoln, and in the Declaration of Independence.

BOOK REVIEWS

The Visible Church—By Rev. John F. Sullivan.

This book is intended to meet a great need. We marvel at the ignorance sometimes displayed by outsiders regarding the nature, the meaning, the nomenclature of the externals of the Catholic belief and practice. But on second thought we must admit that our Catholic people are almost equally at sea regarding some of the most ordinary matters of divine worship. Father Sullivan wishes to meet the case with a text book for advanced classes in Christian Doctrine. There are instances where the knowledge in question has been quite competently and thoroughly imparted in the grades, without a text book, as a part of Christian Doctrine. But, generally speaking, the knowledge is sadly desiderated—as the many inaccuracies, inadequacies, and other shortcomings of the book before us plainly show. Frankly, we

do not see what good use the book will find in the hands of pupils. Being a more or less complete repertory of the matters in question, a well informed teacher, willing to check up the data, will find it a help in treating the subject before her class. Also, the book may serve as a groundwork for a more scholarly treatment of the matter at more competent hands.

P. J. Kenedy and Sons, New York.
\$1.10 postpaid.

Die Wiedervereinigung im Glauben (Reunion in the Faith)—By Gilsbert Menge, O. F. M.

This work is a notable contribution to the growing irenic literature of the age. Though written before the war and appealing primarily to his German countrymen, the work of Fr. Menge is of great practical value to every student of the religious question. Particularly in the face of the various religious movements which latterly have been set on foot, Fr. Menge's book is commendable in that it leaves no doubt as to the grounds on which the re-union is possible and worth while—the grounds of unconditional submission to Catholic dogma. True, the declaration of such a principle has in it little of a conciliatory ring. Yet it bids fairer for re-union than closeting all that constitutes faith and makes re-union worth while. At that, the author's sincerity and considerate treatment of the delicate topics in question are bound to make an impression. The second part of the volume, treating of the means to bring about the re-union, shows how well the author understands the situation, by the stress he lays on the apostolate of prayer and good works. The personal appeal of the book and its copious citation of word and example, particularly from the non-Catholic side, give it special value and interest.

B. Herder Book Company, St. Louis, Missouri.

The Catholic Home—By Father Alexander, O. F. M.

In his foreword to this little volume, the Bishop of Salford, England, thus pleads especially with parents who are just beginning family life, the value of family prayer:

"Begin at least evening prayer, however short and simple, from the very first day that the new home comes into being; as God blesses you with children, train them up from their earliest years to join you in this beautiful Catholic practice, making yourselves little children and adapting your devotions to the simple minds of your little ones, developing them in their growth, physical and intellectual. Nothing will make a more profound

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impression upon them for their whole life, nothing will tend more to bless and sanctify your home and make it more and more like to the first Christian home at Nazareth."

In as direct and simple manner, the author, in one hundred and thirty-four pages presents the ideal Christian home in the making. He strikes at the evils which menace the Christian family in our time—mixed marriage, divorce, race-suicide, godless education, and social indulgence. He insists upon reverence for the child, body and soul, for ourselves, and for God. On parenthood, he says:

"For Catholics there need be no hysterical chatter about Flag, Empire, etc., with a view to urging them to fulfill their obligations. The thought of the Creative God is for them all sufficient. They need no bribes to coax them to keep their part."

Life of St. Francis of Assisi (New Edition)—by Father Cuthbert, O. S. F. C.

The name of Father Cuthbert is famous both for scholarship and for literary power, and the announcement of a new edition of his "Life of St. Francis" will be received with pleasure by those who know his work. Studies of St. Francis demand painstaking research and a high appreciation of the saint and his order. In the thirteen excellent illustrations, and in the style of his narrative, Father Cuthbert shows also his perception of Franciscan influence on literature. He has made his Life a tale of romance, weaving facts and settings smoothly and bringing out the beauty and power of Francis among the harsh and sordid conditions of men and means.

The author has divided the work into four books of about one hundred pages each, touching important epochs in the saint's life; the first from the coming of Francis to the Pope's approval of his order, the second to the Porziuncola indulgence, the third to the trial of St. Francis (dissensions in the order), and the fourth from Greccio to his death. Appendices give the primitive rule of St. Francis, the story of the indulgence of the Porziuncola, the rule of the Third Order, and the sources of our knowledge of the saint. Footnotes accompany the pages and reference is made in these to Father Paschal Robinson, the American authority on Franciscana. Father Cuthbert states in a preface that he believes no adequate Life of St. Francis has yet been written in English, and that his book is offered as an aid to this attainment. It is seldom that a Francis Thompson brings his wonderful literary genius to bear upon biography, as did the author of "The Hound of Heaven" in his "Life of St. Ignatius." It is regrettable that he did not also pay a part of his debt to

St. Francis in this way.

Longmans, Green and Co., New York, London. Price \$3.00.

Trent—By Frederick Joseph Kinsman.

Dr. Kinsman's "Salve Mater" introduced him to readers as a distinguished convert from Anglicanism, who had written part of the volume before his conversion. Out of the many studies which the former teacher and Anglican bishop of New Jersey had made on his spiritual journey come the four lectures of the present volume on the Council of Trent. Dr. Kinsman has the gift of making historical subjects interesting to the average reader, and of this theme he has made a book which will foster interest in Church history. The first lecture describes the Council, the second states the character of the Protestant Reformation against which the Council of Trent directed its decrees, the third the Significance of Trent, and the fourth the Tridentine Attitude.

The nineteenth of the ecumenical councils of the Church, the first in rank, and the greatest event in Catholic history in the last five hundred years, are some of the epithets Dr. Kinsman applies to the council of Trent. Assembled December 13, 1545, it continued for eighteen years, through the reign of five Popes, its actual sessions comprising twenty-one months. The majority of Cardinals attending were Italians, and the whole number was less than at previous councils. Trent was not appreciated during the sixteenth century, nor in the two following centuries; but in the last century it came into its own. It had been during the Reformation a sign post pointing the straight way to progress; its decrees laid the foundations for the modern development of Catholicity in Christian education, in definitions, doctrine, in safeguarding authority, in fostering the missionary as against the inquisitorial spirit. It formulated the Catechism of Trent, and dictated reforms which offset and surpassed those proposed and attempted by parties without the Church.

The Tridentine attitude, which the author says is that of the Church today, particularly in America, is threefold; uncompromising loyalty to Catholic truth, discriminating treatment of those in error, and tactful preservation of Catholic unity. He cites the large number of converts to the Catholic faith of recent years in Puritan strongholds of New England and describes the late Cardinal Gibbons as chief representative in America of the Catholic Church, in which is preserved the attitude of Trent and of St. Paul.

Longmans, Green and Co., New York. Price \$1.10.

INTENTIONS

The following intentions are recommended to the pious prayers of our readers:

For the recovery of health (10). For better employment (5). For suitable positions (5). For reconciliation (3). For the grace of conversion (5). For resignation to God's holy will (5). For a good home in a Catholic section. For the return of a husband and father to his duties. For God's help in a large family. For a lame girl. For success in building a new home. For the return of children to their duties (5). For regular returns on an investment. For steady employment (12). For help against an evil habit. For more confidence and courage. For help in a vocation. In thanksgiving to St. Antony for preservation from fire. For peace in Ireland. For our Holy Father, the Pope. For the spread of the Third Order. For the success of the National Third Order Convention.

LET US PRAY—Let the ears of Thy mercy, O Lord, be open to the prayers of Thy suppliants; and that Thou mayest grant them their desires, make them ask such things as please Thee. Through Jesus Christ, Our Lord. Amen.

OBITUARY

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LET US PRAY—We beseech Thee, therefore, assist the souls still suffering in purgatory, whom Thou hast redeemed with Thy Precious Blood. 300 days, every time. Sept. 13, 1903.

(Continued from page 346)

that up to the year 1835 they wore a black habit, which was contrary to the wish of St. Clare, who desired to see her spiritual daughters clad in neither black or white but in gray. When the nuns returned to the monastery after the revolution of 1835, the question of changing the color of the habit came up for consideration. After much debating, it was finally decided, on account of the extraordinary love of the Spaniards for the Immaculate Virgin Mary, to adopt a light blue habit—and this is the color worn at the present day.



Franciscan News

Italy.—In a private audience which the Holy Father granted to a number of Franciscan provincials after the general chapter in Assisi, he took occasion again to call attention publicly to the Third Order as a most opportune means of social reform, and he urged them to assist in the realization of his hopes by working strenuously for its spread.

A beautiful mosaic has been discovered in the ancient Basilica of Araceli. It dates back presumably to the beginning of the sixteenth century. It has been removed from the chapel of St. Rose of Viterbo, where it was hidden all these centuries behind the decorations of an altar. The picture represents the Madonna with the Child, seated on a throne, with St. John the Baptist and St. Francis to the sides.

A new society has been founded in Rome, which calls itself the Association for Franciscan Studies and Propaganda. Its purpose is "the propagation of the Franciscan spirit by the exact knowledge, the spread and the preservation of the Third Order in the Roman Province." The association is under the direction of members of the First Order, and it forms a sort of advance guard for the Fathers in their missionary labors for the revival of the Third Order, especially among the young. *L'Osservatore Romano* has encouraged the work of the association.

The Sodality of St. Peter Claver has been affiliated with the Third Order of St. Francis by the Holy Father. Henceforth the sodalists will participate in all the privileges and indulgences granted to the Tertiaries.

Professor Ernesto Jallonghi, who has specialized in the study of St. Bonaventure, in a recent lecture at the Arcadia, traced the influence of the Seraphic Doctor on Dante's "Divina Commedia." While acknowledging the poet's debt to St. Thomas, he pointed out how closely allied was St. Bonaventure's ardent and poetic spirit with Dante's mystic and intuitive genius. The mysticism running through the sublime trilogy, the speaker asserted, was unmistakably that of St. Bonaventure.

England.—Dr. Margaret Lamont, a fervent Tertiary of St. Francis, has laid the foundations for a new society to be composed entirely of Catholic women doctors, who are at the same time Franciscan Tertiaries. These women, after completing their medical studies in England, are to devote themselves to the corporal and spiritual aid of Hindu women in the Indian missions. The society has received the approbation of the Roman Congregation of the Propagation of the Faith.

The press has recently chronicled the death of the well known Franciscan writer, Rev. Aloisius Thomas Fitzgerald, who passed away recently in Sydney, Australia. His best known works are, "Homespun Yarns," "Fits and Starts," "A Good Third," and "Five of Trumps." In these stories of Irish peasant life, he displays a keen perception of the Irish character and a happy faculty of faithful portrayal.

Holland.—The first national Third Order convention in this country has just come to a happy close. It was attended by immense throngs of Tertiaries from all over the realm and by many notables of the Church and the State. A surprising feature of the congress was the large number of young people in attendance. The convention itself is referred to in the press of the country as one of the greatest of Catholic gatherings ever held in Holland.

St. Louis, Mo.—On August 10, at the triennial Chapter of The Sacred Heart Province, The Very Rev. Fr. Martin Strub was elected Provincial and Fr. Roger Middendorf Vice Provincial or Custos. As Consultors or Definitors of The Province, the following were elected: Fr. Titus Hugger, Fr. Optatus Loeffler, Fr. Hilary Kieserling, Fr. John Igle. The Franciscan Herald extends greetings and best wishes to the newly appointed Provincial and his staff.

Cleveland, O.—On Sunday, June 19, St. Joseph's Church was crowded with pious spectators, anxious to witness the solemn blessing of the lilies in honor of St. Antony. The impressive ceremonies, especially the procession, in which all participants carried blessed lilies, were carried out according to the Franciscan ritual.

On June 22, 23 and 24, a solemn triumph took place in commemoration of the seventh centenary of the founding of the Third Order. Every evening the spacious church was filled with fervent Tertiaries, who came to gain the indulgences granted for the occasion and to listen to the sermons delivered by the Rev. Fr. Roger, Joseph Cupertino and Matthew. On Friday morning the Tertiaries received holy Communion in a body during solemn High Mass. The celebrations were concluded on Sunday afternoon, June 26, by a monster procession, special features of which were a new banner of St. Francis and a statue of St. Francis, representing the saint surrounded by the animals of the forest. The statue was carried by eight men vested in the large Tertiary habit. Before the final Te Deum, a large class

of postulants were admitted to the Order, and a number of novices were professed. The membership of the fraternity has passed the 3,000 mark.

On June 30, Fr. Jerome Hellhake celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of his profession. Fr. Daniel, provincial definitor, presided at the ceremony and delivered a very appropriate address. Many secular priests and a host of friends of the Reverend Jubilarian, besides the friars from the communities of Cleveland and West Park, attended the celebration. The clerics from the seminary at West Park sang a beautiful Mass, which merited the praise of all present. Fr. Jerome was accompanied by two other venerable Jubilarians, Fr. Alardus and Fr. Francis.

Indianapolis, Ind.—The chapel of the Little Sisters of the Poor was the scene of a quiet, yet impressive, ceremony on June 12, when four inmates of the Old People's Home celebrated their jubilee as members of the Third Order. All are enrolled for twenty-five years or longer. Reckoning from the date of profession, Miss Mary Koschmieder has completed 28 years, Mrs. Sophia Doerr 33 years, and Mrs. Ida Seiter 43 years; while Mrs. Elizabeth Wissel has the unique distinction of belonging to the Third Order for over 68 years. She made her profession on Ash Wednesday, 1853, in St. John's Church, Cincinnati, Ohio. Far and wide hers is surely a record length of years in the Third Order.

Chicago, Ill.—Archbishops, Bishops and Vicars Apostolic from Canada, Mexico, Central America, many countries of South America, the British Honduras, the Hawaiian and Philippine Islands, England, Ireland, and Scotland have sent letters of felicitation and blessing to Convention Headquarters, 5045 Laflin Street, Chicago, relative to the First National Third Order Convention in the United States. The Right Reverend Joseph R. Crimont, S. J., D. of Alaska, will attend the Third Order Convention and will read a paper at the Priests' and Directors' Meeting. The Most Reverend Francis Orozco y Jimenez, D. D., Archbishop of Guadalajara, had his secretary, the Rev. José Gutierrez Perez, call at Convention Headquarters to personally present the Archbishop's good wishes for the success of the National Third Order Convention.

The Honorable Bourke Cockran, United States Representative of New York, who joined the Third Order in Santa Barbara, California, will speak at the mass meeting of the convention, Sunday afternoon, October 2, on "United Tertiary Effort."

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Franciscan Herald

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OUR NEW DEPARTMENT

IT has ever been the aim of FRANCISCAN HERALD to gain the good will and confidence of its readers. For that reason we take great pleasure, as well as pride in making the announcement of a new feature which will be started in this issue. The new "Corner," which we know will be of great benefit to all subscribers and, therefore, very timely, is:

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The information will be offered ABSOLUTELY FREE to all who write and our only condition is that you send a STAMPED AND SELF ADDRESSED ENVELOPE.

Mr. Joseph H. Meier, who will have charge of this bureau, will be able to give valuable service and practical information, and we know him to be reliable.

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Editorials

About Ourselves

WHEN the HERALD announced in its last issue the first results of the Provincial Chapter held at St. Louis, Mo., on August 10, we little thought that its deliberations on the succeeding days would materially affect the HERALD staff. As it happened, however, our Rev. Editor, Fr. Ferdinand, after ably directing the editorial department of the magazine since its birth in the winter of 1912-13, was promoted to the responsible position of President of Quincy College, Quincy, Ill., one of the largest and best known Catholic educational institutions for philosophical, classical, and commercial courses in the Central West.

After brilliantly completing his studies for the priesthood, Fr. Ferdinand was engaged for a few years in light parochial and hospital work, as his health at the time was none too robust. In 1911, however, he was sent to St. Joseph Seminary, Teutopolis, Ill., as Vice Rector and Professor. When the Provincial Superiors, in the fall of 1912, decided to establish the HERALD, their choice for editor fell on Fr. Ferdinand. That their choice was a happy one is vouched for by the numerous letters from readers complimenting the HERALD on its splendid editorial policy and the high literary standards of its contents.

While the HERALD, therefore, deeply deplores Fr. Ferdinand's departure from its sanctum, it can not but rejoice that his great ability as an educator has been so signally recognized by his superiors, and we feel warranted to predict that under its new President, Quincy College will not only sustain its enviable reputation of past years, but will take an even more prominent position among the Catholic educational institutions of our country.

The new editor, Fr. Faustine, is not entirely unknown to you, since for several years he was a regular contributor to the HERALD and during the past two years was associated with Fr. Ferdinand in the editorial department. His position will henceforth be filled by another well known contributor to our pages, Fr. Francis Borgia, of Mission History fame. Fr. Giles, known to you all for these many years will continue as manager and will soon again begin his instructive and interesting talks on the Third Order. Fr. Maximus, another member of the

staff, will remain at his post in the financial and bookkeeping departments and will continue to render invaluable aid in the management of the business.

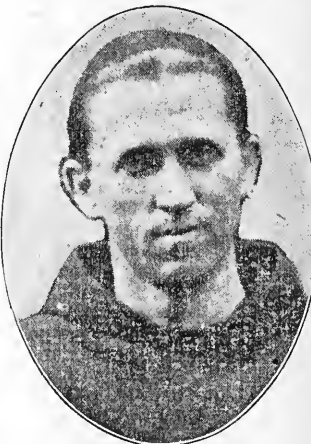
We trust, dear readers, that you will kindly pardon this talk about ourselves. Our excuse for bringing so personal a matter to your attention is the fact that, during all the years that Fr. Ferdinand was connected with the HERALD, he kept himself in the background, and his name seldom, if ever, occurred in its columns. Now that he has been removed from the staff, we consider it a duty—and a most pleasant one at that—to acquaint you with the man who has

provided you with such beautiful and profitable and edifying reading these many years. We trust you will not think it too much to remember him now and then in your prayers that God may bless him in his new field of labor.

As for the rest of us, we feel that you who are so deeply interested in our magazine and Mission Association, are somewhat inquisitive, at least, as regards the names of those directing their destinies. We likewise take this opportunity to thank you, one and all, for the loyal support you have given us during the past years. Your kind patronage of our publication and your charity to our missions has cheered us greatly in our uphill endeavors and enabled us to continue a work that must otherwise have been abandoned. In requesting you to continue your kindly interest in our magazine and

our missions, we take pleasure in acquainting you with the fact that plans, that have been slowly maturing during the past year for the improvement of the HERALD, are now ripe, and you will soon be receiving a magazine enlarged by the addition of sixteen pages and with a variety of reading matter that will be pleasing to all.

Besides the extra pages, we intend to add other attractions in the form of new departments. These were made possible only at a great expense. However, dear reader, since this is your publication as well as ours, we want you to have a word in directing its policy and share in its greater success. We are willing to admit that you know what you want in your magazine and, therefore, we solicit your sincere views on this matter.



Fr. Ferdinand, O. F. M.

"Tidings of Great Joy"

AT LAST, our fondest hopes are to be realized. After years of prayerful waiting the First National Third Order Convention is to take place. It was the FRANCISCAN HERALD that first advocated the holding of such a convention; it was in these columns that the feasibility, the necessity, and the possibility of a convention were explained and pointed out again and again. We take great pleasure, therefore, in being able to announce that, the Convention is not only an assured fact but is at our very doors. The plans are all perfected and the Convention will be held here in Chicago on October 2, 3 and 4.

The Convention is to be held in solemn commemoration of the Seven Hundredth Anniversary of the founding of the Third Order of St. Francis in 1221. It is therefore, a public expression of deep-felt gratitude to God for the innumerable and marvelous graces which He for seven hundred years has bestowed upon individuals, upon Church and State through the Third Order.

However, the Convention would fall short of its very purpose if it were to stop with a mere review of the "glorious past." No, other and important duties must also be taken into consideration. The past with its many favors and glorious achievements is a theme for historians, but the present and the future, fraught with grave and important problems, is before us, and these problems must be met and coped with wisely, sanely, and effectively. With their hearts and minds directed to God in suppliant prayer, the Delegates, gathered from all parts of our beloved land, will consider the Third Order in all its aspects with a view to bring about a perfect, intelligent, and active organization.

Organization in the Third Order, if it means anything, means a well planned regulation of all Tertiary activity; it means united, concerted action in order to accomplish the end intended for the Third Order both by its Founder, St. Francis, and by the Church.

St. Francis, knowing that all could not forsake the world for the cloister, wished, nevertheless, to offer them the advantages of a truly religious life. Mindful of this intention of their Holy Founder, the Tertiary Delegates, convened here, will consider the spiritual advantages of the Third Order, expressed very tersely but comprehensively by Pope Leo XIII: "The Third Order of its very nature draws man to the Love of Jesus Christ."—"Tertiaries learn in the Third Order to love our Lord with a real solid love."—"The Third Order will draw men to the practice of Christian perfection."—"The Third Order draws men to a love of Holy Church."

"Domestic peace and public tranquillity, integrity of life and kindness, the right use and management of property—the best foundations of civilization and security—spring from the Third Order of St. Francis as from their root, and it is to St. Francis that Europe is largely indebted for the preservation of these blessings."

These words of the great Tertiary Pope, Leo XIII, express the fruitful social activity of the Third Order, and it is this activity above all that will be considered at the Convention. The work of the Third Order in the past in this line was so marvelous and extensive as to excite the praise and admiration not only of all the Popes and Bishops but also of the historians, Catholic as well as non-Catholic. We are, therefore, assured that the coming Convention will effect a thorough understanding of this activity, will devise ways and means to increase and foster the same. "My social reform is the Third Order," says the late Leo XIII, and the necessity of this reform, the various phases of it, the means to bring it about more speedily and assuredly through the Third Order, will be discussed and determined at the Convention.

"For our part, we trust the Third Order will receive a notable increase from the coming festivities; and we have no doubt that you, Venerable Brethren, and all pastors of souls, will devote great care to revive the Tertiary fraternities where they may be declining, to establish new fraternities wherever possible, and to have them all flourish in observance as well as in membership." Benedict XV, 1921.

We can all understand that this paternal desire of our present Holy Father must also be kept in mind at the coming Convention, and here alone there is work, indeed. To spread the Third Order, to make it known to all, to silence the ignorant prejudices against the Third Order must, indeed, be a work of love. "We believe," says the same Holy Father, "that the spirit of the Third Order . . . will do very much to reform public and private morals, if only it is made to flourish as of yore." May the First National Third Order Convention speed the fulfillment of this ardent desire.

Most Reverend Paul Bruchesi, D. D., Archbishop of Montreal, in his encouraging letter to the Directive Board of the Convention voices our sentiments in his beautiful prayer for the Convention. "May the Almighty bless and prosper your efforts. May you so far succeed in placing St. Francis and his ideal before the minds of your countrymen, that Tertiary life and Tertiary works may become in this new country and in these later times, the inspiration for good and the power for social betterment, that they were in the days of the Poverello."





Third Order of St. Francis

THE THIRD ORDER—WHAT IS IT?

By FR. JAMES, O. F. M.

"If thou wilt be perfect . . . then come and follow me." (Mt. 19:21).

"And whosoever shall follow this rule, peace on them, and mercy." (Gal. 6:16).

YOU have felt the call,—as, I dare say, has every earnest Christian,—felt the call of grace to lead a more perfect life. The example of our dear Savior, his kindly invitations, the sight around you of the misery caused by sin and vice, your own good will, have time and again awakened in your heart the longing for a better life, worthier of our Savior and the holy Faith. At such times perhaps you thought of the convent and the religious life and—you were discouraged. It was useless to think of entering a convent in your circumstances, and so you did not know what to do.

* * *

NOW, do you know that you can be a religious without leaving your station in life? That you can have the advantages of a convent life in your own home? That long ago an order was founded to meet just such aspirations to a perfect life as yours,—out in the world as you are? That popes and cardinals, princes of the Church and of the State, leaders in all the fields of thought and action, have belonged and do belong to that Order? That time and again popes and bishops have recommended that Order to all Christians as the great means of reforming the world? That the Order has attached to it an endless number of indulgences and other privileges? That numberless saints and blessed and faithful servants and followers of Christ led perfect lives in it and died in the odor of sanctity? That by joining the Order you make yourself a child and follower of one of the dearest saints of holy Church? That, with all these advantages, it is as easy as can be to join the order?

Are you interested? Then read on, and learn of the Third Order of St. Francis of Assisi; and may the Seraphic Saint bless your efforts.

IT WAS this way. About seven hundred years ago, Francis of Assisi, then a sprightly youth, one day heard our Savior call him, saying, "Francis,

I. Origin and History of the Third Order

go and repair my tottering Church." At first Francis referred the words to the church where he was praying. But gradually God led him to great things, making him the instrument of reforming both Church and society. In time Francis founded an order of men called Friars Minor, now commonly known as Franciscans, Conventuals, and Capuchins; and an order of women called Poor Clares. Men and women, such as Francis sought to make them,—as like as possible to our Savior,—were sorely needed at the time (for the world was in a dreadful social and moral condition); and so God ordained that the two orders soon grew immensely popular. Not only did the public rally around Francis and his followers, but everybody wished to live as they did. Now, to take them all into the convent would have meant to destroy all home life and all social relations. So, in 1221, Francis founded another order for people whose place is in the world and in the home. He gave the order a rule founded on habits of prayer, charity, and self-denial, just what our Savior loves so much and what the world needs so badly. This order is known as the Third Order of St. Francis, the Order of Tertiaries, or the Order of Penance. It is just the order for you.

In the course of seven centuries, forty-one popes used their authority in many ways to promote the order. Soon after it was founded Gregory IX wrote: "Evidently, the goodness of God is abused by those who strive to keep from the Third Order such as desire to join it." Only lately, Benedict XV, in an encyclical in which he commends the Third Order as the remedy for the ills of modern society, called upon all pastors of souls to establish and revive Tertiary fraternities, and have them flourish in observance and membership. "It is a question," he declares, "of opening to as many as possible, by following

Francis, the path and the return to Christ." It is safe to say that on no lay organization have ecclesiastics of the past and present lavished such unstinted praise as on the Third Order of St. Francis.

Their unanimous accord and the strength which the Third Order showed in the critical stages of Church history prove how providential is the Third Order. No sooner had the Third Order been founded, than it spread like wild-fire to all ranks and classes. Men and women, married and single, rich and poor, employer and employee, popes, cardinals, bishops, and priests; emperors, kings, and noblemen; the princes of science, art, and literature hastened to join it. Within a half century of its founding, it was said that, "There is scarcely a man or a woman who is not a member of the Third Order."

So it continued through the ages. Our own age is witnessing a universal and decided revival of the order. The last four popes were members and ardent promoters. A conservative estimate puts the membership today at 3,000,000. America, discovered by a Tertiary, Christopher Columbus, and in particular, the United States, are not behind hand. Though intensive Tertiary activity has only just begun in our country, it is safe to say there are no less than 75,000 Tertiaries in the United States at this writing.

* * *

THE place of the Third Order as an organization in the Church is with the religious orders, between the clergy and the laity. It is more than a social-

2. Nature of the Third Order

ity or confraternity or society. It has been expressly declared a true religious order by the Holy See. Thus Benedict XIII: "It constitutes a true order, properly so-called, entirely distinct from confraternities, since it has its rule, approved by the Holy See, its novitiate, its profession, and its habit, after the manner of other orders." Its position as an order was solemnly reaffirmed by

Leo XIII, who, in adapting its rule to modern customs, insisted that its inner nature was in no way changed. The present Sublime Pontiff says explicitly that it is "an order in the true sense of the word." As a member of the Third Order, you have the distinction of belonging to the chosen part of Christ's flock, the religious orders.

* * *

LIKE all religious orders, the Third Order has a definite aim,—a spiritual and a personal aim. It is, to aid its members in leading, in their respective walk of life, a perfect Christian life as our Savior would have it,—perfect in the observance of the commandments of God and the Church, and in the fulfilment of the duties of each one's state of life. To this end are referred the various injunctions concerning prayer, self-denial, and charity contained in the rule.

But, while the order has in view only this one personal object, it is easy to see that indirectly it is bound to promote the welfare of society generally. "To reform others, begin with yourself, and your example will do the rest." As our Holy Father Benedict XV says in his encyclical: "It follows of necessity that where a number of people live in keeping with the rule, they will be a powerful incentive to all their neighbors, not only to comply with every detail of duty, but to aspire to a more perfect aim in life than the general law requires." In this sense Leo XIII said: "My plan of social reform is the Third Order of St. Francis."

* * *

BE IT understood at the outset, that the regulations of the order *do not bind under sin*, except when they are at the same time commandments of God or of the Church. "Then, what is the use of the order?" This: When you make it your rule to perform a definite set of actions; when you publicly pledge yourself to carry out that rule; when others are pledged with you to that rule; when, finally, you have yours and their concerted prayers to aid you, then you will make good your resolution to lead a Christian life. Now, in the Third Order, the so-called "Divine Office" recited each day aids you to carry out the pious resolutions to which you pledge yourself, with the other members, on entering the novitiate of the order, and more especially on making what is called the "profession," or actual pledge.

4. The Rule of the Third Order

THESE resolutions, or "the Rule," which are to be kept as far as possible, are:

1. **EACH DAY:** Assist at mass. To recite twelve Our Fathers, Hail Marys, and Glories, or the Little Office of the Blessed Virgin, the "Divine Office" of the order. To pray before and after meals. To examine your conscience.

2. **EACH MONTH:** To go to confession and communion. To attend the meetings. To contribute to the collection made for the pious objects of the order.

3. **EACH YEAR:** To fast on the vigils of the Immaculate Conception, December 7, and of St. Francis, October 3.

4. **AT ALL TIMES:** To observe carefully the commandments of God and the Church. To wear the scapular of the Order on the shoulders and the cord about the waist. To abstain from luxury in dress and habits, and to live within your means. To avoid dangerous dances, theaters, and revelry. To be temperate in food and drink. To set a good example to your family and promote good deeds. To keep from yourself and family dangerous reading. To be at peace with all, and try to allay discord. To take no oath, except where necessary. To avoid vulgar and improper speech. To assist at the funerals of members, and recite five decades of the rosary for their souls' repose (priests should remember the deceased brethren at the altar, laymen at Holy Communion). Not to refuse the offices of the order except upon good cause, faithfully discharging the offices entrusted to you. To accept the reproofs and penances imposed for delinquencies.

5. **AT A CONVENIENT TIME AND SOON:** To make your will.

As you see: Almost nothing which could not be expected of any good Christian.

* * *

AMONG the benefits you derive from the Third Order are the following:

You are put under the special protection of the Immaculate Mother Mary, the special patroness of the Family of St. Francis. You share in all the merits, prayers, holy masses, fasts, mortifications, alms, missions, and all other good works performed by all the members of the three orders of St. Francis. You enjoy the special intercession of St. Francis, St. Antony, and all saints and blessed who were members of the Orders of St. Francis.

On about 125 days in the year, you can gain a Plenary Indulgence; 32 times a year the General Absolution, or Indulgent Blessing is imparted; and twice the Papal Benediction, connected with a

Plenary Indulgence each time. As often as you recite six Our Fathers, Hail Marys, and Glories, you can gain all the indulgences granted to those who visit the Roman Stations, the Porziuncola, the holy places of Jerusalem, and the shrine of St. James of Compostella. You can gain a Plenary Indulgence for reciting the Franciscan Rosary of the Seven Joys of Mary.

Many Partial Indulgences can be gained by visiting on certain days the church where the Third Order is established. An indulgence of 300 days is attached to almost every work of piety or charity.

A veritable mine of spiritual treasures is thus opened to the members, to anyone who is ready to evince the small degree of good will required of Tertiaries.

* * *

"BY THEIR fruits you shall know them," says our Savior; "for every good tree yieldeth good fruit." (Mt. 7, 16-17). Judged by this standard, the Third Order is, indeed, a good tree. We can only summarize its glories; the detailed recital would require volumes.

It has promoted social welfare by enforcing justice, charity, and frugality. It has reformed and elevated the home, inculcating mutual love, fidelity, and respect of husband and wife, and the faithful discharge of family duties, as well as introducing a Christian atmosphere in the home by way of family devotions and good literature. It has proved a remedy to the all-engulfing craze for wealth, by detaching its members from earthly goods; to the snares of pleasure, by its habits of moderation, simplicity, and self-denial; to the pride of life, by insisting on moderation in dress and living.

To the Third Order is ascribed the credit of reforming the pleasure-seeking and money-mad world of the thirteenth century, making, as one historian says, "A convent of every home, and balking the attempt of Frederick II to paganize Europe."

To the Third Order belongs the credit of being the elementary school, the training ground, and the finishing school of great saints and champions of Mother Church, as well as the rallying ground for the great leaders of thought and action. Here are some of its members: St. Louis, King of France; St. Ferdinand, King of Spain; St. Elizabeth of Hungary; St. Elizabeth of Portugal; St. Charles Borromeo, Cardinal-Archbishop of Milan; St. Francis Xavier, and St. Aloysius Gonzaga, of the Society of Jesus; St. Francis de Sales; St. Margaret of Cortona, Penitent; St. Frances

of Rome; St. Rose of Viterbo, the child reformer; St. Roch, patron in times of contagion; St. Joan of Arc, the Maid of Orleans; St. Vincent de Paul; St. Ignatius of Loyola; St. John Baptist de La Salle; Bl. Vianney, the Curé of Ars; Ven. Pierre-Julien Eymard; Ven. John Don Bosco.

Of cardinals we mention Newman, Manning, Vaughan, and Bourne of England, and Farley of New York; of public men, Columbus, the discoverer of America; Vasco da Gama, discoverer; Garcia Moreno, martyr-president of Ecuador; Windhorst, German statesman; Albert de Mun and Leon Harmel of France; Ozanam, founder of the Society of St. Vincent de Paul; of poets, authors, scientists, artists, and generally, men of learning, Dante, Cervantes, Aubrey de Vere, Francis Thompson, Lady Fullerton, Raffaele Santi, Michelangelo, Murillo, Liszt, Gounod, Palestrina, Joergensen, Volta, Galvani, and hosts of others.

Could better company be derived than that of so many saints, and so many great and good men and women?

* * *

YOU, dear reader, wish to save your soul. And not only that, you wish to be a model Christian. Yes, and more than that: Often enough the pity of it has come home to you, that after all our dear Lord did for poor mankind, there is so little acknowledgment, either from ignorance or from indifference. "If I could only do something!"

Well, here is something, a little that will go a great way: Join the Third Order of St. Francis, pledge yourself to its model rule of life, live that rule to your best ability, and you are not only saving your soul, but you see treading the giant's course of sanctity, led by St. Francis, the seraphic image of Christ, preceded by hosts of saintly souls, sur-

rounded by the prayers and good example of many hundred thousands of brethren, drawing after you many a soul precious to your Savior. That is the way it must be done: Yourself first, and "by the good works which they shall behold in you," others will "glorify God in the day of visitation."

In worldly matters you have a quick eye to your interests and to promising opportunities. From the testimony of past ages; from the appeals of our last four great popes; from the benefits held out to you and the world around you; from the comparative ease of the rule, it appears that no greater opportunity in the spiritual field could be held out to you than the Third Order of St. Francis. Are you less alive to the interests of your soul, your Church, and your God, than to your daily business? You join societies, unions, organizations for this and for that purpose, often at great expense of time and money, because they promise social standing and financial uplift. How about a good standing in the courts of God, and a treasury of eternally enduring merits with the children of Francis?

This is the jubilee year of the Third Order, the seven hundredth anniversary of its founding. Let the commencement of the Order's new century mark your entry into the ranks of the "soldiery of Christ," the "new Macchabees," as Gregory IX called the Third Order. The cause of Christ and of Holy Church calls you to the ranks of Francis, there to do battle, not by force and the clamor of arms, but by the spell of good example, in order to win all hearts to Christ.

"And whosoever shall follow this rule, peace on them, and mercy!" (Gal. 6:16)

N. B. Further information on the Third Order will be cheerfully supplied upon request by the Franciscan Herald, 1434-38 W. 51st St., Chicago, Ill.

ASSISI

Assisi is a holy town,

Because he loved it, sun and shade.

Umbria has a sweet renown,

Assisi is a holy town,

Because of him in ragged brown

Who loved His God and all He made.

Assisi is a holy town,

Because he loved it, sun and shade.

—Selected.

THIRD ORDER CALENDAR

1. BB. John and Nicholas, Confessors of the I and III Orders.
2. The Holy Guardian Angels. (Plen. Ind.)
3. Vigil of St. Francis—Bl. Felix, Virgin of the II Order. (Day of Fast.)
4. Our Seraphic Father, St. Francis, Founder of the Three Franciscan Orders. (Gen. Absol.—Plen. Ind.)
6. St. Mary Frances, Virgin of the III Order. (Plen. Ind.)
7. The Most Holy Rosary of our Lady.
8. St. Bridget, Widow of the III Order. (Plen. Ind.)
10. SS. Daniel and Companions, Martyrs of the I Order. (Plen. Ind.)
11. Octave of St. Francis. (Plen. Ind.)
12. St. Seraphin, Confessor of the I Order Cap. (Plen. Ind.)
19. St. Peter of Alcantara, Confessor of the I Order. (Plen. Ind.)
21. Bl. James, Confessor of the I Order.
22. Dedication of All Consecrated Churches of the Three Orders of St. Francis. (Plen. Ind.)
23. Bl. Josephine, Virgin Martyr of the II Order.
26. Bl. Bonaventure, Confessor of the I Order. (Plen. Ind.)
30. Bl. Angelus, Confessor of the I Order.
31. BB. Christopher and Thomas, Confessors of the I Order.

Besides the days indicated above, Tertiaries can gain a Plenary Indulgence:

1. Every Tuesday, if, after Confession and Holy Communion, they visit a church of the First or the Second Order or of the Third Order Regular of St. Francis while the Bl. Sacrament is exposed and there pray for the intention of the Pope. If Tertiaries live at a great distance from a Franciscan church, they may visit their own parish church.
2. Once every month, on any suitable day.
3. On the day of the monthly meeting.
4. On the first Saturday of every month. Conditions: Confession, Communion, some prayers for the intention of the Pope, and besides some prayers in honor of the Immaculate Conception of the Bl. Virgin Mary.

General Absolution, also called Indulgent Blessing, can be received by Tertiaries on October 4. This absolution may be imparted to Tertiaries in the confessional on the day preceding these feasts or on the feasts themselves or on any day during the week following.

N. B.—Beginning with Sept. 10, a Plen. Ind. can be gained on each of the twelve Saturdays before the Feast of the Immaculate Conception. (Pope Pius X.)



Fiction



THE OUTLAWS OF RAVENHURST

By L. M. WALLACE

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CHAPTER XVII

The Wreck of the Nancy Kitts

MUCKLE JOHN had stood at the wheel through all the raging darkness of the night and the yet wilder tempest of the day. Now, once more in the stormy night, the wind roared about him driving the sleet in hissing sheets. In the blackness ahead, long writhing lines of white foam hissed as they rose and fell.

Peter—clinging, sliding, stumbling as he fought his way across the deck—reached the skipper's side. "Gie me the wheel!" he panted.

"Did I tell ye no' an hour since?"

"Ye'll gie it to me, or I'll take it from ye!" The mate's hand gripped the spokes.

"Take yer hand off that or ye'll ken who's skipper o' the Nancy Kitts!"

Peter drew back. "Man alive, even if ye be Muckle John o' the Cleuth, there be an end o' what ye can do. Fit to fall fer weariness!—but I might as weel arg wi' the mast!—better for the mast broke—but he will no' gie in—till—aye he'll break his own sel' an' so he will. Ha' a pint o' common sense, lad, gie me that wheel afore ye fation!"

The grim lips were motionless, the whole frame tense, only the eyes moved following the seething lines ahead. The skipper had no time for words.

"John, ye canno' keep this pace! Gie me that wheel an' rest! Six months an' mair since ye ha' known what a night's sleep means—shake yer head noo—for that ye ha' na time fer talk—I ken weel how ye past the first three months—the time when a' went weel; but that the winds were ever contrary, an' we made so little headway—oh, I ken weel ye had nathing at a' to do in those days. A langshore fisher's boat breastin' the deep sea—a crew o' land-lubbers—it goes wi' out sayin' that the skipper had nathing at a' to do. But, since the great storm struck us—since the St. Andrew went doon three months ago—when ha' ye rested? Aye, shake yer head noo! Is it restin' after a weary day to fling yersel' on the deck, only to spring to yer

feet every time a spar creaks? Gie me that wheel! Will ye never trust me mair since I lost the St. Andrew?"

"Dinna be worritin'!" The skipper's words jerked out to the tune of the wheel. "My ain—mast—went over! Be thankin'—God—no lives—were lost."

"Yer killin' yersel', John! Will ye no' trust me once mair? Gie me the wheel! Ye canna hold out, man!"

"I'll—hold out! Pray more—and prate less! Do ye no' ken God—sees us? He knows—the ship's aleak—the sick—lie dyin'—in the hold—the water's spent—the last chest—o' mouldy bread—'a' but gone! God kens—I must ha' strength—an' He'll gie it."

"I'm thinkin' God may will that we go Davy an' no' to America."

"Well—so be it."

WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE

Sir Angus Gordon, descendant of the Scottish Chieftain Fire-the-Braes and son of Long-Sword, has remained true to the ancient faith and to Mary Queen of Scots. Forces of the king surprise castle Ravenhurst, while the inmates are attending the proscribed Mass. The old earl is taken prisoner and executed. Of his grandsons James retains the faith, while Roger apostatizes and makes himself master of Ravenhurst. James's infant son, Gordon, is taken by his uncle, Friar Stephen, to Maryland, there to be brought up in the Catholic faith before returning to Scotland as heir to castle Ravenhurst. His uncle Roger tries to gain him for the new faith and for his plans. For his unyielding steadfastness, the boy is severely punished and imprisoned. Through a secret passage leading from the room in which he is confined, Gordon effects his escape. Amid the greatest dangers and difficulties he makes his way through the abandoned tunnel, when suddenly he comes to the dungeon where his father is imprisoned. Through a crevice in the wall Sir James discloses his identity to his son and gives him instructions how to reach the end of the passage in safety and to obtain the aid of the outlaws. The escape. To sea.

"I ha' been prayin' we may. I canna bear to think o' the wailin' o' the starvin' bairns that'll begin tomorrow. Let me steer, John, and my clumsiness will take us all to Davy's Locker before morning. Death's a blessin' when we are facin' this. Gie me the wheel."

"Sō be it—but—I'll steer the Nancy Kitts—to America—or—Davy!"

"God's mercy! what's that?" A writhing, screaming, whiteness rose out of the sea before them. The mighty frame of the skipper clenched upon the wheel. The Nancy Kitts sprang in the air like a living thing, slipped into the trough of the wave, righted herself, veered, mounted the next, bow to crest; and the booming, seething whiteness swirled down the larboard bow, sending a wilderness of foaming waters tumbling across the deck. The thunder of a hundred cannon to starboard—not a cable's length from the bow—a wild groveling thing—fierce as the spirit of the tempest—soft, fleecy, shimmering as the froth of moonlight.

"Reef to larboard!" The white-faced skipper clenched the wheel—reversed—the Kitts, turned to starboard, groaning in every wrenched timber—plunged madly onward.

"O God! The rocks of an unknown harbor on such a night as this. But the wind's falling, John! Thank God! the wind's falling!"

"Na—we ha' turned the headland! Hist! Yon's a growler!"

"Under water—na—what's yon?" "Hist! Di' ye hear that sluchin' sound?"

"Reef?"

"Na!"

"Struck!"

"Mother o' mercy!" Peter lurched forward. The roaring swirl carried him out. He clutched something—the waters above, below, around booming in his ears—still he clung. The fury grew less. Peter struggled to his feet on the trembling deck. The skipper still held the wheel. "Speed ye weel!" gasped the mate. "It's Davy!"

"Na, America! Get word—to those below—on a bar—in the lee o' rocks—

tide nigh the turn—gin we can float ah! an oar we're safe!"

Peter began to crawl toward the hatches. The waves broke in foaming sheets over the starboard rail, seething across the deck. The eddy caught him, whirling the mate like a bit of drift-wood over the starboard rail. There he clung till the waters passed him, crept back to the slippery deck, dragging himself hand over hand. Perhaps ten feet were won—the hatches opened—a man, stumbling up, grasped a spar—staggered—fell—was on his knees, when the billows roared over the rail. Peter, clinging to a rope, spun like a trout hooked in the rapids. Something came through the surging waters. The mate stretched out his hand—an other clutched it in the darkness. For a moment they swung in the blinding swirl of water. The wave was passing. Peter could see dimly the straight-shouldered frame, the white hair of Sir James.

The earl had gained his feet. "Boats, Peter!" he gasped. "Are there any for the women and the children?"

"Na, my lord! The danger's no' sa great!"

"Water pouring into the hold! She can not float an hour!"

"She can float the half of one then. The tide is nigh the turn."

The hatch lifted. Wat came stumbling up. The earl's voice rang above the roaring waters, "Go back, lad; bid those below to pray but not to fear. We are on a bar. The tide is turning."

The skipper's voice came bellowing from the wheel. The anchor of the Nancy Kitts slid into the foam. Above the roar of wind and the thunder of breakers, came the joyous voices of the sailors tramping around with the capstan bars and singing the wild old song. "Yeave—ho! Yeave—ho!

Homeward boun! Yeave—ho!

Anchor's down! Yeave—ho!

Yeave—ho! Yeave—ho!"

The wrinkled face of old Donald appeared at the hatches. "Aye, sir! We be anchored in America, my lord. Bow wedged twixt a reef and a bar, an' two rocks rammed into the stern, we be anchored, sir, an' no doot o' that! Gin the waves dinna beat her to pieces afore the tide goes oot—a weel she's o' Muckle John's making, God grant she'll hold together!"

"On your knees and pray that she may!" came the ringing voice of the earl. Then those on the trembling deck, who fought with the wind and the sea, and those huddled in the galley who watched the black, gleaming water as it crept toward them from the darkness below, sent up their cry to Him who holdeth the sea in the hollow of His hand.

The fury of the waves began to abate. The storm had spent itself. In the gray dawn far out beyond the cape, the cannon of the shore were still booming, but within the cove, the ebbing tide had left the Nancy Kitts high and dry upon the bar. The rain still came in fitful gusts, but each seemed weaker than the last. Then the morning sun burst through the banks of clouds, flushed the foam, and a thousand rubies gleamed above the reef. The black rocks of the headland had each a golden crest. Swift rays of trembling light danced across the mile of shallow tossing sea lying between the bar and the shore. What shore? New England or Virginia, or the Spanish Isles? The steep gray cliffs were silent and solitary.

The folk of the clan were all upon deck eagerly scanning the new world outspread before them. "Aye, Muckle John," cried Peter, "when be the dories goin'?" The waves are nothing now. I be fit to go wild wi' longing to set foot on yon sand."

"The dories be goin' when Sir James gives the word. Dinna be frettin' him! Can ye no' see he's worritin'?"

Sir James turned sharply. Perhaps the words had reached him. As he spoke there was a sorrow in his voice, an agony in his eyes. "For the past few weeks I have feared that, instead of saving the clan, I have betrayed it. To speak of my thoughts, while as yet we were at sea, would have been useless. There was sorrow enough at hand without adding the fear of trouble to come. Now, I must speak plainly. We must face the danger with open eyes."

"My laird," cried Muckle John, "dangers there be no doot, an' hard blows an' a' that. We be knowin' it, sir. 'Tis part o' what we undertook; we'll stand to the oars. But as for your betrayin' us, sir, we—"

"Not wilfully, John, still I know the fate of the colonies. In New England and in Virginia, more than half the people died of starvation before the first crops could be harvested. I meant to ward off such disaster by loading the Nancy Kitts with grain to be used for seed, or for food during the first winter in case we might want. The little chest of gold on board the St. Andrew, was to have been used in buying farms. Now, penniless, I bring you to strange shores. May God forgive my imprudence."

"My laird, was it you who sent the St. Andrews to Davy Jones' locker?"

"John! Watch your words, man! Who is it that rules the storm?"

"I'm no' meanin' to fly in the face o' God, sir. All's weel that He sends, an' His ways are best; but why be ye makin'

oot yer to blame that we're in sair straits?"

"Ye might be puttin' blame on me, sir," cried Peter. "If fault there was—"

"Man alive, can ye never forgive yer-self? Let's be thankin' God that we had the Nancy Kitts since the St. Andrew went down. Mastless and leakin', she ha' floated us to land. Three months driftin' a few poor knots, we'd ha' starved afore now but that she carried the seed corn. God has held his hand oot o'er us these weary days, an' He'll no' leaves us noo. There be mony strong arms in the clan, sir, an' one fine head—that's the laird's. Please God, there'll be no starved bairns when spring comes."

"Father!" A thin yellow hand touched the arm of Sir James. Joyous eyes looked up at him, joyous though the black circles beneath them were deep. The old boyish laugh rang out from lips pale and cracked—rang, and then stopped, for pain almost choked it. There was a burning in the earl's throat, an agony in his eyes; but he smiled at the eager boy as he answered, "Well, son?"

"O father, if you will let David and me have a dory, we'll get some oysters. I know how to rake for them. There must be plenty in such a cove as this. If you will let us—"

"By and by, son. The exploring party must go first." Then seeing the disappointment in the lad's eyes—"Both of us can not go with the first dory. That would leave mother here alone. She must feel cold down in the damp cabin, but the sun has already warmed the deck. Suppose you ask Jean and Anna to help you make a couch for her up here."

Gordon ran gaily toward the hatches—that is he ran a dozen steps—then, with a hand upon his side leaned against the stump of broken mast just for a moment, straightened himself with a shiver, and climbed slowly, very slowly, down the ladder. "God's blessin' on him!" murmured Peter. "There he was at the pumps last night beggin' to help, an' that pain stabbin' his side wi' every breath. He's got more grit ner twenty men."

Sir James turned sharply. "Muckle John."

"Aye, sir."

"Is the large dory seaworthy?"

"It is, sir."

"Lower it and put in five muskets with powder and shot, a spy-glass, and a compass. You will go with me in search of a place suitable for a camp."

"Aye, sir."

"Wat and Will!"

"Aye, sir."

"You will climb that tall cliff to scout.

Silence and caution before all things. We can not fight with Indians or Spaniards now. If any sign of human beings be seen, give warning at once; if not, remain as sentries."

"Aye, sir."

"Peter."

"Aye, sir."

"You will guard the dory. Be ready to push off at a moment's notice."

"Aye, sir."

"Silence as soon as the boat leaves the ship. No unnecessary noise on land—such as shooting game if any be seen—till we know if the country is inhabited or not."

"Aye, sir."

Ten minutes later the dory slid from the bar, Sir James standing midships—braced with feet apart, the spy-glass scanning the distant cliffs—Peter at the helm, Muckle John and his brawny sons rowing. Gordon, perched on a coil of rope near his mother's couch, watched till the boat was but a spot on the heaving bay. "They will be on land in a few moments now. The birds in the forest will all be singing. Oh mother, don't you wish you were with them! She is asleep."

Lady Margaret opened her eyes and smiled. "No, son. How warm the air is! You love America, laddy, and so shall we." Clapping the boy's yellow hand in hers, she closed her eyes again.

"It is queer how things turn round. When we came on board, Muckle John carried me, and you were taking care of your boy. When we go on shore, Muckle John will carry you, and I shall take care of my mother."

An hour later Peter and the skipper came back. The place for a camp had been chosen. No Indians nor white men had been seen, in fact no living thing. Then came the hurried unloading. Time must not be lost for the next tide would strew the shore with the broken planks of the Nancy Kitts.

As soon as possible the sick were brought from the ship. They could not be laid upon the wet sand. Branches piled on empty casks, covered with mats and coarse bedding, sheltered from wind and sun by canvas cut from an old sail—scarcely a fitting couch for Margaret of Douglas, Countess of Ravenhurst, daughter of Sir Wilfred of the line of Sir Archibald, Bell The Cat—and yet, perhaps, most fitting since the ballads of ancient days called the women of that famous name, "The Ladies of The Bleeding Heart." More noble by nature than by blood, Lady Margaret whispered—smiling faintly even yet, though the deep blue Douglas eyes were dark with pain—"You have been so gentle and faithful, Muckle John, God bless you!"

"It's clumsy enough I ha' been, lady.

Only I was a wishin' I could pay back a wee bit the care ye gave me years ago."

"It would be odd payment. I was that nurse who went to sleep. But, John, this soft quilt—you have not so good a one for Benson. Lay it on her couch and do not let her know. That frail old woman must not have so rough a bed. No, but you must, John. See they are bringing her now." And the leader of the outlawed clansmen, wiping his eyes with a great hairy hand, did as Lady Margaret bade him. Then he went back to his work.

Down by the water's edge there was bustle and hurry—pale women and meagre children searching among the rocks for clams and crawfish—dories plying to and from the wreck—gaunt men carrying the sick, or struggling with burdens; for what little of value still remained must be dragged above the reach of the tide. Weary, miserable, starving, yet a smile lit every face—thankful for solid earth beneath their feet—thankful for freedom to worship the Crucified. Oh, those noble foundation stones of a nation!

Peter steadied a load on his shoulder and called to Muckle John, "Would ye look at the little Gordon? Fit to drop, but still luggin' yon bundle!"

"It's a wonder ye did no' take it from him."

"Take it from him? He will no' give it till me! 'Na' says he, the men are working. David's tired and my father—the others have not given up.' He'd die afore he'd gie up. Ye ken weel the sayin', 'There is a will in the House of Gordon.'"

"Mayhap there will be a Hoos of Gordon, an' mayhap there's a won't in the Hoos o' Muckle John. He's goin' to stop. Where be the laddy? Oh, I see—yon by the big rock!" Then the skipper strode off across the sand following a little figure bending under a load. Muckle John was beside him in a few moments and suddenly lifted the load.

"Oh, please don't! That's the third they have taken from me. I am not helping at all."

"My little laird. Worrit noo! I forgot again. It's no use. I'll never remember the title was laid aside when we set foot in America. 'Tis the little laird ye'll always be to me. But laddy, ha' some wee bit o' common sense! Has yer father no' enough worrit him wi' out ye makin' yersel' sick again?"

"But there is so much to do. You are tired—"

"Listen, laddy, ye go up by yer mither an' rest awhile."

"No, when father and you rest, I will."

"Theer be Jeanie by the tent. She's

wavin'. Mayhap yer mither needs something."

Muckle John had touched the right chord. The boy hurried with what poor speed he could, up to the camp. Jeanie wanted water from the spring. He was busy now and happy. It was but a little while till Gordon slipped under the tent-flap, a battered pewter mug in his hand.

"We are turning things around." The lad had found a cheery smile to cover his own pain. "Now I can take care of you. Is there anything I could get for you, mother?"

"No, son, how good the water is! Thank you, dear." She smiled, pressed his hand and closed her eyes again.

"Well, son? How is your mother?" whispered Sir James as Gordon came back from the tent.

"If she only had something that she could eat—"

The earl's face flushed painfully. It was hard to bear such poverty as this. "Son, we must not complain. The best has already been given to us. We—must remember, child, we are really beggars depending upon the bounty of the clan. They are too loyal to speak of it, even to think—but it is true. I am a worn-out man and penniless. We must face the truth, son."

"I did not mean that, father. Any way, there is no one from whom to buy. What if the gold did go down? But, if she had some soup—a little venison—even a rabbit?"

"Child, the men have watched all day for game."

"There is none down here on the sand—but in the woods, father?"

"The men must unload the ship before the tide comes in. None can be spared for hours to come."

"They won't let me work, so let me hunt. I could get a rabbit or so with my sling even if you do not want a gun fired."

"No, no! You must not go into the wood alone. If you were lost."

"But, father, you see I was bred in the woods. Don't say no, father. I won't get lost!"

"Near Shannon's farm in Maryland, doubtless, you could find your way; but, remember, these strange forests may stretch to the far off Spanish lands, or—it may be—to the vast South Sea. You are rash, Gordon."

"But—Oh, please, father! Daddy Shannon taught us how to find our way in unknown woods. I know how to blaze a trail, but on short trips he said to find a landmark and not get out of sight of it. O, father, truly I do know how to take care of myself. Mother needs the soup. Oh, please father! Don't say no!"

Sir James looked at the pleading child, then at the canvas stretched

above the sick. "You will give me your word not to go out of sight of your landmark, even once?"

"Yes, father."

"You will come back in an hour, whether you find game or not?"

"Yes, father."

"It is a great risk, but the sick need food. Well, you may go and God bless you, son."

Gordon clambered up the bank and made his way steadily toward the cliffs which bounded the beach. A year ago he would have climbed those rocks for the very joy of the struggle. Now it was slow, painful work. A half dozen times he sat down to rest, head against the cliff, hand upon his throbbing side; but the thought of that gentle mother under the old sail, brought him wearily to his feet again.

At last the climb was over. He stood on the wooded height—before him, the forest stretching its endless, leafy arches—below, the wreck still clinging to the bar, the dories plying to and fro—a tiny dwarf, that was Muckle John—Sir James struggling with a load. A lump burned in Gordon's throat. "You will not always work as you do now. I'll be a man some day, father. Now for that landmark! Not a good one in sight! One knoll just like his brother! Might get one from a tree-top!" Climbing a tree was fun a year ago—oh well—this was not the boy of a year ago. His head throbbed with dizzy pain as he struggled from branch to branch, not daring to look down, resting often when the pain shot through him with sickening misery. "I must be almost at the top now," he panted and raised his head, leaned forward, gasped, and stared again at a little bluff outlined against the blue October sky. "Sutter's knob. It's Sutter's knob! We're not five miles from Shannon's!"

CHAPTER XVIII

Our Lady's Home Beyond the Sea

HOW he reached the ground, Gordon never knew. His next memory was of trees flying madly and that stabbing pain telling him he could run no more. "I'm not worth a last year's bird's-nest," he muttered. "I can't go at all. Well, it's slow and sometime, or fast and never." The lad was walking steadily in spite of the pain, looking straight ahead, thrusting aside the long sprays of blackberry vine—fruitless, all but leafless, in the bright October sun—crashing on through burrs and golden-rod, sending the milk-weed fairies fluttering before him as he passed. The way had been up-hill—endlessly up-hill, but for how many hours had he been struggling? Had he failed to sight trees, and so let his treacherous left

foot lead him in circle? What were those whirling black things dancing in the air before him? Were they crickets that chirped so loudly through the silence—the frogs—or—was it only the blood throbbing in his temples? His foot caught in a tangled vine, and the dull pain of the fall relieved, at last, that stabbing in his side. He lay there too weak and weary to move.

At length, grasping the twisted grape vine he rose wearily. "Going—I was going—God help me!—my head's a windmill—I'm going to Shannon's—must have fallen or something. Which way was it?—Up-hill?—No—there's the sun—that's east—from the cove to Shannon's it's north—up-hill is south then—and I was going up-hill. Oh, my head!—move now and I'll lose myself. Landmark? Surely I had one—what was it?—Oh! Sutter's knob! The trees are too thick to see it. Maybe I was climbing the hill to get a sight—going south just for the time—

"Perhaps I might see the knob from that point of rocks, yonder." Gordon stepped forward with dizzy uncertainty. This climbing was weary business, but at last he gained the spot, and his glad shout sent all the squirrels on the hill slope scampering. "The pool! That's our fishing hole, under the alders! There's the tree we climbed when the bear was after us! And—whether I'm going north, south, east, or west—there's the path to Shannon's!" The lad sprang forward only to sink with the pain, then struggling up again he staggered onward.

The old path followed the endless winding of the creek. Was ever way so long? Were ever feet so slow? "Is it dark under the trees, or is it I that's blind?" Gordon muttered as he stumbled on. "There never was a bat more stupid. The trees are thinning out ahead. It must be where the valley widens into the slash, and the clearing's just beyond. Surely!—yes—between the oaks—that's the new field. Daddy has it stumped already. That cloud?—fire!—no—but the sky's all red!—the sun!—oh, it couldn't be going down now!—it's not noon yet!" The lad broke into a staggering run. Hardly a dozen more steps and the old scene burst upon him—the long, low cabin nestled among trees, the orchard and the wide stretch of stubbled field, the shocks of corn and the fodder stacks, the pasture land and fallow—over all, red clouds afloat in the glowing sky. "Sunset!" he gasped leaning against the great oak. "Sunset! I must have lain in the grass all day and mother has had no food."

On again, down the slope from the woodland, over the bridge in the hollow—the path seemed weedy—was it that Scottish lanes were oftener trodden and

better kept? No sound came from the farmyard. The wide barn doors were closed, the yard empty, the bucket overturned near the edge of the well. A stifling horror gripped him. Had things gone wrong at Shannon's also? It had never been still before. The lad placed his hand upon the bars, but drew back and buried his face upon his arm.

A dog sprang from the bushes with joyously wagging tail. "O, Shep! Old Shep boy!" Gordon slid through the bars, and the dog was upon him. "Don't, old dog! Old Shep, boy, don't! I can't roll around like I used to, it hurts me in my side." The friendly brown eyes were full of pity; dogs understand so much. "What's the matter, Sheppy? Why is everything so still?" But the dog only smiled dog smiles, casting uneasy glances toward the house.

Along the side of the cabin and around toward the kitchen door, the two friends passed together. A sound floated to them, low, murmuring. The door was open. Gordon stepped noiselessly on the worn stone sill. Then a smile sweetened his troubled face as he knelt on the step whispered softly, "Bead time, only bead time; and even you, old doggy, know we must be still at prayers."

Daddy knelt by the fireplace with the rosary in his blunt, scarred hand. Joel was just behind him close to Which and Tother, and all the rest of the red-headed dozen knelt, each in the same old place. One change there was. Mammy no longer rocked the cradle with her foot, keeping time to the murmur of the prayers; but he that used to crouch within it, knelt beside her, wobbling from side to side on his fat little knees, chewing her homespun apron string, his shrill voice sounding above the Shannon chorus, "Muver uv Dod, p'a'er ut' inners."

The last "Glory be to the Father" came from Daddy's fervent lips. Rosary was over—no—he drew the cross back again beneath his broken thumbnail, and his voice was deep and low, "Second rosary—in honor of our Lady, Star of the Sea—for the eternal well-being and safe return of our George." A choking sob clutched Gordon's throat. "They never forgot! Oh, I knew they wouldn't!" Then the shore rose up before him—the weary, starving folk—the sick and dying sheltered by that ragged sail—and all the pain and sorrow welled up in the old, old cry, "Holy Mary, Mother of God, pray for us sinners."

Joel twisted on his knees, and Daddy, hearing the sound, turned with one hand upraised to punish the offender; but the hand dropped; the rosary fell clinking on the hearth. "Mother of Mercy! Would ye look at the doorstep! But

come in, child, come in! Lizzie, get a stool, girl! Don't stand starin'! Can't you see he's fit to faint!"

"Never mind, Daddy, I'm all right. But if you can help—"

"Who!"

"The folk at the cove?"

"What folk?"

"Oh, they're all on the sand—the clan, I mean and my father and mother—if she's living. The ship ran on a bar last—"

"Hold on a bit? How many be there?—and where?"

"About fifty, not counting the ten that are sick—"

"You mean fifty draggin' yet and a dozen dyin'—now where?"

"The cove—where Alder creek comes in—but not way up there—it's about four miles south from Sutter's knob—I think—"

"Get the bays, Joel! You ought a' had them out a ready! Haven't you any sense at all? The light wagon! D'ye hear?" he shouted after the flying boy. "Tom, that haunch of venison's in the smoke house—three or four hams and a bacon or so. Matt'll help you. Ed, run up to the windmill—sack some of that fresh corn meal. I'll help you carry it down."

"But, Daddy, how did you know? I hadn't told you yet."

"Lord bless you! Starvation written on you face, child. Lizzie is that you starin' there? Get the boy some supper. Haven't you any wits?"

But Mammy's bony hand was on the boy's forehead. "No, Lizzie, heavy food won't do. There's fever—"

"Wait a minute?" broke in Daddy. "Are they on the shore, or up the bluff?"

"Down on the sand, but out of reach of the tide."

"Might have a hard pull through the sand—You Which and Tother, get out the mules! You can ride them till they're needed. Don't leave no straps flapping, and watch out the gray don't kick you—he's been skittish all day, consarn him. You, Sam, come to the root house with me. Get a couple of potato sacks on the way—"

Mammy's voice could be heard at last, calling through the trap door for some one in the cellar. "No—the last pan's the jersey's. Them's the fresh eggs there in the basket. Got the black-berry brandy yet?—Annie—yes, bring it here, child. Molly, run up in the loft and get my herbs and my sunbonnet. Get yer own while yer about it. That's a good girl, Lizzie. Now hand me the cup. Fine eggnog—couldn't have made it better myself."

"O, Mammy, don't worry about me," cried the boy as her homely face turned toward him. "I'm all right, but if you

could fix something good like that for mother—"

"For the landsake!—Don't you think there's more than one cup of milk and one egg on the Shannon farm? You drink this, and don't fear Mammy won't take care of any folks of yours that need it—least of all your real mother, who-ever she may be."

"But—O, Mammy!" a spasm of terror crossed his face. "O, Mammy I forgot! I promised father to be back in an hour—that was early this morning—but I saw Sutter's knob and—"

"You clean forgot everythin' but to run like a deer for yer mammy. Never mind; I'll stand twixt you and a switchin' for once in yer life."

"Oh, it's not that! but their worry—"

"Will be over mighty soon, laddie. See the wagon's at the gate. Lizzie, you'll have to stay at home and see to things while I'm gone. Yer turned fourteen and should have some sense. If the little twins or Joel goes to pesterin' or playin' off on you—well—Daddy will be round to settle them. Molly better come along with me—time she learned to nurse anyhow. We'll be gone a good spell likely—ship fever ain't no fun to cure. The rest of you—hear me now—yer to mind Lizzie, and help her, and not be pesterin' the calves nor climbing the windmill. She'll have work enough and bother to spare without you little uns layin' yerselves out to be mean."

"Mary," came Daddy's voice from the gate. "We're ready, if you are."

The sleek bays swung into a bouncing trot down the lane and out into the high road, but the talk rattled even faster than the spinning wheels or clicking hoofs. All had to be told and retold; and many times Mammy cried, "For the landsakes!" and "Who ever would ha' thought it"; and many times dear Daddy said, "Thanks be to God and to His Holy Mother!"

By the time they reached the shore, food and rest and joy had given the lad his old spirit. He would have walked with the others while the double team strained through the heavy sand, but Daddy said, "No," and carried him as if he were a babe.

At last a shout came from the cliff above them, on a far off crag a mighty figure stood out against the stars and the voice of Muckle John came ringing down. "Seen a boy! A boy! Lost boy!"

Shannon lifted the lad in air and a voice no less strong than the skipper's own answered, "Safe an' sound! All's well!"

A light came and went among the rocks. "Why, there is the tent, Daddy! I didn't see it before. Let me jump down now and run ahead to tell them."

"Give me the lines, Joel. I'll drive the rest of the way, walking by the wagon. You run along and help your mother," called Daddy as he dropped Gordon on the sand.

A moment later Gordon lifted the tent-flap and slipped down on his knees by his mother's bed. "Son," she whispered. "I heard you, dear. Oh, where have you been?"

From outside Mary Shannon's voice came in, that strong, quiet, cheery tone which makes the sick breathe more easily by its very sound. "Now this is Jeanie, bless your dear heart, the boy told me all about you. My—George—eh—what's that you call him—it's George he'll always be to me—my lad told us how you have been up night and day the dear knows how long. Now, if you'll help me fix the poor lady on my feather bed—yes I brought it—just bulky not heavy at all—she can't rest as she is. Molly is heating the milk—oh, she understands a camp fire. Don't worry—but as soon as the lady is settled for the night, you go to bed and rest—now I won't take, 'no,' for an answer. I'm going to take the night nursing. You're clean wore out. Molly will help in the day time, and the neighbor women will be down. Beat the eggs in—that's a good girl—now bring it here till I put in the brandy. Where is George's mother, poor soul?"

"O Mammy, right here!" came Gordon's voice from the tent. "Now mother, you'll have something better than rabbit soup."

"Is this Mistress Shannon?" Lady Margaret peered through the darkness.

"Landsake, Molley, light a candle. Sure mam, it's not Mistress I'm called—just plain Mary, mam, Mary Shannon, and here wishin' I could be a little help to you."

"You have done so much for me, and I have so often longed to see my good Mary Shannon."

"Sure nothing did I ever do for—great folk such as you, mam."

"Nothing save take my homeless babe to your heart and give him a mother's love and a mother's care."

"Whist!—what else could I do?—sweet little one, that he was—sure an' it's thankin' you, I am, for lending him to me; and if you'll let me I'll be stealin' him once in a while—but drink this now, dearie."

Lady Margaret glanced about anxiously, "But Benson, my kind Mary, Benson needs it more than I."

"An' Molly be takin' her a cup right now. There's enough for all and to spare."

"Oh mother, you don't need to worry. Mammy always makes enough and to spare."

Lady Margaret smiled at the eager-

eyed boy as she took the cup. "Gordon, have you seen your father, yet? Run and tell him how many rabbits you caught."

Gordon lifted the tent-flap and hurried out. "Now everything is going to be all right. Where is father?—Oh yes—there he is half-way down the cliff. Ouch!—Joel don't!—let go my ear!"

"Well, come here then."

"I can't, mother sent me!"

"She didn't say you couldn't have some egg-nog before you go—did she? Here, drink this—yes, there's plenty—about time you learned that."

Whether it was the rest or the joy or the hot egg-nog, Gordon ran across the sand as he could a year before. Bounding up the cliff, he caught his father's hand. "I'm so sorry that I worried you, but I have something better than soup for mother."

"My son, you have not begged, have you?"

"Begged! O, father, it was not begging!—was it? Oh, you see, father, I didn't think telling Daddy Shannon—" "Shannon—not John Shannon?"

"Yes—oh—you didn't know yet—I mean I haven't told you—that's why I forgot to come back—when I saw the knob, I mean, I forgot—O father—you are worn out hunting for me—"

"Never mind, child, never mind."

"But I could just as well have come back if only I had thought, and—O father!—here's Daddy!"

The pioneer came forward shyly. He looked at the earl's out-stretched hand reverently, but did not take it. Sir James was great folk and, more than that in Shannon's eyes, he was a confessor of the faith. "It ain't for the likes of me to be shakin' hands with the likes of you; but if there is any way I could be servin' your lordship—"

The earl caught that rough toil-blunted hand in his. "Perhaps it is not for such as me to clasp the hand of the man whom the Queen of Heaven chose to guard a child placed under her protection, but I have long wished to clasp your hand, John Shannon—"

"Sure an' it's the wrong man you have. 'Twas to Father Murphy our Lady gave the boy—it's one of God's own saints he is, sir—and that's the

man as is fit to shake hand with you, sir."

But the earl still held that brawny hand. "Shannon, this one thing I know; by rearing my boy in the faith, you have done a kindness for me, which, if I be too poor to repay it, I can—at least—never forget. Now you come to add more favors. My good friend, your heart is as large as your body is stalwart; but I can not let you give us this great load of food. You must think—"

"Sure! Are you makin' game of the stingy bit I brought? I was afraid to put in half a load for fear of getting down in the sand. As soon as we can move you up on the bluff—"

"But, my good Shannon, your kindness runs away with your judgment. There are your own children to be fed—"

"And plenty to feed them with, Sir James, and plenty to spare. This bit of a load will last a day or two. The neighbors will be down tomorrow. I told them as we came along. Your cabins will be up tight and warm for winter—"

"But my good Shannon—"

"Sure, keep yourself easy, sir, we always lend a hand to newcomers—the same was done for us when we landed—"

"You must listen to me! You are robbing your own children? The winter—"

"Will do them no harm—well fed and housed warm. Sure this land of our Lady is not the old country, sir. As for crops—well—we always had plenty—but this year I says to Mary, 'What can the good Lord be thinkin' about? He's sent us four harvests at once.' The best ears, long in cob and big in kernel, we'll use for seed next year. This, that is so fine and solid, is for corn-meal and feed for horses, cattle, pigs and chickens; but what shall we do with all the rest? It's not the quarter part we can use! Now I see the why of it. Our Blessed Lady knew she had more mouths to feed and sent the corn before time. Sure, didn't Jesus Christ himself, give us our Blessed Lady for our mother; and she is not going to turn stepmother here in her new home beyond the sea."

THE END

RAINY DAY

Lady Mary, draw aside
Clouds of sullen hue;
For a canopy o'erhead
Spread your mantle blue.

Ah! catch an azure glimpse
Of your mantle's edge;
See the sun look out and smile,
Birds dance on the hedge.

Roses gold and crimson leap
From the rain-kissed sod;
Happy that you bear their name,
Mystic Rose of God.

Hills cast off their murky hood,
To kiss your mantle's hem;
Whom your Mother-arms enthroned
Was desired of them.

Trees salute with sweeping grace,
Rain gems showering;
List! it is an ave low
They are whispering.

Things of earth are happy now
'Neath your mantle's blue;
All the singing world smiles back,
Lady, sweet, to you.

—CATHERINE M. HAYES, *Tertiary*.

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THE FRANCISCANS IN NEW MEXICO

BY FR. ZEPHYRIN ENGLEHARDT, O. F. M.

CHAPTER XXXIV

Council of War—Declaration of the Franciscans—March Resumed—Supplies—Annual Allowance of the Friars—Fr. Custos Ayeta Goes to Mexico—His Efforts—Brings Supplies—His Foresight—His Daring Heroism—Saves New Mexico—Council of War—Fr. Ayeta's Generosity—People Moved across Rio Grande—The Three Camps

LONG before reaching the ford of the Rio Grande with his famished and footsore people, governor Otermín had been deliberating on the steps to be taken for the reconquest of the territory; for he realized that he would be held responsible by the king for the loss of New Mexico. On September 13, 1680, at a place situated sixty leagues from Santa Fe, and called Fray Cristóbal, the governor therefore determined to call a council of his officers, the cabildo or town council of Santa Fe, a number of other experienced men, and the surviving Franciscans. It was announced on the same day, and the participants were requested to state their views on the situation in writing. The friars, next day, were the first called upon to say what should be done under the circumstances. They wisely refrained from proposing any plan, but declared "that, as loyal vassals of his Majesty, the King, and as his ministers in these parts for the administration of the Sacraments and for the teaching of the holy Faith to Spaniards as well as natives, they were disposed, without any repugnance whatever, to follow the person of his Excellency and the royal standard in whatever resolution or determination to which his Excellency and all other members of the council might agree." This declaration was signed by Fr. Nicolás Hurtado, *Definidor*, Fr. Tomás de

Tobalina, *Definidor*, Fr. Francisco Gómez de la Cadena, Fr. Francisco Muñoz, Fr. Antonio de Sierra, Fr. Andrés Durán, Fr. Juan de Zavaleta, Fr. José de Bonillo.¹

The officers, like true Spanish soldiers, in writing also, gave it as their opinion that, after the women and children had been placed in safety and supplies obtained, the reconquest should be attempted at once. The town council of Santa Fe agreed with the officers, but warned the governor that the food supply was very scant, and that therefore the viceroy should be petitioned for provisions and reinforcements before any attempt were made to subjugate the rebels.²

The weary march southward was accordingly resumed. A few days later provisions hastily sent up by Fr. Procurator Ayeta reached the 2,000 fugitives and enabled them to continue until on September 18, they arrived at La Salineta, four leagues above El Paso del Norte (Juárez). Here, on September 29, Otermín ordered a muster of all the people as to the number, quality, and equipment of the men capable of military service, and of all the survivors. This review began on the same day and lasted till October 1. The total number of persons who passed muster, including soldiers, serv-

ants, women, children, and Indian allies, was 1,946. Several hundred refugees therefore, had deserted as opportunity offered. Of the 1,946 persons listed, only 155 men were capable of bearing arms. Only 471 horses remained, most of them unfit for military service. The Indians who had come with Otermín belonged to the four Piroso pueblos of Senecú, Socorro, Alamillo, and Sevilleta, in all 317 persons.³

The reference to supplies brought up from the City of Mexico requires some explanation. Unlike the missionaries in California, who received an annual allowance of \$400 from a private missionary fund, the Franciscans in New Mexico were maintained by a grant from the royal treasury. According to Professor C. W. Hackett, whose lucid articles on the Revolt of the Pueblos and the Retreat of the Spaniards⁴ deserve every commendation, "it was the policy at that time for the king to grant every three years, for the support of the religious Orders in New Mexico, the sum of 61,440 pesos, paid at his command by the Real Hacienda (royal treasury) of Mexico. In 1676, Father Ayeta (then the Custodian), went to Mexico City to collect this triennial gift, which he planned to transport to

(1) Otermín, *Salida*, *Archivo General*, *Historia*, tomo xxvi, 44-45.—Courtesy of Mr. B. M. Read.

(2) Otermín, *Salida*, 46-49.

(3) Otermín, *Salida*, 50-54; Hackett, *Retreat of Spaniards in Southwestern Historical Quarterly*, January, 1913, pp. 263-268, *passim*.

(4) *Southwestern Historical Quarterly*, October, 1911; October, 1912; January, 1913.

The following is a supplementary addition to the last paragraph of Chapter XXXIII (September issue).—Author.

(1) At the pueblo of San Domingo, behind the church, were found the bodies of five dead Spaniards. Within the dwelling of the missionaries there were indications that a struggle had taken place. A search resulted in the discovery of the bodies of Fr. Juan de Talaban, Fr. Francisco Antonio de Lorenzana, and Fr. José de Montesdeoca. The remains of the three Fathers were taken to the church and interred in one grave. The rebels seem to

have been in a hurry to complete their fiendish plan for the murder of all Spaniards. At all events, the church and vestry were found looted, and nothing within had been touched. All the vestments, six silver chalices, the lavatory vessel, an ostensorium, seven cruets, a censer, a lamp and other silver goods, were delivered to Fr. Francisco Gómez de la Cadena, along with other church goods of the sacristy. That day and night the fugitive Spaniards passed at Santo Domingo, but next morning the march southward was resumed. (Otermín, *Salida*, in *Archivo General*, Mexico, *Historia*, tomo xxvi, pp. 13-15.)

When Otermín and his following reached Sandia, quite a different spectacle met their eyes. Everything inside the church had been demolished, and the altar was so horribly profaned and desecrated, that it is not fit to be described. Carranza's rowdies similarly profaned the very altars in Mexico, which goes to show that the same informal spirit prompted the actors in both tragedies. It also shows the characteristics of paganism.

(2) Fr. José Montesdeoca, mentioned in the last chapter as a lay-brother, was a priest.

New Mexico in twenty-five wagons; but, besides this commission, he was entrusted with another. In September of that year Ayeta, with authority from and in behalf of the governor of New Mexico and the Cabildo of Santa Fe, presented a formal petition to the viceroy, Don Payo de Rivera⁵, asking for reinforcements in the form of men, arms, horses, and ammunition to enable the province to withstand the continual invasions of the Apaches and their heathen allies. The number of men asked for was fifty, to be armed and provided with twelve horses each, and whose duty it should be to guard the frontiers. In addition, arms for fifty citizens of the province, one thousand horses in all, and supplies sufficient to conduct the same to New Mexico were asked for, all to be provided at the approximate cost of 14,700 pesos, besides the supplies which were to be carried to the religious. . . . On September 9, 1676, it was resolved (by the Junta General de Hacienda) that the viceroy should order the officials of the royal treasury to aid 'this time only and no more' the province of New Mexico, with the people, arms, horses, and munitions asked for. . . . The aid thus granted by the Junta General and collected and paid for by the treasury officials, was sent to New Mexico in 1677. . . . This is conclusive proof that the supply-train which left Mexico in 1679 was not identical, as Bancroft supposed, with the one which Ayeta asked for in 1676 and received in 1677.⁶

"Concerning the supply-train that left Mexico in 1679, some facts are known," Hackett continues. "In the early part of that year Father Ayeta returned to Mexico to receive the triennial gift (stipend) of 61,440 pesos. At the same time he represented to the authorities in Mexico, under date of May 28, 1679, the advantages and benefits that had resulted from the aid that had been sent in 1677, and asked, for the greater security of those provinces, that fifty more soldiers be provided for a period of ten years, so that a presidio might be established." With this plea Fr. Ayeta was not successful. The king was appealed to, and he granted the request; but by the time the king's order, dated June 25, 1680, reached New Spain, the ruin which Father Ayeta had asserted to be imminent, had already befallen the unfortunate New Mexico.

"Having failed in his efforts to secure aid for the secular authorities in the province, Ayeta started from Mex-

ico City on Saturday, September 30, 1679, with twenty-eight wagon loads of provisions for the missionaries, though at the start two of the wagons broke down. According to Ayeta's own statement, besides the alms⁷ which he was carrying to the missionaries of New Mexico, he also carried 14,000 pesos worth of supplies for other northern settlers and missionaries which he had asked for and received. Of this amount 8,000 pesos' worth belonged to Captain Joseph de Retes for citizens of his province, while the other 6,000 pesos' worth consisted of clothing for the missionaries of the same district.

"The progress of the wagons from Mexico had been slow, and although six months was the time usually required for such a trip to Santa Fe, by August 25, 1680, they had not passed beyond the monastery of Guadalupe, near the pass of the Rio del Norte, (i. e., at Juárez). With the wagons at the time were the soldiers under the command of Pedro de Leiva, who had been despatched by Otermin (from Santa Fe) to meet them at El Paso and conduct them up the river," for the government had not sent along any soldiers for New Mexico. "Before starting, Ayeta insisted upon the selection of Leiva as provisional governor, Ayeta himself conducting the election; for, having reason to believe that Otermin was dead, he objected to their setting out without an authorized leader. Thereby, Ayeta stated, all the inconveniences that might arise, in case of Otermin's death, from the rivalry for leadership, were averted. On the 30th (of August) the cavalcade, consisting of seventy-eight soldiers and four missionaries (with supplies), set out under Leiva's command. Of these, the twenty-seven men who had come from New Mexico (Santa Fe), Ayeta remarked, formed the bulwark of strength.⁸ Ayeta instructed Leiva that, as soon as he should meet the refugees, he should send the women and children to El Paso, since Leiva and his men were fully determined to continue as far as Santa Fe for the purpose of aiding the governor if possible, or at least of learning the northern settlers' fate. . . . Ayeta himself remained at El Paso, engaged, as he himself states, in making meal, hardtack, *cocinas*, and bullets."⁹

(7) It is pleasant to note that Hackett endeavors to present the facts honestly, even going so far as to employ the Franciscan terminology as far as he knows it. So the term *alms* is correctly used instead of *salary*. The Franciscans regarded the annual allowance as an alms, indeed.

(8) The remainder of the men were only servants armed for the occasion.

(9) Hackett in *Juan Sebastian Hual. Quarterly*, Austin, Texas, October, 1912, pp. 147-155, *passim*.

The heroic Fr. Procurator did more. Upon receipt of a letter from Otermin, which the governor had dated at Socorro on September 7, and in which he asked that the supply wagons be started to meet the refugees at once, "Fr. Ayeta," to follow Hackett's clear narrative, "started from the Pass with twenty-four wagons of provisions, raiment, and munitions. He had apparently been unable to cross the river at El Paso, the usual fording place, and so had continued up the west side of the river. The progress of the wagons was slow, for the heavy rains and the melting snow on the mountains had caused the stream to overflow, so that it covered the roads and all the adjacent meadows and lateral valleys. After proceeding about four leagues from Guadalupe under such difficulties, Ayeta decided, on the morning of September 18, at about 8 o'clock, to brave the dangers involved in an attempt to cross the swollen river. Accordingly six spans of mules were hitched to the first wagon, and Ayeta himself accompanied by a number of skilled Indian swimmers, drove into the river. The water was higher and more dangerous than had been supposed. It rose more than a *vara* (Spanish yard) above the bed of the wagon, not only damaging the contents, but endangering Father Ayeta's life. Finally the mules after much difficulty were able to reach a higher place where they secured a footing, but the wagon remained fast in the middle of the stream. Seeing the impossibility of proceeding, Ayeta cut loose the half-drowned mules from the wagon. At this juncture Otermin and his escort from Fray Cristóbal arrived opposite the wagon on the east bank of the river. Otermin's men, taking in the situation, and realizing Father Ayeta's danger, hastened to his assistance, and bore him on their shoulders to a place of safety on the east bank. After much difficulty the wagon was extricated at about six o'clock in the evening. As soon as convenient Otermin and Ayeta entered into a consultation as to what should be done, and it was decided, since it was impossible to proceed with the wagons, to have men swim their horses and transport supplies across the river so that they might be sent to the needy ones that night. This was done, and the next day still another pack-train of supplies was started, both of which in due time reached their destination. These supplies, consisting of corn, hardtack, flour, chocolate, and sugar, the officers were instructed to distribute freely to all the people in both divisions,¹⁰ after which they were to con-

(10) i. e. the refugees from Santa Fe and those under Alonso Garcia from Isleta.

(5) Fray Payo Enriquez de Rivera, a friar of the Augustinian Order, then Archbishop of Mexico.

(6) We committed the same error in the July issue, p. 276, col. 3. Hackett deserves credit for having solved the puzzle.

tinue the retreat south¹¹ to El Paso in the vicinity of which all found themselves about the end of September, as already stated.

From all that has been so briefly related it is quite clear that it was Fr. Francisco Ayeta who saved New Mexico in 1679-1680. But for his energetic activity and wisdom the refugees must have starved to death, "and no stand could have been made at El Paso," as Bancroft admits.¹² His foresight and wise generalship also preserved and kept hope alive among the suffering refugees. Nor had his usefulness come to an end here. As the women and children had been placed in safety, Otermín called a council composed as before of the officers, the cabildo of Santa Fe, the Franciscans, and others whose views might be of value. The council assembled on October 2, 1680. "The discussion was opened by Father Ayeta. He did not express his opinion as to whether or not an attempt at reconquest should be made, stating that, since he had no experience in military matters, such a question would have to be decided by the soldiers. If, however, they should decide that their strength was sufficient, then in his opinion the reduction of the apostates should be attempted. In this matter he spoke for the whole body of religious, who were willing to abide by the decision of the council and to assist in whatever was agreed upon. If it was decided to reconquer the province, he would aid the troops with the necessary provisions and munitions, though he could not furnish them horses. For the use of the soldiers he offered twenty breastplates, four dozen stirrups, fifty bridles, and other necessities, as hats, shoes and 200 varas of linen for shirts; and he would see that the women and children and the guard left behind were also provided with necessities. In case the council should decide that their means were not sufficient to attempt the reconquest, he would supply the camp, in whatever place they might decide to locate it, with ten head of cattle and eight fanegas (1.6 bushels) of corn daily. He called attention to the fact that provisions had to be secured eighty leagues away, and that the wagons should be started as soon as possible after more, so that the supply might not fail. He concluded by stating that he agreed to furnish the refugees with supplies only until the viceroy might be informed of their condition and aid to them.

"On October 6, the governor in an auto summarizing the opinions expressed in the *junta de guerra* of Oc-

tober 2, stated that he agreed with the cabildo of Santa Fe and the majority of the other experienced men, and that an expedition would not be sent to reconquer the revolted province until further aid could be secured from the viceroy. . . . Having reached this decision Otermín instructed Alcáide Juan Lucero de Godoy and Sarjento Mayor Diego López, to notify Ayeta of this decision, and in behalf of himself and of all the other people in the camp to thank the Reverend Father formally for what he had already done and for the proposition which he had made to continue to aid them. This was done, and in reply Father Ayeta sent Otermín notice that he was able by that time to increase the daily allowance of corn from eight to ten fanegas, because he had bought since the day he began to succor the people, 600 more fanegas, while two wagons were to be sent out on the 18th (October) on a similar purchasing expedition. Moreover, he stated that only that day he had bought and paid for 1,640 head of cattle in the jurisdiction of Casas Grandes, all of which he freely gave, asking that it be distributed among the people most needing it."¹³

On October 6, 1680, Otermín announced that the camp would be transferred from near La Salineta to the opposite bank of the river. It seems that the change had been effected by October 9, but there were three camps instead of one. Writing to the Fr. Commissary General of the Franciscans in Mexico under date of December 20, 1680, Fr. Ayeta describes the situation as follows: "The whole army is on the same Rio del Norte divided into three divisions, at a distance of two leagues from each other. The governor and the cabildo in that of San Lorenzo (a name given in memory of the destruction that occurred on that day which the Church celebrates for him). With his Lordship are five religious. He is also building huts in regular form. . . . The second division is at the camp of San Pedro de Alcántara, where four religious remain with the people. The third division is at the camp of the Most Holy Sacrament. Here Fr. Alvaro de Zavaleta as superior is with other religious. The remainder of my religious are staying at the convent of Our Lady of Guadalupe."¹⁴

Here we leave Governor Otermín with his little army, the friars, and the people from New Mexico, in order to relate what was then transpiring in the rebel pueblos in the north.

(13) Hackett, *Southwestern Hist. Quarterly*, January, 1913, 269-275, passim.

(14) Miss Anne E. Hughes, *The Beginnings of Spanish Settlement in the El Paso District*. University of California Press, vol. vi, 1914, p. 310; Hackett, *id. supra*, 275-276.

A CORRECTION

To the Editor:

My attention has been called to an article which appeared in one of the recent issues of *Franciscan Herald*. It is a well written article on the Sonora missions by "A Trailer." The writer has given an accurate description of the old mission churches in the Altar valley, which adjoins our Papago Reservation on the south.

First, it is not quite fair to the Jesuit missionaries to say that we built our missions on the ruins of theirs. The Jesuits remained at their posts and took good care of the Altar and Santa Cruz missions until they were driven out by the Spanish Government. The Franciscans appeared on the scene after an interval of a few months. Whatever disorder they found, must be attributed to the mismanagement of the civil authorities, who were in charge during the interval.

But the other misstatement of the author is of a more serious nature. It is not true that "the Indians have moved (or have been driven) into the present Papago Reservation." As members of a committee to form a reservation for the Papago Indians, we fought a similar statement made by certain citizens of Tucson. This was in the National Capital, some five years since. Excepting a few isolated cases, the Indians living on the Papago and Pima Reservations today, are the direct descendants of the Indians occupying that territory in the days of Father Kino. The Papagos from the old missions along the Santa Cruz and Altar Rivers, from San Xavier near Tucson to Pitiquito, are nearly extinct. Caborca Mission still has a colony of some three hundred Indians, twelve miles west of the mission, thus forming almost an exception. I say "almost," because Caborca Mission claimed over three thousand Indians in 1800. Even Mission San Xavier has lost nearly all its first families. The Indians now at San Xavier are immigrants for the desert. The desert Papagos and Pimas, among whom our Fathers are working, never had a mission built in their midst. It is true they acquired some knowledge of Catholic faith and practice from contact with their tribesmen along the rivers south and east. This has made work easier for us.

Why did the Papagos of the old missions die out, and why are our desert Papagos and Pimas still flourishing tribes? I think you will find the answer by reading the reports of the early missionaries, in which they complain of the poor response given their efforts by the natives.

Bonaventure Oblasser, O. F. M.
San Solano Mission.

(11) Hackett in *Southwestern Hist. Quarterly*, January, 1913, 261-263.

(12) *Arizona and New Mexico*, 183.

ST. FRANCIS

NEW signs of highest sanctity,
Deserving praise exceedingly,
Wondrous and beautiful to see,
In Francis we behold.

Unto the newly-gathered band,
Directed by His guiding hand,
Francis receives the King's command
The new law to unfold.

Before the world's astonish'd view
Arise the life and Order new,
Whose sacred laws again renew
The evangelic state.

The rule monastic he reforms,
Unto the law of Christ conforms,
And all the Apostolic forms
He holds inviolate.

In raiment coarse and rough endued,
A cord his only girdle rude,
Scanty the measure of his food,
His feet withal unshod.

For poverty alone he yearns
From earthly things he loathing turns,
The noble Francis money spurns
Despising all for God.

He seeks a place to weep apart,
And mourns in bitterness of heart
Time precious lost, when taking part
In earthly joys and vain.

Within a mountain cavern lone
He hides to weep, and, lying prone
He prays with many a sigh and groan,
Till calm returns again.

There, in that rocky cave's retreat,
Rapt high in contemplation sweet,
The earth (wise judge!) spurn'd 'neath
[his feet,
To heaven he aspires.

His flesh by penance is subdued,
Transfigur'd wholly and renewed,
The Scriptures are his daily food,
Renouncing earth's desires.

Then seraph-like in heavens height
The King of kings appears in sight.
The patriarch, in sore affright,
Beholds the vision dread.

It bears the wounds of Christ, and lo!
While gazing on in speechless woe
It marks him, and the stigmas show
Upon his flesh, blood-red.

His body like the Crucified
Is sign'd on hands and feet—his side
Transfix'd from right to left, and dyed
With crimson streams of blood.

Unto his mind words secret sound,
Things future all in light abound;
Inspired from on high, the Saint hath
[found
Their sense, and understood.

Now in those bleeding wounds, behold!
Black nails appear—within all gold,
Sharp are the points, the pain untold,
Unspeaking the woe.

No instrument of man was brought
To make these wounds—here art did
[nought,
By nature's hand they were not wrought,
Nor cruel mallet-blow.

We pray thee, by the Cross's sign,
Mark'd on thy flesh, whereby 'twas thine
The world, the flesh, the foe malign
To conquer gloriously.

Take us, O Francis, to thy care,
Shield us from woe, from every snare,
That we thy great reward may share
In heaven eternally.

O Father holy! Father sweet!
Devoutly we thine aid entreat.
May we and all thy brethren meet
Victorious in the strife.

In virtue's way our footsteps train,
And bring us with the saints to reign.
So may thy flock of children gain
The joys of endless life. Amen.



S. Francis of Assisi, pray for us!



Fireside Talks & Tales Children's Corner

CONDUCTED BY ELIZABETH ROSE

DOWN, BUT NOT "OUT"

This is the true story of the performances of Bing, a fox terrier, as interested as he can be in aviators and airplanes. His ambition of ambitions, however, is to become a carrier-pigeon—so to speak. Whenever the men at Canute Field, Illinois, take the air in their experiments, Bing goes along. Afraid? Not a bit—he loves it, and despises all those curs, human and canine, who prefer to slink along the earth instead of soaring aloft in blue. Wouldn't he like to get at that big dog—*Canis Major*—up there in the stars some night! Look up your astronomy, and see whether he would ever descend so low as to become a carrier-pigeon again after reaching that height. Well, some months ago, it was decided to use Bing for a novel experiment. Suppose an airplane carrying messages was disabled so that it could not land, especially in wartimes—what could be done?

"Try Bing," said a young enthusiastic aviator. "Tie a message around his neck and let's drop him overboard from a parachute and see what happens."

"Bow, wow!" said Bing, over-hearing, but whether with delight or with dismay nobody can tell.

Well, they did it, anyhow; they tied the message around Bing's neck and they dropped him 1,500 feet to earth! Worried or frightened? Not Bing! As soon as he landed, he started on a gallop for headquarters. Suddenly an irate yellow dog who owned the field through which he was cutting got in his way and delivered himself of a very vigorous opinion about "butts-ins." Do you think Bing delivered his message first and came back to the combat? He just then and there laid Mr. Yellow Dog out and flew triumphantly on his way, arriving at his destination before Yellow Dog knew what had happened to him.

A QUEER OLD SCHOOL BOOK

If there are any of our young folk who don't like school and "just hate" September because they have to go back to their books again, it would do them good to read about the scholars of other days, especially those of those far-off times our Protestant historians are so fond of calling the "Dark Ages"—yet

those of today have—no games, no entertainments, no short hours, few holidays and the strictest of rules, beside. In fact, the discipline of the time was so severe that in 950 a very learned and good man, Ratherius, Bishop of Verona, in Italy, took compassion on the youthful students and wrote a book of grammar for them—the first of the kind that we know of—called "Serv-

Dorsum" (Save the Back), because he thought that by its help the unlucky scholar might be saved many a whipping for his failure in a hard lesson. Ratherius must have been a favorite among the boys, don't you think? In his "Serva Dorsum" he has left us a lesson that will be longer remembered than the one he intended to teach. His grammar and his system have long passed away, but his kindness and good will to others have made his name immortal.

OVER-CONFIDENT

"Come hither, chicks!" called young Bantam aloud,

"I want the attention of all of the crowd.
No cheeping nor chirping I wish me to hear—
Lend me an ear; for I've something to fix."
"He knows it all," said the wondering chicks.

"That creature that lies there outside of the gate—

They call him a dog, and much overrate;
They're even a little afraid of his bite.
They're scarcely right—but the matter I'll fix!"

"He knows it all," said the awe-struck chicks.

"Now watch me approach him and show them the way
To make the big coward his true worth display!

I'll do the job! With a look and a jeer
I'll cause him to fear, and his status I'll fix."
"He knows it all," said the worshipping chicks.

Young Bantam stepped forth to the gate in his pride;

Old Bruno his coming unfriendly eyed.
One squawk!—Bantam never got out of his fix! I!

"He knew it all!" said the sorrowing chicks.

ROBBER CRAB, ESQ.

Did you ever hear of a crab that could climb trees and eat coconuts? Well, there is such a one, called the Robber Crab, a tremendous fellow with a pair of front legs that are like huge pincers, and back ones that are of the same shape but much more slender and weak. He lives on some of the islands of the Pacific Ocean, and if ever you land there and help yourself to a coconut from one of its palm trees, be sure to look around first and see if this gentleman is in the

ages in which a learned man was held a greater man than a king—ages, too, in which those who loved knowledge would leave homes in distant lands and travel all across Europe (in the days when trains and automobiles had never been imagined) to enroll themselves among the students at some renowned monastery; for it was principally the monks who were the teachers of the time. And these poor scholars had nothing to relieve the monotony of study as sight. He may prefer you to the coconut, but don't give him the chance. Throw him your prize and RUN! He can climb the palm trees to get his favorite nut as neatly as any of you boys, and even more swiftly. When he has made his selection, he tears the husk off with his big pincer claws around the eyes of the nut; then he pounds upon one of these eyes till it bursts open. His next proceeding is to turn his back upon his prize. But

don't think he is going to leave it—not at all. He merely does this for convenience. He inserts his thin black claws within and draws out the meat of the nut, piece by piece, through the opening he has made. Now he carries it off to his home, burrowed deep under the root of some tree. Then he comes back again and gets the husk, which he uses for his bed. I shouldn't call him a Robber so much as a good provider, should you? Darwin, a great naturalist, says that he once knew of a Robber crab being shut up in a tin box whose lid was fastened down with wire; but he cut through the edges with his claws and got free. Be careful, if ever you visit these fine islands which shelter our friend, not to let him know that you are making a stay—that is, if you don't want to have any dealings with him, or else you may receive his business card:

Robber Crab Co.,
Cocoanut Islands, Pacific Ocean,
Experts in Pincers.

HOW A FAN UPSET A NATION

All our Young Folks who have studied their United States history know what a country Algiers was in the first part of the last century; how its pirate ships carried off the sailors of other countries, American sailors among them, to cruel captivity; how it broke all its pledges and promises to us in the matter, too, until Stephen Decatur put an effectual stop to its wickedness in the year 1815, at least as far as America was concerned. England, once the encourager of Algiers in her warfare against us, had finally to change her tactics and protect herself—yet it was neither England nor America in the end that broke the power of Algiers and put her forever out of the list of nations. Her conqueror was—a fan!

Here is the story:

In Algiers at that time, as still in China and Japan, the fan was not merely an instrument of convenience or ornament; it was also a badge of office, civil and military. The Dey or ruler of Algiers was never without his, and in the year 1828, becoming provoked with an answer of the French consul resident at his court, he struck him with the fan. This was, of course, a deadly insult to the consul, and still more to France, represented in his person. The consul lost no time in communicating with his government. An apology was demanded in short order, which the Dey stubbornly refused. War was declared by France, and the result was that after first one part and then another of the country was taken possession of, the whole land has been for the best part of a century now a French colony entirely—to the great benefit of civilization.

SOMETHING ABOUT ANTS

IT IS said that St. Francis, our gentle St. Francis who was so fond of all living things and called them brothers and sisters, could not find it in his heart to care for the ant as much as for other little lives of God—he said it was too careful and thoughtful. To him, the bird that takes no thought of the morrow was a higher type of confidence and trust in the goodness of the great Creator. Yet he himself must have admired the wonderful bit of life that creeps everywhere, throughout the entire earth, holding in its tiny frame a resolution, a foresight, and an invincible "push" that distinguishes it among creatures so much larger than itself—worthy of the elephant, at least, that, strange to say, is less intelligent. It is an old saying, you know, that it is the little people who do everything in the world, and this seems to hold of the animal creation, too. Who among us is ignorant of the fascination in watching the ants build, so patiently, their houses of sand in our gardens? How the little things hurry, each with his grain of sand, and how they swarm up and down in the hole in the earth from which they are excavating! And how funny it is to see the few idlers among them bestir themselves and pretend to be busy when the real workers appear above ground, to resume their lazy standing as soon as the earnest small laborers disappear again for fresh material! Enough can be told about ants to fill a book to read at our Fireside, but of course we will only speak here of a few of their "first families" and their fads. In some colonies of ants, there is an inferior sort, which are actually used as slaves by the more favored one and which do all their work for them. One curious duty they are made

to perform is to raid an ant-hill belonging to another tribe and carry off prisoners, just as is done in human warfare. These prisoners are brought to the nests of the master-ants and made to look after their aristocratic babies. These "slave" ants dig out galleries in the ant-hill, also, for their "masters"; they carry the babies to the top of the sand-hill in fine weather to get the sun and air, just as many of you after school roll your small baby brothers or sisters in their carriages. If the ant-hill is disturbed, the faithful nurses carry the little ones to a safe point while Papa and Mamma Ant look out for themselves. Sometimes the baby ants are enclosed in webs, like caterpillars—cocoon. If this is the case, Nurse Neuter (as the slave ant is called), tears the wrappings apart when the time comes for the youngsters to take their proper place in the family circle; if the weather is rainy—an ant hates rain—they hold back the impatient little things who start out with wings and want to try them. These Neuters make the prisoners they take for their masters help them in all this; but I don't know that they allow them to "graduate" as nurses, no matter how well they do the work.

Another wonderful ant is the "honey ant." On certain plants in warm countries, live tiny insects known as Aphides or Vine-Fretters. These little fellows extract from the leaves of the plant a sweet fluid, which is our ant's chocolate sundae. On the backs of the aphides are a number of small humps which give forth this fluid again, one clear sweet drop at a time. Our honey-ant knows all about this—it is on the watch. It goes up to the aphid, touches it very softly and rubs, just as softly, the sides and back "as if caressing it," says an observer who saw the process. After a while the nice drop makes its appearance, and time. Then it begins all over again, our wise ant drinks it without loss of it wants. The aphid and its family, the aphides, have been called the "cows" of the Ant family. Their dairy is fine and never comes under gets another drop, in fact as many as the ban of the Milk Inspector.

There are ants who make a specialty of supplying food to other ants. I suppose they might be called "merchant-ants." These thrifty ants take the food from the industrious workers as they bring it in and store it in their crop, a little bag lying near the stomach, in which everything they swallow is turned into fluid. These merchants never go abroad, like the other ants. They stay at home, hanging to the top of the nest, and when the worker



comes in, tired and thirsty, and wants a drink, our obliging friend brings up the stored-away liquid and "treats" him, without the slightest regard to prohibition laws! Those "merchants" are only found in desert lands like those of our southwestern States, parts of Africa, Australia, etc., where all created things suffer from thirst.

The ant-hills raised by ants in Africa are sometimes so high that a man can hide behind one or find a shelter from the sun at its side. What a wonderful thing that such tiny creatures should be able to build so great a structure! In this connection, a funny situation has lately arisen in Africa—funny only to us, however, the onlookers, and not at all humorous to the parties concerned. The ant-hills have been found to be a serious drawback to aviators in the building of their airdromes.

That is a hold-up, isn't it? A poor little ant that crawls on the earth, so tiny that hundreds can be crushed at once by a human foot, to prevent a "bird" from flying in the air—a hold-up, for sure!

A WONDERFUL TREE

COME, go with me this month to the island of Madagascar, in the Indian Ocean, lying off the east coast of Africa, with Mozambique Channel flowing between—a pretty long way off. Perhaps you do not feel certain you will enjoy the trip, either; for most of us "United States" know very little about Madagascar, and care still less. Yet you will find some interesting things there, among them a wonderful tree, the like of which you will see in no other country. Its company name is *Urania Speciosa*, but its everyday one is much simpler—the Traveler's Tree. *Urania S.* is a dignified person, about thirty feet tall, and above everything in the world it loves a drink of water, always choosing moist or wet ground to grow in, up in the hills or down in the valleys. If any of you boys intend to become builders some of these days, try to make *Urania's* acquaintance; it will be worth more to you than a gang of workmen and it never goes out on a strike. The stem of the tree is thick and bare for its whole length. At the very top, long broad leaves of vivid green shoot out, to the number of twenty or thirty, and these, as they grow, arrange themselves exactly in the shape of an open fan, with the trunk of the tree like a handle in

the middle. Now here is what the Traveler's Tree can do:

It can give you a cool, clear drink of water on the hottest day and with the atmosphere at its driest. To get it, all you have to do is to pierce the leaf stem a few inches above where it joins the main stem; out gushes delicious water.

It can make a roof for your hut (if you feel like building one) with its big leaves, which are waterproof and will keep anything wrapped in them perfectly dry in the hardest rain. These leaves, when spread out and smoothed, will do you for tablecloths, if you want to introduce American customs in Madagascar; you can also make plates, spoons and drinking cups of them by cutting them in shape when they are dry and stiff.

It can supply you with material for partitions and walls in your new house, in the shape of its solid leaf stems.

It will lay floors for you with its pressed bark.

Indeed an English traveler, Mr. Ellis, says it really ought to be called the Builder's Tree instead of the Traveler's Tree. But I think that its best name after all, when you think of that splendid, cool drink of water it gives to the thirsty, ought to be the Second Corporal Work of Mercy Tree.

POLITENESS PACKAGE—No. 10 In School

Bring to the schoolroom all those ways that outside earn you rightful praise. Rise when a teacher or a guest. Your classroom enters—manifest. By due respect and courtesy true. Your knowledge of "the thing to do." In many small ways, if you choose, You helpful may be: never lose. A chance for this—be quick to read. And answer to your teacher's need. But take care that such actions done. Display and ostentation shun. Don't be officious—let a need. Alone your kindly offer speed. If some misunderstanding rises, Don't "answer back"; when temper flies Your case is lost—two wrongs, you know, Will never make a right: so show Yourself a victor in control, And off the threatening clouds will roll. Don't tell another's faults unless Justice and Right compel. Such stress, Believe me, is so very rare. You need not fear its weight to bear. Don't put the blame, if wry things go, Upon another's shoulders—no, Let right be right and wrong be wrong! —Why, 't is recess! Let's go along.

THE PUZZLE CORNER

JUMBLED FRUITS

1—Rptocai; 2—Mespmmrio; 3—Uagav
4—Eoili; 5—Duarfbret; 6—Upnr; 7—
Goamn; 8—Rrreeybtho; 9—Barrynce
10—Eaaromting.

—Mary E. Murray, Mt. Savage, Md.

A JOB FOR THE WOODMAN

Cut out some parts of a tree and leave
1—A writing implement; 2—A span; 3—
A request for silence; 4—Two letters of
the alphabet; 5—A printing instrument.
6—Yourself; 7—A picture of the world
8—Separate persons; 9—Determination.
—Clement Lane.

DROPPED VOWELS

—w—s—ld b—rd s—t—n—n—k
Th—m—r—h—s—w th—l—ss h—
sp—k—.
Th—l—ss h—sp—k—th—m—r—h—
h—rd;
Why c—n't w—ll b—l—k—th—
b—rd
—Clement Lane.

ENIGMA

I am composed of 16 letters and spell the name of a famous battle fought over 100 years ago.

My 1-15-9-6-13 is an arbor.

My 8-14-2-4 is low.

My 5-16-17-11 is booty.

My 3-12-10 is a beverage.

—Katherine Murphy, Baltimore.

ANSWERS TO SEPTEMBER PUZZLES PI

"The tear down childhood's cheek that flows
Is like the dewdrop of the rose;
When next the summer breeze comes by
And waves the bush, the flower is dry."

MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS

1—Viola	7—Cornet
2—Tuba	8—Bugle
3—Organ	9—Trumpet
4—Lute	10—Tambour
5—Kit	11—Horn
6—Drum	12—Fiddle

JUMBLED STUDIES

1—Geography	5—Catechism
2—Drawing	6—Physiology
3—Algebra	7—Literature
4—Language	8—Civics
	9—Etymology

HIDDEN FLOWERS

1—Pansy	4—Orchid
2—Rose	5—Lilac
3—Aster	6—Daisy

CORRECT ANSWERS

Hilda Surge, Indianapolis, Ind.; Gladys Schreiber, Mobile, Ala.; Alma Paetz, Indianapolis, Ind.; Isabella Baker, Casey, Ill.; Mary Banzet, Joliet, Ill.; R. K. Wahler, Uniontown, Pa.; Helen Fenker, Fort Wayne, Ind.; Lawrence McHugh, Baltimore, Md.; Gertrude Labura, New Orleans, La.; Russell Lakey, Ridgefield Park, N. J.; Ethel Lakey, Ridgefield Park, N. J.; Harold Lakey, Ridgefield Park, N. J.; Mary Chismar, Cichasaw, Ala.; Edith Tinsley, New York, N. Y.; Hortense Gallet, Pocatello, Idaho; Helen Gibbons, Donora, Pa.; Marie Reed, Uniontown, Pa.; Bertha Van Gorden, Maynard, N. Y.

Miscellaneous

SAINT FRANCIS—THE PEACE-BRINGER

BY MARIAN NESBITT

"WHAT we want is peace," says an old historian. "And what we must avoid is discord." With what singular force these words strike us today, proving to us as they do that men unconsciously strove—and will always strive—to carry out the principle laid down by the Angelic Doctor, St. Thomas, who holds that the relative merits of all forms of rule lie in their greater or less fitness for maintaining peace. For this reason, the Church has, at no period, attached great importance to any special form of administration. If the monarchical government prevailed for the most part, throughout Christendom during the ages of Faith, it did so because it was found more conducive to the peace of the world.

No more ardent promoter of mutual harmony, love, and the Christian glory of service—no more persistent and ardent pleader for sincere good fellowship has ever raised his voice to denounce the spirit of bitterness, envy, and aggression, together with that boundless ambition for power which lies at the root of all class hatred—than the Seraphic Saint of Umbria.

"Francis," it has been said, "never tired of reiterating his cry of 'Peace';" nor can we doubt that his winning sweetness and patience—his gay and gracious personal charm—contributed not a little towards the ratification of such treatise as that signed by the citizens of Assisi, who bound themselves solemnly to work together for the common weal of their native town, promising to respect each other's rights, and to live in concord, giving exiles permission to return, and extending to persons dwelling in the territories of the commune outside the city equal privileges with those who lived in the city itself. Taxes, moreover, were to be fixed, "and were not to be assessed arbitrarily to any one's disadvantage."

This event occurred at the beginning of the winter 1210-1211, reminding us that about fifty years later there arose certain pious practice, very significant of the unsettled state of the times. This was none other than that known

as the "devotion of the flagellants." It appeared, it would seem, in Lombardy. "Then," says an historian of the period, "hermits came forth from their caves, and entering the cities, preached the gospel. The citizens of Asti, with the Bishop and clergy, met in procession, and kneeling down in public places, cried aloud, *Misericordia et pax nobis fiat*. In those days, many discords were appeased."

"In 1261," another chronicler tells us, that "by means of the devotion of the flagellants, who went about, crying, *Pax! Pax!* many enmities and wars, both new and old, in the city of Genoa and throughout Italy, were exchanged for peace."

Elsewhere we read that "men began to lash themselves at Perugia. * * * Peace was then made between many at Bologna, and twenty thousand men came from thence to Modena, and lashed themselves."

Before another century had passed, according to the chronicler of St. Denis, the large number of eight hundred thousand persons in France—from the highest to the lowest—are said to have practiced this devotion during the year 1349.

Opinions differ as to the country in which another curious and interesting custom originated. It consisted in a multitude of men and women, "clad in white linens," walking in solemn procession through cities and towns, singing canticles, and praying to God for the safety of the human race, and at intervals kneeling down and crying aloud, "Mercy, O Lord, mercy!"

Some authorities hold that "these peregrinations of the white-robed ones" first began in Ireland and Scotland. Certainly the Irish—almost from the dawn of Christianity—were particularly noted for their love of pilgrimages, indeed Walfrid Strabo says that their custom of going on pilgrimages was, so to speak, second nature; whilst Richmarch, another old writer, speaks of the "insatiable ardour" displayed by them in this respect. They would even undertake wandering pilgrimages by sea, like three who "came to King Alfred in a boat wrought of two and a half hides,"

but "without any oars * * * and they took with them food for seven nights, and on the seventh night they landed in Cornwall. This they did, "because they desired, for the love of God, to be in a state of pilgrimage."

Under these circumstances, we should not be surprised to find them, in later times, joining with enthusiasm in the practice above referred to. However that may be, this penitential exercise spread rapidly throughout the countries of Europe. We find it in Spain, France, Italy, England, etc., etc.

George Stella, an eye-witness of the processions in Genoa in 1388, describes how the *Stabat Mater* was sung, interspersed with special verses, having reference to the desire for peace. One of these ran as follows:

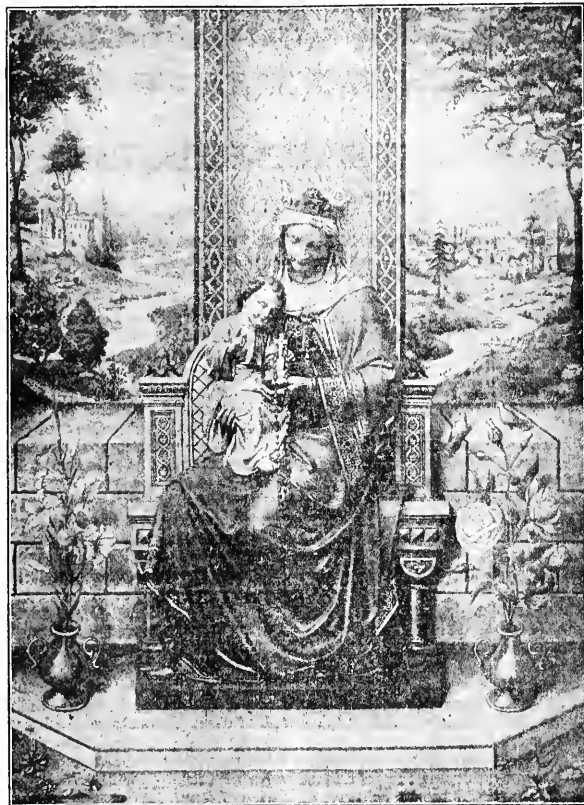
"Alma Salus Advocata,
Morte Christi desolata,
Misere populi."

"Children of twelve," he continues, "sang the alternate strophe, the rest being chanted in full chorus, and at the end of every three stanzas, all joined in singing *Stabat Mater Dolorosa*, often falling on the ground, and with a loud voice crying thrice, *Misericordia!* and thrice *Peace!* Afterwards repeating the *Pater* and some short prayers in Latin. This devotion was practical all through the Genoese territory."

Such scenes must have been impressive and touching in the extreme; and we are not surprised to learn that many who had hitherto been at enmity were reconciled, that even bitter feuds ceased, confiscated goods and lands were restored, and that persons who had at first derided the processions, "were moved with zeal and the fear of God."

It is furthermore recorded that, "some noblemen who were spending the summer in their country villas left their homes, and joining the crowd, put on white." Immense numbers flocked to the churches for confession, and at the Mass at break of day, received the Body and Blood of Christ, after which the people of Genoa, of all classes and all ages—men, women, and children clothed in white followed the clergy to

(Continued on page 376)



ROSA MYSTICA

O Virgin, thou matchless rose,
Perfuming the Land of God,
O Flow'r that in Heaven grows.

Thou bloom that the mystic
knows,
The prophet's fair flow'ring rod
O Virgin, thou matchless rose.

Thy scent to this parched world
blows
And quickens each earthy clod,
O Flow'r that in heaven blows.

To souls in a torture's throes
Thy petals in soothing nod,
O Virgin, thou matchless rose.

And sweet is the day's last close
To him who has with thee trod
O Flow'r that in heaven grows.

For starlight eternal glows
As he mounts the Hills of God
O Virgin, thou matchless rose,
O Flow'r that in heaven grows.

Zelma McDowell Penny

INTENTIONS

The following intentions are recommended to the pious prayers of our readers:

For the recovery of health (20). For relief without an operation (10). For better employment (15). For a good position (15). For the profitable sale of property (3). For the conversion of a family (3). For success in business (16). For a cure from the drink habit. For resignation to God's holy will (5). For relief from worries. For return to the Sacraments (25). For a safe delivery (5). For success in studies (10). For success in music (2). For a happy death (10). For relief in poverty (10). For a suitable home. For the return of money due. For success in an investment. For the prevention of an unwise marriage (5). For better sight. For cure from lung trouble. For the blessing of God (10). For peace and reconciliation (5). For a true vocation (5). For a suitable home on a farm near a Catholic church for an ex-soldier. In thanksgiving for favors received (10). For our Holy Father, the Pope. For the spread of the Third Order. For the success of the National Third Order Convention.

LET US PRAY—Let the ears of Thy mercy, O Lord, be open to the prayers of Thy suppliants; and that Thou mayest grant them their desires, make them ask such things as please Thee. Through Jesus Christ, Our Lord. Amen.

OBITUARY

The charity of our readers is asked for the following deceased readers of Franciscan Herald and friends of our missions:

Clinton, Iowa.—Sr. M. Arsenius; Baltimore, Md.—Sr. M. Virginia; Philadelphia, Pa.—Sr. M. Terentia; Hyde Park, Mass.—William J. Griffin; James P. Holmes, Boston, Mass.—Mary Lynch, Joseph McCort; Salem, Mass.—Mr. Joyce; Lowell, Mass.—Chas. and Joseph Kelly; Michael J. Riley; Nantucket, Mass.—John Murray; Charlestown, Mass.—John J. Smith; Jamaica Plains, Mass.—Patrick and Bridget Delaney; Bridgeport, Conn.—Edward Walsh; Moosup, Conn.—Lew Yea; Wilmington, Del.—Michael McCormick; Washington, D. C.—Miss Isabel Irving; Catherine M. Boyle; G. A. Goldburgh; Baltimore, Md.—Miss E. M. Sullivan; Joseph J. Janser; Bridget Gorman; Margaret Gorman; Oliver Gorman; Martin Gorman; Woonsocket, R. I.—Mrs. Mary Bonchard; New York, N. Y.—Mrs. Mary Evans; James Cassidy; Mr. Scott; Brooklyn, N. Y.—Mr. and Mrs. Smith; Mr. and Mrs. John Cogan; Mrs. M. Buckley; Della McGivney; Buffalo, N. Y.—Mrs. Archer; Mrs. J. Doherty; Miss Steinwachs; Hoboken, N. J.—Mrs. J. Morrison; Syracuse, N. Y.—Mrs. Brennan; Hudson Falls, N. Y.—Mrs. A. Guirlin; Newark, N. J.—Mrs. Bossert; Jersey City, N. J.—James Nugent; Glen Rock, Pa.—William Blair; Mary Blair; John J. Blair; William P. Blair; Kathryn E. Blair; South Bend, Ind.—Mr. S. Kubiak; Louisville, Ky.—Mrs. Hocher; Canton, Ohio.—Joseph Behr; Cleveland, Ohio.—Mrs. C. Engert; St. Louis, Mo.—Mr. and Mrs. Forbes; Washington, Mo.—Mrs. Mary Richter; Carrollton, Ill.—Mary McCormick; Indianapolis, Ind.—Mrs. Anna Weiss; Santa Barbara, Calif.—Miss Elizabeth O'Mara; Seattle, Wash.—Mrs. J. Adams; Berkeley, Cal.—Honorable Collins; Chicago, Ill.—Robert L. Prendergast; Mrs. N. Lambert; Frances Renk; Margaret Simon.

LET US PRAY—We beseech Thee, therefore, assist the souls still suffering in purgatory, whom Thou hast redeemed with Thy Precious Blood. (Three hundred (300) days every time.)

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the Cathedral, where the Venerable Archbishop James de Flisco awaited them, mounted on a horse, "because," says the chronicler, "through old age he could not walk, but the horse was covered with white," and then the whole imposing procession proceeded to the gate of the monastery of St. Thomas.

"On one day the Brothers of the Order of Minors (Sons of St. Francis) bore the sacred relics of their church, and on another the Dominicans carried theirs," whilst the inhabitants of the villages through which they passed came out and joined them, "girt with a cord."

History tells us that, in 1399, "six thousand English and French had lately gone to Rome clad in white;" and in the same year a great throng, "numbering ten thousand and more," assembled on the mountain of Fara, not far from Bergamo, and all unanimously cried out, "Peace, and mercy!"

An old chronicler gives us a picture of the scene in the following words: "In the name of the Eternal God, and of the Blessed Virgin Mother Mary, Amen; and to their praise, and the glory of the blessed martyrs, Alexander and Vincent, I record and write, that on this 27th day of August —, many Masses were said on that mountain by the Bishop of Milan, and Brothers James de Urio, a Dominican Friar, Petrus de St. Pelegrino, and Aloysius de Scalve, of the Order of St. Francis and all the clergy of Bergamo, and then on that mountain of Fara peace was made between many citizens."

In the year 1400 another Dominican (Friar Jerome) recounts in vivid language his own experience of the same devotion. "In the month of September," he tells us, "there was a wonderful event in Italy, for at that time multitudes of men and women clothed themselves in white, and went about carrying the cross, or the banner of some saint; and when the Body of Christ was elevated at the altar they used to cry often *Misericordia!* And I remember while celebrating at the altar of St. James, that I was terrified at their new and strange kind of clamor. But they walked in procession like brothers, singing *Misericordia* and others, etc., *Stabat Mater*—and they fasted nine days, and went barefoot. Some bishops and some monks went with them to lords of states, and castles, too, and preached to them, and many were reconciled who had before been mortal enemies, and they went thus, singing day and night."

Dante, upon whose poetic soul the humble Saint of Assisi has exerted such an extraordinary influence, would seem to have foretold these processions seventy-seven years prior to their inauguration, when he says (Purg. 29), "I marked a multitude that walked as

if attendant on their leaders; clothed in raiment of such whiteness as the world had never seen."

It may be mentioned in connection with this subject that the anonymous author of a Paduan chronicle states that "this devotion so pleased the people, that many gave instructions that their bodies should be clothed after their death in the white habit, and carried to the grave by men similarly clad."

Evidences of this custom may be found in English testamentary documents of the Middle Ages. Two examples will suffice. John White, a cloth merchant of Beverly, by his will, dated September 10th, 1453, left thirteen poor men "a white gown and hood and a pair of shoes each," on condition that they should kneel round his body on the day of his burial and recite the Psalter of Our Lady, and that for the eight days following, they should stand or sit round his grave, and recite the aforesaid Psalter."

John, Lord Scope of Masham, leaves similar instructions — i. e., that his body should be preceded by twenty-four men clothed in white gowns and hoods, each of them carrying in his hands a new pair of wooden beads, etc., etc.

No one who studies the Liturgy and Ceremonial of Christ's Church, which has been called by the Fathers "The House of Peace," can fail to notice that all her prayers—even the very build-ings, however humble, in which the Adorable Sacrifice is offered—seem to breathe a holy and solemn tranquillity. *Factus est in pace locus ejus*. If we recall the Ordinary of the Mass alone, how many references to peace recur to the mind—how many indications that this is the supreme Sacrament, in which Almighty God reconciles the world to Himself.

And looking back down the avenues of years to the outstanding figure of our Seraphic Father, with his lofty ideals, his tender pity and ardent faith, unfinching courage, and unique genius in dealing with the well-nigh insuperable obstacles against which he had to contend—St. Francis, we must repeat, appears before us as one animated by an overmastering desire to promote peace. Altogether different from the disorderly, aggressive and restless spirit of the age in which he lived, was the sublime spirit of the Poverello. His dream—so Christ-like in its utter purity and selfless sincerity—was to draw men to feel the sweetness of Christianity, and the beauty of the love of God and of their fellow-creatures, not to conquer them by argument or severity.

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By PAUL H. RICHARDS

WHEN we have taken to heart that children and boys and girls in their teens are in themselves far more interesting than anything which may be written for their benefit or improvement—that writing for their reading is an art and is such must be cherished, that it can be sustained only by vigorous and informed criticism, we shall have taken a very forward step in education as well as in book production,” says Annie Carroll Moore, in “Roads to Childhood.”

Mrs. Moore, who is supervisor of work with children in the New York public library, has here viewed and reviewed a great many children's books from the older classics to the most recent output. It is a chatty and stimulating book which indeed makes the matter of children's reading seem one of great importance. As librarian in a great city she has realized the privilege of introducing children under ten years old to their first association with books. Her sympathies, too, have been with these older boys and girls who are unconsciously seeking in romance, in mystery, in poetry, in history, in philosophy, and in reality substitutes for the fairy and folk tales, the legends, myths, and hero tales, the wild adventure, belonging to early childhood.* When we are old that Sweden, a decade or two ago, commissioned its most distinguished novelist, Selma Lagerlof, to write a book for children, who took three years to prepare the background for “The Wonderful Adventures of Nils,” we realize that some people are alive to opportunities in this field, and that it all enters into the field of education where rival forces of life continually struggle.

The interest, in “Roads to Childhood,” is strongly centered on fairy and folk tales, Alice in Wonderland, Katharine Pyle's Fairy and Folk Stories, the Odyssey, Pilgrim's Progress, and Joan of Arc are named in a selected list.

Such a list of books naturally suggests others which we think might have been included. Which brings us to the fact that Catholic juvenile literature offers a field for discussion which is missed in “Roads to Childhood.”

When we look over our list of Catholic writers for children, we find that the majority of the best known names are those of priests or of women. Laymen have not given much attention to this phase of literature. Mary E. Mannix, Mary C. Crowley, Marian Ames Taggart, Anna T. Sadlier, Mrs. A. H. Dor-

sey, Fathers F. J. Finn, H. S. Spaulding, David Bearne, R. P. Garrould, Copus, Blunt, Flynn, John Talbot Smith, (most of these being Jesuits), are but a few of those who have done enviable work in representing the intimate life of Catholic children and striking a happy combination of human and religious interest. Others have prepared the lives of saints and Bible stories for the same class of readers. Few have written books of verse for children because most Catholic poetry is suitable for children's reading. “Little Polly's Poems” by T. A. Daly, will doubtless be as much or more appreciated by older readers. He and Father Finn preserve the element of humor which modern critics demand. This is a main difference between Father Finn's first books—the Tom Playfair series and Thomas Hughes' Tom Brown School Days and its sequel, Tom Brown At Rugby. Father Finn's later books, The Fairy of The Snows, Cupid of Campion, That Office Boy, Lucky Bob and His Luckiest Year have increased in humor as they have gotten away from the traditional line of school-day and childhood stories. His latest, Bobbie in Movieland is a revelation of the pace at which our American life runs. Here is the youngest hero Father Finn has yet introduced, already rivalling Charlie Chaplin as a movie comedian. One is compelled to think that the author's rollicking use of sensational events and rapid movement is more a pleasant satire upon present American customs and “progress” than a writing to please the child mind of today. It is in fact a story which tends to produce a reaction which will take the attention of child readers off their particular interests and development to other things. The American Catholic classic for children is perhaps yet to come, unless we make some of our books of other trend acceptable to children. John Boyle O'Reilly's, Moondyne Joe, comes near the mark—a story of an exile to Australia. How many good stories should issue from the events of recent years which bear upon our history and our ideals of liberty.*

As Father Finn's Bobbie in Movieland may appear to future generations comical and amusing for the extreme style of the modern child, Julia Crotte's quaint Irish children appeal to us because they are so far removed from modernity. Jane Katy who cares for a childish grandmother, Tom and Peter Harrauld who embody Irish faith, love and hospitality, make Innisdoyle Neigh-

bors a classic for adults as well as for children. A single story from Seamus MacManus's Top O' The Mornin' deserves also to be a children's classic—The Cadger Boy's Last Journey. In many Irish stories the tenderness of the people toward their dumb beasts who serve them—the donkey, the goat, the little cow—recalls St. Francis as countless elaborate chicken books and nature stories can not do. Irish fairy stories recall that, except the Hiawatha stories, we have few American folk or fairy tales; Katharine Pyle's book contains several Louisiana stories, and there may be others still in the background. Uncle Remus's Brer Rabbit, and the Peter Rabbit and Danny Meadowmouse stories reflect some tenderness but more comedy and love of comedy. American taste is running now to field stories—boy and girl scout experiments, and the trying out of books new and old upon summer camps of children, is one of the features of criticism of which Mrs. Moore tells. Children make good critics of their own books, and sometime we may have gathered together the impression of Catholic books upon their child readers.

* Mrs. Waggaman's recent stories in the Ave Maria—Jerry's Job, and Josephine Marie are a good beginning. Father Duffy's story may well be a boy's classic.

BOOK REVIEWS

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enough to ensure the interest of American readers, and the presence of a number of favorite poems. Such a book is useful to teachers especially of rural schools, for purposes of entertainment and drilling, as well as for introduction to literature. The price is extremely low for so good a work. *The prose supplement includes the Declaration of Independence, Patrick Henry's famous speech for liberty and Lincoln's Gettysburg address and letter to a war-mother.

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A paper bound edition of songs and hymns, edited by a high musical authority of the Catholic Church issued at a popular price, provides the means for old-time enjoyment of the home. Patriotic songs, home and school songs, and the favorite Catholic hymns comprise 107 pages of clear print and music. This book is timely, because this is a day of vandalism and change, in which, without vigilance, we are liable to lose some precious things. As long as our songs and music remain to us so long will our traditions be preserved. "The Star-Spangled Banner" is one of the songs about which discussion has recently raged, and which is proving a rallying point for true American principles in a time of false education and confusion. Katherine Lee Bates' recent poem "America, The Beautiful," set to music, is included here. Irish, Scotch and French national songs and hymns, old English favorites, such as "Robin Adair," and "Ben Bolt," "The Soldier's Chorus," negro songs, southern melodies, civil war songs, boy scout songs, and lullabies cover the range of the songs. The hymns are all favorite Catholic hymns, for Christmas, Easter, Pentecost to the Blessed Sacrament and Our Blessed Mother, and make a collection that is a rich treasure of grace.

The Cable Company, 1101 Cable Bldg. Chicago. Price 10 cents the copy, prepaid—\$1.00 the dozen.

The Boy Who Looked Ahead—By Rev. John Talbot Smith.

The number of writers of juveniles has lately been diminished by the death of several prominent authors of boys' books. Father John Talbot Smith has let some years elapse since his last books for boys, which makes the new story the more welcome. The Lookahead Club in the village of Fallville, on the Erie Canal, forms the matter of this live story. Like Father Finn, Father Smith has a rich humor in his juvenile books, which shows complete sympathy with boys and fosters it in his readers.

He teaches, meantime, useful lessons of thrift, honesty, loyalty, courage, and devotion. The adventures of Eddie Travers and his friends are natural and yet thrilling. The story runs through a number of years showing the development of the boy's character and the trend of life. All the attractions so dear to juvenile readers, swimming, games, baseball, rambles, orchards, and kindly foes are found in the early chapters. Even the love element enters in the romance of the gardener McGinnis, who proves to be a retired detective and a friend of the boys. Father Fleming is the good angel of the story. Eddie Travers is the boy who looked ahead. Vincent Radley and Harold Sullivan, his friends, learn life's lessons through hard experience. Eddie Travers, president of the Lookahead Club, is a poor boy who is befriended by Father Fleming. He braves obstacles and petty persecutions, rescues Vincent from drowning, gets work for both his friends, warns them of temptations, follows them when they run away and with the aid of McGinnis saves them from greater perils. Eddie's rise to success in business, the triumph of Vincent and Harold over their weaknesses, and a glimpse into a happy future bring the story to its conclusion.

Blase Benziger & Co., New York. Price \$1.60 postpaid.

The Greater Love—By Father George T. McCarthy, Army Chaplain.

This is a recital of Chaplain McCarthy's experiences and impressions during an intensive year of service with the Seventh Division. Though published since the war, the pages, as the title indicates, are flush of the exaltation of wartime days and actual service. But it is true Christian exaltation, accompanied by refreshing Christian action and devoid of the unreasoning hatred and imbecile abuse of the enemy which characterizes much war literature. Chaplain McCarthy plainly served his country and his "buddies" as a responsible priest and fearless soldier. Though every line may not be so graphic and gripping as the chapters "Rembercourt" and "Armistice Day," there is in the book a wealth of that pathos of speech and incident which serves to inspire the pen of poet and novelist. The episode of the unnamed lieutenant is touching in the extreme; and we have read nothing that brings out so realistically the meaning of "over the top" as "Rembercourt." One may object to the book on the score of style and taste; but if one loves inspiring action, one will feel repaid for following the great-hearted Chaplain of the Seventh over there.

Extension Press, Chicago. \$1.50.

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Franciscan News

Chicago, Ill., Convention News

His Excellency, John Bonzano, the Apostolic Delegate, states in a letter sent to Convention Headquarters that he will attend the National Third Order Convention which will convene at Chicago, Ill., next October 2, 3 and 4, and will officiate as requested at the opening services in the cathedral. He also sends his apostolic blessing to all who cooperate to make the National Third Order Convention a success, and highly recommends the Third Order to our people.

Their Eminences, Cardinals O'Connell of Boston, Dougherty of Philadelphia, and Begin of Quebec, have sent very encouraging letters to Convention Headquarters blessing the preliminary work for the Convention, and assuring all concerned of their interest. Similar letters have been received to date from Forty-one other members of the Hierarchy.

Saturday, October 1, during the day from 6 A. M. to 12 P. M., likewise on Sunday morning from 6 to 10 o'clock members of the reception committee will meet the Reverend Directors, delegates, and guests at the various depots. After arriving everyone will please go directly to the secretary's office at Hotel La Salle, our Convention Headquarters, where everyone will present their credential papers of the Convention and their railroad certificate for special convention rates. The official badge of the Third Order Convention will also be given to each one at the secretary's office. No matter where delegates lodge they will be conducted to their place of lodging by members of the Reception Committee. The Reverend Clergy need no credentials but they will please call at the secretary's office for their badges and also to register.

In the afternoon and evening everyone will have an opportunity for confession at St. Peter's or at other churches. In the evening solemn ringing of church bells; informal reception in the Convention Hall, Hotel La Salle.

Information will be cheerfully given to delegates and guests during the days of the Convention at the Bureau of Information, Hotel La Salle.

San Francisco, Calif.—A very enthusiastic meeting of representatives of the Tertiary fraternities of St. Boniface, St. Antony, and St. Elizabeth Churches was held in St. Boniface Hall on August 29. Further plans for the local seventh centenary celebration of the Third Order were discussed and

committees named to carry out the details. It is proposed to have a week of lectures on Tertiary topics in the various Franciscan churches from October 3 to 9. Solemn Pontifical High Mass at the cathedral, on October 9, will precede the grand procession of Tertiaries to St. Boniface Church, where Benediction will be given with the Blessed Sacrament. Archbishop Hanna, who consented to speak at the National Convention of the Third Order in Chicago the early part of the week, will hasten back to the Coast to officiate for the San Francisco Tertiaries, and thus again manifest his deep interest in the Third Order of St. Francis.

Fruitvale, Calif.—The first holy Mass in the new chapel of the Poor Clares at Fruitvale was celebrated with great solemnity on August 12. Last February, five Sisters left the monastery of the Poor Clares at West Park, Ohio, to establish a house of their Order on the Pacific Coast in California. Two small cottages were purchased and remodelled into a convent. As the community intends to introduce the beautiful custom of perpetual adoration of the Blessed Sacrament for the benefit of dying sinners as soon as possible, it was necessary to erect a suitable chapel for the purpose, and they immediately set about accomplishing the work. Very Rev. Fr. Hugolinus Storff, O. F. M., provincial of the Santa Barbara Province, officiated at the ceremony of the dedication and also preached the festive sermon. Twenty-three Franciscan Fathers and clerics were present in the sanctuary, while a large number of lay friends of the Sisters attended. Papal benediction was conferred after the solemn High Mass, and the Bl. Sacrament remained exposed for the devotion of the faithful until 4 P. M., when solemn Benediction closed the celebration.

West Park, Ohio.—The third annual meeting of the Franciscan Educational Conference was held August 16-19 at the Franciscan Monastery, West Park, Ohio. Twenty-two members were present, representing fifteen educational institutions throughout the country. Not only the various provinces of the Friars Minor were represented, but the Capuchins, who are now affiliated to this Educational Conference, sent their delegates, Very Rev. Provincial Father Thomas and three other friars.

The Conference devoted its attention this year to the Franciscan school of theology and philosophy, aiming at a revival of interest in its greatest master, the Subtle Doctor, John Duns Scotus.

The papers read and discussed concerned, therefore, his teachings especially; the subjects were as follows: "The Origin and Development of the Franciscan School," by Rev. Berard Vogt, O. F. M., Lector of Philosophy Croghan, N. Y.; "The Philosophy of Duns Scotus," by Rev. Gerard Schmalz, O. F. M., Lector of Philosophy, West Park, O.; "Scotistic Theology," by Rev. David Bayer, O. F. M., Lector of theology, St. Bonaventure's Seminary, Allegany, N. Y.; "The Bearing of Scotistic Doctrine of Practical Theology," by Rev. Edwin Auweiler, O. F. M., Es. canaba, Mich.

In the discussions that followed these papers, intense enthusiasm was evidenced in launching a revival in thing Scotistic. The only too common mis understanding and misinterpretation of the Doctor of Mary Immaculate can no be deplored too greatly and the Catholic scholars must welcome any movement that will lead to a knowledge of the true mind of the Doctor who gave to Our Blessed Mother the title dearest to her heart, after that of Mother of the Son of God. Plans were discussed and formulated for starting work on a critical edition of Scotus' works.

At one of the meetings the Rev. James Ryan of the National Catholic Welfare Council addressed the members on the matter and work of the Council especially in regard to the Department of Education.

Resolutions were adopted of gratitude toward the Most Rev. Fr. General and the Very Rev. Fathers Provincial of the Franciscans for the kind and sympathetic support they have accorded the Conference. Further resolutions were adopted, urging the teaching of Scotistic theology and philosophy in our schools, and pledging the entire support of the Conference in making Scotus better known and understood. A special resolution was accepted, in which the Conference expressed its satisfaction in the revival of missionary interest, as shown by the Students' Missionary Crusade. The Friars themselves have always been pioneer missionaries who paved the way for Christian civilization and their activity has in no way abated.

The election of officers for the year 1921-1922 resulted in the re-election of Fr. Thomas Plassman, O. F. M., Allegany, N. Y., as President; Fr. Philip Marke, O. F. M., Teutopolis, as Vice-President; Fr. Urban Freundt, O. F. M., of Cincinnati, as Secretary. In a rising vote of thanks the Conference expressed its appreciation of the faithful and untiring work of the officers.

("Turning to HIM—")

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Franciscan Herald

A monthly magazine edited and published by the Friars Minor of the Sacred Heart Province in the interests of the Third Order and of the Franciscan Missions.

VOLUME IX

NOVEMBER, 1921

NUMBER 13

Jubilee Hymn to St. Francis

O sweet St. Francis, from thy place

In God's abode above!

Turn, turn to us thy kindly face,

Thy heart inflamed with love.

And bless us as we come to thee,

With mingled smiles and tears,

To celebrate our jubilee^e

Of seven hundred years!

O Saint, so like God's sinless Son,

That e'en to thee was given

A semblance of the wounds that won

Man's right to enter heaven;

Thy members with the marks were signed

Like His on Calvary's Tree,

That we, Seraphic Saint, might find

Another Christ in thee!

O Father of our Order's life!

O Founder of our Rule!

How needs to-day this world of strife

The teaching of thy school!

How needs the world's uneasy breast

The peace thou couldst impart

Were men content, like thee, to rest

In Jesus' Sacred Heart!

O Saint among the Seraphim

In God's celestial land,

Whose face reflects the Face of Him

Who sits at God's right hand—

Bless all on earth who wear thy cord,

And when their life is o'er,

O lead them home to Christ the Lord

In heaven forevermore!

By DENIS A. McCARTHY

Specially written for the 700th anniversary of the Third Order

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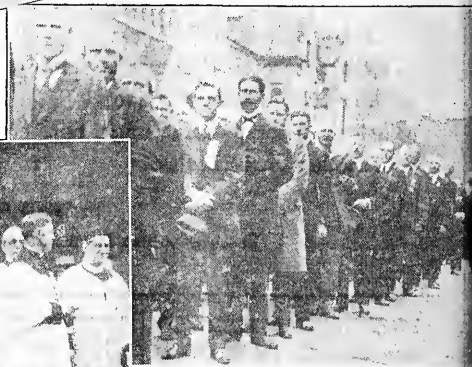
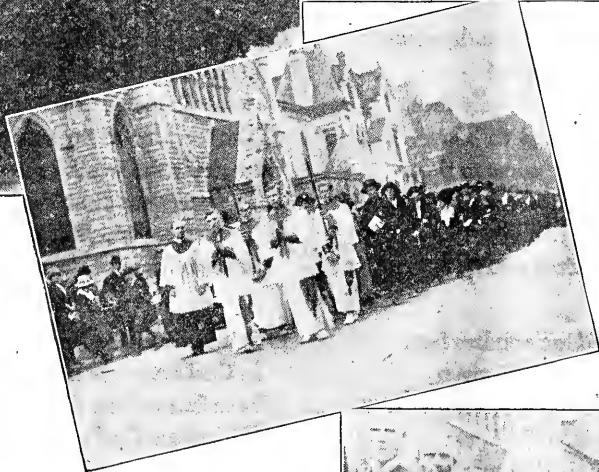
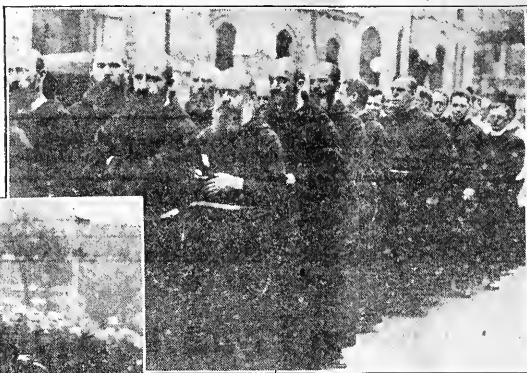
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Procession at Holy Name Cathedral

FIRST NATIONAL THIRD ORDER CONVENTION A GRAND SUCCESS

By JOHN S. BROCKMEIER

(Perfect Quincy College Fraternity)

THE Third Order of St. Francis in the United States is triumphant. It is rightfully so, for over nine thousand tertiaries including about eight hundred delegates representing nearly every State in the Union assembled in Chicago, Oct. 2, 3 and 4, to attend the First National Convention and the Seventh Centenary Celebration of the Third Order of St. Francis. With the passing of the convention, American Catholics witnessed the consummation of plans for one of the most colossal undertakings ever attempted by an organization of the Catholic church in this country.

Not only was the convention a magnificent success for the present time, but it was also a forecast of the future prosperity in store for the Third Order. The convention truly inaugurated a new epoch in the life of the Third Order in the United States.

Archbishops, bishops, monsignori, provincials, priests, nuns, statesmen, physicians, attorneys, merchants, mechanics, in fact, men and women of every walk of life, journeyed from the four corners of the land to commemorate the seventh hundredth anniversary of the founding of the great and glorious Third Order of St. Francis. Although the simplicity of the Seraphic Francis reflected from the great multitude that had gathered, it is no less true that the pomp and splendor manifested by the Catholic church on highest feast days was sufficiently evident to magnify the dignity of the event.

Most of the delegates and tertiaries arrived in Chicago, Saturday, Oct. 1. The visitors were met by the reception committee at the various railroad stations and thence escorted to convention headquarters at Hotel La Salle, where they registered and received delegate badges. Mr. James Cullen and Mr. John H. Welsh rendered invaluable services on Saturday and also on the three following days caring for the registration and railroad accommodations for the visitors.

Sunday, October 3 Religious Services

The next day, Sunday, Oct. 2, at 10:30 o'clock, the delegates and tertiaries met in the Cathedral school hall whence they marched in procession to the Holy Name Cathedral to attend Solemn Pontifical High Mass at 11 o'clock.

The parade of the thousands of men and women, followed by scores of Reverend Clergymen and Right Reverend Members of the Hierarchy presented a scene of religious manifestation seldom seen in America, and excited an insuppressible inspiration in the souls of all who witnessed the unusual grandeur.

Headed by the cross-bearer and acolytes, the pro-

cession passed in full array as follows: The tertiary women delegates, the tertiary men delegates and the tertiary men of the city of Chicago. These were followed by the celebrated St. Anthony Choristers of St. Louis, Mo., the sixty singers, led by Prof. Aloys Rhode, wearing black cassocks under white surplices. Directly behind the choir came the altar boys in their various colored cassocks and white surplices. The Reverend Clergy, arrayed in vestments or surplices, followed. Among them were members of nearly every Order besides many secular priests. At the end came the Right Reverend members of the Hierarchy, attired in festive vestments.

Forthwith the thousands of marchers entered the Holy Name Cathedral. No sooner had the first rumbles of the powerful organ transcended the lofty arches of the mighty building than every pew as well as the transepts and vestibule of the spacious edifice claimed their full quota of Third Order men and women.

Solemn Pontifical High Mass was celebrated by His Grace, the Most Reverend Albert T. Daeger, O. F. M., D. D., Archbishop of Santa Fe, New Mexico. He sat on the high throne at the left of the sanctuary, and was surrounded by the various prelates, the many priests, and the numerous servers. His Grace, the Archbishop of Chicago, was also present, assisted by Very Rev. Martin Strub, O. F. M., and Rev. Kilian Lutz, O. M. Cap., as deacons of honor. The multi-hued cassocks, vestments and habits of the members of the Hierarchy, the priests and the servers permeated the sanctuary with a constant play of shifting colors. Nothing more gorgeous could have been offered the eye of the most fastidious admirer of aesthetics.

Very Rev. Edmund Klein, O. F. M., Cincinnati, O., Minister Provincial of St. John Baptist Province, was the assistant priest at the mass. Very Rev. Leo Greulich, O. M. C., Syracuse, N. Y., Minister Provincial of the Immaculate Conception Province, and Very Rev. Benno Aichinger, O. M. Cap., Detroit, Mich., Minister Provincial of St. Joseph Province, were deacon and subdeacon, respectively. Deacons of honor were Very Rev. Mathias Faust, O. F. M., and Rev. Wendelin Green, O. M. Cap. Rev. Dennis J. Dunne, D. D., Chicago, acted as master of ceremonies.

With a voice that penetrated every inch of the large Cathedral, and with a high degree of eloquence, Very Rev. Hugoline Storr, O. F. M., San Francisco, Calif., Minister Provincial of the Santa Barbara Province, enraptured his thousands of hearers with a fitting sermon for the grand occasion.

The musical program rendered by the St. Anthony

Choristers contributed greatly to the impressiveness of the Mass.

Musical Program

1. Ecce Sacerdos Singenberger
2. Introit: Gaudeamus Vatican Chant
3. Kyrie, Gloria: Missa, "Salve Regina Pacis".....Huber
4. Gradual: Quasi Stella Matutina... Vatican Chant
5. Alleluia Haller
6. Credo Huber
7. Offertory: Magnificabitur Vatican Chant
8. Motet: Haec Dies.....Beltjens
9. Sanctus, Benedictus, Agnus Dei.....Huber
10. Communion: Non sunt condignae. Vatican Chant
11. Emitte Spiritum tuum: (a capella seven parts)Schuetky

were refused when it was seen that even standing room was no longer available.

Program at Mass Meeting

1. Song: "Tui sunt coeli" (Filke).....
.....St. Anthony's Choristers
- Hymn to St. Francis.....
.....(Composed for the Convention)
(Words by Rev. Fr. Flavian Larbes, O. F. M.)
- Music by Rev. Fr. Cajetan Elshof, O. F. M.)
2. Opening Remarks
Hon. Antony Matre, K. S. G., Chairman, Chicago
3. Address of Welcome.....Most Reverend George
Wm. Mundelein, D. D., Archbishop of Chicago
4. Address.....Most Reverend Albert T.
Daeger, O. F. M., D. D., Archbishop of Santa Fe



His Grace, Archbishop of Chicago, Patron of the Convention

12. Jubilee Hymn to Saint Francis.....
.....(Composed for the Convention)
(Words by Mr. Denis McCarthy. Music by Professor
Aloys Rhode)

Grand Mass Meeting in the Auditorium

An important feature of the convention was a grand mass meeting in the Auditorium Theatre, Sunday afternoon, at 3 o'clock. Almost simultaneous with the opening of the theatre doors over 5,000 persons, who had waited in line outside for more than an hour, occupied every available seat in the spacious auditorium. Thousands more sought admittance but

5. Song: "The Rosary" (Nevin).....
.....St. Anthony's Choristers
6. Reading of cablegram.
7. Song: "Oremus Pro Papa Nostro" (Rhode)
.....St. Anthony's Choristers
8. Address: "The Seventh Tertiary Centenary"
.....Most Reverend Edward J. Hanna,
D. D., Archbishop of San Francisco, Cal.
9. Song: "Land of Beauty" (Buchanan).....
.....St. Anthony's Choristers
- "Tota Pulchra" (Ferrata).....
.....St. Anthony's Choristers

10. Address: "United Tertiary Effort".....
Honorable Bourke Cochran,
 K. S. G., U. S. Congressman of New York
11. Song: "My Own United States" (Stanger)...
St. Anthony's Choristers
12. Song: "Praise Ye the Lord" (Molitor).....
St. Anthony's Choristers

Archbishop Daeger presided as honorary chairman, while the Honorable Antony Matre, K. S. G., Chicago, served as chairman.

The mass meeting was a glorious revelation of the Catholic mind on the great problem of social reform and proved beyond a doubt that Pope Leo XIII did not over-appraise the worth of the Third Order of St. Francis in the United States when he declared, "My social reform is the Third Order."

"Nine thousand delegates, representing 75,000 Tertiaries in the United States, assembled in Chicago, send you greetings and ask your blessing." The foregoing cablegram was sent to His Holiness, Pope Benedict XV, according to Archbishop Daeger, who read a copy of the message of the mass meeting.

Cablegrams were also sent to the Very Rev. Ministers General at Rome of the three district branches of the First Order of St. Francis.

The purpose of the mass meeting, according to chairman Matre, was "to sing praises of the great Franciscan Order and to review its achievements during the past seven hundred years." It was evident from the addresses of the various speakers that they deemed the occasion opportune also to censure the people of the world today for their drift to materialism and their worship of Mammon. A return to Christ and the Gospel was advanced as the only antidote able to counteract the evils of the age.

Evening Services

Services and sermons at various churches in Chicago Sunday night concluded the program of the day. At St. Augustine's church, Rt. Rev. Vincent Wehrle, D. D., Bishop of Bismarck, N. D., preached on "The Mission of the Third Order of St. Francis." At St. Clement's church, Rt. Rev. John J. Cantwell, D. D., Bishop of Los Angeles, spoke on "The Third Order and Its Place in Modern Life." At St. Peter's church, Rev. John B. Roser, O. F. M., of St. Bonaventure, N. Y., handled the subject of "The Third Order in the United States." At St. Michael's church, the Rev. Fulgence Meyer, O. F. M., of Cincinnati, O., developed the theme, "Why the Third Order?" At St. Stanislaus B. M. church, the Rev. Stanislaus Swierczek, C. R., told "What St. Francis Did for God, and What God did for Him." At St. Stephen's church, Rev. Casimir Zakrajsek, O. F. M., discussed "The Third Order and Our Social Problems."

Monday, October 3

The second day of the convention a Pontifical High Mass was celebrated at 8 o'clock in the Holy Name Cathedral. His Lordship Rt. Rev. Amandus Bahl-

mann, O. F. M., Bishop of Santarem, Brazil, S. A., was celebrant; Rev. John Ilg, O. F. M., Teutopolis, Ill., was assistant priest; Rev. Andrew Hermann, O. M. Cap., Marienthal, Kan., was deacon; Very Rev. Francis Manel, O. F. M., Pulaski, Wis., was subdeacon; and Rev. Dennis Dunne, D. D., Chicago, Ill., was master of ceremonies. The singing was rendered by the St. Anthony Choristers of St. Louis, Mo.

Musical Program

Ecce SacerdosElgar
 Introit—Educ de custodia.....Vatican Chant
 Missa Brevis (a capella).....Lotti
 Gradual—Quemadmodum desiderat...Vatican Chant
 Offertory—Fuerunt mihi lacrimae...Vatican Chant
 Motet, "Panis Angelicus".....Franck
 Communion—Effudi in me.....Vatican Chant
 More Love to Christ.....Edohr

At 10 o'clock Monday morning a business meeting, presided over by the Hon. Anthony Matre, K. S. G. was held in the "Convention Hall" of Hotel La Salle.

Right Reverend Christopher E. Byrne, D. D., Bishop of Galveston, Texas, was chairman, and Hon. Anthony Matre, K. S. G., Chicago, was assistant chairman, of a sectional meeting of men held in the "Red Room" of Hotel La Salle, Monday afternoon, at 2 o'clock.

At the same hour a sectional meeting of women was held in the "Convention Hall" of Hotel La Salle. Rev. S. P. Hoffman, Ph. D., of Effingham, Ill., presided.

Very Rev. Hugoline Storff, O. F. M., Santa Barbara, Calif., was chairman, and Rt. Rev. Francis Rempe, V. G., Chicago, was assistant chairman of a Directors' and Priests' meeting in the Quigley Preparatory Seminary, Monday afternoon, at 3 o'clock.

Monday night at 8 o'clock the delegates and tertiaries attended a joint meeting in the Convention Hall of Hotel La Salle. Rev. Philip Marke, O. F. M., Teutopolis, Ill., addressed the assembly on "The Third Order and the Laborer." Rev. Bede Hess, O. M. C., D. D., Trenton, N. J., followed with an address entitled "The Lay Apostolate in the Third Order." Rev. Venantius Buessing, O. M. Cap., New York, concluded the meeting with a speech on "The Third Order and True Peace." A significant feature of the speakers chosen was the fact that they represented the three distinct branches of the First Order of St. Francis, namely, the Order of Friars Minor, the Conventuals and the Capuchins.

For the benefit of those who could not attend the joint meeting, services and sermons were provided for in the various churches. At St. Augustine's church, Rt. Rev. Amandus Bahlmann, D. D., Bishop of Santarem, Brazil, South America, told of "The Spirit of St. Francis." At St. Clement's church, Rt. Rev. Edmund M. Dunne, D. D., Peoria, Ill., discussed "The Pulpit and Press in Relation to the Third Order." At St. Peter's church, Most Rev. Albert T. Daeger, O. F. M., D. D., archbishop of Santa Fe, New Mexico, told of "The Third Order Today." At St. Stanislaus' church, Rev. Stanislaus Swierczek, C. R., spoke on

"The Third Order and the Parish." At St. Stephen's church, Rev. Benvenute Winkler, O. F. M., Miss. Apos., preached on "The Franciscan Tertiaries in Relation to Their Pastor."

Tuesday—Feast of St. Francis

The closing day of the convention and the Feast of St. Francis, Tuesday, Oct. 4, was marked by great festivities both in the morning and in the evening.

At 9 o'clock His Grace, George William Mundelein, D. D., Archbishop of Chicago, celebrated Solemn Pontifical High Mass in the Holy Name Cathedral. The Archbishop was assisted by Very Rev. Martin Strub, O. F. M., St. Louis, Mo., Minister Provincial of the Sacred Heart Province, as assistant priest; Very Rev. Mathias Faust, O. F. M., New York, N. Y., Minister Provincial of the Holy Name Province, as deacon; Very Rev. Louis P. Donahue, T. O. R., Loretto, Pa., Minister Provincial of the Third Order Regulars, as subdeacon, and the Rev. Dennis Dunne, D. D., Chicago, as master of ceremonies.

Very Rev. Raymond Lawler, O. P., Minneapolis, Minn., preached a panegyric sermon on "St. Francis."

At 11 o'clock Tuesday morning a business meeting of delegates was held in the "Convention Hall" of Hotel La Salle. Various committee reports were read and voted on. A program of action to be executed by the tertiaries everywhere in the United States was drafted at the session.

The closing business meeting was held in the "Convention Hall" Tuesday afternoon at 2 o'clock.

The following officers of the General Directive Board of the First National Tertiary Convention in the United States were reappointed: Chairman, the Very Rev. Chrysostom Theobald, O. F. M., Cincinnati, O.; vice-chairman, the Rev. Wendelin Green, O. M. Cap., New Philadelphia, Pa.; financial secretary, the Rev. Aloysius Fish, O. M. C., Carey, O.; auditor National Board, the Rev. Anselm Kennedy, O. F. M., New York, N. Y., and recording secretary, the Rev. Roger Middendorf, O. F. M., Cleveland, O.

Rev. Hilmar Duerk, O. F. M., Rev. Ulric Petri, O. F. M., Rev. Conradin Wallbraun, O. F. M., and Rev. Leo Kalmer, O. F. M., were renamed members of the Executive Board.

The following telegram from the Holy Father at Rome was then read to those assembled:

"To the Most Reverend Archbishop Mundelein:

"The Holy Father accepts with great pleasure the homage of filial devotion and attachment of the numerous delegates of the National Congress of the Franciscan Order representing the Tertiaries of the United States and implores divine graces upon the labors of the Congress, and with best wishes for copious and salutary fruits of Christian life sends from all his heart to all members of the Congress his Apostolic Benediction,

"Cardinal Gasparri.

"Rome, Italy, Oct. 4, 1921."

Resolutions Read and Adopted at the Convention

The Third Order of St. Francis in Convention assembled renews its profession of Catholic Faith and loyalty to the Church and to her divinely constituted Head. It is imbued with the spirit of its holy Founder, which inspired him when at the very beginning of his holy Rule he declared: "And Brother Francis promises obedience and reverence to the Lord Pope Honorius and to his successors who shall enter upon their office canonically, and to the Roman Church."

The Third Order expresses its gratitude to our reigning Pontiff, Benedict XV, for his Encyclical of the Seventh Centenary, and it fondly hopes and earnestly prays that it may continue to be an instrument in the hands of God for the regeneration of human society and its return to God in the manner so lucidly expounded in the Encyclical.

The Third Order here assembled, composed of citizens, male and female, of these United States, renews its pledge of allegiance to our beloved country and of its obedience to lawful authority exercised under the provisions of and in accordance with our Constitution; and its members will always be found faithful in their allegiance, and studious of the attainment and exhibition of the attributes of true Americanism and righteous citizenship.

The Third Order, recognizing in the Ministers-General of the three branches of the First Order of Friars Minor, the lawful successors of St. Francis, expresses to them obeisance and offers homage; extending also an expression of respectful attitude to the Minister-General of the Third Order Regular.

The Third Order, not puffed up in spiritual pride, but abasing itself in the spirit of the humble Francis, expresses its grateful appreciation of the encomiums heaped upon it in so many letters by the hierarchy of this and other countries; and to each and every one of them it does homage as to a successor of the apostles, and to each within his own jurisdiction it promises fealty and obedience on the part of its members.

The Third Order, on this the death-day as a man and the feast-day as a Saint of its Seraphic Founder, honors his glorious memory and unites in glorifying him through praise, invoking his patronage through pious petition, and renewing its adherence to his spirit and his rule through a repetition of profession.

The Third Order, looking forward to the Seventh Centenary of his death in 1926, resolves that the event shall be observed in a most noteworthy manner, that it shall strive to make him known by that time to all men and women, and it expresses hope that on that occasion the world may gather about his tomb conscious that again his resting-place is in untrammelled possession of his sons who have been since his death the custodians of his sacred remains. Deeply deploring the fact that the Sagro Convento is no longer in the possession of the Order which he founded, we pledge all our resources, financial and moral, to obtaining from the government of Italy the restoration of these holy premises to the unquestioned control

and full possession of his spiritual children before the seven hundredth anniversary of his death.

The Third Order, in accordance with the expressed principles of Pius X of holy memory, does not regard itself primarily dedicated to the works of social service in the modern materialistic sense. Its aim primarily is to lead men and women to self-sanctification and to shining forth as from a candle-stand by deep religiousness, all-embracing charity and firm moderation in the use of what earthly life affords. But it does encourage its members to seek the extension of the kingdom of God on earth by proving of service unselfishly to others, by helping to alleviate human misery in all its forms, by being followers and leaders in all movements that tend to elevate humanity whether it be in the religious, civic, or moral sphere. The Charity of Christ being their inspiration, the ideals of Francis their guide, they will become agents and promoters of good in myriad forms.

The Third Order deplores the mad greed of gain that sets class against class and begets economic turmoil and social discontent and unrest; the wild chase after pleasure that renders our generation so irresponsible to higher ideals and appeals; the evils of divorce and cognate causes that are corrupting the home-life in our beloved country; the revival of pagan indecency that contaminates the stage, the films, the press, the very apparel of our women and girls. It hails with delight the efforts of disarmament and consequent return of peace and good will among the nations of the earth, so consonant with the principles and aims of the Third Order; and it prays Almighty God through the power of the Spirit to regenerate the hearts of men and thus to bring about a restoration of all things in Christ Jesus.

The Third Order invites into membership all Catholic men and women. It issues a call to young and old to place themselves within its embrace and to consecrate themselves to the realization of its principles and ideals. None are excluded provided they be willing to follow Christ and walk in the footsteps of Francis. And those that already know its beauties, that are tasting its sweets, may they be active propagandists in spreading the knowledge and in drawing others to a participation in the good things that are found in abundance in the Third Order of St. Francis.

The Third Order in Convention assembled tenders an expression of gratitude to the Most Reverend George W. Mundelein, D. D., Archbishop of Chicago, for his fatherly interest and his whole-hearted courtesy shown to it. And to all that in so many ways, in planning, preparing and executing what has been a monumental thing in the history of the Order in these United States, it extends a heartfelt expression of appreciative thanks.

Solemn Closing Services

The Convention was brought to a solemn close with services and Sacramental Benediction in the Holy Name Cathedral Tuesday night at 8 o'clock.

Celebrant: Most Reverend George William Mundelein, D. D., Archbishop of Chicago, Ill.

Assistant Priest: Very Reverend Martin Strub, O.

F. M., St. Louis, Mo., Minister Provincial of the Sacred Heart Province.

Deacon: Very Reverend Mathias Faust, O. F. M., New York, N. Y., Minister Provincial of the Holy Name Province.

Sub-Deacon: Very Reverend Louis P. Donahue, T. O. R., Loretto, Pa., Minister Provincial of the Third Order Regular.

Master of Ceremonies: Reverend Dennis Dunne, D. D., Chicago.

Program

Quemadmodum desiderat (Hartmann, O. F. M.)

.....St. Anthony's Choristers

Prayer.....Very Reverend Martin Strub, O. F. M.

Veni Creator (Brosig).....St. Anthony's Choristers

Sermon.....Right Reverend

Joseph Schrembs, D. D., Bishop of Cleveland, Ohio

Jubilee Hymn to St. Francis (McCarthy-Rhode)

.....St. Anthony's Choristers

Consecration to the Sacred Heart.....

.....Very Rev. Martin Strub, O. F. M.

O Cor Jesu (Terry).....St. Anthony's Choristers

Consecration to Mary Immaculate.....

.....Very Reverend Martin Strub, O. F. M.

Ave Maria (Dieterich).....St. Anthony's Choristers

Renewal of Profession.....

.....Very Reverend Martin Strub, O. F. M.

O Salutaris Hostia (Beltjens).....

.....St. Anthony's Choristers

Tantum Ergo (Singenberger).....

.....St. Anthony's Choristers

Wednesday, October 5

"Stay a Day and See Chicago"

8:00—Solemn Pontifical Requiem High Mass.

Celebrant: Right Reverend Henry Althoff, D. D., Bishop of Belleville, Ill.

Assistant Priest: Very Reverend Hugoline Storff, O. F. M., San Francisco, Cal., Minister Provincial of the Santa Barbara Province.

Deacon: Very Rev. Casimir Zakrajsek, O. F. M., Chicago, Ill.

Subdeacon: Rev. Fr. Valeriano, O. F. M., Boston, Mass.

Master of Ceremonies: Rev. Dennis Dunne, D. D.

After services: Automobile ride through the parks and boulevards of Chicago.



Obverse and Reverse of Medal Struck for the Convention

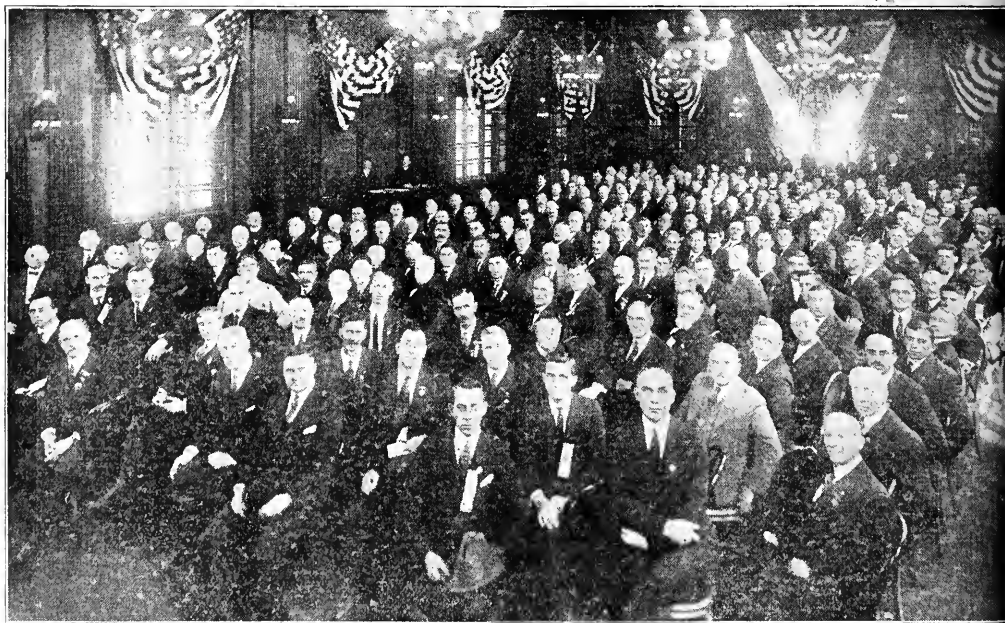
FIRST NATIONAL THIRD ORDER CONVENTION

A Layman's View*

By WM. F. MARKOE

IF CHRIST CAME TO CHICAGO" was the title of a book that attracted considerable attention some years ago. On October 2, the "if" was totally eliminated, for on that day, "Christ came to Chicago" in the person of the "Poverello" of Assisi, whose spiritual children to the number of 7,000, delegates and Tertiaries from all parts of the United States and Canada, gathered in Chicago to attend the First National Third Order Convention commemorating the seventh centenary of its birth. The resident Tertiaries welcomed the visiting delegates with the same holy joy with which Elizabeth welcomed the arrival of Mary, her cousin, bringing the yet unborn Savior in her womb. An inquisitive "bell-hop" at the Convention Hall, Hotel La Salle, where the Stars and Stripes and the Papal colors were intertwined and a large poster announced the Tertiary Convention with the dates: "1221-1921," was prompted to ask "what it was all about, when they started it, and what its objects were." He knew all about the Ku Klux Klan but had never heard of the Third Order and showed much interest on being informed that it

"started" seven hundred years ago, that Columbus, Joan of Arc, Dante, Daniel O'Connell, Garcia Moreno, Gounod, Palestrina, and thousands of distinguished characters in all walks of life were members, and that its chief object in the parlance of the day was, to restore America and the world to "normalcy," or in the words of Pope Pius X: "To restore all things in-Christ." In this herculean task it ought to mean more to America and the world than even the coming Disarmament Conference, for while that may limit armaments and even take the arms from the hands of the world's fighting men, yet only such an organization as the Third Order can, like the Good Samaritan, pour oil into the wounds of the world and restore that universal peace, justice, charity and brotherly love that follow from recognition of the "fatherhood of God." "My social reform," declared Leo XIII, "is the Third Order." "Domestic peace and public tranquillity, integrity of life and kindness, the right use and management of property—the best foundations of civilization and security—spring from the Third Order of St. Francis as from their root, and it is to



Tertiary Men in Session



Tertiary Women in Session

St. Francis that Europe is largely indebted for the preservation of these blessings," again declared Leo XIII, himself a great Tertiary Pope. Benedict XV, another, great Tertiary Pope, in a special Encyclical letter calling on all societies of men and women everywhere to join the Third Order, declares: "Man needs not the sort of peace that is built up on the laborious deliberations of worldly prudence, but that peace that was brought to us by Christ when he declared, 'My peace I give unto you; not as the world gives do I give unto you.' A man-made treaty, whether of states or of classes among themselves, can neither endure nor have at all the value of real peace unless it rests on a peaceful disposition; but the latter can exist only where duty, as it were, puts the bridle on the passions, for it is they that give rise to discord of whatever kind."

Now what the Order of St. Francis did in the thirteenth century, it can do again in the twentieth, and it is right and proper that the new crusade should have its origin in America, for no other country owes so much to St. Francis. It was Columbus, a Franciscan Tertiary, who discovered this wonderful land. It was a Franciscan Tertiary, Queen Isabella, who furnished the funds. It was Juan Perez, a Franciscan Friar, who induced her to undertake the enterprise, and who himself accompanied Columbus on his second voyage and offered the first Holy Sacrifice of the Mass in this virgin land, and his spiritual confreres first

preached the gospel to its inhabitants. That America should take the lead in restoring normalcy to the world seems to be the consensus of opinion everywhere. Hence it was not surprising that besides the letters of endorsement of the Convention from practically the entire American Hierarchy, scores of letters should have been received and read at the first meeting from the Phillipines, Guam, Hawaii, Brazil, Paraguay, Ecuador, Chile, Uruguay, Peru, British Honduras, England, Ireland, France, Germany, Scotland, Spain, Italy and other countries. The whole world is looking to America to inaugurate a movement that will insure real peace for the human family in an "association" of the "brotherhood of man and the fatherhood of God."

The Convention opened most appropriately in the beautiful gothic Cathedral of the Holy Name, with its glorious stained glass windows, its tall, slender columns like sheaves of lances, and brilliantly illuminated with countless electric bulbs. It was the first gathering in the United States of the three Orders founded by St. Francis, and they formed a long procession of brown habited Friars, Poor Clares, and men and women Tertiaries of the laity, followed by St. Antony's church choir from St. Louis, Mo., consisting of twenty men and forty boys, and a train of distinguished members of the hierarchy, and lastly his Grace Archbishop Mundelein of Chicago accompanied by numerous assistants including two little

pages in court costume supporting his train, as he scattered blessings right and left on the kneeling multitudes as he passed.

It was a difficult, not to say a daring thing, for any choir to come to the home of the far-famed Paulist Choristers if in quest of mere worldly honors. But the liturgical choir from St. Louis suffered nothing by comparison. They sang the Proper and Common of all the church services, rendering the Gregorian chants with a lightness, clarity and precision truly remarkable, while in the polyphonic selections their crescendos and diminuendos, sforzandos and morendos, acceleardos and ralentos, fortissimi and pianissimi, the vanishing nuances, splendid attack, the harmony of the inner parts, and the perfect balancing of the chorus, to say nothing of the excellent timbre of the individual voices, were a revelation to all who had never heard true ecclesiastical music before, and one could hear half-suppressed exclamations of, "Oh, how beautiful!" "Oh, how heavenly!" One is tempted to ask if the time will ever come when every large city choir will be competent to render liturgical music in so artistic a manner. The selections given at the immense mass meeting in the Chicago Auditorium proved that Prof. Aloys Rhode's choir was as proficient in secular as in sacred music.

Among the lay speakers at the mass meeting which filled the big Auditorium to capacity, the Hon. Bourke Cochran, the "silver-tongued orator," after painting a terrible picture of the threatened collapse of civilization and the impotence of all human efforts to avert it, made an earnest and impassioned plea for daily Communion, or in lieu of this, at least a daily visit to the Blessed Sacrament that would have done credit to any priest or church dignitary on the platform. Would there be any crime, any labor disturbances, any strikes or lockouts under those conditions? He declared governments were powerless to meet the situation and that a return to the methods of St. Francis alone could save society. Mr. David Goldstein, the converted Hebrew and relentless foe of Socialism, argued earnestly for the spread of the plan of the Catholic Truth Guild of Boston.

Among the clergy Rev. Father Fish explained a cablegram received from the Franciscan Provincial at Sagro Convento, Italy, where the tomb of St. Francis stands. It appears that the Italian Government "sequestered" this holy spot like so many others, and still claims title to it although the highest Italian court has decided the title to be in the Pope, and refuses to restore it to its rightful owners till a ransom is paid for it. All agreed that the highest honor that could fall to American Tertiaries would be to become the instruments for redeeming the tomb of St. Francis for his spiritual children, as the Crusades were fought to rescue the tomb of the Redeemer from the hands of Infidels and Turks. The Convention adopted a unanimous resolution deploring the fact that the Italian Government refused to recognize the rights of the true owners of the Sagro Convento, pledging its financial and moral support to any efforts to obtain the return of the property to its rightful owners, and hoping this would be accomplished in

time for the celebration of the seventh centenary of the death of St. Francis, in 1926.

Many excellent papers were read by clerical and lay members of the three Franciscan Orders including both men and women, and one of the many means suggested for spreading the Third Order came from San Francisco where the custom prevails of reciting a short Office of the Dead over the bier of the deceased member, which almost invariably leads to the joining of his entire family.

The following Program of Action was read and adopted:

"Believing that the opportune time has arrived to follow the example of our beloved Father in Christ, St. Francis, who went out on the highways and in the byways to preach the Gospel of Christ Crucified;

"Believing that the Apostleship of the laity should be extended to the carrying of the Catholic message of individual, family, economic and civil well-being to the man in the street;

"Believing that the practicability of this work has been amply demonstrated by the Catholic Truth Guild of Boston;

"Believing that the errors preached on our street corners, squares and in our public parks should be and can be counteracted by open expression out in the open by laymen of the reasons for the faith with which, by God's grace, they have been blessed;

"We recommend that this work be endorsed and we pledge our active support in furthering this mission and of all other lay movements of a similar character, which have received the approbation of the ordinary of the diocese;

"Believing that every Tertiary must be an active lay-apostle, a living sermon, a shining light of Christian life and Christian institutions;

"Believing that the Tertiary Fraternity of each parish must be the advance legion in promoting Catholic ideals in daily life;

"Believing that a constant reminder will serve to keep alive the Tertiary's fervor;

"Therefore, be it suggested that local fraternities take action on the following recommendation:

"That on the day of holy profession the Tertiary receive a card with the formula of profession and an outline of the duties of the respective Tertiary's state of life in conformity with the Tertiary Rule and that, on each communion day, the Tertiary renew profession and the pledge of a faithful fulfillment of these duties."

The general conviction of all attending the First National Third Order Convention, though unheralded and even studiously ignored by the local secular press, was that it meant great things for Chicago, the United States and the whole world. Coming so shortly before the Disarmament Conference which it warmly endorsed, it should prepare the soil for that great effort to sow the seeds of world-peace and give promise of a mighty harvest. It should mark a mile-stone in history and the ushering in of a new epoch, for on that auspicious occasion, surely, "Christ came to Chicago."



Fiction



THE RESIGNATION OF TIMOTHY

By NOEL A. DUNDERDALE

TIM he was to all his friends; Tim he would have been to his enemies, had he had any; Tim he was to all the other workers at the plant; Tim, with a warmth of affection, to Mary, otherwise known as Mrs. Tim, and Tim, with a generous air, on all the subscription lists that Father Martin published for the parish.

But for the purpose of our story we style him Timothy, as more befitting a hero, for Tim is a hero, though neither he nor his associates know it. Not being the brass band type his heroism remains obscure. None the less it is on the records of the Great Judge and some day Tim will know of the great balance to his credit.

Nothing was farther from his mind, however, one certain night as Tim, standing on the rear platform of a crowded street car, gazed on the shining tracks that led to the place of his daily labors, the place that he now regarded from an entirely new viewpoint.

For more than twenty years Tim had followed the same route, six days out of seven, from the plant to his humble dwelling and for well nigh twenty years previous he had followed a similar route from the same plant to his first home. An occasional holiday, prescribed by national patriotism, had broken the monotony but otherwise, winter and summer, hail, rain or shine, Tim was never absent from the scene of his work.

And now it was all ended. Tim had packed his tools and cleaned his work bench for the last time. He had taken his cap and lunch-box from the locker that he would never open again. He had said "good-bye" to the "hands" with whom he had worked for so many years and now he was on his way home to spend the declining years of his life in peace and quiet in the little cottage that he and Mary had called home for many years.

His years of unceasing toil had brought their reward in the form of a fairly substantial bank account and this, with a pension from the company for long service, would care for all their

reasonable needs and still allow a little something for the less fortunate who might come to their door for aid.

So Tim's heart was light as he swung off the car, for Tim was active though aged, to walk the remaining distance to his humble dwelling. "There'll be the back lot to clane up, and the fince to mind—" he was saying to himself, "an' then mebbe I'll paint the auld place for spring and—but won't Mary be surprised whin she finds I don't have to go to wur'rk to-morrow mornin'! Can't I just see her though, tryin' to wake me, an' sayin', Tim! Tim!! It's past six already and you in bed! Hurry or ye'll be late to the plant.' Bless her auld heart, Mary niver did have much of a mimory for dates. Phwat wuz the use o' me tellin' her that it wuz in '82 that I was thirty-three and not '83 that I wuz thirty-two? Shure, Mary didn't give a care how old I wuz, whin I wuz walking out with Polly McShane."

That was how it happened that Tim's resignation from active service at the factory was unlooked for on the part of Mary. She knew well enough that "come sivinty" Tim would be put on the pension list and that thence forward they would live quietly and happily together in the little cottage that, humble though it was, spelled home. But by her calculations that time was a good year or more away and Tim had planned, for years to play this great trick upon Mary, to give her the surprise of her life.

Family they had not, to share their happiness and contentment and for many years this had been a heavy sorrow for them to bear but, "tis the will of God," they piously averred and as such it was cheerfully accepted.

Tim was now round the last corner and in sight of home. The sight of it put fresh vigor into his old bones and he hurried along, his mind going over the words with which he would break the glad news to "the missus." He was not sure yet whether he could really hold it back until the next mornin'. That would be a supreme test of his power of

reticence which, through the long years of their married life, had never been strong enough for Tim to hold anything from Mary for more than fifteen minutes, excepting always the affair of his retirement and this had been forced into a secret by Mary's sheer inability to remember dates.

"Mebbe I'll just wait until afther supper," he thought. "That'll be a good time, whin I light me pipe and sit by the fire fer a quiet smoke and Mary has her sewin'. 'Mary,' I'll say, 'I'm home fer keeps. Me time's up an' I've earned me pinshin. I've left the plant fer good an' all an' now you an' me's just goin' to live comfortable like till Saint Peter sinds a missage sayin' the gate's open an' fer us to come. Be the great Saint Patrick, she'll fall off her chair."

Reaching the cottage, Tim saw the cheerful light burning in the kitchen where Mary would be preparing their evening meal. He stopped for a moment to compose his features and assume his customary expression lest Mary notice something unusual and, by asking questions, spoil the climax he had prepared.

"Hello, Mary girl!" he said, opening the door and depositing his lunch pail on the stool by the table. "Huh!" he continued, in surprise, "she's not here. An' the table not set— an'—" he looked around, his mouth open in amazement, "divil a pot on the stove! Phwat's the matter? Mary! Oh, Mary!" he called, going into the parlor and bedroom.

Obviously Mary was out but, barring the time Father Regan had been buried and she had taken a sudden notion to go to the funeral, Mary had never been absent at Tim's homecoming these ten years. Surely there must be something wrong.

Tim started on another search which included the clothes press, the pantry, the under side of the bed and the space behind every door. No Mary being there, as indeed would have been impossible for physical reasons, Tim decided to sit down and wait for her.

It was warm and comfortable there

by the stove in his own particular chair and as Tim looked around the little kitchen he felt a deep sense of satisfaction in the possession of his little home, plain though it was. Here at least dwelt happiness and, looking back over the years of his married life, most of which had been spent in this one home, Tim felt that he and Mary had much for which to be thankful. They had by no means an abundant share of the world's goods but with what he termed "raysonable comforts" he and Mary had got along well enough, satisfied to work, and work hard, having in mind the goal of retirement from active service to an old age free from anxiety and care. That time had come at last. Henceforth they could spend all of every day together in the enjoyments supplied by their years of industry.

So Tim planned and dreamed when, overcome by the genial warmth of the stove, he fell into a sound sleep.

* * *

It was several hours later when Mary returned, to find Tim fast asleep in his favorite chair. She came in quietly, in contrast to her usual sprightly manner. Tears were in her eyes and her whole bearing betokened sorrow. Tim heard her, quiet though she was.

"Mary, darlin', where were ye? Here I've bin—but phwat's the matter with ye, Mary? Sure it's cryin' ye are!" And the old fellow put his arm affectionately around her.

"Let me be, Tim; let me be just a minute." She slipped into a chair and for a few moments sobbed quietly, Tim staring in bewilderment.

"It's all come so sudden," she said at length. "We knew she was sick but nobody thought a thing of it. Shure an' didn't Doctor Murphy say a day or two in bed would fix her up all right. And now—now—" The tears came afresh and Tim stood by helplessly.

"Is it yer sister Lizzie ye mean?" he asked at length. Mary nodded her answer and Tim tried to guess the rest. Lizzie, he knew, had had an attack a few days before but it was no worse than the others and they had not feared for her. She must have taken a sudden turn for the worse during the day. And that was the story Mary told when she was able to talk.

"An' did they get his rivenance?"

"Shure he came, Father Martin himself; an' stayed with her till the last, blessin's on him for a holy soul. She knew everything, too, and that made it harder."

Tim attempted to be philosophical.

"'Twas the will of God," he said, piously. "She's better off now, away from this world of trouble an'—"

"Shure, Tim, an' no one knows that

better than me. But it's the children I'm thinkin' on," interrupted Mary.

"Shure, shure, the two girls. They'll miss their mother, poor things. John, though, is well fixed. He'll be gettin' a housekeeper."

"Oh, Tim. Ye don't understand. Shure John's only their step-father and—"

"Phwat?"

"Well, ye know he never cared much for them, bein' as how they were Catholics, like their mother, God rest her soul. What he did, he did for her, but he had no use for church-going and the clergy."

"He wuz supposed to be a Catholic," ventured Tim.

"'Supposed' it was," answered Mary. "But it's lucky for all of us he wasn't there when Father Martin came. He'd of driven us all from the house as soon as not. As it was, it all came so sudden like there was no time for him to get there before the end came."

"An' he wuzn't there at the last?" queried Tim, in horror at the thought of death coming so suddenly. "Oh, the pity of it, the pity of it."

"I don't know what to think at all," she said. "After all, the girls have no claim on John, bein' as he was not their father. If their own father didn't leave enough for them, shure it was no fault of John's. And even if he could provide for them and wanted to, they'd grow up outside of the Church. John would never see them go to Mass and live in his house. I don't know what to think."

"Ye won't have asked Father Martin?" asked Tim.

"Not yet. It was all too confused and sudden. It's a terrible thing to lose the only relative you have in the world."

"An' didn't the girls' own father have anyone?"

"No, Tom was the only one in his fam'ly, just as Mary and me were all there were in ours. No, there's nobody they have any claim on but me and it's little enough I have."

"Would to God I could give ye more, Mary girl," exclaimed Tim fervently.

"It's no fault of yours, Tim dear; sure you've worked steady all these years. But the good God will find a way. He won't let them go in want."

Old Tim's face wore a worried look. Here were terrible difficulties to be overcome. Two little girls were left motherless, perhaps homeless; worst of all their religion was in danger. It must be worked out somehow.

* * *

Tim lay awake far into the night, his mind wrestling with the problems that the day had brought. His own piece of news had been relegated entirely to the background and for a while he had almost forgotten it. Should he tell Mary now and help cheer her? No, not yet, he thought. He must wait and see how things turned. Suddenly it came to him, Maybe a year would make all the difference in the lives and fortunes of these two orphan girls. It would give them time to settle down a bit under the changed circumstances and while they would still be too young to work for their own support, they would certainly be nearer caring for themselves and if a year or two more should be needed—well, Tim's back was straight, his hand was steady and—it was fortunate that he had kept his secret.

"Mary," he said, "there's the old bed up in the attic."

"What of it?" questioned Mary.

"Shure it'll be big enough for them two girls," continued Tim hesitatingly.

"And they live here, ye mean?"

"We can't let them grow up hay-thens," he said, as he settled himself to sleep.

* * *

It seemed but a few minutes before the voice of Mary awakened him.

"Tim! Tim!! It's past six already."

"Right ye are, Mary. Shure I'll be at the plant before the whistle blows."

DEAD LEAVES

The wind blows wearily, the air is chill,

The dead leaves rustle in the woodland shade;

The ghostly sighings of the branches fill

The dull grey eve with gloom; 'twas doom'd to fade,

The golden glamour of their autumn state,

The regal grandeur of the rich red leaves

Which glow'd beneath October's Sun—Sad fate

Of mortal things! How soon the grave receives

Their faded loveliness! Here man's estate

Is transient as the leaves; and yet in truth

Awaits the holy dead a Spring of endless youth.

Sister Mary of the Angels, O. S. F.



Missions

THE FRANCISCANS IN NEW MEXICO

By FR. ZEPHYRIN ENGELHARDT, O. F. M.

CHAPTER XXXV

Desecration of Altars—Po-pe's Anti Christian Orders—Levies Taxes—A Sacrilegious Banquet—Po-pe Deposed—Factional Wars—Fr. Ayeta Again Active—Succeeds—Otermin Off for New Mexico His Return—Excuse of the Rebels—Senecú Isleta del Sur, and Socorro Established

WE shall now see how the territory fared under the domination of the sorcerers and medicine-men after the departure of the Spaniards. "The condition of the province begged description," declares Professor Hackett, who closely follows the original authorities. "The *estancias* (habitations) and *haciendas* (plantations) of the Spanish settlers had been robbed both of household goods and of the horses and cattle of the fields, while many of the houses had been destroyed by fire. The churches, where not burned, had been stripped of their sacred vessels, robbed of their ornaments (vestments), and in every way as completely and foully desecrated as Indian sacrilege and indecency could suggest, while the sacred vestments had been made use of by the Indians as trophies in the dances and festivities celebrating their success."

Fr. Silvestre Veléz de Escalante, who in 1778 from the Archives of Santa Fé drew "a compact and very accurate sketch of the bloodiest episode in all Southwestern history,"¹ sums up the acts of the rebel leaders in a few paragraphs. His description, like the footnote from Hackett, reminds one of the satanical orgies held in the churches of France by the Jacobins, and in poor Mexico by the military rowdies of the late Carranza. Such unspeakable devilries could have been inspired only by one and the same infernal spirit. It will be noticed in all these cases that it is the *altar* above all which arouses the fury of such mobs. Satan knows what hurts his rule most.

"The rebels were now the masters of

the whole dominion. As soon as the Spaniards had left it, Po-pe commanded—and he imposed the death penalty on those who should disobey—that all, men, women, and children, should take off the crosses and rosaries which they might be wearing, and that they should break them to pieces and burn them; that no one should utter the names of Jesus or Mary, nor invoke the saints; that all married men should abandon the women with whom they contracted matrimony according to the Christian Law, and should take unto themselves other women that would suit them; that no one should speak the Castilian language, nor should any one show that he has any affection for the God of the Christians, for the saints, or for the missionaries and Spaniards; and that, where they had not yet done so, they should burn all the churches and sacred images.

"He (Po-pe) then went on a tour of inspection, accompanied by Jhaca, a chief of the rebel Taos, by another of the Picuries, named Don Luis Tupatí, who had previously been their chief, and by a third, named Alonso Catiti, chief of the Queres, who had before been interpreter of the pueblo of Santo Domingo, and by a great number of minor chiefs. From the churches he took the vestments and sacred vessels which he wanted, and the rest he divided among the chiefs and subaltern officers. He then determined what taxes the pueblos would have to pay him in the shape of wool, cotton, and other things whenever he should visit them."

"In the pueblo of Santa Ana, he

(Po-pe) ordered a banquet to be prepared of the various foods which the religious and the governors were accustomed to enjoy (on occasions of a banquet). A large table was arranged after the fashion of the Spaniards. He seated himself at the head, and at the opposite end he directed Alonso Catiti to take his seat. The rest he assigned to the remaining places. He then had two chalices brought, one for himself and the other for the said Alonso. Both in mimicry of the Spaniards and of the Christian Religion would drink the toasts. Po-pe, taking his chalice, would say to Alonso, as if he were the Father Custos: 'To the health of Your Reverend Paternity.' Then Alonso would take his chalice, and rising he would say to Po-pe: 'Here is to the health of Your Lordship, Señor Governor.' In short, in the whole territory not a vestige of the Christian Religion remained. Everything was profaned and destroyed."

Such a state of things could not last; and since the people as a whole, from superstitious dread, had given only a half-hearted support to the leaders of the revolt, they soon tired of the domination of Po-pe. Says Fr. Escalante, continuing his report: "The rebel pueblos of New Mexico began to grow angry at one another and to wage war. The Queres, the Taos, and the Pecos fought against the Tehuas and Tanos. These in turn deposed Po-pe on account of the despotism and harshness with which he caused himself to be obeyed, and on account of the heavy taxes which on his frequent visits he made them pay

(1) "En el pueblo de Sandia, se hallaron unos santos corporales escrementados, y dos calices dentro de una petaca, escondidos entre esterco, y una hechura de un crucifijo quitado a azotes la encarnación y el varnis,—escremento del lugar del asiento de la sacra ara del altar mayor, y una hechura del Señor San Francisco quitados los brazos ajachassos (a bachazos)."—Hackett in *The Quarterly, Texas*

State Hist. Association, October, 1911, 130-131. See also Otermin, *Salida*, p. 17, 69-70.

(2) Lummis in *Land of Sunshine*, March, 1900, p. 247.

(3) The foolish Indians, whom the medicine men under Po-pe had deluded into believing that they should be entirely free, now at the very outset received a taste of what liberty meant under rulers who frankly acknowledged

that they were setting up the reign of the demon in the place of Christ. It is the same story throughout the ages.

(4) The fanatics would fain have erased the very baptismal character; for, according to Otermin, *Salida*, p. 70, 78-80, they plunged into rivers and rubbed themselves with soap in order to wipe away the water and the holy oil applied in Baptism.

to him. In his place they chose Don Luis Tupatú, who governed the Tehuas and Tanos until the year 1688, when Po-pe was again chosen. Soon after that he died, and then the said Don Luis Tupatú was elected for the second time. Alonso Catiti, the head of the Queres, died sooner. While he entered an *estufa* to sacrifice, he suddenly burst asunder. Thereafter each pueblo of the Queres governed itself. The Apaches were at peace with some of the pueblos, but to others they did all the damage they could. The Yuttas (Utes), after they had learned the misfortune of the Spaniards (in 1680), waged unceasing war on the Jémes, Taos, and Picuries, and with even much more fury on the Tehuas, among whom they committed dreadful depredations. Not alone with this and with the wars among themselves were all the apostates of the territory afflicted, but also by famine and pestilence. The Queres and Jémes finished off the Piroos and Tihuas, who remained behind after the invasion (return) by Otermín, because they considered them friendly to the Spaniards. Of the Tihuas only a few families escaped and retired to Moqui, of the Piroos none whatever."

After these castigations, which the better class of the Indians could not help regarding as just punishments for the murders of the defenseless missionaries and of numerous Spaniards, men, women, and children, the pueblos were disposed to welcome the return of their real friends. Meanwhile Otermín from the region of El Paso reported to the viceroy the uprising, and the disasters which came upon the Spaniards. The energetic Fr. Ayeta once more went back to the Capital, and reported his own observations, which were backed by the autograph statements of the surviving Franciscan friars. He petitioned his Excellency to provide all the means available, Fr. Escalante tells us, "in order to reclaim the apostate rebels of New Mexico for the Catholic Faith and obedience to his Majesty. The viceroy granted this permission, for which he had the royal consent, for securing everything that was necessary, not only for the reduction of the rebels, but also for the subsistence of the families of the Spaniards, and of the Piroos, Tompiros, Tihuas, Jémes, and Tanos Indians, from all of which tribes some who refused to apostatize had come down with Otermín. Fr. Ayeta himself came back with this good news, and with the royal aid. On this occasion the presidio (garrison) of El Paso⁶ was established (which is now

at Carrizal), under the patronage of Our Lady of the Pillar and of St. Joseph."

Otermín now made arrangements for his long-contemplated expedition for the reconquest of New Mexico. "On November 18, 1681 (more than a year after his retreat from Santa Fé), the force destined for the reduction of rebels, and which was composed of 146 Spanish soldiers and 112 Indian auxiliaries, with Governor Otermín, Fr. Ayeta, and other religious, set out for New Mexico from the monastery of Our Lady of Guadalupe.⁷ On the eve of the Immaculate Conception they reduced the rebel Tihuas (Tiguas) of the pueblo of Isleta. From here Governor Otermín sent out a small part of his force which ventured as far as Cochiti. With the rest Otermín went as far as the pueblo of Zandiá and Puaray (near Bernalillo), which latter he found abandoned by the people, but well supplied with provisions. From Zandiá he returned to Isleta; but before arriving there he was overtaken by the detachment which had gone to the pueblos up the river (Rio Grande), that is to say, San Felipe, Santo Domingo, and Cochiti. It accomplished nothing of moment except the capture of three apostates.⁸ Otermín wished to continue the campaign, but owing to the rigor of the winter, the extreme debility of the horses, and also on account of the danger that the recent converts of Isleta might relapse into apostasy (as 115 had actually done a few days previously), the Governor determined to return at once to El Paso (Guadalupe, now Juárez). . . . The Isletans whom he brought along on this occasion numbered 385 souls, and the prisoners eight.

"Among the prisoners was Pedro Naranjo, a distinguished medicine-man and master preacher of idolatry, who as such enjoyed the greatest esteem along with Po-pe. He explained the motives of the revolt and the transactions of said Po-pe with more fullness, intelligence, clearness, and likelihood than any other Indian. The motives were chiefly two. First, the love which many of the old men retained for their ancient mode of living, for their idolatry, for their *estufas*, which had been destroyed in the time of Governor Trevino. Secondly, the vexatious and ill treatment which many pueblos suffered at the hands of some Spaniards, the persecution of the Indians who were regarded as *hechiceros* (wizards, medicine-men), the many castigations and capital punishments which

various predecessors of Otermín had inflicted on such medicine-men."

Otermín and his men "on returning, reached El Paso in January, 1682. Here the Governor at once determined the sites for the habitations of the Indians whom he had brought from New Mexico on this and the previous expeditions. He located the towns as follows: two leagues below Our Lady of Guadalupe (Juárez) with the Piroos and Tompiros Indians the pueblo of Senecú; a league and a half to the east of this with Tihuas Indians the pueblo of Corpus Christi of Isleta; twelve leagues from El Paso and seven and a half leagues from the said Isleta, down the same Rio Grande del Norte, with Piroos Indians, a few Tanos, and somewhat more Jémes, the third pueblo under the patronage of Our Lady of Socorro. In 1683 the Indians of this pueblo (Socorro) attempted to take the life of their missionary, Fr. Antonio Guerra, and of one or two Spanish families that lived there. They did not execute their design, because the Zumás, who had joined them in settling there, disclosed their plot. The ringleaders fled to New Mexico, and those who remained, by order of the Governor removed to another locality, much nearer to the pueblo of Isleta, where they established their town a second time under the same appellation of Socorro. In the said year 1683, on October 24, the first mission of the Zumás Indians was founded, eight leagues south of the pueblo of El Paso (Juárez now), on the spot which they now call Ojito de Samalayuca. This mission did not continue, because in the following year of 1684, they rose in rebellion with the Mansos Christians and pagans, with the Janos and the rest of the Zumás, and apostatized."⁹

Every Catholic child in a Catholic school. A Catholic paper in every Catholic home. To make and hold yourself good, is the best start toward making the world good.

Tertiary Convention

(7) The monastery had been established there much earlier.

(6) "Ancón de Fr. García." Fr. García had built the church at what is now Juárez in 1656. The expression would simply mean the neighborhood of this mission church.—Fr.

García's place.—See *Fr. Herald*, July, 1921, p. 277.

(7) That a handful of soldiers should be able to penetrate within thirty miles of Santa Fé, and meet with no opposition from the rebels goes to show that the rebels were

heartily tired of strife.

(8) Escalante. *Carta al P. Lector Fr. Juan Agustín Morfi*, Santa Fé, April 2, 1777. It covers pages 115-126, folio, in *Documentos para la Historia de México*, Tercera Series. Copy in Bancroft's Collection.

A SICK-CALL AMONG THE NORTHERN INDIANS

BY FR. ODORIC, O. F. M.

I HAD just returned from an Indian mission and was making a brief visit at St. Joseph's Hospital, Ashland, Wisconsin. The telephone rang—nothing unusual in a hospital—and a Sister told me: "Father, there is a long-distance call for you."

"Hello," I said. "Yes, this is Father Odoric. What is it?"

"Anna Baker, living at Mouth of Yellow River, is calling for the priest."

"Why, just a few weeks ago I was with her, gave her the last sacraments and prepared her for a good death."

"True enough; but Anna wishes to see you again, Father, before she dies."

I must insert for my readers that Mouth of Yellow River is about 140 miles away from Ashland and 40 miles distant from any railroad. Moreover, it was winter and a short time before Christmas when traveling is no joyride. Thoughts of refusal arose for the moment, but I thought: dying is an earnest affair. The poor Indian woman in her extreme need is looking for a helping hand into the land of eternity. No one is then more needed than a priest. "I'll be there," were my words of quick resolve.

The Indian kindly promised to meet me at Spooner, Wis., which was the nearest railway station. True to my promise, I arrived in time at Spooner. I looked around at the depot; all kinds of people were there, but not my Indian. "Perhaps the team is in the livery-stable," I thought. In vain. Then I telephoned to learn if anyone were coming to get me. "No," came the comforting answer. There was no time for delay. Immediately I went back to the

livery stable and hired a team. Only one was left, of which the owner said, rather encouragingly, "They are slow but good."

Gladly would I have used a cutter; but since the snow was only a few inches deep, I had to be satisfied with a buggy. About one P. M. I started on the forty-mile journey. The air was fresh; the road was good. I felt quite comfortable in my thick buffalo. About seven o'clock in the evening I arrived at Goslin, midway. This is a small mission for the whites which I was wont to visit en route. Upon my arrival there was great joy.

"The priest is here," they said. "We can attend Holy Mass tomorrow."

But when I told them that I was on a sick-call and in a hurry to go onward, they made all kinds of objections to keep me there: "It's too late already. You have a long way yet. You will lose your bearings in the dark." All to no avail. "Duty calls me."

"Well, Father, why can't you stay at least for supper?"

"I'll do that." I and my horses did justice to such welcome kindness.

After supper the horses were hitched again. Still the good people begged me to remain, for they feared that I would be lost in the darkness.

"Don't worry; I know every turn of the road."

Since it had grown dark in the meantime, I thought that a lantern would come handy. They brought one—a monster about three feet high, enough to scare anyone at sight, a headlight for a steam-engine. This giant was

promptly attached with wire to the dash-board.

"Giddap!" Good wishes and worried fears were sent after me as my wagon lumbered through the frowning timber. My big lantern lit up the forest briskly. I had to laugh aloud when I complacently looked up to my huge fire-bug. I felt sure that neither wolf nor bear nor any other ferocious specimen of the animal kingdom would dare to cross my path nor any robbers intercept my blinding rolling-stock.

But—what—in the name of sense!—the light was growing dimmer, smaller and smaller—it was gradually decreasing to one candle-power,—to a mere spark—it was out. Goodness gracious and gracious goodness! I remembered the five foolish virgins whose light had gone out for want of oil. I felt like a sixth one. Well, nothing else remained but to forge ahead without my failing three-foot guide. The snow, however, reflected a spare light so that I could barely see the road and the horses; all else was enveloped in Egyptian darkness.

On, on we drudged through woods and field, up hill, down hill. After some time I drove up a little eminence, reconnoitered and thought that the good Lord's map and my mental one agreed quite well. But after a while the road began to look strange to me. Is this the right direction? It must be. Get up! The eight legs before me promptly plodded onward. Of a sudden, though, I realized that I was in an unknown region. Where in the world are you, I asked myself. I could not answer. But luckily I noticed a house and barn close by. The sparks that came dancing out of the chimney indicated to me that the place was inhabited. I rapped—no answer. I drummed on the window-pane. A man's face merged from behind the curtains.

"Excuse me," I said, "is this the road to Yellow River?"

"No, sir! You have missed it by two miles. But you can take the lane along this fence."

"Thank you; good-bye."

My horses set out as I was directed. But soon the road was blocked by a fence. Necessity knows no law, I loosened the bolts and drove on. A light shone in the distance and I headed straight for it. Again I had to break the domestic peace when a man, lantern in hand, opened the door for the night-owl. I told him my predicament and he kindly told me: "Just go straight ahead." I followed his advice. But I hardly had gone a piece when the roads diverged in all directions like a maze in the Roman catacombs. I felt like a certain Peter at the parting of the ways. What should I do now? Turn back like



this Peter? I drove back to the house which I had just left. The owner had a kind heart; for he climbed up with me to serve as my guide.

We had not advanced very far when our lane met the road which I had always traveled. I thanked my kind companion in word and also in deed. He departed and I was all alone again.

It was about midnight and I was only two miles from Yellow River. I certainly rejoiced at the fact that I was coming to the end of my roundabout wanderings. Alas! again I found myself headed in the wrong direction. Yet, I knew the road to the Indian village perfectly and felt sure that after a certain turn, I would be on a bee-line to my destination. On, on I rode, but it seemed like on a road to eternity. The stars twinkled so kindly and quietly in the distant heaven and looked with such complacency upon the lonely night-rider. Without fail they travel their

The Indian village lies on a high cliff looking down on the mighty St. Croix River. Lullabied by the sighing pines, it slept in deep peace. The houses were empty; the windows were barricaded; the Indians had left to try their luck elsewhere. Happily the three good Medweish women (as Fr. Casimir Vogt, O.F.M., called them) were at home. "Big Mary" unhitched the horses, put the hungry and tired animals in the barn and filled their cribs.

I asked for Anna Baker, my patient. "She is not here," they told me. "They have taken her to Tamarack, eight miles away." Good news, indeed! The driver's eyes were heavy with fatigue and he crawled into bed.

I slept for about an hour. Then I read Holy Mass in the stately cathedral which happens to be a poor-looking blockhouse. After this, I set out for Tamarack. I had traveled about a mile when a team appeared from the op-

tense grief, the preparations for the burial were discussed. I wished to bury the deceased on the following day since I could not stay long. But all kinds of hindrances arose. "We have no coffin," they pleaded. I answered: "You yourselves can easily make one." "That will not work well," said the bereaved husband. "They will reproach me if I do not buy a beautiful coffin for my wife. I would rather go to Webster and buy one." "Webster is far away," I objected. "Listen, a coffin from Webster is dear and you have no money. Such a casket is made of thin boards that will break apart soon. I tell you what we'll do. There is plenty of wood to be had from the saw-mill. The women can easily get black cloth. Jose can make the coffin and the women can cover the outside with black and the inside with white drapery. Then we'll decorate the whole affair with boughs and flowers. You'll have a casket that is stronger and more beautiful than any from Webster. If anyone should cast any remarks, simply tell him: "The Father wanted it this way and I did what he told me to do." This talk had effect. I drove back to Mouth of Yellow River, to the church and cemetery. It was late at night when I arrived.

Early in the morning I was aroused by the barking of Indian dogs, and the noise of Indian traffic. What was the matter now? Lo and behold! all the Indians from Tamarack, the living and the dead (one), on cutters and wagons and—on feet! They were shivering with cold. The question was where to put that caravan. I did as Noe of old. All were accommodated (?) in the house where I lived. Blankets were spread on the floor; the Indians lay down as best they could and slept soundly whilst I was awake viewing the situation. Anywhere and everywhere the Indians were lying, straight and crooked, on their sides and backs and faces. It looked like a portion of doomsday eve.

At eight o'clock the signal was given: "Onish kaioig, arise!" Soon everybody was in church to go to confession and hear Holy Mass. The confessions over, I asked them if the coffin was ready that the burial could begin. "No," was the answer. "Jose, the Indian carpenter, is not here yet; but he is coming. The boards and cloth, too, have not been brought yet." This was typical of Indian slowness. A German proverb found its application: "If I don't come today, I'll come tomorrow, at least the day after, surely."

I began Holy Mass and during the same the Indians went to Holy Com-



directed paths but down here below I—. The Heavenly Father, however, who thrones beyond the stars, pitifully saw the plight of his anointed.

At times I lit a match and looked at my watch. Tediously, one by one, the hours passed. Gradually welcome dawn was overspreading the sky, the sun rose and I came to a road. My two horses galloped with delight; they seemed to know the way. Happily I met two woodchoppers and asked them:

"Where does this road lead to, please?"

"To Spooner. You are only a short distance from Pulse's saloon."

I turned round and after some time finally came to Yellow River. Up to this day I know not where I had wandered in the previous six hours.

posite direction. When the Indians saw me, they turned back.

Arriving in Tamarack, I quickly entered the room of my sick Anna Baker, who was just breathing her last. Without further delay I gave her absolution and extreme unction—and then she passed away. Holy Communion she could no longer receive.

Here I had come so far, I had borne worries all night long, I had at times been so close to my destination and yet—I came too late to administer all the consolations of our holy religion. Why should things happen in this way? I know not; God alone knows: "Watch and pray," the Lord tells us, "for you know not when the Lord cometh."

After the parents and relatives had somewhat recovered from the first in-

munion. Already (?) at four o'clock in the afternoon the coffin was finished. The remains of Anna Baker were laid into the neat casket and every one, according to Indian custom, gave her a hearty farewell kiss. Then the body was brought to the church, blessed and buried in a pine-grove close to the church. There she rests on a high bank of the St. Croix River with those that were dear to her in life. It will not be a long time any more when the last Indian of that settlement will find there his resting-place till the wake of judgment.

At five o'clock I was ready to depart for home. The poor Indians were sad. When the priest comes, they rejoice; they are downhearted when he leaves. I gave them my blessing, climbed into my buggy and my horses walked off. My big lantern (dear old thing) had been replenished with oil and was lighted to renew its welcome service. I had resolved to be on my guard and to keep on the right road by all means. My team galloped briskly. At the house

of a certain Mr. Scott I turned to the right, but collided with a tree-stump. There was a loud snap;—one shaft was broken. I went into the house of Mr. Scott and told him my misfortune. "I am in trouble," I began.

"Yes, you are always in trouble," said he. We doctored the injured shaft with a bandage of wire. But after a short time the whole thing went to pieces. I helped myself as well as I could in my journey onward. Alas, before I was aware I had taken the wrong road again. For in winter so many roads are opened in the woods that it is no trick at all to be lost. Luckily, I soon was aware of the wrong direction. I loosened my huge lantern and trotted on foot to find the right way. When I found that I was only two miles from Omernick's place where I purposed to stay overnight, I thought that I could save the trouble of tying my notorious headlight to the buggy; I could place it safely aside of me on the seat. The road was in good condition and my ponies were trotting quickly when—a deep

hole which I had not noticed gave us a vicious bump and lurch—my lantern reeled and with a biff and a bang lay in the ditch below.

I raised the remains. The light was out and the mighty cylinder was in pieces.

Arriving at Omernick's, I found them gone to bed. But they arose and prepared a supper for me. In the afternoon they had cooked chicken soup with delicious noodles for their guest. But he had failed to appear and at nine o'clock they said: "Father is not coming any more. Tomorrow is Friday; we shall have to eat the supper ourselves." Thus also even the chicken got away from me.

The next morning I read Holy Mass at the house of my kind host. Then I set out for Spooner and arrived there that evening about six o'clock. I paid my bill at the livery-stable and confessed my guilt of breaking the shaft. There was no fine meted out for this delinquency. At ten o'clock in the evening I was back at Ashland again.

A SON OF ST. FRANCIS

The light of the morning shines bright on his brow,
Through the whispering acacias that bud and that bow,
Till one fragile white blossom drifts daintily down,
And gleams like a pearl on his habit of brown,

A pearl not more pure than his stainless young soul,
Round which the dark waves of temptation may roll,
In vain,—for his heart to his God has been given—
His hopes, his desires and his thoughts are in Heaven!

The free, joyous spirit of Francis of old—
The love that is lasting, that never grows cold—
The feet never weary in walking God's ways—
The lips never tiring in singing God's praise—

Are his and the radiance that rests on his face,
Is the sun of the soul—the true index of grace—
O that I, who am weary of thought and of care,
May find for my comfort a place in his prayer!

MARIAN NESBITT.



Fireside Talks & Tales

Children's Corner

CONDUCTED BY ELIZABETH ROSE

SIX BUSHELS OF SALT FOR DINNER

DO YOU remember the famous half-a-dozen sweet potatoes dinner to which General Francis Marion, the Revolutionary hero, invited the British officer who came under a flag of truce to his camp? How astonished the Englishman was to find that the American general had nothing else to offer him. It is told that he afterwards resigned his commission in his own army, refusing to fight any longer against an enemy so brave and determined that they didn't care whether they had anything to eat or not, just so they gained their country's freedom.

Now sweet potatoes aren't so bad for dinner, providing you have enough; but how would you like to eat a dinner of six bushels of salt? Yet it was an excellent one, and everybody enjoyed it immensely, the more so that for several days beforehand nobody present had had enough to satisfy his appetite. It took place in this same Revolutionary War, at a time when the poor American army had scarcely any arms, money or, worst of all, provisions. The officers fared no better than the men, and the outlook was a black one. You have all read in your histories of the terrible winter at Valley Forge. Washington and his aids were one day just sitting down to a scanty meal when the cook, a Mrs. Thomson, "a worthy, good Irish woman," the officer who tells this little story calls her—came to the general with a very long face.

"Can't you give me some money, sir?" she asked. "There's but little the day and tomorrow nothing, if I haven't the money."

"Mrs. Thomson," said the gen-

eral sadly, "I have not a farthing to spare."

"But sure, sir, you and the gentlemen must have to eat, and I with nothing!"

"Give us anything you can find," said the general solemnly, "for I can buy nothing at present."

Mrs. Thomson looked very blank for a moment, then suddenly she said:

"But you'll give me the order for six bushels of salt, sir?"

"Six bushels of salt?" said Washington, surprised. "Why, what can you do with six bushels of salt?"

Now salt was a precious thing at that time and of high cost, but it so happened that the camp had more salt in store than provisions.

"For your dinner tomorrow, sir," said Mrs. Thomson, dropping a curtsey.

"Our dinner?" said the general, still more surprised, while his officers, glad of any diversion, laughed heartily.

"Yes, sir. Get your gentleman there to give me my order and you shall have a fine dinner, I promise you."

"Now, why do you wish this salt, Mrs. Thomson?" asked the general, gravely. "You know these are no times for idle talk. While we can not eat salt, we must be careful of wasting it. Why do you want it?"

"Well, general, I want it to preserve some fresh beef we still have," said the good woman. "Give her the order," said Washington to one of his aids, and she departed in triumph.

The next day the general and his officers sat down to a dinner the like of which it had been long since they had seen. The providing was bountiful, and the cooking left nothing to be desired. At its

end Washington had Mrs. Thomson summoned. While thanking her, he very gravely remonstrated with her and told her he could not allow her to supply the needs of himself and his aids out of her own pocket, as she had done; it was not the first time, though never to such an extent, and she must know that it was impossible at present to repay her—none could tell how long a time might elapse before such a thing was likely to be in their power.

Mrs. Thomson listened quite as gravely until he had finished.

"But why do you scold, sir?" she said. "Sure 'tis your own six bushels of salt you ate!"

Then she explained, between smiles and tears, that she had exchanged the precious salt with some of the country people around who had none, and who were only too willing to barter the provisions they still had for its sake.

"And if I put the least too much in the dish, some of the gentlemen will let me hear," she said. "But when I put in the whole six bushels, they say it's the grand dinner."

"PONTIFEX MAXIMUS"

"Supreme Pontiff," we call the Pope—*Pontifex Maximus*, "Chief Bridge-Maker." A strange title, with a history attached to it stretching far back before the birth of Christ to the time when Rome, the city of the Pope, the city of the world, indeed, was still in its infancy, and the Jewish people were the only nation of the earth that had the knowledge of the true God. Romulus, the founder of Rome, after whom it was named, built it 750 years before Our Lord came upon earth (just think of it—Rome still exists, and we in this part of the world think a city old if it is over a century!) For the purpose of good government, he divided his people into three tribes, with men of note at the head of

each; and each tribe was subdivided into ten divisions, or *curiae*, as they were called, with a pagan priest in every *curia* to offer sacrifice to the gods. These priests were, of course, very big personages, and things of importance were often confided to their charge, amongst others the care of the only bridge the city possessed over the Tiber—a bridge by which alone an enemy could invade Rome. In fact, it was one of these priests who superintended the construction of this bridge, and in his honor the other priests received the name of "*pontifices*," or bridge-builders, and he himself was called *Pontifex Maximus*, or "chief bridge-builder." Good service did this structure often render the city. Many of you have read the story of the brave Horatius Cocles, a young soldier who held the whole enemy force at bay at the entrance of this Sublician Bridge, as it was named, while behind him his fellow-soldiers, in frantic haste, cut down all its supports; and as it fell he jumped into the stream below with it, and laden with armor as he was, swam successfully to the other shore, thus getting both himself and the city out of a very bad scrape.

Now what has all this to do with our Popes? Simply this: The Roman priests continued to bear the name of *pontifices*, and their head priest that of *Pontifex Maximus* until they and their idols were swept away by the advance of the Christian religion, for custom is the hardest thing in the whole world to change, and then this custom preserved the history of those old times. When Christianity was established in Rome, the Romans transferred the ancient title to the priests of God, and priest and bishop alike were called Pontiff. Later on, the name was applied to bishops only, and finally confined to the Holy Father alone. Long-fellow, our own American poet, gives us a striking explanation of the title, although himself a Protestant:—

"Well has the name of Pontifex been given Unto the church's head, as the Chief Builder And architect of the invisible bridge That leads from earth to heaven."

—Golden Legend.

VICTORIES WON WITHOUT A FIGHT

That sounds rather odd, doesn't it, for "victory" naturally carries the idea of a fight, and a pretty strong fight, too, with it, but there have been many such in the history of the world. Here are a handful—some that are well known to history, and as strange to read about now as when they actually took place.

I am sure all our Scripture History Young Folk remember the story of the taking of Jericho by Josue, who led the Jewish people after the death of Moses. He made his soldiers march once a day, for six days, around the walls of the city, whose inhabitants were the enemies of the Israelites, while the priests, bearing the Ark of the Covenant, sounded the seven great trumpets of the Jubilee. On the seventh day he made them march seven times around instead of once, and told them to utter a great shout at his signal. This they did, and the walls of Jericho fell to the ground before them, without bloodshed or combat.

Then there, were Gideon's lamps and

pitchers—queer weapons to rout an enemy, but how would you have felt if you had been a Medianite soldier, reposing quietly in your tent waiting the next day's battle, and suddenly have hundreds of utterly unexpected lights flash out at you from the darkness, as the pitchers in which the Israelites had concealed them from view were broken with a great clash and the voices of your enemies rang out close at your ear—"The sword of the Lord and Gideon"? I imagine you and I would have done just as the Medianites did—be so startled that we would fall upon each other in the confusion, not knowing friend from foe, and even destroy each other under the impression we were killing our foe, thus leaving the victory to those who had never drawn a weapon or felt a wound themselves.

I am afraid some of you boys know only too much about "cat rifles"—what do you think of cats themselves being used as weapons? This happened 500 years before the birth of Our Lord, when

Cambyeses, King of Persia, was at war with the King of Egypt. A most important battle was about to be fought. Cambyeses was by no means sure that he was going to come out a victor, so he resorted to a trick—a very mean trick it was, for he simply prevented his foes from fighting at all, and then walked in and took their capital city of Memphis away from them while they helplessly looked on. Among these pagan Egyptians, the cat was a sacred animal, in some places even worshipped as a god. The man who injured a cat was a wretch for whom there was no place in the kingdom—the crime of killing one was punished with death. The cunning Persian king, knowing this, put hundreds of cats in the front rank of his army, knowing that the Egyptians would not dare to run the risk of injuring one of them. So it was; the superstitious enemy laid down their arms in the meekest fashion and Cambyeses, pleased with his little trick, tried it in several other parts of the kingdom, with the same result, after which he had no further trouble with the Egyptians. But how do you suppose they ever kept



The Child St. Elizabeth at Prayer

those cats at the front? History says it is so, and we can't disprove it, it was so long ago.

A finer and a truer history is that of the "Thundering Legion." In the reign of the Roman Emperor Marcus Aurelius, who governed the Roman Empire between the years 161 and 180 of the Christian era, a cruel persecution of the Christians took place. During this persecution, the Emperor went to war with the tribes of Germany, and notwithstanding his oppression of the followers of Our Lord, one entire legion of his army was composed of Christians. On one occasion, the army was caught in a narrow valley by the enemy. It was a day of intense heat; the supply of water had given out, the Romans were perishing with thirst, and their poor animals shared their sufferings with them. They were utterly unfit for combat, and gave themselves up for lost. The Christian Legion turned to God for help in their terrible plight. Throwing themselves on their knees before their pagan companions, thus boldly proclaiming their faith, they begged the aid of Heaven. On the instant, terrific peals of thunder broke from the cloudless skies above, and a great storm of hail descended upon the advancing foe, scattering and dispersing them. They fled in the greatest disorder, leaving their arms behind them, which the Romans seized on as trophies, thus carrying off the honors of a victory without a single blow. The same storm which routed the enemy fell in refreshing showers of longed-for rain over man and beast on the Roman side. The Legion, from this incident, received the name of the "Thundering Legion," and the Emperor, on being told of the occurrence, ordered an immediate stop to be put to the persecution. If ever you go to Rome you will see, still standing, the monument raised to commemorate the event.

Still another victory of ancient times was that of the Britons under a holy bishop, Germanus, who in the year 449 met on the sea coast to resist the landing of a force of Picts and Saxons. As the invaders rushed on shore, eager for conquest, the Britons, at the word of their leader, raised a mighty shout of "Alleluia!" The sound, repeated from the surrounding hills, rolled like thunder above the heads of the foe, who in affright, thinking it a piece of magic, ran to their boats and drew off, many in the mad rush, losing their lives in the river by which they had come.

To come down to nearer times and in our own country, a pine log cut to resemble a cannon, once caused a British garrison to surrender without a single shot to the American detachment attacking them under a Colonel Washington—not

our George, though—at Rugeley's Mill in South Carolina, in 1780. When they found out—!

In this queer world of ours, we are always stumbling across queer things, and many a time do we proudly claim an honor that doesn't belong to us at all, but to some little unthought-of, unexpected force that did the real work and won the honors of the field for us.

POLITENESS PACKAGE, No. 11

On the Way Home

TIME to go home? School labors o'er? Well, then, let's start; our joy the more

That all our tasks have well been done,
And that we seek our evening fun
With record pleasant to recall
When day is gone and comes nightfall.
Some knowledge gained, some graceful act

Of courtesy, politeness, tact,
To teacher or companion shown,
Will prove their own reward, made known

By happiness in heart and mind—
True pleasure's then not far behind.
For you'll agree, both girl and boy,
A day well spent is a real joy.
Lessons are over—don't forget
Good Manners are in session yet!
As to your homes you go, don't fill
The streets with shout and laughter shrill,

And be so loud and noisy, one
Your company will gladly shun.
The first law of true dignity
Is, even though young, a standard high;
Respect yourself—alas, too often,
Though Time and Sense your ways may soften,

You'll find, retained to your dispraise,
The roughness of your youthful days.
Don't strew the streets through which
you pass
With shells and fruit-skins banned in class—

You surely do not need to eat
Upon the street, 'tis most unmeet.
And oh! though martyrs you become,
Don't touch that dreadful chewing-gum!

"A daily visit to the
Blessed Sacrament, looking
toward daily communion
for every Tertiary."

Tertiary Convention

THE PUZZLE CORNER

WHAT CARPENTERS MAY USE

1—Aw; 2—Maremb; 3—Law; 4—lerdswwcver; 5—Ians; 6—Rescws; 7—Odwo.

—Mary Gallagher, Chicago, Ill.

ENIGMA

I am composed of 13 letters:
My 1-8-9-5-10-6 is to control.
12-2-10-9 to arrange in regular lines.
13-3-11-5-9 is the largest body of water.
10-6-1 is a precious stone.
12-5-9-6 is a narrow road.
4-11-7-12-13 is a telephone greeting.
12-6-6-9 is a hold in law.
4-8-7-13 is a mark of glory.
3-7-8-1 is a shellfish.

My whole is the name of a celebrated sculptor, artist and poet, who belonged to the Third Order of St. Francis.

—Clement Lane, Baltimore, Md.

A MIX-UP IN VERSE

"Sacep srednib" ehav a eedryg awy
Fo ggnabit verengst eyth ann.
"Emrit bnidres" jstu eorst domwis up
Ot tyr ot pelherth wollet ann.

—Hilda Surge, Indianapolis, Ind.

"ROUNDING THE CAPES"

- 1—What cape in Morocco ought to have all its houses consents?
- 2—What cape in North Carolina is always giving warning?
- 3—What cape in South America ought to be in a musical band?
- 4—What cape in Massachusetts is a good Friday dinner?
- 5—What cape in Portugal has been canonized?
- 6—What cape in North Carolina makes one tremble?
- 7—What cape in Scotland is always in a rage?
- 8—What cape in Africa never stops encouraging you?

ANSWERS TO OCTOBER PUZZLES

JUMBLED FRUITS

- | | |
|--------------|----------------|
| 1—Apricot | 6—Prune |
| 2—Persimmon | 7—Mango |
| 3—Guava | 8—Whortleberry |
| 4—Olive | 9—Cranberry |
| 5—Breadfruit | 10—Pomegranate |

A JOB FOR THE WOODMAN

- | | |
|------------|-----------------|
| 1—As-pen | 6—Yew (U) |
| 2—L-arch | 7—Map-le |
| 3—A-sh! | 8—B-eech (each) |
| 4—E-lm | 9—Will-ow |
| 5—Cy-press | |

DROPPED VOWELS

A wise old bird sat on an oak.
The more he saw the less he spoke;
The less he spoke the more he heard.
Why can't we all be like that bird?

ENIGMA

Battle of Waterloo.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS

James Nix, Huntington, Ind.
Bertha C. Vondrasek, Bayonne, N. J.
Edith Tinsley, New York, N. Y.
John Tinsley, New York, N. Y.
Henry Stempel, Peru, Ill.
Isabelle Baker, Casey, Ill.
Mary E. Farmer, Columbia, Pa.
Hortense Gallet, Pocatello, Idaho.

LEARN DRESS DESIGNING

INDIVIDUALITY IN DRESS

Every dress should be made so as to bring out the individual charm of the wearer. It should contain just the colors—and just the fabric that will make her most attractive.

EVERY WOMAN SHOULD UNDERSTAND DESIGNING

Every woman should be able to design her own dresses and costumes. She should be able to interpret each style of dress, so as to make it bring out her own individuality to the greatest degree possible. How disappointing it is to have an expensive gown made, which, beautiful in itself, but when worn does not bring out your most interesting features, and which always leaves something wanting. How embarrassing to get a beautiful costume only to find that "Mrs. So-and-So" has one almost exactly like it.

Even though you never make your own clothing, you should take up Designing and Making. It will enable you to make helpful suggestions; to design just the costume you want and to buy much more economically.

EVERY MOTHER

owes a duty to herself and to her children to take up Dress and Costume Designing. She can then have three dresses for herself and for the children for the same price now paid for one

EVERY GIRL OF 15 OR OVER

Girls, whatever their sphere in life, should not be permitted to grow up in womanhood, knowing little or nothing of the life important work of Dress Designing and Making. It is the duty of every parent to see that she gets this all important training.

EVERY WOMAN WHO NOW DOES SEWING

should take up Dress and Costume Designing. Every Dressmaker should learn to design. The instructions in French Modeling enable dressmakers to easily and quickly design and fit in a manner which they have never heretofore thought possible.

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S662

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Address

This coupon is valuable. If not interested hand to a friend

CUT HERE

Miscellaneous

SOME OLD TIME CUSTOMS

BY MARIAN NESBITT

WHEN we study the words of medieval bishops, we find countless references in their pastoral letters and archiepiscopal decrees to the amount of preparedness necessary for holy Communion, and to the "holy fear," with which, as Walter Reynolds, Archbishop of Canterbury, A. D. 1325, tells us a "faithful man should consider the magnificence of that Sacred Host which he receives, and with a firm faith admire its glory, and meditate on the too great condescension of its obedience, even unto death." Among all sacrifices," he adds, "the greatest is the mystical Sacrament of the Body and Blood of Christ. This oblation surpasses every other. It must therefore be offered to God with a pure conscience, and received with true devotion, and preserved with the utmost reverence."

These decrees, issued as they were in order to obviate by careful instruction any ignorance or misunderstanding on the part of the laity concerning the dignity of the Eucharistic Presence, are also worthy of consideration for another reason; viz., that in them we find mention of certain customs no longer prevailing amongst us, but none the less indicative of the piety and faith which prompted them. For example, all the English soldiers before the Battle of Agincourt, fell on their knees, and plucking a blade or two of grass, or taking a particle of earth, put it to their lips, intending by this to signify their desire to receive holy Communion if it had been possible. We can picture the small force of sick and starving troops confronting the army of sixty thousand French encamped in an admirable position, "flanked on either side by woods, but with a front so narrow that the dense masses were drawn up thirty men deep."

Such a position was strong for purposes of defence, but singularly ill suited for attack, hence the decision to await the English advance, which had become imperative, as Henry V had simply no choice between attack and unconditional surrender. His courage,

however, remained undaunted. Neither the smallness of his numbers, nor the danger of the situation could damp his spirit. "If God gave us the victory, it will be plain we owe it to His Grace," he said, before his archers, in the chill dawn of that cold October morning, began to pour their fatal arrows into the hostile ranks.

Under conditions so adverse, it is not surprising that the English soldiers should have resorted to the practice above mentioned—a practice, let it be remembered, which would seem to have been followed in other centuries. Old French romances tell of this symbolical Communion, made at the moment of death, when alone in some desolate place with no priest at hand, or before battle, by taking three blades of grass, or leaves of a plant or tree, rolling them up, and swallowing them in memory of Our Lord, and with a desire of holy Communion.

But the custom was deprecated by ecclesiastical authority, if practiced under circumstances when the Blessed Sacrament was within reach. This we see very plainly from the words of Cardinal Pullen, who reproves those who, "*being busy elsewhere, eat herbs instead of the Eucharist*," believing that they have thereby "as much benefit as if they received the Eucharist."

Agincourt reminds us of the piety of Henry V, and his reverence for Holy Church and Our Divine Lord's Sacramental Presence. In 1419, he drew up a body of ordinances for his soldiers in time of war, in which he says: "That no man be so hardy unless he be a priest, to touch the Sacrament of God's Body, upon pain to be drawn and hanged therefor; nor that no man be so hardy as to touch the box or vessel in which the Blessed Sacrament is, upon the same pain aforesaid."

The same King "heard Mass with the deepest recollection and ardent prayers, putting aside all other cares, present or future." The services in his chapel were always carried out with all the

beauty and solemnity of the Catholic ceremonial; the members of the choir, by his instructions, were chosen from those who were devout, and he himself, his chaplain tells us, made it a rule to confess every week, despite the many distractions of court and camp.

Reverting once more to old customs, we find that in medieval times, as in our own, many persons showed a special reverence for the first chapter of St. John's Gospel—*In Principio*—though it had not been added to the Roman missal before the sixteenth century. Prior to that date, however, though it formed no liturgical part of the Mass, but was merely a private devotion added to it; yet people were exhorted to wait until it was said, and old records prove that it was commonly used in some parts of England even in the twelfth century. The directions for Church ceremonial according to the Sarum Rite, prescribed that it should be said by the priest returning from the altar to the sacristy. Lydgate, in his writings, tells his readers that when they hear this Gospel, they should make a cross on their mouths, then kiss wood, iron, stone, or earth, kneeling on both knees at the words, *Verbum Caro factum est*; for he says that the earth was looked upon as a "clear token for the Humanity of Christ Jesus"; so that in kissing the ground, the faithful had the pious intention of honoring Our Divine Redeemer's humanity; in kissing wood, His Cross; Stone, His Sepulchre; and iron, the Nails or Spear.

Again, we learn from F. Bridgett that an old treatise on the manner of hearing Mass in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries says: "A year and forty days at least—For *Verbum caro factum est*—To pardon have ye shall—Man or woman shall have this—That kneels down the earth to kiss."

The custom of kissing the ground, which used to prevail in the order of Friars Minor, is no longer practiced generally, in public churches; but not many years ago, the writer remembers being much impressed by seeing it

done in a stately sanctuary, as one by one, the brown-clad figures passed before the altar; and the action, so simply and reverently performed, recalled those early days when Francis—the poet and the saint, whose watchword was Humility—realized his youthful dream of knightly adventure, and set forth with a few followers to fulfil their high mission of love and service to their fellowmen.

"The Gospel story" was to these first Friars, "not a far-off history," as F. Cuthbert truly says, "but an ever-present event, a world-life in which they themselves were partakers." When they came upon a cross or a church, they bowed down in prayer, kissing the ground, and saying devoutly: "We adore Thee, O Christ, and we bless Thee in all Thy Churches that are in the world, because by Thy holy Cross Thou has redeemed the world."

St. Francis, moreover, saw God everywhere. The bare branches of a tree standing out in bold relief against a storm-tossed winter sky, recalled Calvary's fatal hill; lambs reminded him of the Divine Lamb slain for our iniquities; wood, therefore, and iron, and the earth which his stigmatized feet trod, all served to bring before the mental sight of our Seraphic Father the Passion and Death of his Lord and Master.

It may not be generally known that in the Middle Ages a curious custom had arisen—a custom, be it noted, which was regarded by ecclesiastical authority as a kind of abuse. It consisted in the saying of extra Gospels after the *Ite Missa est*, and had evidently become rather widely established. Knights and other laymen used to ask the celebrant to recite at the end of Mass, a special Gospel to which they happened to have a devotion, making at the same time an offering for the purpose. This innovation—for such it may be called—fell under the censure of that holy and learned bishop, St. Hugh of Lincoln, who, however, historians tell us, "fully approved, and himself practiced, the custom of reading a Gospel over the sick—particularly in the *In principio*."

This "reading over the sick" is mentioned very soon in the Church's history. A most interesting fragment of an old form of the Visitation for the Sick—at least that part of it which belongs to Holy Communion—is believed to be not much later than 800. It is a memorial of Celtic Scotland, because, though in Latin, it is in Gaelic characters, and the whole document is written on a leaf in the middle of what was plainly one of those copies of the Gospels so frequently carried to the sick, and on this account it was convenient

to have the ritual for the administration of Holy Communion in the same book.

Two very similar liturgical forms may be seen in the books of Mulling and of Dimma—both Irish. These, also, are copies of the Gospels, with the form for Communion transcribed and incorporated with them.

Another practice continued in England up to the time of the great apostasy, but which now no longer prevails, was the distribution of blessed bread. This bread might also be taken home to the absent; and old writers exhort the

faithful, if they are unable for any reason to be present at Mass on Sundays, to eat no food till they have received the "holy bread." It was distributed "as soon as Mass was ended," says Dr. Rock, and was typical of that true Christian brotherhood which should bind all the children of Christ's Church with the golden chains of love and union.

In conclusion, it may be remarked that the "holy loaf," or blessed bread was always most carefully distinguished—even by name—from Holy Communion.

An Open Letter to Our Readers

ONCE more we find it necessary to address our readers and to task each and every subscriber to support our advertisers.

Beginning with the December number, sixteen pages of reading matter will be added to FRANCISCAN HERALD, and, we are sure, our large circle of readers will be pleased to know that the December, and also future issues, will be printed on a much better quality of paper.

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THIRD ORDER CALENDAR

1. Feast of All Saints. (Gen. Absol. Plen. Ind.)
- N. B.—A Plenary Indulgence applicable to the poor souls may be gained for each visit to a church from noon today until midnight tomorrow. Confession and communion are required.
2. All Souls' Day. (Plen. Ind.)
3. Bl. Raynerius, Confessor of The I Order.
5. Holy Relics preserved in the Churches of the Franciscan Order.
6. Bl. Helen, Virgin of The II Order.
12. BB. Gabriel and John, Confessors of The I and III Orders.
13. St. Didacus, Confessor of The I Order.
16. St. Agnes of Assisi, Virgin of The II Order.
17. BB. Salome and Jane, Virgins of The II and III Orders.
19. St. Elizabeth, Widow of The III Order. Patroness of The Third Order. (Gen. Absol. Plen. Ind.)
21. The Presentation of The B. V. M. (Gen. Absol.)
25. St. Catherine, Virgin, Martyr. (Gen. Absol.)
26. St. Leonard, Confessor of The I Order. (Plen. Ind.)
27. BB. Bernadine and Humilis, Confessors of The I Order.
28. St. James of The Marches, Confessor of The I Order. (Plen. Ind.)
29. All Saints of The Franciscan Orders. (Plen. Ind.)

Besides the days indicated above, Tertiaries can gain a Plenary Indulgence: 1. Every Tuesday, if, after Confession and Holy Communion, they visit a church of the First or the Second Order or of the Third Order Regular of St. Francis while the Bl. Sacrament is exposed and there pray for the intention of the Pope. If Tertiaries live at a great distance from a Franciscan church, they may visit their own parish church.

2. Once every month, on any suitable day.
 3. On the day of the monthly meeting.
 4. On the first Saturday of every month. Conditions: Confession, Communion, some prayers for the intention of the Pope, and besides some prayers in honor of the Immaculate Conception of the Bl. Virgin Mary.
- General Absolution, also called Indulgent Blessing, can be received by Tertiaries on November 1, 19, 21, 25. This absolution may be imparted to Tertiaries in the confessional on the day preceding these feasts or on the feasts themselves or on any day during the week following:

N. B.—Beginning with Sept. 10, a Plen. Ind. can be gained on each of the twelve Saturdays before the Feast of the Immaculate Conception. (Pope Pius X.)

INTENTIONS

The following intentions are recommended to the pious prayers of our readers:

For the recovery of health (30). For recovery of hearing (3). For better eyesight (3). For relief from eye trouble (5). For the prevention of blindness (2). For a suitable home (10). For the retention of a home (2). For the profitable sale of property (6). For relief from paralysis. For the cure of head trouble (3). For steady employment (15). For the conversion of a father (5). For the conversion of a wife (5). For the return to religion (25). For aid against the vice of intemperance (6). For guidance in a vocation (5). For reconciliation in a family (10). For peace in a family (5). For the recovery of valuable property. For the recovery of money invested (3). For success in business (10). For the recovery of the use of limbs. For the quick return from a sanitarium. For a quick payment on a home. For the recovery of a priest. For the cure of a broken ankle. For the grace to raise the family in the fear of God (10). On Thanksgiving for favors received (5). In thanksgiving for the wonderful success of the National Third Order Convention. For the Pope, after the Pope. For the spread of the Third Order. For special intentions (40).

LET US PRAY—Let the ears of Thy mercy, Lord, be open to the prayers of Thy suppliants; and that Thou mayest grant their desires, make them ask such things as please Thee. Through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

OBITUARY

The charity of our readers is asked for the following deceased readers of Franciscan Herald and friends of our missions: Uganda, British East Africa—Mother Mary Paul, O. S. F.; Clinton, Iowa—Sr. Mary Hyacinth, O. S. F.; St. Louis, Mo.—Sr. Anastasia, Susan Gaffney; Thomas Gaffney; Ann Frein; Patrick Coffey; Margaret Coffey; Belleville, Ill.—Cecilia E. Sanzcek; Indianapolis, Ind.—Mrs. Anna D. Mrs. Catherine Eggeman; Indianapolis, Ind.—Mrs. D. J. Welsh; Margaret Wahl; Regina Megel; Wallburga Beck; Cleveland, Ohio—Mrs. C. L. Wise; Mr. Malone; Cincinnati, Ohio—Mrs. Anna E. Williams; Ohio—Chas. Huth; Toledo, Ohio—Thomas White; Mrs. Manter; Mrs. Mary Shear; Dennis Shea; Margaret Shea; Anna Riley; Ottawa, Ill.—J. Meagher; Williamsport, Ind.—Mrs. M. A. Speas; Terre Haute, Ind.—William McCarthy; Grand Rapids, Mich.—Mrs. Frank Jachs; Milwaukee, Wis.—Mary J. Kempton; Detroit, Mich.—Miss A. Margenau; Mrs. L. Deming; Sioux City, Iowa—Mrs. Mary A. Reilly; White Bear Lake, Minn.—William Oliver; Hastings, Minn.—Mrs. Margaret Engel; Erie, Pa.—Mrs. Berdina Kid; Dunbar, Pa.—Mr. Owen Sweeney; Philadelphia, Pa.—Alice G. Roger; West Philadelphia, Pa.—Mrs. T. Minisch; Mrs. J. Kelly; Palo Alto, Pa.—Mrs. W. B. Tooley; Lancaster, Pa.—Mrs. Boxleitner; Buffalo, N. Y.—Thomas A. Baird; Rosebank, N. Y.—Mr. Donnelly; Mrs. J. Moore; Albany, N. Y.—Margaret Ryan; Brooklyn, N. Y.—Mrs. DeLuzena Vandenbush; Mr. and Mrs. Philip McGuire; New York, N. Y.—Paul J. White; Mrs. Rose; Ellen M. Rose; Mrs. H. J. Pugh; Louis C. Boehm; Mr. John Mitchell; John Sullivan; Mr. Maurice Yonkers, N. Y.—Mr. and Mrs. Michael Kavanaugh; New Bedford, Mass.—Mr. Kilcain; Salem, Mass.—James J. O'Donnell; Beverly, Mass.—Mrs. Anna Dunn; Rochester, Mass.—DeWitt L. Lynde; Mass.—Mary O'Donnell; East Lynn, Mass.—Joseph F. Drury; Jamaica Plain, Mass.—John H. Nolan; Malden, Mass.—Miss Julia Welsh; New York, N. Y.—Mrs. DeWitt L. Lynde; Cornelius Murphy; Meriden, Conn.—Ernest Marchal; Antony Marchal, Sr.; Magdalena Heoltze; Catherine Ledi; Jersey City Heights, N. J.—Ethel A. Bell; New York, N. Y.—John J. Healy; Phoenix, Ariz.—Mr. Tobin; Milburn, N. J.—Mrs. Thomas Hayes; Washington, D. C.—Mrs. Shapner; Baltimore, Md.—Mr. T. A. Carroll; St. Michael's, Md.—Mrs. J. S. Sharratt; Chicago, Ill.—Ferdinand Klappauf.

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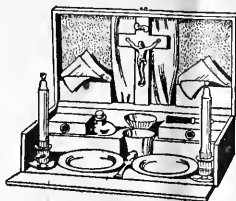
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SEVENTH CENTENARY CELEBRATIONS

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The celebration of the Seventh Centenary of the Third Order of St. Francis was brought to a close with impressive exercises in the Civic Auditorium before an audience that completely filled the huge hall.

Archbishop Edward J. Hanna, the principal speaker of the evening, told of the admirable traits of the Patron Saint of San Francisco, declaring that the spirit of Saint Francis of Assisi was

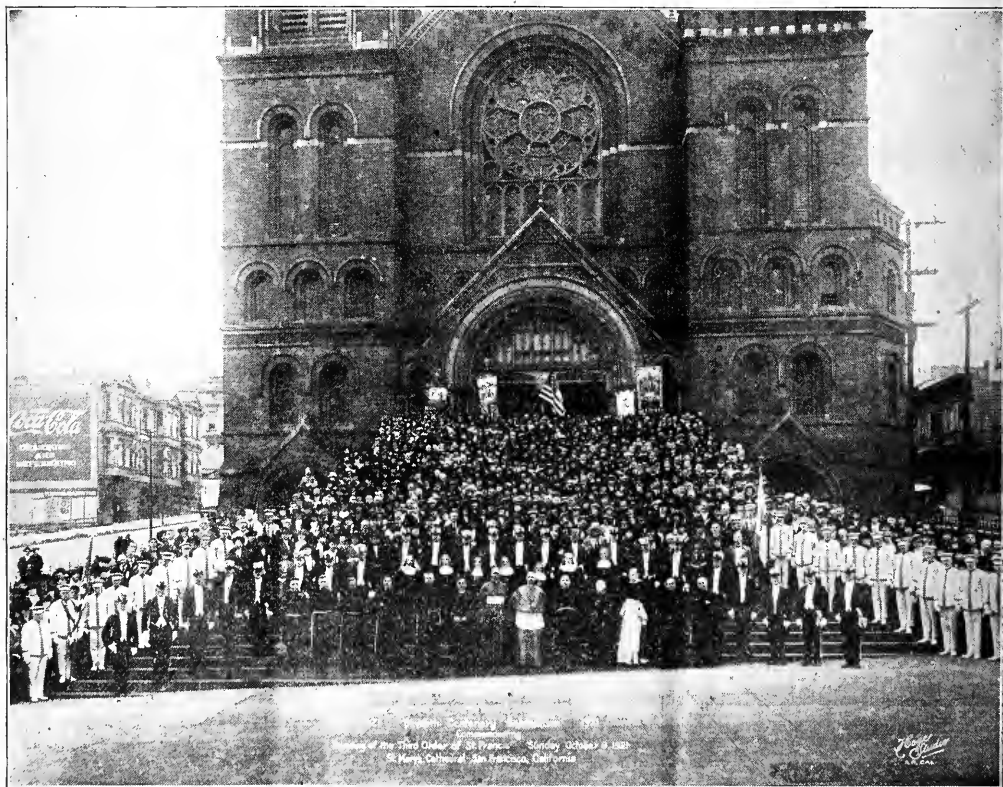
the spirit most needed in the world today. He said:

"After 700 years we find that the spirit of St. Francis is needed by us today, if we would bring our land to honor, to peace, to safety and love. Ours is the most honored nation in the world. Never in the history of the world did men and women gather in a land of greater opportunity. But a land cannot be great only because of its richness and opportunity, but is great be-

cause of its men and women. The land that cannot grow men is nigh on to destruction. We need God and the spirit of St. Francis if we are to grow great men."

Judge Louis H. Ward also paid tribute to the ideals of St. Francis and the work of the Franciscan Fathers who established the great missions in California.

"The simple, honest Fathers of the Franciscan Order made the first great



steps in our civilization in California," he said. "Since the founding of the Third Order of St. Francis 700 years ago the men enrolled under its glorious banners have made the brightest pages in the history of the world. Columbus, who discovered our great land, was a member of the Order and so were Queen Isabella and King Ferdinand of Spain, who made it possible that the voyage of discovery could be made. No member of this great order can be questioned as to his loyalty, or can be a Benedict Arnold to his country."

Mayor James Ralph Jr. congratulated the Franciscan Fathers on their great work in California and said that San Francisco will always be proud to worship at the shrine of its Patron Saint. The opening address was made by Father Theophilus, O. F. M. Invocation was said by Father George, O. F. M., and blessing by Archbishop Hanna.

James H. Reilly presided as chairman. He urged the audience to study the precepts of St. Francis of Assisi, if the city named for the saint is to hold its place in the world. Father Florian, O. F. M., rendered several beautiful selections on the pipe organ

and directed the singing of the St. Boniface choir in inspiring sacred music. Mrs. Daisy Keane Gillogley was the woman soloist of the evening and Charles Bulotti sang two selections. Fathers of the Franciscan Order held the place of honor on the speakers' platform.

The day's religious services were started with a 7 o'clock Mass in St. Boniface Church on Golden Gate avenue, at which 3000 members of the Third Order received holy communion. At 9, a Pontifical High Mass was sung by the Most Reverend Archbishop Edward J. Hanna in St. Mary's Cathedral on Van Ness avenue. The archbishop was assisted by Monsignor Cantwell and Franciscan Fathers. The archbishop delivered a sermon on the merits of the Third Order.

On completion of the Mass a solemn procession, led by the drill team of the Y. M. I., with the archbishop escorted by an honorary guard of fourth degree Knights of Columbus, and ending with Franciscan Fathers, Franciscan Sisters and members of the Third Order, marched to St. Boniface Church.

At St. Boniface the archbishop delivered his benediction to the members

of the Third Order, thus terminating the religious observance of the seven hundredth anniversary of the Order.

Religious exercises were held every evening during the week of Oct. 2-9, at St. Boniface Church, 133 Golden Gate avenue, St. Anthony's Church, Folsom and Army streets, and at St. Elizabeth's Church, 1500 34th avenue, Fruitvale, beginning Sunday evening, Oct. 2, 1921. A series of lectures specially prepared were given by the Franciscan Fathers as follows:

Sunday, October 2—"St. Francis and the Founding of the Third Order."

Monday, October 3—"The Nature of the Third Order."

Tuesday, October 4—"The Timeliness of the Third Order."

Wednesday, October 5—"The Apostolate of the Third Order."

Thursday, October 6—"Fruits of the Third Order."

Friday, October 7—"Privileges and Obligations of the Third Order." Solemn Reception of New Members Into the Third Order.

Saturday, October 8—"Influence of the Third Order on the Individual, the Family and Society at Large."

New Orleans, Louisiana

October 2, 3, 4.—The Triduum in honor of the seven hundredth anniversary of the Third Order of St. Francis came to a close on Tuesday last in the Chapel of the Poor Clare monastery.

The morning exercises, consisting of Holy Mass, sermon, and veneration of the relic of the Saint, took place at St. Theresa's Church and were well attended.

On Sunday evening, October 2, the meeting of the Tertiaries took place at the Monastery and it was an edifying sight to see so many robed in the brown habit of the Order. The Rev. L. M. Roth, spiritual director of the Third Order, received the new members and vested them with the scapular and cord, instructing them as to their duties as Tertiaries and pointing out to them and to all present, the true value and significance of the Third Order; telling also of the approbation and commendation of the same by 39 Sovereign Pontiffs and especially of our Most Holy Father Benedict the XV, himself a Franciscan Tertiary, who in his Encyclical on the Seventh Centenary of the Third Order, expressed his desire that a branch of it be established in every town, village and hamlet.

At the close of his sermon the prayers, concluding the ceremony of reception followed, and Father Roth admitted to profession, those Tertiaries who had completed their year of Novitiate.

Solemn Benediction of the Most Blessed Sacrament was given, with Rev. Anton Kunkels, S. J., as Celebrant; Rev. L. M. Roth as deacon; and Rev. Martin Burke, S. J., as sub-deacon, Rev.

Father Wocet, S. J., was master of ceremonies and after Benediction, Rev. F. X. Twellmeyer, S. J., presented the relic for veneration.

On Monday evening, Rev. Father Brockmeyer delivered the sermon. Father Brockmeyer is the beloved pastor of the Church of St. Francis of Assisi, fitting it was that he should have been chosen to speak on St. Francis and on the Third Order as in this Church the Third Order was established many years ago. The Rev. Speaker told of the comfort and assistance given him in his pastoral charge by the fervor of the lives of these good Tertiaries.

Feast of St. Francis

At 9:00 a. m. His Grace, the Most Rev. J. M. Shaw, D. D., Archbishop of New Orleans, La., attended by Rev. L. M. Roth of St. Theresa's Church and the Rev. Patrick Fitzpatrick, at present stationed at St. Theresa's, who acted as Chaplains, together with the Rev. Paul Peretta, O. P., and the Rev. O. Wocet, S. J., took their place in the sanctuary of the Chapel of the Poor Clares.

Solemn High Mass was sung, the Very Rev. Wm. Martin, O. P., being celebrant and the Rev. Fathers Peres and Avila of the same Order, were respectively deacon and sub-deacon, the panegyric of St. Francis being preached during the Mass by Rev. James P. Malone, also a Dominican, and who, in the course of his sermon, told of the custom existing for seven centuries of the Franciscan and Dominican Fathers performing alternately all the offices in the

Houses of their Orders on the feast of the two great Patriarchs and Founders. Thus is perpetuated the friendship formed in the lives of the Saints, enjoyed by them in heaven in the lapse of centuries since their death and to be continued by them and their children for all time.

Father Malone took for his text the words of St. Paul: "God forbid that I should glory in anything but in the Cross of my Lord Jesus Christ, by which the world is crucified to me and I to the world."

At 6:00 p. m., the Rev. Patrick Fitzpatrick delivered the sermon on the death of St. Francis in whose honor the assembled faithful had gathered in the chapel of the Poor Clares. Father Fitzpatrick briefly reviewed the life-work of St. Francis, intimating, while reverently touching on the various phases on that short life of forty-six years, the thought, the feelings, and the aspirations, of the dying Saint.

The "Transitus" was sung after which Solemn Benediction was given and the relic venerated. The Rev. L. M. Roth was the celebrant at the Benediction and the Rev. Fathers Avila and Perez, O. P., being deacon and sub-deacon. Rev. Father Peretta and Malone, O. P., and Rev. F. X. Twellmeyer, S. J., of Loyola, were also present in the Sanctuary.

The singing of the hymn, Holy God, We Praise Thy Name, in tones reverent, clear and full, and a hymn in honor of St. Francis brought to a close the feast of the Seraphic Father and the Triduum.

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See our leaders of industry moralizing at all times, prating about the sacredness of womanhood, but thinking nothing of stealing the wives and daughters of other men. Round up even the religious press and you will see text, pictures and advertisements that would soften the brain of the angelic Doctor himself were he to try to square it all with the Sixth, Seventh and Eighth Commandments.

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The more I think of Ross's book, the more I feel that it should somehow be made the text-book on Ethics in every Catholic college and school; that with such a standard book it ought to be considered unsportsmanlike for any Catholic to attempt to duplicate it; that if anyone finds any defects in it, or has any suggestions for improving it, instead of attempting to supplant it by another book, he should send the criticisms and suggestions to Father Ross. It would mean so much to have one book acknowledged as beyond question, a fit book and the best book in its line.

Sincerely,
(Signed) JOHN J. WYNNE, S. J.

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DECEMBER, 1921

NUMBER 14

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Christmas Greetings

A Merry Christmas to all our readers. May the Holy Infant of Bethlehem be with you all. In your prayers to answer them; in your works to bless them; in your joys to sanctify them; in your sorrows to soften them; in your desires to fulfil them!

The mystery of the Birth of our Lord is a mystery of mercy. It was chiefly for this reason that Saint Francis loved the Child of Bethlehem. To Saint Francis is ascribed the beautiful custom of placing a representation of the Crib in our churches and homes. The Crib enchants not only the children but also the grown-ups and reminds all most forcibly of the lessons taught us by the new-born Savior.

At the Crib you will find your Lord and God as a helpless, humble child. What an incentive to humility—if our Lord can so humble himself, we also can be humble. Humility is the one virtue that is vitally necessary today. It will keep you at peace with your God and with your neighbor.

At the Crib you will be impressed with the poverty of our Lord and His Blessed Mother. "Saint Francis wept whenever he recalled the privations which surrounded them at Bethlehem." Thus Thomas of Celano. Let us also try to compassionate our Lord. It will do much to help us be resigned to our lot—to be ready to bear up patiently with all trials and tribulations. This again will be a step forward toward bringing and sustaining peace with God and with our neighbor. In the Crib our Lord consoled poverty, ennobled it, sanctified it. At the Crib we will learn to imitate Him and conform to His teaching.

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FRANCISCAN HERALD OF 1922

ANOTHER twelve months of happy companionship between the readers of FRANCISCAN HERALD and its staff of writers have passed; and happy, indeed, was this companionship. The past year, although a critical one, was a blessed one for us; and for this reason: we are at last beginning to see the fruits of our endeavors. Our one aim, in the past year, was to get into more personal touch with our readers, to have them take a personal interest in their magazine. The many beautiful letters we received from well-pleased readers, convince us our efforts are being supported. We feel that one good turn deserves another; wherefore, not satisfied with past attempts, we shall continue to keep closely allied with our readers. Our aim is to furnish a magazine that will interest not only one, but every member, of the family. We wish to furnish a magazine that will be read with profit by all, no matter what interests they may have or what their individual vocations may be.

In the ensuing year of 1922, we will not only adhere to the same policies, but also aim to make each department still more entertaining. Now that we have added more pages, making it a 44-page magazine, we are better able to do this. We will retain the various departments as heretofore, adding, however, or more correctly speaking, restoring to our columns A Woman's Department in the Christian Home.

Editorials

The most important page of every magazine must be the editorial page. The purpose of this page is to supply facts and to indicate the arguments that everyone needs to consider if he is to form a sound and correct judgment on current events and questions. The editorial comment in the pages of the FRANCISCAN HERALD during the past years was found to be so solid and practical that many other publications quoted from the same.

The Third Order of St. Francis

This department is considered one of the two main aims in our magazine. The magazine was started in the year 1913, for the express purpose of explaining the nature, scope, and advantages of this wonderful institution of St. Francis; to spread the devotion to St. Francis who is so aptly called "The Saint of the whole world." Pope Benedict XV, in his latest encyclical on the Seventh Centenary of the Third Order, put this very vital question: "Why should not the numerous and various associations of young people, of workmen, of women, existing everywhere throughout the Catholic world, join the Third Order, and in-

spired with St. Francis' zeal for peace and charity devote themselves persistently to the glory of Christ and the prosperity of the Church?" They will do so if the Third Order is made known to them; if its Rule is explained; and if the many prejudices, arising only from ignorance regarding its motives and requirements, are removed. This we will attempt to do in this department of the FRANCISCAN HERALD. The Rule will be explained in a concise and popular way. Also, we intend to take up the various resolutions formulated at the First National Convention of the Third Order, which was held in Chicago, last October; explain them; compare them with similar ones drawn up in other countries; and, in this way, give proof and hints as to their practicability. In this department, we are willing to consider all inquiries made concerning the Third Order, to publish and commend on all proposals made by tertiaries concerning work which they may think could be introduced by the fraternities. We feel sure that thus we will be able to keep up the interest aroused at the late Convention and help the Convention bring tangible results.

Missions

To spread a knowledge of the Third Order is one of the main purposes of the FRANCISCAN HERALD. The other is to enkindle a love and an interest in the Indian Missions entrusted to the care of the Franciscan Fathers of the Sacred Heart Province. These missions are our national heritage. The name Franciscan is inseparably connected with the Indian missions of this country. We dearly love these missions and we know that you also will love them, once you get to learn of them. This department will tell you of the wonderful work the Franciscan Fathers have done in past centuries for the conversion of the Indians in Florida, Texas, New Mexico, Arizona, and California; of their more recent labors in Northern Michigan and Wisconsin; and of their present work in New Mexico, Arizona, and California.

Rev. Fr. Zephyrin Engelhardt, O. F. M., who is considered the foremost Catholic historian in this country, will continue to instruct and edify our readers by his valuable monthly contributions. This department, so dear to us, we will try in future to make more dear to you.

Fiction

"The stories in the FRANCISCAN HERALD are wonderful." This unsolicited praise of our Fiction Department comes to us in letters every day. Yes, we are proud of this department of our magazine. We

have spent much time and money to build it up; and today, FRANCISCAN HERALD boasts of a list of contributors that can not be equalled. The serial story, "The Outlaws of Ravenhurst," by L. M. Wallace, was so popular with our readers that we have been asked to publish it in book form. This we intend to do in the near future. However, we are pleased to announce for the coming year another serial story by the same author, entitled "The Child of the Western Lure"; and we promise that you will find it even more enchanting than the one just mentioned. Blanche Weitbrech also has favored us with more of her highly instructive and charming tales. A four-part story, "Who Wins?" by this gifted writer, will begin in the January issue. Marian Nesbitt, whose beautiful Christmas story in this issue will surely delight you, will continue to entertain you throughout the year. Denis McCarthy, the noted lecturer from Boston, N. P. Babcock and P. D. Murphy, Catherine McPartlin, Zelma McDowell Penry, all well known to the Catholic reading public, have contributed stories for the next year, that are bound to keep your attention. These are only a few of our contributors; others, and very capable ones, will make you long each month for the Fiction Department.

In the Interest of Women

With this issue, we begin a new department, "In the Interest of Women." It will be conducted by Grace Keon. It is the first time that this well-known Catholic writer has consented to handle a woman's page under her own pen-name. She wishes to become acquainted with the women who read the FRANCISCAN HERALD; and in giving her initial talk, she asks you to consider it a straight expression of her views of a Catholic woman who is anxious that all other Catholic women appreciate the tremendous tasks that face them everywhere today.

"Partnership with God" is the first of her series of talks to women. You will find the whole series timely, practical and interesting. But Grace Keon solicits your co-operation. She wishes to hear from you. She needs your suggestions, your ideas, your criticisms.

And our dear friend, Agnes Modesta, is back again—is not that good news? In a beautiful letter addressed to Grace Keon each month, she will surely gain the good will and, let me add, also the good resolutions of all our women readers.

Fireside Talks and Tales

Elizabeth Rose has made this department of hers a real necessity. Her charming way of combining useful knowledge with entertainment has won for her the admiration not only of the children but also of the parents and teachers. This department, we are proud to say, and to Elizabeth Rose goes all the credit, has even found its way into the class-room, and it is used with great success by many teachers. And dear children, you will have another year of Elizabeth Rose's wonderful stories, her charming poetry and her vexing puzzles. That is the Christmas present we are offering you.

Miscellaneous

This is the department in which we gather again all our readers for a monthly treat. These pages contain poetry, legends, articles of religious and moral value, something of everything to tempt the taste of every reader. Marian Nesbitt with her versatile style, Mary Malloy with her charming legends of Franciscan lore, Zelma McDowell Penry, Catherine McPartlin, Annette Driscoll, Denis McCarty, Rev. W. B. Hannon, Will W. Whalen, are only a few of the contributors to this department who have written again for the coming year.

Another feature of this department is the "World of Books" by Paul H. Richards. This series will keep you abreast with the best in modern literature.

Franciscan News

During the coming year you will find all the latest Franciscan news, both foreign and domestic, in this department. The compiler will lead you, and very entertainingly at that, from one city to another, telling you of the various successes Tertiary fraternities are having with their work, of new laurels being gained by the Franciscan Orders, of all notable events relative to St. Francis and his followers.

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We wish here again to remind our readers that all our advertising is guaranteed to be as stated—that our only reason for putting ads in our magazine is to be able to enlarge the magazine from time to time. If you patronize our advertisers, therefore, you are helping us and yourself. Our purpose is to please you and we ask you to help us please our advertisers.

The St. Francis Solano Mission Association

As all our subscribers become members of the Francis Solano Mission Association, they enjoy the following spiritual benefits:

1. A special holy Mass is offered for their intention every day.
2. They participate as benefactors in more than 300 Masses said every month by the Franciscan Fathers of the Sacred Heart Province.
3. They share in all the prayers and good works of the missionary Fathers, Brothers, Sisters and their charges benefited by this Association.

N. B. Members may apply their share in these Masses and good works to others, either living or deceased, merely by making the intention to do so.

4. Members may gain an indulgence of 100 days every time they recite three Hail Marys and contribute to the support of the missions either through an alms, or through work for the missions, or by encouraging others to these pious works.

5. They may gain a Plenary Indulgence three times a year: viz., on the feasts of the Immaculate Conception, St. Joseph, and St. Francis Xavier, or on any day within the octave of these feasts. The conditions are: Confession, Communion, and prayers for the intention of the Pope.

For World Peace

ON the occasion of the conference for disarmament held at Washington it will not be found inopportune to remind Catholics of a more important conference to take place next May in Rome, the center of Christendom. Catholics from every country on the face of the globe will meet there to pay public homage of love and obedience to the King of Kings, the Prince of Peace in the Blessed Sacrament of the altar. It will be the great International Eucharistic Congress, the first since the World War.

In an open letter to the Swiss Hierarchy, His Holiness, Pope Benedict XV, says that since "Nothing is more conducive to the Christian reconciliation of nations than widespread devotion to the august Sacrament wherein all adore THE KING OF PEACE HIMSELF, who is THE WAY, THE TRUTH, and THE LIFE, therefore do WE ardently desire that your holy intention (OF HOLDING AN INTERNATIONAL EUCHARISTIC CONGRESS) be carried out as soon as possible."

Accordingly the Permanent Committee on International Eucharistic Congresses asked the Holy Father to determine the time and the place for the next Congress. He willingly did so, naming Rome for the purpose. He expressed His desire to open the Congress in person by a Solemn Pontifical Mass at St. Peter's on Ascension Day, May 25, 1922. He also announced that he would preside in person over one of the assemblies to which the general public will be admitted, and that he would carry the Blessed Sacrament in the final procession and give the closing Benediction of the Congress.

Msgr. Palicca has been named president of the local committee at Rome for the Congress. The program and other details will be made public after a meeting of the Permanent Committee at Paris on November 23, 1921. His Grace, the Right Reverend Msgr. Heylen, Bishop of Namur in Belgium, will preside. Strange to say there is only one representative from North America on the Permanent Committee. He is Rev. Alphonse Pelletier, S. S. S., of the New York house of the Fathers of the Blessed Sacrament. Father Pelletier was General Secretary of the International Eucharistic Congress at Montreal in 1910.

Twenty years ago next May the great Pope Leo XIII, in His last encyclical, *Mirae Caritatis*, pointed to the Holy Eucharist as "the hope and efficient cause of salvation AND OF THAT PEACE WHICH ALL MEN SO ANXIOUSLY SEEK." He foresaw that some would "express their surprise that for the manifold troubles and grievous afflictions by which our age is harassed he should have determined to seek for remedies and redress in this quarter rather than elsewhere" . . . Nevertheless, "so far from being hereby turned aside from the design which he had taken in hand, he is, on the contrary, determined all the more zealously and diligently to hold up the light for the guidance of the well-disposed, and, with the help of the united prayers of the faithful, earnestly to implore forgiveness for those who speak evil of Holy Things."

The Holy Father earnestly desires that the faithful pray ardently for the success of the coming Congress. A concrete American way of answering his desire is The Eucharistic Peace Crusade started in New York City with the approval of His Grace, the Most Reverend Archbishop Patrick J. Hayes, D. D. This Crusade is a drive for prayers to show the Holy Father that if Americans can set the pace in raising armies and money to bring peace to a warrirend world, they can also raise millions in prayers for the same purpose. Every man, woman and child who hears Mass, receives Holy Communion or makes a visit to the Blessed Sacrament for the above intention is a Crusader. But in order to give the Holy Father a tangible proof that these prayers have been offered up, Crusaders are asked to send in individual or group reports monthly of what they have done. The final total of all these reports will be presented to the Holy Father at the Congress to be deposited by him at the feet of Our Lord exposed in the Blessed Sacrament.

JOIN THE CRUSADE TODAY—BEGIN NOW.

Special printed reports may be had from the address below.

EUCHARISTIC PEACE CRUSADE

185 East 76th Street

New York, N. Y.

The Southwestern Catholic

THE LATEST entry into the field of Catholic journalism that comes to our notice is the *Southwestern Catholic*, a weekly published under the auspices of the Archdiocese of Santa Fe.

The initial number is a splendid testimonial to the ability of its publishers to give to the Catholics of the Great Southwest a medium of Catholic thought. *FRANCISCAN HERALD* will be keenly interested in watching its pages for an aggressive campaign of the Church in that section of the country which was originally evangelized by the Padres, and hopes to find in its columns many a contribution towards the history of this pioneer Catholic field.

We congratulate Archbishop Daeger, O. F. M., for his courage in lending his encouragement and support to the publishers, and add our prayer that he may find in the new weekly a powerful ally in his arduous ministry in these parts of the Lord's vineyard.

Central Bureau of the Central Verein

THE Central Bureau of the Central Verein, the social propaganda and social service headquarters of the Central Society, hitherto located at 201 Temple Bldg., St. Louis, will occupy its own building on or about Nov. 10th. Permission having been granted by the General Convention held at Fort Wayne August last to purchase suitable quarters, a local committee has recently bought, for the Central Verein, a residence located at 3835 Westminster Place, some three blocks distant from St. Louis University.

The Bureau, known to our readers particularly through the Press Letters bearing the initials C. B. of the C. V., hopes to continue all the activities hitherto engaged in and to extend, as far as lies in its power, its field of social teaching and social endeavor.



Third Order of St. Francis

CHATS WITH TERTIARIES

By FR. GILES, O. F. M.

LAST year, at the earnest request of our Rev. Editor, I began a series of articles on matters Tertiary, which continued without interruption for some seven or eight months, and then, without a word of warning, came to a sudden stop. My readers were later on informed that lack of time was the cause of this, and that is true. As time passed, I hoped against hope that I should finally secure sufficient leisure to continue the series, but my work, far from decreasing, seemed to increase as the days sped by. Repeated urgings by Rev. Directors and Tertiaries, and, above all, the enthusiasm aroused in my soul by the recent National Third Order Convention, have finally prevailed on me to take up the Chats again. What a wonderful world this would be, what a paradise on earth, if the peace and happiness of the cloister could be spread broadcast, banishing the hatred and discord that now separates nation from nation.

Is this ardent wish of every true son and daughter of St. Francis—frequently voiced during the Convention—capable of realization, or is it merely an idle pious dream? At present, it is a dream and it will remain a dream, unless we, sons and daughters of St. Francis, set earnestly to work to make it a blessed reality. That it is possible to bring back the world to Christ through the Franciscan Movement is evident from repeated pronouncements of the Popes, who declare that they place all their hopes for the world in the Third Order of St. Francis: "My social reform is the Third Order of St. Francis."—Leo XIII. "The Third Order is, in these days, wonderfully adapted to modern needs."—Pius X. "The Rule of

the Third Order of St. Francis is naught else than the Gospel applied to every day life. With renewed zeal, therefore, strive to propagate the Third Order throughout the world."—Benedict XV.

As every reform will prove futile unless the men can be won for it, our first and most strenuous efforts for the spread of the Third Order must be centered on gaining for it the fathers and husbands and brothers of the family. Once they have been enrolled under the banner of the Poverello, it will be an easy matter to win their children, wives and sisters for St. Francis.

Some years ago, I endeavored to do my bit in breaking down the barriers that seem to restrain many men from joining the Third Order, by publishing, in story form, a number of objections they usually make and by answering them to the best of my ability. The story took so well with both the clergy and the laity that it was published in pamphlet form and thus found its way into countless homes. As it is new to the great majority of our present readers, and treats of the very subject that is nearest and dearest to the heart of every Tertiary, our Rev. Editor has requested me to allow it to take the place of my monthly chat. In hopes that you will find the little story both interesting and instructive, I take great pleasure in giving you herewith

Fr. Roch's Smoker

Fr. Roch sat in his little convent cell buried in deep thought. He had only recently been appointed by his superiors to succeed the venerable and beloved Fr. Stephen as director of St. Delphine's Tertiary Fraternity. The fraternity was in a very

flourishing condition, but was composed almost entirely of women,—pious, energetic, and self-sacrificing women, but, after all, only women, and Fr. Roch wished most devoutly to see the men of the parish enrolled under the banner of the Poverello, as was the case in the parish in which he had hitherto been active.

As the zealous friar sat at his table smoothing out the furrows in his troubled brow, his face suddenly brightened and he hastened to the telephone.

Taking down the receiver, he said, "Main 2-9-4-3." Then after a pause:

"Hello! Dr. Woodbury, this is Fr. Roch. Say, Doctor, I've been for some time considering ways and means of bringing the men of the parish into the Third Order so that you and Judge Adams and the few other men in the fraternity will have a little more company at the monthly meetings. Now, I want you to assist me in this matter. All you'll have to do is to invite several of your good friends to an informal smoker—a sort of 'get acquainted' smoker—to-morrow night in Tertiary Hall. You know I haven't met half the men of the parish yet. Don't mention Third Order to them, but simply say that Fr. Roch wants to get acquainted and will guarantee cigars of extra quality. Have you got me?" he questioned with a little laugh.

"Ah, I see," came the answer over the wire, "you want me to act as recruiting officer. Well, I'll be there with my quota of recruits, and I hope your ingenuity as chief of staff will turn them into first class soldiers of St. Francis. Be sure to bring plenty of cigars!"

"Trust me for that, Doctor! Good-bye until to-morrow night."

Fr. Roch hung up the receiver, but he took it down immediately to call up his good friend Judge Adams, one of the most respected members of the parish. The Judge promised to bring several Catholic officials of the court besides his old-time friend Lawyer Sharp. "Central" was kept busy for some time making other connections for Fr. Roch until he had extended the invitation to his "get acquainted" smoker to all the men Tertiaries he could reach by wire. The remaining he visited during the day.

Wednesday night came. It was a beautiful, quiet evening, with just enough chill in the air to make it pleasant to be indoors. When Fr. Roch entered the brightly lighted hall, he was agreeably surprised to find between forty-five and fifty men present, a truly representative gathering of the men of the parish, all anxious to get acquainted with the genial priest and, incidentally, desirous of testing his "extra quality" cigars. The necessary introductions were soon made, and before long all were chatting merrily together, discussing the weather, the market, and, above all, the excellent brand of Havanas that Fr. Roch passed around with princely liberality.

"Well, Judge, why so serious this evening?" queried the priest, after some time, as he noticed the old gentleman sitting alone and contemplating the rings of fragrant smoke that went whirling toward the ceiling. "You appear to have some weighty matter on your mind."

"To tell the truth, Fr. Roch," he replied slowly, taking the cigar from his teeth and eyeing it closely as if drawing inspiration from its glowing tip, "I've had a lot of ugly business today in court, and I'm thoroughly disgusted with the way society is going to the bad. The first thing up was a nasty divorce; then followed several juvenile cases, and so on through the livelong day. What hurt me most was that about half the persons that stood at the bar today were Catholics, that is," he hastened to correct himself, "nominal Catholics. The papers and magazines, the streets and theaters, the saloons and cabarets, and even the schools and universities seem to be doing their utmost to ruin

society and to cast us one and all into perdition. Is there no remedy for these social evils?" he concluded, after a short pause, looking questioningly at the priest.

"To be sure there is, Judge," replied Fr. Roch. "The Church has a remedy for every moral wound of mankind."

"Well, then, why doesn't the Church fulfill her mission and apply the remedies?" asked Mr. Winthrop, a druggist, who was always ready to deal out healing balm to suffering humanity.

"By the Church I presume you mean the ministers of the Church, do you not, Mr. Winthrop?" Fr. Roch questioned kindly.

"Yes, Father, quite so."

"Now, you are certainly aware of the fact," began the priest, "that the bishops and priests are laboring day and night to extend the blessings of holy Church to mankind. Everywhere and always they endeavor to inculcate the divine precepts of morality and to remove or at least to lessen the moral evils afflicting society; but their message and their influence do not carry far enough. They need collaborators,—persons living in the world, men and women in every walk of life, who will demonstrate by word and especially by example to those who are similarly situated, how to live up to the teachings of the Church. In this way, the ugly and painful moral sores afflicting present-day society would soon be healed."

"I see, Father," replied Winthrop, becoming interested. "I must acknowledge that I never looked at the matter in that light before."

"You also readily understand," continued Fr. Roch, warming up to his subject, "that many people look at the priests and bishops as a sort of 'supermen'—men who are more to be admired for their manner of living than imitated."

"Well, priests are, in reality, elevated above the rank and file of men by reason of their ordination," commented Dr. Woodbury, "and I suppose this accounts for the peculiar opinion the faithful have of them."

"If, then, there is need of such lay 'go-betweens,' as I understand you to mean, Father," began Lawyer Sharp in his matter-of-fact way,

"why not found a society of men and women, whose aim it would be to show their fellow men how to put the Church's teachings into practice and thus avoid the dangers by which so many lives are wrecked?"

"That's my opinion, too," chimed in Jerry Cahill, a railroad yard-master and an enthusiastic Knight of Columbus, who was known for his propensity to second motions.

"Well, gentlemen, you may be surprised to hear it, but there exists an institution of this very nature in the Church, and it has existed now for well-nigh seven centuries," declared the priest quietly.

"You don't say so, Father," gasped half a dozen in a breath.

"Yes, I do say so," repeated the priest smiling, and winking slyly at Woodbury, who now caught the drift of it all. "This organization, which has the solemn approbation of the Church, and which was instituted for the purpose of relieving the moral ills to which society is heir, is none other than the Third Order of St. Francis!"

This declaration acted like a thunderbolt on the audience.

"Why, Father, that's a society for old women!" exclaimed the lawyer, his enthusiasm suddenly cooling.

"You're wrong, there, my dear Sharp," drawled old Judge Adams, "because there's at least one old man in the Third Order, and that's myself," and he ran his hand through his long hoary locks, while the crowd laughed good-naturedly at the lawyer.

"What, Judge? You a member of the Third Order! Well that's certainly one on me!" returned Mr. Sharp, slapping his knee.

"Which all goes to prove that even one of the most learned and sharpest members of the bar doesn't know everything," answered the old Judge, as he blew a great cloud of smoke toward the ceiling and eyed the lawyer mischievously.

"But, Father Roch, if the Third Order is also for men, how is it that it is made up almost entirely of women?" queried Bert Johnson, the city clerk, who was as much surprised as Sharp at Judge Adam's declaration.

"Your assertion, Mr. Johnson, that the Third Order is made up almost entirely of women," replied the

priest, "will hardly be borne out by facts, although I admit that at the present time and especially in this country, the women are in the majority. Perhaps—I will not say for certain—the reason is this," he continued "and all eyes were riveted on him. "The other sex is, as you all know, ever ready to accept gifts, especially, if the acceptance does not entail many obligations on their part. Now, the Third Order is a veritable gold mine of graces and spiritual blessings that God lavishes on all its members and for almost nothing, since the obligations that membership in the Order entails, stand in no proportion at all to the benefits it dispenses."

"And besides, Father," broke in Jerry Cahill, "the women folks seem to take more to piety than we men."

"But do you men stand less in need of piety and sanctity, Mr. Cahill, than your wives and daughters?" retorted the priest with a smile.

"There you are, Jerry, that's one on you!" chuckled Pat Brennan, Cahill's brother-in-law. "Goodness knows you could make good use of a little more piety!"

"But joking aside, gentlemen," Fr. Roch went on, "don't you men stand even in greater need of solid piety than the women? In the fierce battle of life, are not you men constantly on the firing line, always face to face with the enemy? In the store, in the office, in the workshop, on the street, in public life—always and everywhere you are required to hold up the protecting shield of true piety and sterling faith against the innumerable darts hurled by the foes of faith and virtue. If you men fall a prey to the enemies of God and of the Church, who will prevent your wives and daughters from falling likewise into their hands? Now, the Third Order of St. Francis begins its work of ren-

ovating society by instilling into the hearts of its members a more than ordinary love for virtue and a corresponding hatred of vice. It makes them men of faith, men of prayer, men to whom religion is a stern reality of every-day life and not merely a pleasant occupation for an idle Sunday. It begins its work of

different and lukewarm in matters of religion his family will be the first to imitate him in this regard."

"There's where you hit the nail squarely on the head, Father Roch," assented the old Judge. "I could name a hundred families and more in this city that are now lost to the Church and to right living on account of religious indifference of the heads of the families."

"Shure, an' perhaps I'd be on that same road meself," essayed Pat Brennan gravely, "if I hadn't joined the Third Order twenty-two years ago with me good wife."

This naive confession was greeted with a roar of laughter, for Pat was a general favorite and he was well known for his fidelity to his religious duties.

"But, Father," questioned Mr. Sharp, who was now deeply interested, "how does the Third Order accomplish the difficult task of strengthening the religious life of the family, if I may ask?"

"To begin with," Fr. Roch explained, "the Third Order admits both men and women into its ranks and even children that have reached the age of fourteen years, and thus brings the entire family under its saving influence. It demands of its members that they observe—each according to his station in life—pru-

St. Elizabeth, Model of Personal Service

reform in the hearts of its members, well knowing that when this is accomplished, the battle is half won!"

The sparkling glow of interest in the eyes of all present and their breathless attention to every syllable that fell from the lips of the eloquent priest, gave evidence that the good seed was falling on fertile soil.

"Moreover, you men are the heads of families. Now, there is an old Latin saw: 'Qualis rex, talis grex,—as the king, so his flock.' Thus, we may also say, 'as the father, so his family.' If the father is in-

dent moderation in all things, frugality in eating and drinking, and discreet restraint in enjoying the pleasures of the world. It inculcates strongly the necessity of daily prayer and attendance at Mass even during the week, and prescribes monthly reception of the sacraments as the minimum. It forbids the members to use indecent language and vulgar jokes, and thus combats the prevalent vice of cursing. It directs the Tertiaries to dispose of their property betimes by bequest, thus stopping the source of so many



family feuds that ensue when persons die intestate. It strongly supports the cause of the good press in its conflict with the powers of evil that find so willing and able a confederate in the godless press of our day.

"Then, in its charitable program," the priest continued, "the Third Order is all-embracing. Tertiaries are enjoined sedulously to exercise kindness and charity among themselves and toward their neighbor. And although the Third Order is no benevolent insurance society, yet its members are instructed to contribute—each according to his means—to a common fund, from which the poorer members obtain relief, especially in time of sickness. These free offerings of the members are often sufficient in well organized fraternities to finance philanthropical undertakings on a grand scale. In short, there is no work of mercy, either corporal or spiritual, that the Third Order does not claim as its own and that it does not endeavor to promote."

"I understand very well, now, Father Roch," conceded Mr. Sharp, almost entirely won over, "that the Third Order is by no means intended merely for the women folk, since the activity of the Order, as you have outlined it, is so pre-eminently the affair of us men. But did the Third Order in the seven centuries of its existence ever succeed in gaining the hearty co-operation of men in carrying out this wonderful program?"

"To be sure it did, my dear Mr. Sharp," replied Fr. Roch, well pleased with the interest he had aroused in the subject. "The very first person to be admitted into the Third Order was a wealthy merchant of Tuscany, named Lucius, and he was followed by countless others of every age and rank and profession, from king to beggar; so much so that during the reign of Emperor Frederick II, not a quarter-century after the founding of the Third Order, it was remarked that hardly a man could be found outside its ranks. And some historians think that it was this almost universal sway of the Third Order and of the principles it propagated that overthrew the feudal system of the Middle Ages and paved the way for the

popular constitutional governments of our time."

"This is most remarkable," commented the lawyer thoughtfully.

"It's queer we never heard of that before," seconded Jerry Cahill, shaking his head dubiously and looking about to learn what the rest of the assembly thought of the matter.

"But that makes it none the less true, Mr. Cahill," the priest went on; "for there are many things past, present and future that we have not heard of. To continue," Fr. Roch said, "I could give you a very extensive list of men, not to mention women, who as Tertiaries have shed glory on themselves, on the Third Order, and on the Church by the holiness of their lives and the benefits they have conferred on their fellow men. I'm afraid, however, you'd all be asleep before I'd be half finished. Still, I cannot refrain, now that we are on the subject, from citing a few examples to illustrate how well the Third Order has demonstrated its fitness for every walk in life and for all times. There is, in the first place, the glorious patron of the Third Order, St. Louis IX, King of France, than whom there is no more noble character in history.

Then, there is St. Ferdinand of Castile, another Tertiary on the throne; Bl. Eric, Prince of Denmark; Bl. Charles of Blois, Duke of Bretagne; St. Conrad, a nobleman of Piacenza; St. Ignatius of Loyola and St. Francis Borgia, soldiers and courtiers before their entrance into religion; St. Ives, a lawyer; St. Benedict Labre, a poor beggar of Rome; Bl. Antony of Hungary, an orderly; Bl. Peter of Siena, a comb maker; Bl. Gerard of Villamagna, a crusader; Bl. Nevolon, a shoemaker; St. Roch, my own blessed patron, a nobleman, who spent his whole life attending the plague-stricken. Then, there was the great and noble Christopher Columbus; Garcia Moreno, the statesman and martyr-president of Ecuador; Galileo, the renowned astronomer; Galvani and Volta, physicists; Murillo and Raphael, painters; Michelangelo, painter, sculptor and architect; Dante, Petrarch and Francis Thompson, poets; Ozanam and Bazin, authors; Lord Ripon and Donoso Cortés, statesmen; Palestrina and Liszt, musicians and composers;—

there you are, Mr. Cahill, nodding away," Fr. Roch laughingly interrupted himself, as he noticed Cahill's eyelids drooping. "Didn't I say that you'd be asleep before I got half through?"

"No, Father, I wasn't sleeping," Jerry replied, rubbing his eyes, "I was just thinking how sad it is that St. Patrick wasn't a member of the Third Order, too."

"Well," responded the priest laughing heartily, "it wasn't his fault. But then, Jerry, you didn't give me a chance to name our good friends here, namely Judge Adams, Dr. Woodbury, Pat Brennan, and the other men of the parish, who are as good Tertiaries as the sun ever shone on," he said, making a sweeping gesture toward the faithful little band of blushing Tertiaries. "And I might further add for your edification, that of the hundred odd Tertiaries that have been raised to the honors of our altars by holy Church, over three-fourths are men; which only goes to show," the priest added with a mischievous twinkle in his eye, looking at Mr. Sharp, "that the other sex has by no means a monopoly on the Third Order or on sanctity."

"Father, I grant you're right," replied the lawyer pleasantly. "And now, gentlemen," he continued, rising and facing about, "I move that instead of founding a new society for combating the evils of our day, as I at first suggested, we place ourselves under the banner of St. Francis and continue the grand work so successfully carried on by the Tertiaries during the past seven centuries."

"I second that motion," called out Jerry Cahill, endeavoring to demonstrate clearly that he was now wide awake.

"There ye are, Jerry, caught napping again! Don't ye know ye signed yer own death warrant by seconding that motion?" sang out Pat Brennan, as he stepped over to Cahill and slapped him familiarly on the shoulder. "Shure, yer doomed now to lead a decent Christian life in spite o' yerself," he continued, while all laughed merrily at Jerry's pretended discomfiture.

"Well, the motion has been made and seconded," said Judge Adams, taking his place beside Fr. Roch,

"that all present, who are not as yet members of the Third Order, should join its ranks. All those in favor of this motion, signify by saying 'ay.'"

"Ay, ay!" came a chorus of voices, Jerry's high treble resounding above all the rest.

"Well, Father, it seems the 'ays' have it," Judge Adams said, his kindly face beaming with smiles.

"Gentlemen," replied Fr. Roch, "the outcome of this smoker is, indeed, very surprising and at the same time very gratifying, as I had no idea that I should hereby gain so many excellent recruits for the great Tertiary army, which numbers over 3,000,000 soldiers with the Holy Father himself as their commander-in-chief. You have, to be sure, gotten only a faint idea this evening of the real importance and the extraordinary efficiency of the Third Order, but you have learned that it is an institution eminently suited to both

sexes and to all classes of people. Some other evening we shall go more into detail regarding the different regulations of the Rule and the varied activity of the Order, and you will then no longer be surprised to hear that many Popes, especially those of the last century, have placed all their hopes for the regeneration of society in the Third Order, whose members from the corps d'elite, as they say, of the Christian army, the 'new Maccabees,' who will successfully fight the battles of the Lord against the powers of darkness. And now, as it is growing late," he concluded, looking at his watch, "I move that we adjourn for this evening."

"I second the motion," exclaimed Jerry Cahill, as the men laughingly rose to depart; "and, Father Roch, the next time you count up the names of great Tertiaries, don't forget to mention Jeremiah Cahill, 2241 North Broadway."

THIRD ORDER CALENDAR

1. Bl. Antony, Confessor of the I Order. Commemoration of All Souls of Franciscan Order.
5. Bl. Nicholas, Martyr of the I Order.
7. Vigil of The Immaculate Conception. Day of Fast and Abstinence for Tertiaries.
8. Immaculate Conception of the B. V. M., Patroness of the United States and The Franciscan Order. (Gen. Absol.—Plen. Ind.)
9. BB. Elizabeth and Delphina, Virgins of the III Order. (Plen. Ind.)
10. Bl. Peter, Confessor of the III Order.
11. Bl. Hugolinus, Confessor of the III Order.
12. The Finding of the Body of St. Francis. (Plen. Ind.)
14. BB. Conrad and Bartholus, Confessors of the I and III Orders.
23. Bl. Nicholas, Confessor of the I Order.
25. The Birth of Our Lord. (Gen. Absol.)
30. BB. Margaret and Mathias, Virgins of the II Order.

Besides the days indicated above, Tertiaries can gain a Plenary Indulgence:

1. Every Tuesday, if, after Confession and Holy Communion, they visit a church of the First or the Second Order or of the Third Order Regular of St. Francis while the Bl. Sacrament is exposed and there pray for the intention of the Pope. If Tertiaries live at a great distance from a Franciscan church, they may visit their own parish church.

2. Once every month, on any suitable day. Conditions: Confession, Communion, visit to any church, and some prayers there for the intention of the Pope.

3. On the day of the monthly meeting. Conditions: Confession, Communion, visit to any church, and some prayers there for the intention of the Pope.

4. On the first Saturday of every month. Conditions: Confession, Communion, some prayers for the intention of the Pope, and besides some prayers in honor of the Immaculate Conception of the Bl. Virgin Mary.

General Absolution, also called Indulgent Blessing, can be received by Tertiaries on December 8, 25. This absolution may be imparted to Tertiaries in the confessional on the day preceding these feasts or on the feasts themselves or on any day during the week following.

OUR LADY AT THE MANGER

This blessed night, what raptures thrill
My bosom undefiled!
Through me is done the Father's will:
His Son, a Virgin's child.

His only Son, true God on high,
The Lord of blissful spheres,
Here on a wisp of straw doth lie,
A shivering babe in tears.

My Infant God! A crib Thy throne,
And pain Thy chosen lot.
Lowly, Thou com'st into Thy own.
And Thy own receive Thee not.

O Babe divine! How poor Thou art,
How chill and hard Thy bed.
Come to Thy Virgin-mother's heart
And rest Thy aching head.

Ye choirs of angels standing by,
Proclaim the Savior's birth:
May glory be to God on high,
And peace to men on earth.

—Selected.



Missions

HIS FIRST VISIT AT SAN FRANCISCO

By FR. FRANCIS BORGIA, O. F. M.

AND you left Santa Clara this morning?" asked Fr. Palóu.

"Yes, shortly after sunrise," Fr. Serra replied.

"Then you must be tired."

"Yes, querido mio, very tired. What I regret, however, is that we could not get here before dark."

"Why, your Reverence, it is forty-five miles to San Francisco."

"Forty-five!" put in Fr. Peña. "My legs tell me it's twice that many."

"Your Reverence," Fr. Cambon offered, placing a pot of steaming chocolate and a dish of fresh fruit on the table, "would you not save time and energy by making those journeys on horseback?"

"On horseback?" Fr. Serra laughed. "You see, Padre, somehow I would feel out of place on a horse. Besides, what would St. Francis have said if Brother Junipero of old had ridden horseback?"

"Oh," came back pleasantly, "but Brother Junipero had no such trips to make as his worthy namesake in California."

"And if he did," Fr. Serra rejoined, "do you think he ever got such excellent chocolate to refresh him?" and winking merrily to Fr. Palóu, the saintly Apostle of California put the cup to his lips.

"All right, Your Reverence," Fr. Cambon continued, "horses are tabooed, then. But how about mules? Our holy Rule forbids us only to ride horseback—equitare."

"But mules have such a peculiar propensity in the use of their legs. Never will I forget the experience I had with one of their species. Fr. Palóu knows all about it."

"About what, Your Reverence?" Fr. Palóu's thoughts had been elsewhere when his name was mentioned.

"Why, about my tumble from a mule."

"Oh, yes. But it will be news for Fr. Cambon."

"And perhaps a warning. We were traveling from San Gabriel to San Carlos. Because my sore leg troubled me more than usual, I took the corporal's advice and mounted a mule. We had gone about two miles, a picture of ease and contentment, when, for some reason or other, my mule became restless. I tried to keep my balance, at the same time using the most endearing terms to quiet the beast. But in vain; and before I realized it, I was on the ground and witnessed a lively display of the mule's 'understanding.' Luckily, I dodged all the thrusts but one. As the doctor later testified, however, none of my ribs were broken or missing. Now you know why I so much prefer my own 'understanding' to that of another."

Fr. Serra loved his confrères. Naturally of a sunny disposition, he always enjoyed their company and could jest as pleasantly and laugh as heartily as any of them. That they in turn loved and revered their Fr. Presidente goes without saying. The joy his visits would cause at the missions was mutual, and parting proved as hard for one as for the other. But seldom was the Apostle of California in so happy and merry a mood as on this particular night of October 1, 1777. At last, he was at the mission whither, during the past year, his thoughts had so often wandered. Though weary from the day's tramp, he stood for over an hour at the door of the little hut and gazed and mused and prayed. Like an everchanging panorama, the events of the past few years arrested his thoughts; how he pleaded that St. Francis

might get a mission in California; how the viceroy agreed and issued orders to that effect; how Colonel Anza and Fr. Font came north and selected a suitable site; how the San Diego disaster for a time interfered; how trouble arose with Don Fernando Rivera; how the spiteful captain ignored the viceroy's instructions; how, a little over a year ago, Lieutenant Moraga and Fr. Palóu at last took the matter into their own hands and founded the Mission; how, all unexpectedly, Captain Rivera was recalled to Mexico and replaced by Don Felipe de Neve—heavy was the heart of the saintly friar who so tenderly loved California and its untutored Indians.

"Gracias á Dios," he whispered, grasping his beads more tightly and gazing to the starry heavens. "O God, Thou Ruler of hearts, bless and direct the ways of our new governor, that he may continue well disposed toward us and our enterprise. Grant, in Thy infinite mercy and goodness, that this outpost of Christianity and civilization may prosper. And thou, O Father St. Francis, intercede for this thy own mission that, for all the poor natives of the bay region, it may prove a harbor of temporal welfare and of eternal salvation."

We can imagine with what interest Fr. Serra looked about the next morning when he passed over to the little chapel of brushwood and tules; why he was so absorbed in prayer during the subsequent meditation and holy Mass; and how fondly he blessed and embraced the neophytes who were waiting for him in front of the chapel.

Having taken breakfast and recited a part of the breviary, he went out to inspect the mission buildings more closely.

"Well, what do you think of our

mission?" asked Fr. Palóu when he found the Fr. Presidente near the granary, where the Indians were already at work.

"Querido mio," Fr. Serra exclaimed, grasping his confrère's hand, "my hearty congratulations! You and Fr. Cambon must have worked hard during the past year."

"We did, Your Reverence. As I wrote at the time, we found the Indians very friendly and responsive. They helped us gather timber and tules; and some of the buildings were already finished when alas! about the middle of August, the natives at San Mateo came up and began hostilities. Our Indians were in great fear; and, although the soldiers promised to protect them against their enemies, they fled across the channel. This delayed our work considerably and only by dint of hard and persistent labor did we succeed in finishing the chapel in time to dedicate it on the feast of St. Francis."

"Come, tell me all about the celebration," Fr. Serra urged; and the two missionaries sat down on a boulder that lay beneath a wide-spreading oak.

"On the vigil of the feast," Fr. Palóu began, "we blessed the chapel. Some of the settlers from the presidio had previously decorated it with bunting which they obtained from the San Carlos then at anchor in the harbor. But to our dismay, Lieutenant Moraga was not yet back from the expedition to the northeast. Hence, on the feast we only celebrated holy Mass in the chapel, postponing its formal dedication till the officer's return. Three days later, he arrived. Coming to the mission immediately and finding everything prepared, he agreed that the dedication should take place the next morning. All the settlers and most of the soldiers of the presidio attended the ceremonies, as also the captain of the San Carlos and his crew. Moreover, some pagan Indians, who had meanwhile ventured back to their rancherias, were present; and when all was over, they came and asked whether they could stay with us."

"I understand Rivera was

satisfied when he arrived and found the mission already established."

"Not satisfied, but delighted. In fact, I was puzzled."

"Until you received my letter, I suppose."

"Yes; then, of course, everything was clear. You should have heard the lieutenant laugh when I told him about it. In December, almost all the Indians returned, but, sad to say, with hostile intent. Only when the soldiers began discharging their muskets did they disperse and disappear. Some time later, during a skirmish that occurred near the presidio, one of the natives was killed. Now they sued for peace and promised to remain quiet. But gradually they disappeared again."

"A third time? Why?"

"Ah, Your Reverence, the same old story, Narciso, one of our first neophytes—there he goes with the load of tules—a good Indian and unusually intelligent, told me how shortly after that skirmish at the presidio, one of the soldiers shamelessly—but no, why repeat the story? You remember what happened at San Gabriel shortly after its founding."

A deep sigh was Fr. Serra's only answer. Now he understood why Mission San Francisco had till now made so little progress in the way of converts; and why, about six months before, at San Carlos, the soldier flushed so on being asked

how matters stood at the new mission in the north.

"It was not till the early part of last March," Fr. Palóu continued, "about a month before Neve's visit, that the Indians returned and settled here. Of these, seventeen are now baptized and are living at the mission."

"You mentioned Neve. Did the news of his appointment surprise you?"

"No, Your Reverence," Fr. Palóu replied, fixing his eyes intently on his superior.

As a man of wide experience, prudent forethought, and relentless energy, Fr. Palóu enjoyed the esteem and confidence of all, especially of the Fr. Presidente.

"No, Your Reverence," he insisted, "I was not surprised but shocked. The supreme government made a poor choice, I dare say. Why was Neve removed from Lower California? For the same reason that Rivera was taken away from here. Fr. Nosedal, who came up last year on the San Carlos, told me all about the trouble Señor Neve stirred up in Lower California. The Dominicans down there were as glad to get rid of him as we of Rivera. So I fear the government has made a poor choice for these latest missions. Neve's appointment to reside up here spells new trouble for us."

"Ah, Padre, if you knew—"

"Pardon me, Your Reverence; but let me speak out. Have you forgotten how imperiously he demanded those inventories, about two years ago? In his mind, the governor must have absolute control not only over the military department but also over the missionaries and their affairs."

"But the viceroy has given him minute instructions," came from Fr. Serra, almost timidly.

"Little will he bother about instructions now with the government heads a thousand miles away. Señor Rivera, too, had instructions, but only to ignore them."

"Those days are past, Padre. Let us hope that Neve will profit by the mistakes of his predecessor."



The Apostle of California

"I wish I could. But from remarks he made during his visit here last April I must conclude that he considers the missions and their neophytes a comfortable means of supporting the presidios and their shiftless soldiers."

"But listen, querido mio," Fr. Serra replied, smiling gently. "Soon after his return to Monterey, he called at San Carlos and consulted me as to founding the channel mission of Santa Barbara."

"And he was in favor of the project?"

"Yes, and he promised to cooperate. We sat together for several hours. He agreed to all I proposed; whereupon we both drew up recommendations and sent them to the viceroy."

Though somewhat quieted, Fr. Palóu still had misgivings.

"Then why did he want to resign last June?"

"Ill health and a touch of homesickness. It is thirteen years since last he saw his family in Spain. But, you know he has retracted his resignation and will stay at his post."

All would have been clear to Fr. Palóu if his worthy superior had added that the king, instead of accepting Neve's resignation, had the viceroy inform him of his promotion to the rank of colonel.

"At all events, the viceroy is well disposed toward us and our work. To show you what instructions he has given Governor Neve, I brought the letter with me which I received from him last spring, about two weeks after Rivera's departure for Sonora. Let me go and get it; then you can see for yourself."

The venerable Fr. Presidente had hardly left, when frantic shrieks resounded from behind the guardhouse.

"What is that?" Fr. Palóu muttered and hastened to where the shrieks came from. How he flushed with indignation on seeing one of the soldiers plying the lash unmercifully on the bare back of an Indian.

"Señor," he shouted hoarsely, "by whose orders?"

At sight of the missionary the soldier ceased, looked daggers at

the intruder, and then, thrusting the lash under his arm, entered the guardhouse.

A half hour later, Fr. Palóu was alone with the corporal.

"Say what you will, Señor. The neophytes are under my control, not under yours."

"I was told he refused to pile up the adobes."

"Which gave you no right to dictate a punishment, and such a brutal punishment."

"Brutal?"

"Yes, inhumanly brutal."

"Padre, you are undermining our authority and influence."

"As to authority, Señor, you have none over the neophytes; and as to influence, I wish I could undermine it."

Fr. Palóu was angry and made little effort to check his feelings.

"These savage brutes will never learn to respect law and order, if you missionaries always interfere?"

"And if you soldiers," Fr. Palóu hurled back, "conduct yourselves like pagans and savages?"

"What do you mean?"

"Just what I say. But enough. Mind you, Señor, the laws of Spain give the missionaries absolute control over the neophyte Indians; and as long as I am in charge of this mission, those laws shall be observed to the letter."

"The lieutenant will hear of this, Padre."

"Leave that to me, Señor."

The first anniversary and patronal feast of Mission San Francisco was commemorated in as solemn a manner as the circumstances allowed. Even nature seemed to have donned her most gorgeous attire for the occasion. The little chapel was crowded to overflowing; for all the colonists came down from the presidio and several Indian families from the neighboring rancherías were there to witness the sacred functions. Fr. Serra officiated at the solemn high Mass with Fathers Palóu and Peña as deacon and sub-deacon, while Fr. Cambon took charge of the choir. It is easier to imagine than to describe how the Fr. Presidente with his deep sonorous voice sang the Preface and the

Pater Noster; how fervently, at the *Memento Vivorum*, he prayed that the mission of St. Francis might prosper; how warmly, in his sermon, he thanked the lieutenant, the soldiers, and the colonists for the assistance they had rendered the Fathers during the past year; how sincerely he exhorted them to cheer one another amid the hardships and privations they were undergoing for the spread of God's kingdom and the establishment of Spain's faith and civilization among the natives of California.

The first one to call on him after holy Mass was Lieutenant Moraga.

"A joyous feast, Your Reverence," he exclaimed, "and my hearty thanks for the appreciation and encouragement you voiced in your sermon."

"Credit where credit is due, Don José," the saintly missionary replied, disengaging his hand from the officer's friendly clasp.

"What a grand celebration of our first anniversary!"

"Thanks to your earnest co-operation."

"Surely, St. Francis will bless our labors."

"And make his mission the best in California."

"And his presidio a pattern for the others, eh?" Moraga offered with a pleasant look at Fr. Palóu. "But now I have a favor to ask, Your Reverence. To-morrow is Sunday and we should like to have you say holy Mass for us at the presidio. Besides,"—twinkling merrily—"I am sure you want to see the beautiful bay of San Francisco."

"Ah, Don José, you know how long I have been waiting for that pleasure," Fr. Serra replied with trembling accents.

"Light and pleasant would our work be," he remarked to Fr. Palóu after the lieutenant had joined his escort, "if all the military commanders were as well-minded and warm-hearted as Don José."

"Indeed, Your Reverence," the other agreed; "just this morning he gave another proof of it. That soldier who whipped the Indian so brutally is leaving for the presidio, while the corporal will not so soon forget the reproof and warning he received. By the way, nearly

all the pagans whom we called on yesterday and invited to attend the celebrations were present."

"I hope it was their first step toward God and heaven."

"So it was for about twenty of them," Fr. Palóu returned joyfully. "Anyway, that many came to me after holy Mass and asked to become Christians."

"Gracias á Dios!" exclaimed the Fr. Presidente. "But come, I presume the Fathers are waiting for us."

"Your Reverence," Fr. Palóu began, when the four missionaries were gathered at breakfast, "I read the viceroy's letter. It must have consoled you greatly after all the sorrows and disappointment of the preceding year."

"Indeed, it did. I suppose you grant now that my bright hopes for the future are justified."

"I do, as far as the viceroy is concerned," the other replied, rising to get the letter. "No doubt, he wants the right thing and in the right way. Just see how kindly he begins the letter: 'As indicated in your letter of October 8, it undoubtedly pained Your Reverence that the restoration of the destroyed Mission of San Diego should come to a deadlock. Personally, I was much displeased when I heard of it, especially on account of the frivolous motives that occasioned it and of which I was apprised by letters from Lieutenant Don Diego Choquet, commander of the transport El Principe.' And here," Fr. Palóu continued, turning the page, could he have expressed himself more clearly? Listen: 'Governor Don Felipe Neve has been instructed to consult me and to propose whatever he may deem expedient and necessary to make those establishments happy; and likewise to act in all things in accord with Your Reverence. I trust you will persevere in that fervor and zeal which fills the soul of Your Reverence for the propagation of the Faith, the conversion of souls, and the extension of the royal dominion in those remote territories and that you will ordain whatever seems expedient. Meanwhile, inform me as to what may be necessary to make my measures effective.' Now, if our

new governor only—all right, Your Reverence, not to-day," Fr. Palóu smiled, when he noticed the Fr. Presidente looking the other way, as if reluctant to have thoughts of this kind mar the joy which the feast of St. Francis and the attending ceremonies had awakened in his soul.

Long anticipated pleasures have a double charm when at last attained. Hence it was that Fr. Serra nearly wept for joy when Fr. Palóu informed him that the sergeant and the two soldiers, whom the lieutenant had sent down, were there to escort him to the presidio.

The four miles' trip over hills and meadows proved as interesting as invigorating. The bright October sun had already dispersed the heavy sea mists, while a blinding radiance filled the crisp morning air. The Apostle of California knew how to appreciate the charms of nature, a fact that in part explains why he so greatly loved the land of sunshine and flowers. Frequently, after climbing a hill, he would pause for a moment, not so much to catch his breath as rather to rest his eye on the singular beauty of the surrounding landscape. Then again he would stoop to admire a flower by the roadside; or he would whistle merrily in reply to the warble of a songster in the treetop; or, if a squirrel out of sheer fright would abandon its morning meal and dash up the road, the man of God in his childlike simplicity would call after the little creature to have no fear. How he wished he were a St. Francis whenever an antelope, startled by their approach, would dart off through the brushwood and disappear in a thicket near-by; and how earnestly he told the soldiers to put down their muskets when, from a cave on the hillside, a full-grown bear emerged and, staring at them until they passed, slunk back hazily in his lair.

It was about nine o'clock when the two missionaries and the soldiers reached the presidio. They had just climbed the last hill that overlooked the little settlement. All of a sudden, a loud report from the presidio canon, followed by the discharge of muskets, rent the quiet morning air.

"Just like our noble lieutenant," Fr. Palóu remarked on seeing Don José coming through the stockade and hastening toward them. Fr. Serra's heart was too full for human utterance; but the tear that trickled down his brawny cheek revealed how deeply it all affected him.

"Now for a visit to the bay, Your Reverence," the lieutenant suggested, after dinner, when Fr. Serra made a move to rise.

"Yes, yes, the Bay of San Francisco," and locking arms the two missionaries went out to where the soldiers were waiting.

They had only a mile or so to walk and soon could hear the surging of the restless waters.

"From yonder elevation," Moraga offered, "the view is most beautiful."

They ascended through a thick growth of underbrush, and soon came to the edge of a high cliff, the placid expanse of the bay stretching serenely before them.

"At last! How beautiful!" Fr. Serra cried, and then for some time stood there in mute admiration. Finally, as if awakening from a dream, he turned to his companions and exclaimed, "Ah, amigos mios, so St. Francis has conducted the procession of our missions to the very extremity of California. To go farther we shall need rudder and sail."

As the rosebud, for weeks exposed to spring's warm sunbeams and chilling nightwinds, triumphs in the end and bursts forth into fullblown summer glory; so the heart of California's Apostle, harassed so long by fond hopes and bitter disappointments, was now all aglow with joy and satisfaction. Not in vain, after all, had been his prayers and his pleadings in behalf of this northernmost mission, this last link in the chain of his spiritual conquests. And, while Fr. Palóu and Lieutenant Moraga were pointing out and naming for him the surrounding places of interest, the man of God was kneeling in spirit before the throne of Him who created all things and who governs them according to the decrees of his infinite wisdom.



Fiction



THE EAGLES TORR EMERALD

By MARIAN NESBITT

CHAPTER I

LISTEN, Angela! Angel, do listen!" And a child's voice read aloud slowly, distinctly, and with intense gravity, the following lines:—

If ye ringe be loste when Christmasse draweth neare,
Woe to faire Eagles Torr! and pain and feare!
But if it be founde when Christmasse bells doe ringe,
Joy and good hope ye comynge yeares shalle brynge!

"My dear Robin, who gave you leave to touch that book?"

"No one. I gave it to myself," returned little Lord Riversmouth, calmly surveying his sister from over the edge of the huge leather-bound tome which he was supporting—not without difficulty—upon his knees.

The heavy volume, with its quaint and curious letter-press, and its antique silver clasps, would certainly have looked more appropriate to a study table than in the hands of a boy of six; while its contents were undoubtedly more suited to the perusal of an antiquary than the summer afternoon's reading of a child.

But the young heir of Eagles Torr was supremely unconscious of these facts. He did not know that he was too clever for his age; neither was he aware that in the faces watching him, a shade of anxiety mingled with amused affection. Resting his elbows on the open page, he dropped his chin upon his hands, and repeated the lines with a thoughtful look in his blue eyes, and a characteristic wrinkle puckering his small brows, above which the fair hair grew in a thick straight fringe that was very becoming to the grave little face beneath.

"Where is the ring, Angel?" he asked, at last. "I've never seen it. I suppose father keeps it always locked up for fear of its getting lost; but I mean to ask him to show it to me now this very minute."

"Indeed, Robin, you must do nothing of the kind," cried Angela, hastily. "He would be seriously displeased. Besides, you know that book is a very old history of the Carew family—so old, that we need not trouble our heads about all that strange traditions and superstitions we may find recorded in it."

"But there was a ring, once upon a time—there must have been," persisted the boy, with the dogged pertinacity of childhood. "What was it like? Did it ever get lost? And who —?"

"Wait! wait! I cannot undertake to answer such

a string of questions. Ah!"—with a scarcely concealed accent of relief—"here comes tea. I hope you are ready for it. I'm sure Mr. Avonmore must be. He has been poring over those crabbed old documents the whole of this lovely afternoon."

The young man alluded to looked up on hearing his name, and putting his papers together, rose from the writing-table which stood between two windows about half-way down the large and beautiful room. Notwithstanding its size, however, and the atmosphere of old-world dignity that pervaded it, the library at Eagles Torr was an eminently cozy and comfortable retreat. A studious silence seemed always to reign there, and the view was perfect: Two windows faced southwards over smooth green lawns and glowing flower-beds; whilst the third and largest, an exquisite oriel, with quaint lattice panes, looked westwards across the richly wooded slopes and mossy glades of a far-reaching park to the shining sea beyond.

Little Lord Riversmouth pushed aside the ancient chronicle of his race, and, slipping off the cushioned window-seat, flung himself upon his father's secretary with a glad cry. Philip Avonmore had inspired in him a passionate admiration that was akin to worship. He dearly loved his sister. In his opinion, she was "just everything a girl ought to be." And certainly Lady Angela Carew, with her sweet oval face, slender, graceful figure, and winning smile, might well have satisfied the most fastidious critic of womanly charms. Still, even his "darling Angel," as he called her, did not altogether suffice to fill his childish heart, which had never gone out to the cold, silent father, whose idol he was.

The Earl, haughty, almost repellant in manner, indifferent to the manifold joys of cricket or football, and completely absorbed in scientific pursuits, fell very far short of his little son's standard of masculine perfection; but in Philip Avonmore, he found a fitting object upon which to expend his affection—one, at whose feet he might lay his wealth of boyish homage.

"Sit down here," he said, eagerly, drawing the young man towards the small, dainty table where Lady Angela was pouring out the tea. "I've been reading the old history of Eagles Torr, and Angel is going to tell us about the wonderful ring. If it's lost at Christmas something bad is sure to happen; and if it's found —"

"Yes, I heard," Philip Avonmore interposed. He had an instinctive feeling that the girl before him would gladly have avoided the subject; but the little heir was not accustomed to have his requests denied.

"Come, Angel," he said, "hurry up!"
 "Riversmouth!"

The boy turned, and once more flung himself upon the speaker.

"I'm not Riversmouth to you," he cried. "I'm your Robin, and you're my Phil."

"You are not my Robin when you speak in such a loud, imperious tone," the young man answered, gravely. "That is not the way to address your sister, and you know it."

"Yes; I forgot. I beg your pardon, Angel."

The girl smiled and passed her hand lovingly over the small head leaning towards her. "If I tell you," she said, "you must promise never to mention it to father. Not because he would object to your hearing,—of course, if I thought that, you know very well I should not speak of it—but simply and solely for this reason—the ring is gone! As a matter of fact, it was lost even before Uncle Dick's time. You can't remember Uncle Dick, and neither can I. He was father's only brother, and died a few months after he succeeded to the property; then, when everything passed into father's hands, he had the whole place thoroughly searched, the ring, it is said, having been lost somewhere in the house. And the strangest thing—to my mind—is that no one, either at the time or since, has ever, so far as I can discover, suggested the possibility of its having been stolen. No; it slipped—so runs the tale—from the finger of Margaret, Countess of Eagles Torr, as she sat writing one Christmas Eve in this very room, and all efforts to find it proved fruitless."

"But what was it like?" asked the child, who had been listening intently.

"Very beautiful, I believe. Nurse has often told me that her mother, who was housekeeper at the time, used constantly to talk to her about it—indeed was never tired of describing the beauty of the stones, an immense emerald set round with diamonds, that flashed and sparkled with every movement of the wearer."

"And has anything very dreadful happened since it went?" demanded the little lord, clasping his hands around his knees, and regarding his sister with rather an awe-struck air.

"Now, Robin, you must not let ideas of that sort take hold of your imagination. Do you suppose evil fortune would be likely to follow, simply because a trinket—however valuable—chanced to get lost? Remember, this is only an old saying, which has been handed down from one generation to another—a superstition, and nothing more. In the first instance, no doubt owing to some strange coincidence, people began to connect the disappearance of the ring with ill luck in one form or another; and so the tradition grew and grew as time went on, till at length it came to be accepted almost as a fact. But you know as well as I do that it would be very silly, as well as extremely wrong, to pay attention to such things."

"Yes," thoughtfully. "Still, I should like—I should very much like—to hear the whole story. You will tell it to me"—in coaxing tones—"won't you, Angel dear?"

"Some day, perhaps, little brother. No; not now, dearest. You are forgetting all your duties, and making me forget mine. Do have another cup of tea, Mr. Avonmore. And, Robin, dear, if you have quite finished, you might go out into the garden. Poor Bruno"—pointing to the great yellow St. Bernard dog stretched on the rug at her feet—"is longing for a run."

A moment later, child and dog were racing across the lawn in the golden afternoon sunlight; and as the clear, ringing laugh of the one, and the deep joyous bark of the other, broke the drowsy silence, Lady Angela turned to her companion with rather an anxious look in her eyes.

"Who would have dreamt that he would discover that book—still less, that he would care to read it," she exclaimed. "Was I wrong to tell him even the little I did?"

"Certainly not. To have said less, would only have excited his curiosity."

"Yes; I was afraid of appearing to make a mystery; and, in any case, I think we may rely upon him not to question the servants."

"Most assuredly we may. Riversmouth"—and a swift smile lighted up the speaker's face—"Riversmouth, you know, Lady Angela, is essentially a man of honor."

"Thanks to you," she exclaimed with grateful emphasis. "Oh, I can't tell you how helpless I often felt before you came. He was always truthful and affectionate, and fairly obedient, too, dear Robin, but, without you, his character would never have developed as it has done. A clever boy of his age needs other training than a girl of twenty can give; and you have not lived here for six months without seeing how impossible it is for me to consult my father—least of all in any matter that concerns Riversmouth. Devoted as he is to him, he is not lenient to children's failings."

"Nor to grown-up people's, either," thought the young man. Aloud he said: "You make a mistake in placing so little value on your own personal influence. Riversmouth owes you far more than either you or he can guess."

"I'm glad you think so," she answered. "A motherless child is a great responsibility. Oh, Mr. Avonmore"—with a sudden change of tone—"I could not ask you before Robin, but of course you have heard the family history? No? Well, then, I must tell it to you, for it is certainly strange, when one considers it in connection with the old prediction. First, you must know that the title and estates only passed to my father's branch of the family about thirty years ago. At that time, his elder brother succeeded as next-of-kin, the late Earl—son of that very Lady Eagles Torr who lost the ring—having died without heirs. Uncle Richard, though in the direct line, was only his second cousin, and naturally never for an instant imagined that the estates would one day be

his; nor did he live long to enjoy his inheritance, for he died, as I was saying just now, within a few months of taking possession, and then, of course, my father reigned in his stead. You know that I am his eldest child, and Robin his youngest; also that four brothers came between us. But perhaps you may not have heard how strong and bright they were, nor how unlikely it seemed, according to all human probability, that they would, none of them, live much beyond early boyhood. My eldest brother, Guy—such a dear fellow—died of diphtheria at school; Richard and Reginald, the two next in age, were drowned out boating; and the fourth—Hubert—was killed by a fall from one of the upper windows of our Town house; so you see trouble has been a constant visitor at Eagles Torr—not to speak of our dearest mother's death five years ago. And—fond as I am of my home—try as I may to forget the old superstition—it certainly seems as if a shadow had fallen upon the place from the moment it passed to our branch of the family—as if, through some singular combination of circumstances, we must be interlopers.”

“Interlopers!” Philip Avonmore almost laughed aloud at the absurdity of the idea. Such a word did, in truth, appear sufficiently inappropriate when used in connection with this girl whose every look and tone and movement proclaimed her the worthy daughter of a noble race. Her young, slight form was leaning forward with a sort of stately grace; a breath of flower-scented air stole in and stirred the soft dark curls upon her forehead; her grey eyes were fixed wistfully upon her companion's face. She looked as he had seen her look many a time before—as he would doubtless often see her look again—yet for some inexplicable reason the picture imprinted itself upon his memory, and returned with persistently vivid distinctness in the days that were to come.

“The story that you have told me is a very sad one,” he began, after a short pause—“So sad that the remembrance of it may well follow you—a dark cloud from the past, to dim the brighter present, still —”

“— Still, I ought not to be superstitious,” Angela finished, as he broke off abruptly. “I know I ought not; and yet it is a relief to have talked over the subject. You see I cannot speak to my father; and, though I am afraid you will think me dreadfully unreasonable, the very fact of speaking about it, seems somehow to make it less depressing. It is like letting the warm light of day into a darkened room, where every object has assumed unnaturally large proportions.” Then the Earl appeared, and the conversation turned to other topics.

Lord Eagles Torr was a tall man, a year or so over fifty, who would have been handsome but for the fact that his otherwise fine features were marred by a singularly morose and gloomy expression; whilst his often irrelevant answers and absent-minded air indicated an amount of self-absorption that rendered him a far from agreeable companion. People said that the loss of his handsome elder boys, followed by the overwhelming shock of his

wife's death, had completely changed his character and certain it is, that ever since the latter event, he had evinced a morbid dislike to society. Shutting himself up more and more alone with his secretary through whom he transacted most of the business of his estates, he led a life of almost hermit-like seclusion.

Now and again, one of his sisters would come down to the Castle for a few weeks, and then its hospitable doors were thrown wide—its stately rooms filled with guests. And once Angela had spent a season in town with one of these same aunts; but for the most part she passed her days in a quietude scarcely less absolute than her father's. She was far from dull, however; her little brother occupied much of her time. She had devoted herself to him with fervent self-forgetfulness from the hour, when, kneeling by her dying mother's bed, she took him in her arms and promised to watch over him with unceasing love and care. And for the rest, she found plenty of employment in the many intellectual and charitable pursuits which made up the sum total of her uneventful existence. The presence of the Earl's secretary also contributed not a little to her comfort and pleasure. Peculiarly reticent in everything that concerned himself or his unusual mental gifts, serious almost to sadness and somewhat silent withal, he nevertheless possessed a wonderfully interesting personality. There was about him a charm of voice and manner—a grave courtesy and gentleness—that were most attractive to the girl whose father treated her with persistent coldness, and an avoidance as studied and complete as the demands of social life permitted. She felt that in Philip Avonmore she had found one to whom she could turn as to a final court of appeal; one who would quietly and firmly uphold her authority with her little brother, and materially aid her, not alone in her striving after higher intellectual attainment, but also in her efforts for the good of the tenantry, and those humbler dwellers in the pretty village in the valley below the Castle, who needed her care.

She glanced across at him now, as he stood a little apart, talking to Lord Eagles Torr, whose demeanor was at all times considerably more complainant to his secretary than to his daughter. The light from the west window poured in upon the form and features of the younger man whose countenance, even to the most casual observer, must have appeared full of possibilities. The broad forehead and grave blue eyes, beneath strongly marked brows, betokened mental powers of no common order; while the strength of character and determined will, indicated by the lower portion of the face, were counterbalanced by the mobile lips, which emphatically proclaimed their owner's tenderness of heart and sensitive refinement of feeling.

“Yes; my life has certainly been very different since he came,” Lady Angela said to herself, as in response to an eager call from the garden she rose and went swiftly away.

CHAPTER II

"It is Robin"

A light covering of snow had fallen during the night; it lay gleaming on the grassy slopes of the park, it hung in feathery masses on the branches of the trees, and glittered diamond-like on the towers and turrets of Eagles Torr Castle, where they caught the rays of the morning sun. Here, in this sheltered corner of the fairest county in England, despite the fact that it was midwinter, the air, though fresh and invigorating, could scarcely be called cold. And as Lady Angela looked out upon the beautiful still white world from the windows of her own special retreat—a charming room known in the quaint phraseology of a by-gone age as the "Oak Parlor"—she told herself that it was, in truth, an ideal December day. "I really feel almost tempted to leave my flowers till after luncheon and go to meet Robin," she said, half-aloud, as she turned back to the table upon which were heaped quantities of hot-house blossoms—camellias, with their glossy leaves—rare orchids—delicate azaleas—roses—a perfect wealth of fragrant loveliness.

The young mistress of Eagles Torr always arranged the altar vases for the pretty little church in the park, whither she betook herself morning by morning, with unflinching regularity, as soon as the bells rang for Mass. The priest—an old and tried friend—had formerly been her mother's chaplain, and occupied a suite of rooms set apart at Eagles Torr for his use. But, immediately after the death of the Countess, he withdrew to the small, sunny presbytery near the church, which had been built by some pious Carew in days long gone by, and the chapel inside the Castle was only used occasionally.

The present Earl, though nominally a Catholic, had not appeared at either Mass or Benediction for several years past; and people began to shake their heads and whisper ominously of atheism, agnosticism, scepticism; but whatever his own belief or unbelief, to his credit it must be said that he never interfered with his daughter, nor with her religious training of his little son.

"No, I must not go out yet; I want the altar to look its very best on Christmas Day," Angela said to herself, as she once more gave her attention to her flowers. She had completed the last bouquet, and was only adding a few finishing touches, when a light step sounded in the corridor.

"Are you there, Lady Angela?—May I come in?" asked a familiar voice at the door.

"Do. I've just done, and —" The words died away upon her lips; the pleased smile faded out of her eyes. "Oh, what is it?" she cried, dropping some sprays of maiden-hair fern, and moving quickly towards him. For there was that in Philip Avonmore's face which sent a strange chill to her heart. "It is Robin!" she murmured, with white, tremulous lips. "I know it—I feel it!"

"Yes, it is Robin," the young man answered, while he took the hand she unconsciously stretched out,

and held it for an instant in pitying silence. Then — "There has been an accident; from what Harrison tells me, I gather that Bruno, who had been running behind a hedge, sprang suddenly out, so startling the pony that it reared, falling backwards, and Riversmouth—"

"Riversmouth was killed!" interrupted the girl in an agonized tone. "You need not try to break it to me—he is dead!"

"No, thank God! No; but very seriously hurt. They are carrying him upstairs now; and I sent Harrison straight off for Dr. Radford. I hope I did right."

"Indeed, yes; it was most good of you. It will save time. Oh, I must go to Robin. But," and a look of painful dread flashed into her eyes, "you will come with me, won't you?—I don't think I could bear it alone!"

He made a gesture of assent, and in silence they passed along the corridor till they reached the door of a room in the west wing. Angela paused with her hand on the handle. "Is he —?" she began, but her dry lips refused to finish the sentence.

"There are no exterior signs of suffering," Philip Avonmore answered gently. "He is unconscious—that is all."

A tall, middle-aged woman was bending over the bed when they entered. She turned, however, as they approached, and quietly moved aside. Her face looked white and drawn, and the tears were streaming unheeded down her cheeks.

"I have not undressed him yet, my lady. I thought it better to wait until the doctor came," she whispered, brokenly, pointing, as she spoke, to the small motionless form upon the bed.

Little Lord Riversmouth was simply worshipped by every servant in the Castle—from the solemn elderly butler, down to the youngest stable-boy; and already all feet trod softly—all voices spoke low—every heart was full of honest sorrow—because of the terrible shadow which had fallen so suddenly on his bright young life.

The girl walked to the bed. How real, and yet at the same time how unreal, seemed the familiar room. On the window-seat lay an open book, and beside it a penknife, a ball of string, some marbles, and a broken biscuit—trivial commonplace evidences of a boyish presence, which had held no special interest an hour ago, when their owner left them full of health and strength, but which were now fraught with a singularly pathetic significance. The carved clock on the chimney-piece ticked loudly and emphatically in the stillness. Then its little door sprang open, and the cuckoo Riversmouth loved proclaimed the fact that it was twelve o'clock.

The well-known sound fell on Angela's overwrought nerves like a lash. A wave of bitter anguish broke over her, and swept away her self-control.

"Robin!" she cried, throwing herself on her knees beside the bed. "My little Robin, you must not die! You are all I have in the world, and I cannot spare you. Oh, I cannot!"

"Hush, hush, my dearie," murmured the old nurse soothingly.

But Philip Avonmore said no word either of sympathy or of remonstrance. He knew that in the presence of such grief, "Silence suiteth best." And he was right; after a moment or two Angela rose to her feet, calm and composed.

It was nearly twelve hours later, and the quiet of night had settled down upon Eagles Torr Castle; but there was no quiet, only a cruel unrest in the agonized hearts of the watchers round the bedside of the little heir. The fateful verdict had gone forth. Dr. Radford's opinion was only too plainly confirmed by the eminent specialist, for whom the Earl had telegraphed with the eagerness of despair.

The little lord must die! Already his life was ebbing fast away. No wealth—no skill—no love could save him. But consciousness had returned, and his blue eyes were bright and full of recognition as he looked from his sister to his father's secretary.

"Sit down here, Angel," he said. "And Phil on the other side."

"I will not call you Mr. Avonmore," he had calmly announced to the latter, in the early days of their acquaintance. "I love you; and I shall call you Philip." So Philip it would remain to the end of his life's short chapter.

"But Riversmouth—Robin—your father," the young man was beginning, when the child broke in impatiently.

"What nonsense, Phil. You know father never wants to sit beside me; he likes being in the library with his books, don't you, father?"

A spasm of sorrow or annoyance contracted the Earl's stern features, but he made no response, and the little voice continued:

"Good night, father. I hope you are not angry with me 'cause Rory fell over. I couldn't help it, really—and neither could Bruno. Dear Bruno!"—wishfully—"he's so sorry for me! Aren't you, old man?"

The dog raised his head and licked the small nerveless hand upon the coverlet with such a look of dumb, hopeless misery in his liquid brown eyes, that it went near to upsetting Angela's hardly won self-control.

The Earl moved away and sat down at the foot of the bed, leaving the young man and the girl, one on each side of the dying child. Sometimes the moments seemed to fly; again they dragged with leaden feet. The December moon shone coldly radiant through the uncurtained window—the stars gleamed brightly in the deep, frosty blue of the midnight sky.

"Listen!" exclaimed little Robin suddenly. "There are the bells. Kiss me, Angel—and you, too, Phil. I wish you both a merry, merry Christmas!"

Ah, how sad, how infinitely sad—that oft-repeated old greeting sounded! Angela hid her face in the pillow, and there was an expression in Philip Avonmore's eyes that made the child whisper: "You needn't look so sorry, Phil; I've got no pain now. Oh, there go the bells again. How loud they sound! Glory to God on high—that's what they say—Glory

to God on high and on earth joy—no, not joy. What is the word, Angel? I can't remember."

"Peace, dearest, on earth, peace."

"Yes; that's it," with a sigh of relief. "Now, good night. I'm so very, very tired, I think I'll go to sleep."

The bells rang on—"four voices of four hamlets round"—whose echoes rose and fell with rhythmic cadence upon the clear, still air. But before their last joyous peals died into silence, the child's pure soul had passed away.

"Of such is the Kingdom of Heaven," murmured the good priest, as he stood looking down at the sweet peaceful little face, from which all traces of pain and weariness had vanished. The bright hair fell unruffled on the smooth forehead; the long, dark lashes rested lightly on the pale cheeks; the small form lay in perfect rest.

"We must not grieve for him," the gentle voice went on. He has gone to keep the Birthday of the Christ-Child in his Heavenly Father's home—that home where pain and sorrow and suffering can never, never come!"

Philip Avonmore rose, and he and Father Neville drew the young girl from the room. But ere the door closed behind them, a loud and exceeding bitter cry broke upon the silence. "O, God!" groaned the Earl, sinking on his knees beside the bed—"O, God, my punishment is greater than I can bear!"

CHAPTER III

"When Christmase Bells doe ringe!"

The bright wood fire was roaring merrily up the wide chimney, and the library at Eagles Torr wore its most inviting aspect. Save the cheerful cracking of the flames, and an occasional rustle when the leaves of a book were softly turned, not a sound broke the pleasant stillness. Even outside, a wonderful silence reigned. No breath of wind stirred the bare branches of the trees, and the star-strewn sky was undimmed by a single cloud.

The only occupants of the room were Angela Carew and a sweet-faced nun, whose graceful white habit and calm countenance made a charming picture as she sat in the shaded lamplight, quietly turning the pages of an illuminated manuscript whilst her companion leant back in a low chair near the fire absorbed in deepest thought.

Sister Mary Gabriel—a cousin of the late Countess—had come to spend a fortnight at Eagles Torr with her young kinswoman, whom circumstances had suddenly placed in a singularly sad and isolated position.

The Earl was dead—had died more than three months ago—and his daughter was practically alone in the world. It is true that she had her aunts; but, at this season, they found it inconvenient to leave their respective homes and large family parties, where Angela, with her mourning garments and heavy heart, would in any case have felt sufficiently out of place. It was, however, quite impossible for her to be absent from the Castle just now, her father's successor having asked her as a personal

favor to remain at Eagles Torr till he came to take possession of his inheritance; and the date of his arrival being still uncertain, it fell to her share—as in former years—to dispense the season's gifts to tenantry and villagers; a painful task, truly, for one whose dearly-loved home would soon know her no more.

"Christmas Eve," she was saying to herself, as she looked dreamily at the dancing sparks. "Can it really be only a year since my darling Robin died? To me it seems as if centuries had passed away—centuries of bitter sorrow, and pain, and parting and disgrace. Yes"—a hot flush mounting to her brow—"It is disgrace, and all my unknown kinsman's courtesy and kindness are powerless to blot it out; for if he is able to ignore the cruel fact, I at least, can never, never forget that he has suffered a grievous—nay, an irreparable wrong at my father's hands."

Letting her thoughts wander over the months that were gone, she recalled the sad time that followed her little brother's death, the blank desolation which had come down upon her soul, the unutterable loneliness of familiar rooms, reft forever of the childish presence that had been wont to make them bright; the deadly silence of hall and corridor, where the slumbering echoes would never more be awakened by the sound of small restless feet. Oh, the ineffable dreariness of it all! Without Philip Avonmore's silent but unavailing sympathy, she felt she could scarcely have borne her heavy burden of sorrow. And then, ere the first keen edges of her grief had worn off, came that other unexpected and almost crushing blow.

How distinctly she remembered every detail, every incident, connected with it! First, the grey September morning when Philip Avonmore met her as she came in from Mass, and told her that her father had been taken suddenly and seriously ill. Then the long hours of waiting while the Earl was shut up alone with Father Neville, who had been sent for in all haste; and, lastly, the moment when she herself was summoned to her father's bedside. Lying there, propped up with pillows and wearing a strange, drawn look upon his face, Lord Eagles Torr had lost little, if any, of his cold, repellant personality; yet, as she drew near, Angela had been vaguely conscious of some subtle change in him. His voice, too, when he addressed her, was less gratingly harsh in tone.

"Sit down," he remarked, after a moment's silent scrutiny of her features. "I have much to say, and little time in which to say it. I am dying, Angela. Yes"—in answer to her gesture of frightened dismay—"I have only a few hours to live, and there are things painful for me to speak—perhaps even more painful for you to hear. But I would rather tell you myself, than leave the task to another. Briefly stated, then, the facts are these: I am not, and never have been the Earl of Eagles Torr; and this because I have every reason to suppose that the rightful heir—the son, you understand, of my cousin Reginald Carew—is still living.

"Reginald, as you are aware, died just eight and

twenty years ago, childless, so the world thought, and we all firmly believed—all, I should add, except your Uncle Richard, who told me on his death bed, that Reginald had once spoken to him of a marriage, and a wife somewhere in Scotland or Ireland. Naturally, I found such intelligence by no means pleasing and after a few private and very perfunctory inquiries, I abandoned all attempts to verify the truth of the statement, and prepared at the same time to enjoy my inheritance and forget the whole affair.

"A few weeks later, however, I received a letter, purporting to be from Reginald's wife, and speaking of a boy born a few months after his father's death. I burnt the letter, and from that day to this I have never heard a word either of mother or child. But, unless he is dead—which God forbid—that child, or rather I should say, that young man, must be found, for he is the rightful heir of Eagles Torr.

"With this end in view, I have already instructed my lawyers—Messrs. Bartlett and Brayne, of Lincoln's Inn—to institute every possible inquiry, and they will, of course, keep you constantly informed as to the way in which matters are progressing. For the rest, you have Father Neville"—with a grateful glance towards the grey-haired priest, who had withdrawn to the far end of the spacious room—"and also Philip Avonmore, whom I have deemed it well to make a sharer in my wretched secret, because he—perhaps more than any other—is best fitted to aid you in your present difficulty. Trust him, Angela! Trust him wholly and entirely, for he is worthy of all confidence, and will, I feel sure, materially assist you in your efforts to right this wrong. As for yourself, you are rich—you have your mother's fortune."

"Oh, father," she cried, a sharp ring of pain in her voice. "What does that matter? I was not thinking of such things."

"No," he returned, half amusedly. "You have always been something of a dreamer. Still, it is some small consolation to one who has sinned so grievously against his children as I have done, to know that you will not be left unprovided for. Good-bye, Angela. I have been cold, unloving—altogether unkind—but you will forgive me now, and pray for me."

The scene—the words—returned to the young girl with painful distinctness. So, also, did another scene, which had taken place a few days later, when Philip Avonmore came to her in the "Oak Parlor."

He was going back to Ireland. Their lives, which for a while had been lived side by side, must henceforward drift far asunder; and they who had spent more than a year in daily, almost hourly, intercourse, were about to part—perhaps forever.

The "good-bye" did not take long to say. He had remained characteristically silent, and all her carefully chosen words of farewell had provokingly taken flight. Only at the last moment she had exclaimed impulsively: "Think of me as you will, but I must speak! Oh, Philip, do not let your pride spoil both our lives! It is a noble pride, I own, and I am not blaming you for it in the very least. Still —"

—“Still, you are rich and I am poor; and while that is the case, things must remain as they are.”

“But why?”

“It can’t be helped,” he had answered, in the tone she knew so well. “Good-bye.”

The word echoed and re-echoed in her ears tonight, as, with hands clasped behind her head, she watched the flickering firelight. “My whole life seems to be made up of good-byes,” she thought, sadly.

“Angela, dearest,” said a voice at her side, “if you do not need me, I will go to the chapel for a little while.”

“By all means,” turning to clasp the hand resting on her shoulder. “Oh, Sister Gabriel, why am I not like you? Why do I want joy and happiness instead of peace and calm? Why do I feel my heart torn at the thought of leaving my earthly home, instead of longing for that Heavenly one upon which all your affections are set?”

“God help you, dear child, and grant you joy—true Christmas joy and peace,” murmured the nun, kissing the earnest up-raised face. Then the door closed softly behind her, and Angela went back to her musings with something like a smile on her lips, and a new hope springing up in her heart. The Sister’s words seemed like an augury of good for the future.

Her thoughts turned involuntarily to her unknown kinsman, whose identity had been so satisfactorily and indisputably proved. He had been born in Ireland, and his mother having died before he was a year old, he was adopted by one of her relations—a lady of good birth but slender means—who brought him up in complete ignorance of his father’s family. Naturally her sentiments toward Reginald Carew were none of the warmest. She found it hard to forgive his cruel neglect of his sweet young wife, and determined that, once in her keeping, the boy, who was henceforward to know no love, no care, no home but hers, should also bear her name.

All this Angela learnt from her old friend, Mr. Bartlett.

“His Lordship seems possessed of everything that is most admirable in character and conduct,” wrote the lawyer, quite enthusiastically. “And his behavior with regard to that unhappy secret of your dead father, is beyond all praise. ‘There is no occasion,’ he says, ‘for the world to know that the late Earl was ever made aware of my existence; nothing would be gained by it, and the disclosure, whilst causing acute pain both to myself and to his family, could in no sense further the cause of justice.’ You understand, therefore, my dear Lady Angela, that the sad fact—a fact of which, I believe, only you, Lord Eagles Torr, Father Neville, and myself are aware—will never, either now or at any future time, be made public.”

“He seems quite to forget Philip,” the girl thought, as she recalled the words. “Though, for the matter of that, not one of us would guard the secret more carefully. Oh, what a life my poor father must have led, with this knowledge pressing always upon him. It is incredible to me how he could have borne it. And

then to see Guy, Richard, Reginald, Hubert, and even little Robin—all taken from him! Truly the sins of the father have been visited upon the children, in this instance. Even I have no real right to the title I bear. I simply owe it to the chivalrous courtesy of a stranger—one who—”

“The Earl of Eagles Torr,” announced the old butler pompously; and Angela sprang to her feet.

For an instant she stood silent, regarding the newcomer as if spellbound. Then, the servant having withdrawn—“Philip!” she cried, starting forward. “What does this mean!” Joy, wonder, and a suspicion of tears shone in her eyes, and sounded in her voice.

“It means,” he answered, “that I am Philip Avonmore Carew—your kinsman. Forgive me, Angela,”—taking her hands in his—“I would not let them tell you. I wanted to have the pleasure myself. And I hope,” he added, “that the surprise is not altogether a disagreeable one.”

“Disagreeable!—No, indeed. It is delightful, only—”

She broke off abruptly, and the glad light faded out of her face, giving place to a look of intense pain.

“I cannot forget that it was my father who so deeply wronged you,” she said, sadly. “Oh, Philip, Philip! the shame and suffering of that cruel wrong have been with me night and day during these dreary weeks, and the remembrance was bitter enough in connection with some unknown kinsman! But now—now it seems to rise like a barrier between us.”

“A barrier which exists simply in your own imagination, dearest,” he answered gently. “The sin is sinned, and repented of, the past is passed—dead and buried forever; and nothing—yes, Angela, nothing—save your own wish and will, can ever come between us any more.”

“You are more than generous,” she cried. “But I—”

“You will not let your pride spoil both our lives,” he quoted, with a whimsical smile. And Angela turned aside to hide the tears that rushed to her eyes.

“I must be going,” he exclaimed, after they had talked long and earnestly. “You know I am staying with Father Neville, and I promised him I would return early.”

“Wait a moment,” she pleaded, moving towards the oriel window and drawing aside the curtains. “I want you to hear the bells—Robin’s bells. Yes; they are just beginning to ring, and oh, Philip, from my heart I wish you many and many a happy Christmas in your own dear home.”

“Our home, Angel. I may call you Angel now, may I not?” he said.

“May! Ah, if you only knew how I have longed to hear the old familiar name! But no one except Robin ever cared for me enough to use it. Does not the valley look calm and beautiful in the moonlight? And how soft and still the air is—almost like summer. I love to hear the bells, too; they don’t sound sad

(Continued on page 452)

"PEACE ON EARTH TO MEN OF GOOD WILL"

By J. B. DILLON

It was Christmas eve. Merrily the throng of shoppers elbowed their way through the business section of the great metropolis. All seemed imbued with the spirit of the Christmas season.

Just then Tom Donnegan, the well-known police detective, emerged from headquarters. For a moment he took in the joyous scene and then darted into a toy shop to escape the deluge of brightly colored paper thrown at him by his many admirers.

But he was soon out on the street again, carrying a large package under his arm. He dashed to the next corner and entered a lunch room. Hardly had he seated himself at one of the tables, when the waiter summoned him to the telephone.

"Sorry, Tom; but go down to the yellow house near the pipe works and bring in Bill Burns." The speaker was Jerry Riordan, the Chief of Detectives.

"All right, Captain," and with a bang Tom hung up the receiver. "Pshaw!" he muttered, impatiently.

"What's the trouble now, Tom?" the proprietor ventured.

"Pshaw! I was headed for home with a little present for the kid. And now I've got to arrest a fellow forty miles from nowhere."

"Tough luck, to be sure."

"I'll say so. But it's all in the game," and again Tom endeavored to smile.

The package still under his arm, the sturdy detective at last reached the yellow house. He knocked and presently a little girl, possibly three years of age, opened. A moment later her father appeared.

"Hello, Tom, what's up?"

Tom jerked his finger and pointed in the direction of headquarters.

"Too bad, Bill; but the boss gave orders."

Standing beside her father, the little girl tugged at his trousers.

"Daddy," she whispered gleefully, "is dis Santa Claus?"

At this Bill's heart leaped into his mouth.

"Sure, little sweetheart," Tom came to the rescue, "I'm Santa Claus and this is for you," reaching for the package under his arm.

At sight of the pretty doll, how the eyes of the tot sparkled. Folding it in her tiny arms, she sped away to let her mother share her happiness. Meanwhile, the detective and his man stepped out on the porch.

"Bill, I hate to do it. Pshaw, if the captain had only missed me."

"What's the charge, Tom?" the other asked, peculiarly self-possessed.

"That job you pulled off at the grocer's."

"Why, I have squared that. Here in my pocket is the receipt for all I took. And believe me, Tom, it's the last time. I'm going straight from now on. I've a job as foreman here at the new pipe works. But I'll lose it surely if I get 'blazed up' now."

"Let me see that receipt," Tom demanded eagerly. A glance told the big-hearted detective all.

"Bill," he exclaimed, shooting out his hand, "for once I'm going to disobey orders. Remember, I'm Santa Claus for your tot. Go in now to your family. I'll have to hurry and get another doll. There's another kid expecting Santa this evening. Mind, Bill, I'm trusting you in this matter; and if the captain isn't satisfied, we can arrange it all after Christmas."

"Thanks, Tom, old man, thanks! A merry Christmas to you and yours." Bill was as happy as a child.

Immediately Tom headed for the chief's office and made his report.

"To tell you the truth, Captain, I didn't have the heart. I trusted the poor fellow."

Jerry Riordan placed implicit confidence in Tom's good judgment and readily consented to let the matter "ride" till after Christmas day.

After Tom's departure the chief went over to the grocer and learned that Bill had stated the truth. More than that. Being a large stockholder in the pipe works, the grocer himself had secured Bill the position as foreman, because he knew him to be an expert mechanic when so inclined. In fact, the grocer was rather surprised when the chief brought up the matter; he thought the old charge had been forgotten.

Needless to say, Jerry Riordan was elated over the information; and he felt doubly relieved when a half-hour later he knelt in the little box in the rear of the Cathedral and whispered:

"Bless me, Father, for I have sinned."

The next morning during the eight o'clock Mass, when Jerry Riordan and his wife left their pew and approached to receive Holy Communion, they had to turn toward the altar of the Blessed Virgin. We can imagine the chief's happy surprise on noticing, immediately to his right, Bill Burns and his wife.

An hour or so later there was a call at the telephone in the chief's office. Tom Donnegan happened to be in charge and he took up the receiver.

"Say, Tom," it came from the other end, "I saw Bill Burns at holy Mass this morning and knelt beside him at the Communion railing. Moreover, last night I called at the grocer's. It's all O. K. Mind, should anybody want to see me, I'll be out at Bill's this afternoon."

"Good for you, Captain! A merry Christmas to all!"

The broad smile on Tom's face and the faint suspicion of tears in his eyes betrayed the emotion of joy that thrilled his big heart.

"Isn't it the truth? I'll say it is," he muttered to himself.

"Sure, and what's the truth?" Pete Riley wanted to know, who just then stepped into the office.

"What Father O'Reilly told us this morning," Tom returned laughing: "Peace on earth to men of good will."



In the Interest of Women

Edited by Grace Keon

*"To make and hold
yourself good is the
best start toward
making the world
good." (Tertiary
Convention.)*

PARTNERSHIP WITH GOD

TO love souls is to accept partnership with God. Partnership entails responsibility. Are you shirking yours? Then you are not a true lover and your partnership will be repudiated. One cannot remain passive. Life is too big; too complex; too near to every one of us. The world's problem is your problem. You cannot enjoy partnership without doing your share. And that share is the giving of yourself.

What is the theme of many a lecture, sermon, talk, discussion, conversation? Women's decadence. Women are neglecting their duties; mocking at family life; shirking marriage; refusing responsibilities; losing—have lost!—their modesty! They are preparing the world for cataclysm, as did the degenerate Romans of our sex in an earlier day. Why? The war, of course! History repeating itself. War brutalizes—those who engage in it abroad, those who participate in it at home. War has brought ruin. It has upset the homes of the world, and so committed the most frightful crime of all.

Every time has its own enigma, and we Catholic women cannot afford to be mere spectators, standing on the brim of this seething bowl of passion we call the earth. We are part of it. As Catholic women, we draw aloof, astonished, yes, afraid. Of what? Why, we fear that the deterioration going on may affect our own. Perhaps we are so engrossed that we do not look about us, and the plague has crept within our walls. We do not realize that the world is our own personal problem.

The world our personal problem? Yes—since God has called us to partnership with Him. As a Religious, as a wife and mother, as one doing His will anywhere in any place in the world, you are His partner. What have you made of your partnership—a vocation or a profes-

sion? You may think any other life but the one you lead holier or higher. But the life to which you are called is your vocation, therefore it is the holiest and highest for you. You have to prove worthy of your partnership in your own sphere and not idly dream of what you might be able to accomplish in another.

You are a mother, perhaps. A beautiful association that. What sort of men and women are you preparing to give to God as future partners? Are you sowing the seed of carelessness and torpidity that will never bear spiritual fruit? Are you giving strength, or are those who will be men and women to be reeds shaken in the wind? The sort of partners God will have fifty years from now depends upon your fidelity to His interests.

Let me illustrate. There has been a play produced recently which was exploited as being the most wonderful exposition of earthly mother-love ever dramatized. One in which a patient, loving mother rears her children in love and tears and in the end is cast off by them. She goes to the poorhouse over the hill, whence she is rescued by the black sheep of the family—forgiving all, then, as she has always done.

Touching, indeed. What more glorious than a mother's love, tenderness, forgiveness? But mothers just as sweet and tender have gone and are going over the hills to the poor houses today. Not all show the processes through which this fate overtakes them. The play is more explicit. It was meant to teach the heartlessness of children. It was a brilliant example of the carelessness of motherhood. This mother had borne and was rearing her six children, but supported them by sewing while father lay on the sofa and read his newspaper; the children, big enough to wait on themselves and mother, were too lazy to

do so; at the table their manners were so rude as to be most offensive. And always mother smiled at them, excused them, loved them! When a switch should have replaced the smile, and bare plates the well-filled ones until the children knew how to respect food, the gift of God.

Not one person out of a hundred who saw that play would agree with me when I maintain that the mother was not true to her trust. But I say to mothers that they have no right to spoil God's future partners. Your partnership means that you must reflect God's justice as well as His love. No child, whether boy or girl, should be rendered helpless, lazy or careless by its mother. The particular mother who went over the hills to the poorhouse paved the way thereto by her own self-effacement and self-neglect—and she harmed rather than helped her children.

But your partnership with God is not that of the wife and mother. You are leading a single life in the world. You have parents depending on you, or old relatives. You have the orphaned children of one dear to you to care for. Sublimest vocation, this! Oh, how I revere the woman who carries this great burden! What are her human compensations? In religion the nun draws close to God, His chosen spouse; she bends over the sick; she tends the helpless, cares for the orphans, and the cross of glory allures her. She knows what the reward will be. She knows that she will die within her convent walls and meet her Bridegroom face to face beyond the veil.

The mother feels that her children will care for her, will love her when she is old and feeble. But the single women in the world, doing their great work often thanklessly, build upon no future, but upon the past. True—they, too, shall meet God, even as the others, but what loneliness is often their fate before that joyous day! True partners of

God, these—gleaners, gathering up the drooping sheaves that none may be lost.

A fourth class there is among our Catholic women, that one who has no responsibilities, and shudders at the thought of shouldering any. Yet would she have God repudiate His partnership with her? She has her gift to make: the gift of self. How can I give myself, asks one? I have no talents; I cannot talk, I cannot say brilliant things, I cannot write, or play, or sing, or paint, or do anything to attract others. I cannot be a nun. Marriage or motherhood is not for me. There is no one who needs me. What can I give?

Yourself. If you are blind or lame or bed-ridden you can still give yourself in prayer. If you have no one to whom you may offer your physical gifts, there are many whom you can adopt as your spiritual dependents. We are looking out upon a great world: we can help make it a good world. Youth is laughing at us: mischievous, daring, careless Youth. Tomorrow Youth will stand where we are standing now and look out as we are looking. Oh, Catholic woman, make yours a true partnership! Mother . . . friend . . . guide . . . teacher . . . or the one-who-prays—we must keep faith with Him, so that Youth will find the outlook better and continue to better it. We must teach those who are following after that they are His partners, also, and that God will divide the profits equally. All you can carry into the next world is what you have given away.

THE MODERN CATHOLIC WOMAN

DEAR GRACE,

Not long ago I attended a lecture. It was one of those "modern messages to modern women" that flourish these days on our club rostrums and shine out from the pages of our women's magazines. The delivery of the "message" was easy and graceful; I found myself looking with some favor upon the lecturer's hat—she was a lady lecturer. But despite the æsthetic thrill on this point, I was conscious, moment by moment, of a sense of restlessness, an insistent pricking of acute annoyance. There was something cloyingly familiar in the sounds that floated across the heads of the audience. It was as if I had suddenly awakened to the disturbing nature of the ticking of my mantelpiece clock.

"Now, to the modern woman—" she was saying, fixing us with an eye of determined uplift—But I heard no more; my own train of thought was started; I was happy. It was that catch phrase, "the modern woman," that set me off. How many times had I heard it in the past four, three, or two months or years? The combination of words falls on the ear with the wearisome expectedness of cant. And yet, I reflected, whether we tire of the expression, as language, or not; or whether or not we should prefer to have her called "the woman of today," by way of variation; we are bound to admit that the woman, herself, of vital flesh-and-blood and spirit, is so important in the social structure of modern life that she simply must be talked about. I am not content merely to listen; once started, it is "talk, too, or expire!" Therefore, by all means let us talk about her.

There are so many classes of her; so many heads under which she may be catalogued. I may make a brave start. There is, for example, the modern business woman, the modern professional woman, the modern home woman—but here I veer into a corner, for I realize that these are but sub-divisions of the many sub-heads to the title "The Modern Woman." But even as I stare ruefully at the converging walls, a sud-

den flash of visualization lights my confusion. It shows me a type of modern womanhood that possesses by its very nature the key to real modernity and real womanliness. This is exactly what I seek. The shadowy outlines become more distinct, the picture assumes definite form. I lean forward intently, and there before my very eyes is the image of the Ideal Modern Catholic Woman. I am glad I turned into that corner.

"But, my dear, there is no such thing as a modern Catholic woman," one of my ultra-modern acquaintances assured me airily not long ago. "The Church is essentially mediaeval, and you Catholic women who adhere closely to your Church have the viewpoint of the Dark Ages. You are—forgive me—most deliciously quaint."

"Essentially mediaeval!" This of the Church, the Mystical Bride of the eternal Christ! She, whose feet are grounded in Eternity; whose head is set serenely in Eternity; and whose living members function with the glory of the ancient, the wisdom of maturity, and the glowing strength of youth throughout all time! One instinctively recalls an old saying concerning the entrance of fools where angels dare not walk, when confronted by infantile minds who, having but recently made the astounding discovery of their mental fingers and toes, assert that "the Church is essentially mediaeval," and that "there is no such thing as a modern Catholic woman."

In justice to those who hold such statements as true, I am forced to concede that we Catholic women are not always guiltless in permitting such fallacies to gain ground in our materialistic present day world. Serene in the haven of the Creator's fair country, we are apt to let slide the duty of sharing the clear glow that illumines our own path with the many who are groping through the shadows seeking a gleam of peace.

Then there are some among us who are content to allow our sister moderns to believe fondly that if we do show any ability to cope with

That
Christmas Gift
This Year
Again

Franciscan Herald

the problems of the day, it is in spite of the Church, rather than because of it. There is a certain stock phrase which we are constantly meeting: "I'm very broad—I see good in all religions." This has crept into the jargon of some modern women who are also Catholics. On their lips it becomes, "Yes I'm a Catholic, but I'm very broad—I see good in all religions." "I am a Catholic, but—" has for a fact edged its way into the conversation of some who would be shocked to hear that they are denying their faith as surely as were those who faltered before the lash of persecution and offered incense on the altars of the pagan gods.

A hard saying? Perhaps, but who can deny its truth. The genuinely broad-minded Catholic woman will say, at least in effect,

"Broad?—Well perhaps I am. You see I have the Church behind me which is universal in time as well as in place and teachings, and so I can hardly help seeing things in a clearer light than those who make no use of the wisdom which the Catholic Church has brought down for our benefit to the present day."

Staunchly Catholic, this woman realizes that we are all children of the same Infinite Father, and she accordingly loves all humanity because of that kinship. But she knows that such love in no way implies an admiration for the various conflicting systems of belief which happen to be for the moment in vogue. Neither does it place upon her the obligation of following through the mazes of scepticism those who admit no belief. She is beyond these things, why should she seek to retrograde? She sincerely wishes that every human being should know the peace and security of the Church which Christ built upon a rock, and she will pray earnestly *ut omnes unum sint*; but she will not sit in judgment upon those who have not gained the shelter of their Father's house. She will rather try by the warming brightness of her own joy, to let them know that there is a place where dark doubts melt before the light, where rough ways are made plain, and where the joy of perfect peace may be had for the asking.

Suppose we connect the terms "modern" and "Catholic" with "woman," and see whether they are incompatible when so used.

The modern woman, in the ideal conception, is one who is able to meet unflinchingly the problems of the day, who docket the danger and the safety, adjusting her course to avoid the one and take advantage of the other, all the while giving others the benefit of her experience.

The Catholic woman, also in the ideal conception, is one who is able to do all this with the aid of the most perfectly constructed organization on earth. She is confident in her security as a part of this organization which has remained essentially the same since its beginning. She is not forced to spend her strength clinging to a reed shaken in the wind. Her house of faith is built upon a rock, and the counterfeit systems that spring up mushroom-like, only to fall decaying back into the earth, do not affect that which goes on drawing strength, and giving out the vigor and goodness that comes from the most holy and strong God. In a word, the Catholic woman is of all women best adapted for meeting the problems of the day, for the very reason that she is a living part of that Society of which the Maker of the Ages is the founder and head.

As for woman, simply as woman, I stop in awe as I regard her. Through her the human race lives and grows. To her has been given the power of influencing the world by her keen intuitions, her loving clear-sightedness, and her valiant heroism. Her estate is high, for she shares to the full the honors that have been poured out upon her through the highest example of all womanhood, the Maiden, stainless and strong, Mary, the perfect woman from the hands of God.

In the face of these facts, we are surely justified in stating with certainty that the truly modern woman, the firmly Catholic woman, and the exquisitely womanly woman must perforce cream together into that most splendid and potent compound, the Modern Catholic Woman.

"What are some of the identifying qualities of the ideal modern Catholic woman?" someone asks. Before answering, I sit down for a while in

the peace of my own sunlit room and look for a moment into the serene pictured eyes of the woman who is the ideal for all times.

"First of all," I muse, remembering in the mental picture with which I began this discussion, "she is modern, Catholic, and womanly. There is a smile of encompassing warmth on her lips—the smile of the home-maker. It tells, too, of a joy that all the delights of the world cannot give, nor all the sorrows of the world take away. She stands supreme as a mother, and there is a confident poise of her head that tells of her purpose to use the gifts of God to His greatest glory. Her eyes smile a heart-warming invitation to the haven of her dwelling, and one would be happy there, for her friendships are loyal and true, and her love goes out to human beings filtered through the gauze of Love Divine. She is one whose every effort would be bent toward the good of home and country, and yet she would carry into every act that simplicity which is greatest in the truly great. It is easy to imagine her laying her problems and sorrows at the foot of the cross or lifting her heart in spontaneous gratitude in her joys and blessings to the Giver of Gifts, for the heavenly light that surrounds her as I look, tells of a conversation much in Heaven. Finally, there is a certain childlike candor impressed upon that serene brow, a quality that enables her to enter into the hearts of little children with the sympathy and sweetness that can come but from the Baby Christ."

The image blurs a little, and I spring to my feet and stand laughing up into the eyes of the picture on the wall.

"Do you know, sweet mother of our Lord, that I've been describing you as the ideal modern Catholic woman? What would that club lecturer say?"

But even as I laughed, I knew that it must always be that way. For in Mary, the Virgin, the mother of Christ, is combined every quality of the perfect woman. She alone fits every period of time and must go on to the end as the Ideal Modern Catholic Woman.

Sincerely yours,
Agnes Modesta.



Fireside Talks & Tales

Children's Corner

CONDUCTED BY ELIZABETH ROSE

A "GOLDEN MASS"

MANY, a great many, no doubt, of our young folks have attended different kinds of Masses—High Mass and Requiem Mass and Nuptial Mass, besides the ordinary High Mass of Sunday and the everyday Low Mass; but who amongst you all has been present at a "Golden Mass"? None in this country, for certain. If we have any Belgians in our number, they, perhaps, may claim the privilege, for in Belgium alone is this Golden Mass celebrated, on the 23rd of December, in the magnificent old cathedral of St. Gudule, in Brussels, Belgium's capital. It was once, centuries ago, celebrated throughout the Christian world on the Wednesday before Christmas, in honor of the Blessed Virgin, and was a Solemn High Mass, lasting three or four hours, so full was it of ceremonies and so long the music of the choir. (I fear our in-a-hurry Americans would never have sat through it a second time!) But those were the ages of Faith, and everything was as grand and solemn as could be, to pay honor to our Blessed Mother. What do you think of gifts—often expensive gifts, too—being made to all present at the end of the Mass? And the Missal from which the officiating priest read the prayers was printed in golden letters from beginning to end. This gave the title of "Golden" to the ceremony. Now, as I have told you, it takes place in Brussels only, and is attended yearly by thousands of people from all parts of the world. Perhaps one of these days some of our young folk will be of the number, and see the great celebration for themselves.

Within the walls of St. Gudule, there is another wonderful devotion besides that to the Mother of God, one even more impressive.

For over 500 years, night and day, but as the first was stabbed, a stream of blood gushed forth be-
posed in one of the side chapels, fore their terror-stricken eyes, and
adored by kneeling worshippers of they fled in wild dismay. This is a
every country, rank, age and sex. well-attested miracle, and from

In the year 1370, a terrible sacri-
lege was committed in Brussels by petual Adoration has never ceased.
a band of wicked men, who stole There on high, through all the cen-
a number of Hosts from the church turies that have since elapsed.
of St. Catherine. They started to stands the splendid Monstrance in
pierce the Hosts with their daggers, which the Blessed Sacrament is en-

WILLIE'S CHRISTMAS FEAST

There was a boy who wanted all
The sweets in Santa's store,
And, not content with what he got,
He raised a cry for "More!"
"Well, did you ever!" said St. Nick,
"His greediness—it makes me sick!
I think I'll play that chap a trick."

On Xmas night awoke our friend,
Primed to pick flaws in all,
And find the day's amount of gifts
Too trivial, too small.
"Now since down chimneys I've been slipping,
Ne'er saw I lad more ripe for whipping,
Old Santa said, his home-brew sipping."

Right there he thought the matter up:
And when young Will arose,
Out of the chimney came a blast
That fairly had him froze!
"Ha, ha!" laughed Santa, in a roar,
"D'y'e think of that you want some more?
Just tell me—lots of it in store."

Then in Will's mouth he stuffed a cake—
Would you believe—all dough!
And packed the bonbons in between,
Peppered with tar and tow.
"Take a good bite," said Santa; "see
How many packages here be—
I want you satisfied with me."

Scared most to death, poor Willie strove
In vain for aid to cry.
His tongue was mute—his breath was gone—
He couldn't blink an eye!
It flashed upon his frightened thought
He didn't want what he had sought—
Too much, alas, his "More!" had brought.

"Goodbye," laughed Santa—then he fled.
One word burst out from Will—"I'm dead!"
"Oh no," spoke Mother at his head;
"Bad dreams—too much to eat," she said.

closed on the altar of the Cathedral, a great cross of sparkling diamonds, surmounted with three crowns of the same gorgeous gems. From it hang chains of diamonds, one the wedding necklace of a Queen of France, to which is suspended a beautiful little ship of diamonds, the thanksgiving offering of a captain and crew saved from their sinking vessel. What with this splendor and the glories of its Golden Mass, St. Gudule's is a church to see, isn't it?

THE CHRISTMAS EVE OF CLOVIS THE KING

It was in the year 496 that Clovis, the founder of the kingdom of France—for until his time that country had been split up into small states—abandoned the worship of idols and became a Christian; and it was in the Christmas midnight that the ceremony of his baptism took place, an event recorded in history down to the present day. Clovis was a warlike, ambitious, even savage chief, as were most of the early kings and warriors, even the Christian ones, sometimes,

shame to say—but Clovis was a pagan, and so there was more excuse for him. But there was one person to whom he was never savage or unkind—that was his beautiful young Christian wife, Clotilde, a princess who was the dearest thing to him in the world. She saw more good in him than anybody else did, and tried her best to win him to become a Christian; but though he promised her he would think about it, over and over, time went by and he was still a pagan. One of his sisters, the Princess Lanilda, had become a Christian, but all the rest of his family were pagans like himself, and Lanilda's Christianity hadn't taken very deep root; so poor Clotilde saw very little prospect of her husband's conversion. Clovis, however, made no opposition to the baptism of their two little sons. One of them, little Ingomar, went right to Heaven after he had been made a Christian, with his mother's prayer to the Good Shepherd Who called His little lamb to Him to call likewise that sheep, who was not yet of His fold. Queen Clotilde was a great friend of St. Rémi, or Remigius, the bishop

of Rheims (that same Rheims of which you heard so much in the late war), and Clovis, too, looked on him as a friend and listened to him with respect; yet still he paid worship to his heathen gods.

A powerful tribe of Germany attacked Clovis in the year mentioned, 496. Clovis, who loved battle, went into it very gaily, quite confident of victory at first; but he soon changed his mind about that. He had found a foe quite as determined and confident as himself, and he found, also, that he was getting the worst of it! This was an unheard-of thing with Clovis, and his troops, realizing the turn of the tide, at last became panic-stricken in a hard-fought encounter, and broke into flight on the field. Clovis, in despair, called on all his gods to save the day for him, but in vain. His officers rallied about him and joined in his petitions, but the gods gave no answer. Suddenly, Clovis threw out his arms to the heavens above and cried aloud in tones that sounded like a trumpet, says the old chronicle:

"God of Clotilde, grant me the victory, and I will believe in Thee, I will be baptized in Thy name!"

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In an instant, his flying soldiers turned and this time won the field.

The king made good his word. "Ye saw," he said to his followers, "we called on our gods and they did not hear, but the God of Clotilde heard, and He only is the true God." Three thousand of them went with him to St. Rémi on their return, to ask the grace of baptism with the king. Christmas Eve was appointed for the occasion. All Paris went wild with joy. The streets were hung with banners and draperies, and illuminated till they were as bright as day. (In those times they had only fires and torches—no gas or electric lights, remember!) Garlands of holly and green hung everywhere, and cheers and roars of "Noël! Noël!" (Hail, hail! afterwards used for Christmas itself), resounded from all sides as a wonderful procession passed along from the king's palace to the Cathedral, just before midnight. Nobles, soldiers, priests, citizens, men, women and children, all were in the throng, going up with their King and his 3,000 men to see them made the soldiers of Christ. At the end of the procession came the young Queen, all in white, the happy tears streaming down her cheeks, so that she could scarce greet the multitude that cheered her as she passed. Beside her, on either hand, walked Lanilda and Albofleda, the sisters of Clovis, one already a Christian, the other to receive baptism with her brothers. Last of all, came Clovis, hand in hand with the bishop Remigius. He spoke not a word or paid attention to anything that passed as he went on, until they reached the closed doors of the church. They were flung wide as the king and the bishop ascended the steps.

"My father, is this the heaven of which you have told me?" he cried. Then the holy bishop said to him: "Bend thy proud neck, O Prince of the Sicambrians—adore what thou hast hitherto burnt, and burn what thou hast hitherto adored." Then he baptized him—a baptism which led to the conversion of all France—and in the strains of the thunderous Te Deum which rose to Heaven, I am sure Clotilde, at least, heard the voice of little Ingomar.

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A TALK ABOUT DOLLS

I WONDER who was the first little girl that ever owned a doll. Nobody knows, of course, but it is well known that little girls had dolls to play with as far back as 2000 years before the birth of our Lord. They have been found in every part of the world, civilized and savage. In Egypt, they have been dug up, fashioned of clay and wood, with strings for hair and little clay balls attached, as if for ornament, and wearing the head-dresses that history tells us were all the style in Egypt at least 1800 years ago. Not so long ago, the skeleton of a little girl was uncovered at Pompeii, in Italy, which, as you may know, was totally destroyed in the year 79 by burning lava in a terrible eruption of Mt. Vesuvius. Hugged close to

her poor little breast was a doll, no doubt the most precious thing she owned.

How many little mothers must have loved these make-believe children, and how many do so still! And how they must suffer, those little girls of a certain part of India who, on one appointed day of the year, are forced to bring all their dear dolls to the banks of the River Ganges and throw them in! For three months after, they must mourn them as if they were real live children; then a new set is given them for the rest of the year, with the prospect of the same awful tragedy looming up at its end.

There was a charming doll story in a late number of the *Indian Sentinel*, a missionary journal of life among our American Indians, which perhaps

some of you know and read. It seems that on the Rosebud Reservation, South Dakota, at St. Francis' Missionary School, there lives a large doll whose real name is Margaret, but so beloved and popular is she that she more often goes by the name of Queen of Hearts. Everybody in the school has a turn at Margaret. The little Indian girls—and sometimes the big ones, too—dress her and sew for her and plait her hair for her, roll her in a baby carriage made expressly for her, and she is snuggled into the arms of every fresh homesick arrival as the best of comforters.

There is a comical story told of a nun-doll that once came over from France to Georgetown, District of Columbia, Washington's neighbor, you know. A band of "Pious Ladies," as they were called, wanted to become members of the Visitation Order, but had never seen any of its nuns, as in those days—about the year 1815—there were but two convents of nuns in all the United States, one of Ursulines, at New Orleans, and the other of Carmelites, at Port Tobacco, Maryland. Permission being given to open a house of the Visitation in this country, the "Pious Ladies" sent to Anney, in France, the first house of the Order, to get a copy of Rules and the costume of the nuns. The good French Sisters sent both, the book and a large doll dressed in the complete habit of the Order, to serve as a model. She must have been a pleasant sight to a doll-lover; for the habit, as those of you have seen it know, is both graceful and becoming. But the story runs that when she was landed at the Custom House in New York, the customs officers, opening her box and seeing the strange figure within, in its very strange costume, one none of them had ever before seen, were taken aback and very much puzzled as to what Dolly might be. The Catholics in the United States at that time were a mere handful, and many people had queer ideas about them. So the bewildered officers couldn't altogether make up their minds whether the doll was connected with some "popish" plot, or, if harmless, whether it was necessary to impose a duty on her or not, since there was no precedent in the case. Finally, like real American gentlemen, they passed the lady in free, and the "Pious Ladies" got their doll. I imagine they made her very welcome and treated her finely, don't you?—even if they didn't play with her.

Dolls that talk, dolls that walk, dolls that shut their eyes when they go to sleep, dolls that sleep with them open

because they were not made to shut, dolls of clay, wood, stone, wax, rags, skins, they are equally dear to the fond owner, savage as well as civilized, in all ages and all climes. Talk about a League of Nations—why, what Mixer like a DOLL?

POLITENESS PACKAGE NO. 12

Now that at home we are again,
A short review to make things plain.
You see, these rules of daily life
Though small, with matter great are rife.

They mean a generous common sense,
True courtesy, obedience

To laws meant strictly for one's good,
(E'en if sometimes scarce understood!)

For others, and one's self, respect;
Avoidance of that rock that's wrecked

Young Folks too often—gross self-love,

And thought of self all things above.

At home, in school, in company,
Wherever you may chance to be.
Show by your manners, fine and pleasing

You are not bent on rudely seizing
All you can grasp of ease and pleasure;

But rather seek to share the treasure,

As far as in your power lies,
By generous self-sacrifice.

From such root only—rich, apart—
Politeness and Good Manners start,
Fair flowers of the noble heart.

THE PUZZLE CORNER

A Christmas Song Without Vowels

Chrstm scmsbtncyr;
Ndtwnslmsthr.
Tlmbys,vryn,

Whtywntrfchrstms?

—Isabelle Baker, Casey, Ill.

Which Vegetables Do You Like Best?

Kppnmui

Rncoc

Rrtsaoc

Hagssu

Saneb

—Ralph Zimmer, Cape Girardeau, Mo.

Transposition

I am a famous character of ten letters:

In me you will find—

An insect, a color, the luminary of day, a beast of burden, a domestic animal, a name of the devil, a shelly fruit, a tribe, a slash, a large vessel. What is my name?

—Harry Carr, Atlanta, Ga.

In the Menagerie

Baromua

Geleazl

Cdlirero

Hrceosroni.

Urcppnieo

Bfflaao

Figfare

—R. K. Wahler, Uniontown, Pa.

Enigma

I am composed of 9 letters:

My 9 8 7 is a boy's name.

7 8 3 5 a planet

1 2 8 7 to stuff

6 2 4 3 9 6 desire for water

2 8 3 7 is injury

3 4 1 2 wealthy

7 2 9 6 fog

My whole is the pleasantest festival of the year.

Answers to November Puzzles

What Carpenters Use

1—Saw

4—Screwdriver

2—Hammer

5—Nails

3—Awl

6—Screws

7—Wood

Enigma

Michael Angelo.

A Mix-up in Verse

"Space-binders" have a greedy way
Of grabbing everything they can;

"Time-binders" just store wisdom up

To try to help their fellow-man.

"Rounding the Capes"

1—Cape Nun

2—Cape Lookout

3—Cape Horn

4—Cape Cod

5—Cape St. Vincent

6—Cape Fear

7—Cape Wrath

8—Cape of Good Hope

Correct Solutions

Edith Tinsley, New York, N. Y.;
Alberta Bauzet, Joliet, Ill.; Frank
Heildorfer, Baltimore, Md.; Agnes
Wall, Albany, N. Y.; Rosie Maggio,
New Roads, La.; Gladys Schreiber,
Mobile, Ala.; Joseph Dugas, Bridge-
port, Conn.; Margaret McCormick,
Tacoma, Wash.; Matilda Negele,
Passaic, N. J.; Alois Havlik, Bison,
Okla.; Cecilia Frank, Rochester,
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Miscellaneous

KATHERINE E. CONWAY

By ANNETTE S. DRISCOLL

HAD THIS distinguished author, poet, journalist, teacher, Laetare medalist and gentlewoman not won all these titles through her own merit, she would still be entitled to consideration from all who know and love the name of John Boyle O'Reilly—and who does not?—because of her seven years of association with him as assistant editor of *The Pilot*, a well known, long established Catholic paper, now the official organ of the great Archdiocese of Boston.

But hers is no reflected glory. To know the productions of her pen is to admire the wisdom, the tact, the gentleness and the strong religious spirit which permeates them; while to know herself is to love her for these and many other noble traits which are appreciated by a large circle of friends.

Born in America, her ancestry and her associations have embraced so many nationalities that she herself likens the condition to a "league of nations." The Conways originated in Wales, their blood becoming mingled with English and Irish in their migrations; later one of them enlisted in the army of Austria during the penal days, married a daughter of that country and brought her home to Ireland, when the penal laws relaxed.

Miss Conway's aunt married a Frenchman, and her father being among the first to employ foreign labor, she early became accustomed to know about Italians, Russians, Swedes and Poles. Later her interest extended from North to South America, when her oldest sister, a gifted woman and especially good linguist, became one of a number of young women who in the late 70's and early 80's helped to unify the

public school system of Argentina. Later, this sister Mary, after being three years in charge of a normal school in the interior of the country, founded the *Collegio Americano* of Buenos Aires—a private school which had great vogue in its day.

James Conway, the father of Katherine, came to this country as a political refugee, having lost his work at Liverpool by being conspicuous in the Chartist movement there. His wife, Sarah O'Boyle Conway, was a distant kinswoman, who after being for a time a pupil in the historic Convent of the Ursulines, at Quebec, returned with her father to Ireland and married her kinsman James. They were both of hardy, adventurous stock, fond of travel, and easily adaptable to new places and customs; so they crossed the ocean and settled in Rochester, N. Y., where Mr. Conway became very prosperous as a bridge builder and railroad contractor. Katherine was the fifth child in their family of thirteen, of whom only she and her brother James are left.

She was sent to boarding school before she had entered her teens, but even then she had read a vast amount of good literature, Scott, Byron, Moore, Goldsmith, Maria Edgeworth, Campbell and Mangan among the rest, and had heard much about the big men and the big things of life.

Her father was deep in politics, and her mother, who always cherished a romantic love for Ireland and was an ardent Home Ruler of the O'Connell school, formed the girl's mind on this subject, and to this day she displays an intense interest in local and international politics.

Except for part of a year her education was received entirely in

Catholic schools—Sacred Heart, Rochester, Miss Nardin's Academy in Buffalo and Manhattanville in New York. While still little more than a child, the Rt. Rev. Bernard J. McQuaid, D. D., Bishop of Rochester, began to take an interest in the progress of this young member of his cathedral flock, and rendered her invaluable assistance by directing her reading and certain higher studies in English and Church History, and by counsel, suggestion and the making of opportunities. This friendship continued until the Bishop's death in 1909.

At the early age of fifteen, she decided that in a literary career she would find her true vocation. In 1873, while teaching in the convent and writing poems and tales for various Catholic journals, she took charge of a "modest little Catholic Monthly," published for the benefit of the local orphanages. In 1878 she became connected with the Buffalo Union and Times.

Afterwards her health failing, she went to Boston for change and rest. Here the beloved John Boyle O'Reilly, then editor of the *Pilot*, extended to the "gentle poet" as he sometimes called her, an invitation to assist him in the great work to which he was lending his magnificent talents and energy, the up-building of the Irishman and the Catholic.

In Miss Conway's own words,—(she had grown up in the liberal atmosphere of New York State):

"Notwithstanding Matignon and Cheverus and the Protestant Governor Sullivan, Catholic and Irish were, from the outset, simply interchangeable terms—and terms of odium both—in the popular New England mind; in vain the bond of a common language, in vain the Irish-

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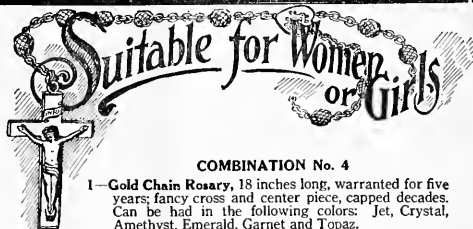
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COMBINATION No. 6

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man's prompt and affectionate acceptance of the duties of American citizenship. To but slight softening of prejudice even his sacrifice of blood and life on every battlefield in the Civil War, in proof of the sincerity of his political profession of faith. He and his were still hounded as a class inferior and apart. They were almost unknown in the social and literary life of New England. Their pathetic sacrifices for their kin beyond the sea, their interest in the political fortunes of the old land, were jests and by-words. Their religion was the superstition of the ignorant, vulgar and pusillanimous; or at least motive for jealous suspicion of divided political allegiance and threatened foreign domination. Their children suffered petty persecution in the public schools. The stage and the press faithfully reflected the ruling popular sentiment in the caricatures of the Catholic Irishman."

That John Boyle O'Reilly did more, far more than any other individual to change all this is well known, and Miss Conway, after faithfully and ably seconding his efforts, found herself in the very front ranks of Boston literary workers.

For three years she was chairman of the social and literary committee of the New England Women's Press Association, then with a membership of the best of our journalistic and literary workers, a position which through her administration grew to be of such importance as to quite overshadow the position of President of the Association; so that when she resigned on account of ill health, the lady who was President at the time frankly acknowledged her gratification for that very reason. She was however afterwards re-elected to the office. Her success in this very important position is readily understood by those who are privileged to know her, for she unites, to a lofty character and broad mind, a warm heart, a varied experience, a rare insight into human nature and a delicate tact, without which her other valuable qualities would fail to bring her the success she has achieved. Another important factor of her success in the social field, was the fact that few women could claim a larger and

choicer circle of gifted, devoted and admiring friends.

When the Columbian Reading Union was organized and Catholic Reading Circles sprang up all over the land, she helped to establish the John Boyle O'Reilly Circle which under her presidency consisted of from a hundred to a hundred and fifty women, including many teachers, whose devotion to their leader form strong testimony to her real beauty of character; for it is said that woman is lovable indeed who can make herself beloved by her own sex. She guided her flock through pleasant and fruitful lands, and by means of the lecture courses and receptions she arranged, she enabled them to meet some of the very best and brightest men and women of the day; Col. Richard Malcolm Johnston, George Parsons Lathrop, Rose Hawthorne Lathrop, his wife, now a Dominican nun, Charles J. Bonaparte, Archbishop Keane of the Catholic university among them; so that as a result of her unwearied efforts, her circle became one of the foremost circles in the land; and though she retired in 1911 from actual participation in it, it is still vigorous and following out the methods she adopted.

At the period when she was often seen at public gatherings, the writer of this article wrote this description of her personal appearance: "She is of about the medium size, not really thin but rather frail looking. Her complexion is dark, lighted up by very large and expressive brown eyes. There is a rare intelligence and depth of character in her face which form its chief attraction. She has too often, if not habitually, the appearance of one who is constantly working beyond her strength, but this vanishes almost if not completely when her face lights up with the gentle smile with which she greets a friend or even a chance acquaintance. Walter Lecky once said that her distinguishing characteristic was humility, which he pronounces a rare virtue among American literary women. Perhaps he might have gone further, and pronounced it a rare virtue among the sons and daughters of Adam the world over. Be that as it may, Miss Conway's ap-

pearance as well as her writings, indicates humility."

After the untimely death of John Boyle O'Reilly she still continued her work on the Pilot, at first under James Jeffry Roche and afterwards as Editor-in-chief, until 1908, when she became associated with The Republic of Boston, a publication with which she still remains.

During the years 1911 to 1915 inclusive, she was one of the faculty of St. Mary's College, Notre Dame, Indiana, keeping up at the same time her work on the Republic.

Previous to this, in 1911, she had received the Laetare medal, a distinction which is conferred every year on Laetare Sunday by the University of Notre Dame on some layman or laywoman who has achieved some valuable work for the church or for humanity. This was an occasion of great rejoicing by her friends, who assembled in large numbers in one of Boston's largest halls, to participate in the presentation exercise. His Eminence, Cardinal O'Connell, then Archbishop Coadjutor, presided.

In 1912 Pope Pius X conferred on Miss Conway the Medal, Pro Ecclesia et Pontifice, which had been instituted by his immediate predecessor, and is not limited as to sex, condition, or country. This honor came to Miss Conway largely through the Congregation of the Holy Cross; though many distinguished Churchmen concurred in the petition for it. The insignia and diploma were brought her by the late Father Andrew Morrissey, C. S. C., Provincial. The honor was conferred on her in June of that year by the Right Reverend Herman J. Alerding, D. D., Bishop of Fort Wayne, the Reverend J. W. Cavanaugh, President of the University of Notre Dame presiding, and the faculties of the University and St. Mary's College, and the student body of the latter present with many other friends.

In 1915 she returned to Boston with a serious failure of health, and though she rallied somewhat she met with two accidents in convalescence, which has since limited her external activities, confining her to her home in Boston, where, however, she is able to carry on her literary work and to receive her

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friends. There is ground for hope of greater improvement, for which her many friends are praying.

Her published works include: Two volumes of poems, the first one "On the sunrise slope" being out of print. Two novels, one collection of short stories, one book of travels, five Family Sitting Room Series. Christian Symbols and Stories of the Saints in conjunction with Clara Erskins Clement. Watchwords from John Boyle O'Reilly. Four books for private circulation, "In the foot-prints of the Good Shepherd," "The Golden Year of the Good Shepherd in Boston," "The Story of a Beautiful Childhood," "Illustrative Literature of Church History," much miscellaneous editing and compiling, special chapters in books, some very clever and appreciative book reviews, etc.

Miss Conway has been, on invitation, the poet of some public events, as for the Knights of Columbus on the Fourth Columbian Centenary, for which she wrote "Columbus the Knight of Faith"; at the reception by the Catholic Laity of the Archdiocese of Boston, at the Golden Jubilee of Archbishop Williams in 1895, for which she wrote "A Jubilee of Justice," and for the Boston Globe's special number at the celebration of the Centenary of the Archdiocese of Boston in November 1908.

In the course of a pleasant half hour recently spent with her, though showing signs of the pain which is her constant companion, she displayed an extraordinary amount of animation and the deepest interest in all the topics of the hour, particularly present conditions in Ireland, which theme

brought a flush to her cheek and the old-time flash to her beautiful eyes.

It is good to know that she has received so much appreciation during her lifetime, and it is the hope of the writer that this imperfect and brief sketch may make her still a little better known and loved, for surely she has won that "true success" which she thus defines:

Ah! know what true success is;
Young hearts dream,
Dream nobly and plan loftily, nor deem
That length of years is length of living. See
A whole life's labor in an hour is done;
Not by world tests the heavenly crown is won,
To God the man is what he means to be."

Her poem Nepenthe breathes a true philosophy which it would do us all good to cultivate.

"Thy sweetest memories perish,
The bitterest remain;
How long, how long wilt cherish
Dark dreams of by-gone pain?
Oh! the wisdom of forgetting
Which the buried heart should crave!
Oh! the folly of regretting
What regret no more can save!
Look to the coming splendor,
Thou on the sun-rise slope,
Nor thus to Memory render
The Tribute claimed by Hope."

It may seem strange to those who know Miss Conway, and are most impressed with her optimism, that critics consider that among her poems the most passionate intensity

and strong and vivid expression are found in a few which portray a heroic worshipping woman's sense of her inadequacy in certain human relations, as "Outgrown; An Every Day Tragedy," which C. F. Webber the musical composer said was well adapted for a little music drama and which Edmund Clarence Stedman has included in his "Anthology of American Poets"; and in such a poem of remorse as "Expiation."

Her strong religious feeling is evidenced in this paraphrase of the Memorare:

"Remember, Mother, throned in
Heaven's splendor,
That never on this earth has it
been said
That any heart which sought thy
pity tender
Was left uncomforted.

So, wearied of world-friendship's
changing fashion,
And bankrupt of world-treasures
utterly,
And trusting in thy mercy and com-
passion,
I come at last to thee.

Why name to thee my needs in mine
entreating—
Thou, taught in human hearts by
the Divine—
Long time ago, when soft His heart
was beating,
Fond mother, close to thine.

O plead with Him who on thy breast
was cherished,
Sweet sharer in the world's Re-
demption Pain!
O let it not be said that I have per-
ished,
Where none came yet in vain."

(Continued from page 438)

any longer."

"Why not?"

"Because their voices only speak to me of peace and sweet tranquillity, and endless confidence in thee," she quoted shyly. "Oh, what have I done?" as the heavy curtain escaping from her hand, swept down a tall, antique china jar.

A shower of dried rose petals fluttered to the floor, wafting an exquisite, delicate and subtle fragrance around; but the jar was uninjured, and she had just raised it and replaced it in its former position, when her eye caught sight of something gleaming amidst the rose leaves. She took it up, and held it towards

her companion with a wondering cry of delight.

It was the lost ring—the famous Eagles' Torr emerald—which had lain concealed in its perfumed bed for over forty long years!

The two stood looking at it in almost awestruck silence, whilst the bells rang musically on; and then the young Earl spoke. "Take it, Angel," he said, slipping it onto her finger, "and wear it always for my sake. You have in very truth found it, 'When Christmase bells doe ringe.' God grant that the rest of the old prediction may be fulfilled, and that for us both, 'Joye and good hope ye cominge years may bringe!'"

THE END.

INTENTIONS

The following intentions are recommended to the pious prayers of our readers:

For the recovery of health (50). For better eye-sight (5). For relief from eye and ear trouble (5). For the cure of a sore limb (5). For relief from nervousness (10). For relief from heart trouble (5). For relief from stomach trouble (5). For the cure from drink habit (6). For the necessary money to pay for a home. For the conversion of friends and relatives (25). For a good position (10). For recovery from epilepsy. For the cure of a disabled hand. For better and more suitable employment (20). For steady employment (25). For relief from worry (25). For relief from mental trouble (5). For religious vocations (5). For successful sale of property. For a happy marriage (15). For recovery from rheumatism. For a safe delivery. For trustworthy roomers. For spiritual favors. For guidance in religious matters. In honor of The Sacred Heart (5). In honor of St. Antony (10). For Ireland. For success in business (20). In honor of St. Francis. In thanksgiving to the Poor Souls. For our holy Father the Pope. For the spread of the Third Order. For special intentions (40).

LET US PRAY—Let the ears of Thy mercy, O Lord, be open to the prayers of Thy supplicants; and that Thou mayest grant them their desires, make them ask such things as please Thee, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

OBITUARY

The charity of our readers is asked for the following deceased readers of *Franciscan Herald* and friends of our missions:

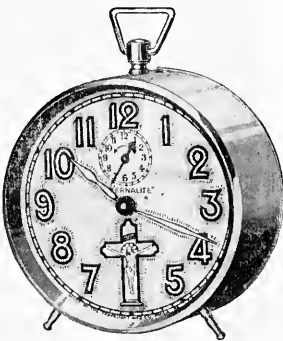
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## OUR SPECIAL SERVICE BUREAU

Apparently, our new Special Service Bureau has met with the approval of our readers; and, just to select one letter at random, let us quote from a communication received from an Illinois subscriber. The letter reads as follows:

I am writing this letter to thank you for your prompt reply to my inquiry concerning the purchase of \_\_\_\_\_. I have written to \_\_\_\_\_, and have mentioned the HERALD, as you suggested.

Your new department, I am sure, will be of service to the readers of FRANCISCAN HERALD, as I feel that it has already done much for me.

Very truly yours, \_\_\_\_\_.

The Service Bureau has received letters from all parts of the country; and, although some of the questions were entirely out of the scope of the bureau, still, a special effort was made to answer each and every inquiry.

In several instances, when the inquiries were of unusual importance and the answers had possible far-reaching results, Mr. J. H. Meier took the precaution of consulting with the Reverend Editor of FRANCISCAN HERALD before making reply.

One of the questions related to the investment of money, and, acting upon the advice of the Reverend Editor, Mr. Meier advised the person what might be done with safety, so that the principal and the interest would be assured.

Several letters were received, ask-

ing about the securing of employment, but, in each case, after consulting the Reverend Editor, Mr. Meier advised the writers to stay in their own community and not migrate to the large cities of New York, Chicago, Philadelphia and Detroit, because the larger the city, the greater the problem of unemployment.

One call was for a church organ, while another, in the same mail, was for a church bell. Both these inquirers were directed to reliable and trustworthy manufacturers.

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# IN THE WORLD OF BOOKS

By PAUL H. RICHARDS

**C**RITICS in the Catholic magazines are praising G. K. Chesterton's latest book, "The New Jerusalem," in which he is occupied with the problem of Zionism especially in its relation to the English occupation of Jerusalem. His journey to Jerusalem was a spiritual adventure which ought to have brought him that great light for which his admiring Catholic readers have long been looking. In this book there is certainly a deeper, more serious tone than that of his other books, less literary paradox but striking spiritual paradoxes in his thought; chapters packed with suggestion and interesting, even thrilling conclusions. In the familiar, leisurely, humorous style which he has made popular with such authors as Hilary Belloc and Theodore Maynard, he describes Jerusalem, its streets, its mobs, its differing elements of culture,—that of Jew, Moslem and Christian, English compromise and fictions, minorities, the Crusades, Chivalry, and self-determination. His prejudices, whether against the Jews as world citizens, the Germans as recent enemies, or modern English statesmen who are of the Pharisees, these is no bitterness in his satires. He can laugh, or at least smile, at his figure of Lloyd George and Mr. Balfour as Orientals or at this playful view of the power that has dragged the world through blood:

"This is an age of minorities, of minorities powerful and predominant partly through the power of wealth and partly through the idolatry of education. . . . Mild constitutionalists in our own country often discuss the possibility of a method of protecting the minority. If they will find any possible method of protecting the majority, they will have found something practically unknown to the modern world. . . . And my sympathies are generally, I confess, with the impotent and even invisible majority. . . . with the poor Jews who do believe in Judaism and the Mahometans who do believe in Mahometanism, not to mention so obscure a crowd as the

Christians who do believe in Christianity." From this he passes, with harnessed logic and playfulness to consideration of self-determination, and "determination,"—the advantages of calling things what they are—and so approaches a climax of shuddering for the imminent overtoppling of the British Empire, in the sound of "a great voice" along the Via Dolorosa, "bidding us weep not for those who have faith and clarity and a purpose, but weep for ourselves and for our children." This is from *The Shadow of the Problem (Zionism)*, which to his mind calls for a Jewish solution.

The chapter called *The Meaning of the Crusade* begins with some of those views of things Catholic which make many readers long for Chesterton's own attainment of full faith rather than that he should continue to serve us so well from outside the fold. Here he views the Franciscans in Gethsemane: "At the foot of the hill is the garden kept by the Franciscans on the alleged site of Gethsemane, and containing the hoary olive that is supposed to be the terrible tree of the agony of Christ. Given the great age and slow growth of olives, the tradition is not so unreasonable as some may suppose. But . . . it is not aesthetically wrong.

Around this terrible spot the Franciscans have done something which will strike many good and thoughtful people as quite fantastically inadequate, and which strikes me as fantastically but precisely right. They have laid out the garden simply as a garden, in a way that is completely natural because it is completely artificial. They have made flower beds in the shape of moons and stars, and coloured them with flowers like those in the backyard of a cottage. The combination of these bright patterns in the sunshine with the awful shadow in the center is certainly an incongruity in the sense of a contrast. But it is a poetical contrast, like that of birds building in a temple or flowers growing on a tomb. . . . The Franciscans have not dared to be reverent; they have only dared

to be cheerful. It may be too awful an adventure of the imagination to imagine Christ in that garden. But there is not the smallest difficulty about imagining St. Francis there; and that is something to say of an institution which is eight hundred years old."

The Chesterton most of us like best appears in the chapter "The Fall of Chivalry," describing the Mediaeval crusades against Saladin. It is usually a non-Catholic in Mr. Chesterton's position who writes thus of the dramatic side of the Church's struggles:

" . . . On those hills (the Horns of Hattin) a few hours later, the last knight of an army of which half had fallen, gathered in a final defiance and despair around the relic they carried in their midst, a fragment of the True Cross. In that hour fell, as I have fancied, more hopes than they themselves could number, and the glory departed from the Middle Ages. There fell with them all that New Jerusalem, which was the symbol of a new world, all those great and growing promises and possibilities of Christendom of which this vision was the centre. . . . all the guilds that gained their charters by fighting for the Cross, all the hopes of a happier transformation of the Roman law wedded to charity and chivalry. There was the first slip and the great swerving of our fate; and in that wilderness we lost all the things we should have loved, and shall need so long a labour to find again. . . .

"What Western men failed to do for the faith, other Western men have been forced to do even without the faith. The sons of Tancred are again in Tripoli. The heirs of Raymond are again in Syria. And the men of the Midlands or Northumbria went again through a furnace of thirst and fever and furious fighting to gain the same water-courses and invest the same cities as of old. They trod the hills of Galilee and the Horns of Hattin threw no shadow on their souls; they crossed dark and disastrous fields whose fame had been hidden

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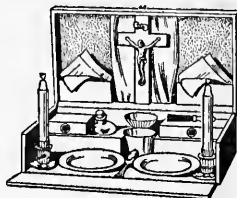
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The Sister Directress

from them, and avenged the fathers they had forgotten. And the most cynical of modern diplomatists, making their settlement by the most sceptical of modern philosophies, could find no practical solution for this sacred land except to bring it again under the crown of Coeur de Lion and the cross of St. George."

## BOOK REVIEWS

### Mostly Mary.—By Clementia.

The many young friends of bright "Mary Selwyn" will be grieved to learn that she was very ill—near death, in fact. But, to reassure them, let me say that it was long ago, when she had begun going to school, and Berta and Beth had just been born. But they will be eager to hear Clementia tell all about it in her delightful way in this new "Mary Selwyn" book; and how poor Mary had to stay home alone with Uncle Frank and Aunt Mandy while father and mother and the baby twins went for a year to Europe; and how lovable Mary was through it all—just as lovable as later on when she was "Uncle Frank's Mary," and traveled land and sea, and lived at "Bird-a-Lea." Everyone who reads "Mostly Mary" will want also to read the other books of this new series when they appear.

Matre and Co., Chicago. 154 pages. A dollar book everywhere.

### The Saviour's Fountains.—By Michael Andrew Chapman.

Something new for children. It is a simple treatise on the seven sacraments, in quarto, paper cover, of pages, illustrated by appropriate sketches from the hand of Fr. Raphael, O. S. B. As an attempt at making the study of religion congenial to children, it is a step in the right direction. The appeal is to beginners, though for them the language might be simpler. Also—to pick a flaw—we would like to see the question of vocation, as far as it concerns the subject, taken, here and everywhere, out of the range of sentiment and put where it belongs, in the range of well-intentioned, well-advised choice (which, like every saving purpose, is the fruit of God's grace). Such questions as "Does God want me to be a

priest?" "Have I a vocation?" have never served any purpose but to puzzle and deter aspirants. Let those responsible ask the child that shows aptitude, "Would you like to be a priest, a religious?" and if the answer is affirmative, help the child to achieve the purpose.

Sunday Visitor Publishers, 50c; in quantities, 30c.

The same publishers issue a delightful "Christmas Mystery Play After the Manner of the Olden-times," by the same author. (10c, 30 copies \$1.00 postpaid.)

**The Cloister.**—By Valentine Theodore Schaaf, O. F. M., J. C. L., is a dissertation by the author to the Catholic University of America in partial fulfilment of the requirements for the degree of Doctor of Canon Law. It is a scholarly treatise on the monastic institution known as the clausura, or enclosure. After sketching the development of the institution and reviewing the legislation of the past concerning it, the author takes up the purpose of his paper and explains the prevailing legislation on the cloister as contained in the Code. His commentary is the more serviceable, as it does not merely interpret the various canons, but elucidates them with numerous relevant historical data and an exhaustive citation of authorities. The author has made his study of the subject so interesting that it is to be hoped he will some day have at hand the time and the material to achieve his original purpose of supplying a complete history of the cloister.

Published by St. Anthony's Messenger, Cincinnati, O.

**The Teaching of Religion.** — By Rev. Roderick MacEachen of the Catholic University of America.

**The Parish School.**—By Rev. Joseph A. Dunney, Diocesan Superintendent of Schools, Albany, N. Y.

In view of the little encouragement our teachers get from sources whence they have most reason to expect it, these books should be as welcome as they are wholesome. In fact, two books on such subjects, published by the same company within six months of each other,

might almost deceive one into the belief that we have before us an awakening of that general, lively, active interest in our schools which should distinguish Catholics and their pastors. Considering the general needs of the day and the growing dangers to our schools along with the stolid apathy so generally apparent on our side, we must concur with Father Dunney when he says: "It behooves parish-school authorities everywhere to employ every energy toward organized effort, to apply organic principles in school-day procedure, to secure for the whole country-wide system harmony, co-ordinate activity, and enduring organization. Some day (who knows?) we shall have priest and people as well as "We have the sisters for that."

Father MacEachen's book is occupied with actual class work, chiefly in the class on religion. It is a manual of directions, general and particular, on how to go about the moral and religious instruction and education of the child. We are especially thankful for the chapter on co-ordination, i. e., of all class work with the subject of religion. The purpose of our religious schools is largely missed, if "Religion" is a period of fifteen or thirty minutes in the curriculum, and no more.

The second book discusses in a series of papers the general subject of the parish school—the scope of its work, its aims, its organization, its methods, and details of procedure.

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# Franciscan News

## Rome, Italy

The International Third Order Congress was in every way a great success. All the religious exercises were held in the Franciscan church of Ara Coeli. For the special sessions, the delegates of the various nations assembled in their respective churches, while the general sessions were held in the magnificent basilica of the Twelve Apostles.

The Congress opened on the afternoon of September 15, in the church of Ara Coeli. His Eminence Cardinal Billot presided, assisted by His Eminence Cardinal Giorgi, Protector of the Franciscan Order, by ten Franciscan Bishops, the majority of whom were Vicars Apostolic of the Chinese Missions, and by the four Ministers General of the Friars Minor, of the Friars Minor Conventual, of the Friars Minor Capuchin, and of the Third Order Regular. An immense concourse of Tertiaries, representing almost every country on the globe, had gathered to witness the singular spectacle. After the Veni Creator, Fr. Augustine Gemelli, O. F. M., Rector of the University of Milan, delivered an inspiring sermon, in which he outlined the purpose of the Congress, suggested for consideration various topics of international interest and importance, and exhorted the delegates to take an active part also in the business end of the Congress. Then followed benediction with the Blessed Sacrament; whereupon Msgr. Bianchi Cagliese, President of the Executive Board, read a telegram, in which the Holy Father welcomed the Tertiaries to the Eternal City and extended to them his apostolic blessing.

The general session on the following afternoon especially proved interesting and instructive. The Marquis Felipe Crispolti, a national deputy and an ardent admirer of St. Francis, acted as chairman. Speakers were Professor Elejo Di Gio-

vanni and, the recently elected national deputy, M. Egilberto Martire. Being a member of the Third Order, the last-mentioned speaker appeared in the large Tertiary habit, which, needless to say, deeply impressed the audience. It was, indeed, a source of joy and satisfaction to all when, in the course of the session, the chairman read a telegram, which had just arrived from the Dominican Tertiary Congress in Bologna; especially when he remarked how the fact that this telegram and the one the Franciscan Tertiary Congress in Rome had sent to their confrères in Bologna must have crossed on the road, pointed to the brotherly feeling that should exist between the children of the two great Fathers, St. Francis and St. Dominic. His Eminence Cardinal Giorgi brought the session to a close by announcing that in virtue of the faculty accorded him by the Holy Father for this occasion, he herewith grants a plenary indulgence, under the usual conditions, to all the faithful who on the morrow, the feast of the Stigmata of St. Francis, would receive Holy Communion.

The general session, on September 17, began with the reading of another telegram from the Vatican. The Holy Father expressed his joy that the children of St. Francis had assembled in such great numbers to honor their holy Founder. The two speakers at this session were Dr. Guido Calderoli and Dr. Mario Cingolani. At the close, His Eminence Cardinal Giorgi gave the assembled faithful his episcopal blessing enriched with an indulgence of two hundred days.

On September 18, the last day of the Congress, a large number of delegates assembled, at eight o'clock, in the church of Ara Coeli for holy Mass, during which they received Holy Communion. Pontifical High Mass began in the same church at ten o'clock. His Eminence Car-

dinal Vico officiated as celebrant, assisted by the five bishops who had taken so active a part in the sessions and by the Ministers General of the Franciscan families. The famous Schola of the Sistine Chapel rendered the Missa Brevis of the great Tertiary musician, Pier Luigi de Paestrina.

That afternoon, at half past three, the delegates met for the final session, in the church of Ara Coeli. Fr. Augustine Gemelli, O. F. M., addressed the assembly. In a masterly way, he summarized what had been accomplished during the past three days. His closing words were: "Brethren, when you return to your countries and your fellow Tertiaries ask you, 'What did you do in Rome?' then tell them, 'We have made the thirst of Jesus Christ for souls our own.'"

On the afternoon of September 19, about 4,000 Tertiaries were received in audience by the Holy Father. They were grouped, according to their nationality, in the court-yard of San Damaso. Before giving them his Apostolic blessing, the Vicar of Christ, who for many years has been a member of the Third Order, made a short address, the opening words of which were significant. "Usually," he began, "the Holy Father addresses the faithful, gathered at his feet, as sons. Today, however, I wish to call them my brothers and sisters, with that feeling of fraternal love which unites us all in the heart and in the spirit of the Seraphic Saint Francis."

According to Le Bollettino, published in Padua, Italy, the following newly elected deputies to the National Assembly are members of the Third Order of St. Francis: M. Meda, the former Minister of Finance; Dr. Mario Cingolani; M. Brunelli; M. Egilberto Martire; M. Bertone, secretary of State; M. Italo Rosa; and M. J-Baptiste Biavaschi.

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## Chicago, Ill.

At the annual Tertiary Provincial Board Meeting, October 5, 1921, held at St. Peter's, Chicago, Illinois, the following report was sent out for publication:

Of the forty fraternities affiliated with the Tertiary Province of the Sacred Heart, thirty-seven reported from July 1, 1920, till July 1, 1921.

The reports showed 3,159 novices, 18,125 professed or a total of 21,284. Two hundred sixty-seven were reported to have died during the year.

Sixteen fraternities reported as having had a retreat, 19 as having had no retreat, and 5 did not report as to a retreat.

Fourteen fraternities had canonical visitation as prescribed by the rule of the Third Order, 21 did not, and 5 reported nothing on visitation.

Sixteen fraternities reported charitable activities for the missions, one for the Chinese, and one for the Japanese and 14 for the Indian Missions.

Eight fraternities working for the Indian Missions reported definite sums which amounted to \$15,964.57.

Seventeen fraternities reported activities for the poor and sick; 14 mentioned no amount expended for this purpose; 4 reported their amount which totaled \$3,363.80.

Eight fraternities reported activities for the benefit of poor students for the priesthood, 6 of whom contributed \$5,435.00.

Five fraternities reported catechizing the children, 16 reported activity in spreading Catholic and Franciscan literature, one stated the amount of \$80.00 spent for this purpose.

Though these reports are still incomplete and meager, they are an inspiration and a stimulus. If all directors had given definite amounts as to their donations and activities, the figures would undoubtedly be much greater. And again, if all the fraternities were aroused to vie with one another, the fruit would be wonderful.

## Quincy, Ill.

The Quincy College fraternity of the Third Order has taken on new life this year and promises to be productive of much good. A monthly business meeting is one of the first innovations. In former years, a

meeting was held once a month in the chapel. This year, one Sunday will be set aside every month for the Third Order and in the afternoon "The Little Office in Honor of St. Francis" will be recited as part of the regular afternoon services for the entire student-body.

The October business meeting was taken up with the reports of the two delegates of the college fraternity to the National Convention. Subsequently at a meeting of the officers, discussion was opened on outlining a definite program of activity for the fraternity. Among the different suggestions offered the most plausible seemed to be the one regarding Third Order interest in the students' newly installed library. It was proposed that the Tertiaries make occasional contributions and that the funds thus secured be used to procure Franciscan literature for the new library, thereby giving all the students a chance to learn more about the Third Order. This proposal will be discussed and acted on in the next regular business meeting.

To Quincy College belongs the honor of having on its program one of the greatest musical events of the season in Quincy. Tom Burke, the famous tenor, has been engaged for a concert on Thanksgiving Day. Mr. Burke has gained for himself the reputation of being one of the world's foremost singers, ranking second only to McCormack. He first came into prominence in 1919 when he made his debut in England at Covent Garden. In 1920 he came to this country and in this short time has won the favor and unstinted praise of every audience before which he sang.

The college faculty arranged this concert, and in doing so they showed their willingness to make things pleasant for the students and the friends of the institution by offering them the best that can be had.

## Detroit, Mich.

The local fraternity of the Third Order of St. Francis, under the able direction of the Capuchin Friars, has pledged itself to assist the noble work of the missions. To this end they have arranged for a "Mission Harvest," the proceeds of which will go to the support of the Capuchin

Mission in the foreign fields. Recently, Fr. Cyprian, O. M. Cap., published a directory of the members of the Third Order in Detroit, the total number being 634.

## Indianapolis, Ind.

The annual retreat for the Tertiaries of the Sacred Heart fraternity was held in the Sacred Heart Church from October 16 to 23 inclusive, under the direction of Rev. Fr. Leo, O. F. M., of Joliet, Illinois. Every evening, at 7:45, Fr. Leo gave a short instruction on the duties of Tertiaries and on the advantages and blessings they enjoy as members of the great Franciscan family. Then followed the retreat sermon proper, in which the eloquent speaker thrilled his audience with love for the seraphic St. Francis and encouraged them to carry his message of social reform to the world by practicing the simple lessons he taught of justice and charity and self-sacrifice. The retreat closed Sunday afternoon with solemn reception of new members into the Third Order, when 42 men and 100 women joined the ranks.

## Spokane, Wash.

Some time since, the convent of the Poor Clares in this city was the scene of solemn ceremonies, when two of the nuns pronounced their solemn vows, thereby consecrating the remainder of their lives to the service of God in seclusion and prayer. The Rt. Rev. A. Schinner, D. D., Bishop of Spokane, celebrated pontifical High Mass, while the Very Rev. Hugolinus Storff, O. F. M., Minister Provincial of the Santa Barbara Province, received the vows of the nuns and delivered an appropriate sermon.

## Toronto, Canada

To commemorate the seventh centenary of the Third Order, Rev. Fr. McCann, Pastor of St. Francis church, engaged the well-known Franciscan missionary, Fr. Ethelbert, O. F. M., of Montreal, to preach a three days' retreat to his parishioners. As a result, 500 new members were received into the Third Order. In enrolling this vast number, Fr. Ethelbert was assisted by Very Rev. Msgr. Kidd, Rector of the Toronto Seminary, and by Rev. Fr. Carroll, director of the Seminary Third Order fraternity.



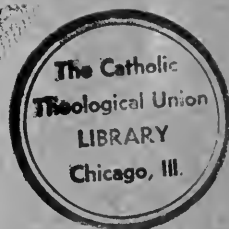
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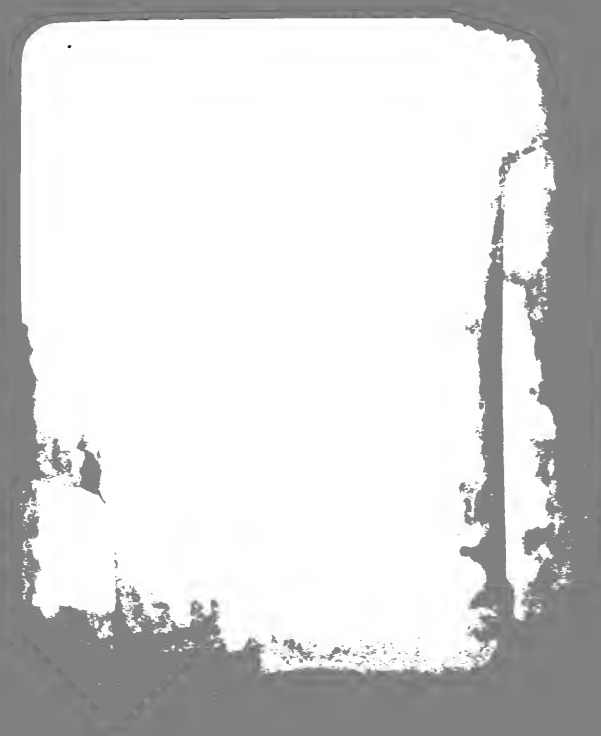


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